THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LITERATURE,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS,

AND

Amusements of the Age.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

VOLUME 80.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER:

1821.

London:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
AND SOLD AT THE LATE JAMES ASPERNE'S,
BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,
32, CORNHILL:
(*Where Communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed,* ***Post paid.***)
AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Printed by Joyce Gold, 103, Shoe-lane. London.

PREFACE.

THE close of a Periodical Volume, like the termination of a Theatrical Season, customarily demands some official notice from it's Conductors; and the PROPRIETORS and EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE feel too deeply indebted to public patronage, not to avail themselves of every opportunity to express their acknowledgments, and to repeat their gratitude. For a sanction which has continued during the very protracted period of FORTY YEARS; and which, while witnessing the commencement and dissolution of such an host of contemporary Publications, has extended the series of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE to the present EIGHTIETH VOLUME; they have more than common reasons to be grateful; and more than the usual motives for continuing their best exertions to deserve it.

Surrounded by so many similar Miscellanies now claiming the attention of the Literary Public; the PROPRIETORS and EDITOR cannot but feel the necessity of not suffering any relaxation to occur in those efforts for the

improvement of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, to which their correspondence of the last twelve months has borne such unequivocal testimonies of approbation;—they wish not, however, in the words of ROCHEFOUCAULT, to "*promise according to their hopes,*" lest they should also "*fulfil according to their fears;*"—the Public favour is solicited only while it is endeavoured to be honourably merited;—while the same literary independence characterizes their pages;—and while they continue to uphold the same principles of reverence and respect towards the ALTARS, the THRONE, and the CONSTITUTION of the Country.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE OFFICE,
Monday, December 24th, 1821.



THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

JULY, 1821.

With a Portrait of the Right Hon. JOHN THOMAS THORP, LORD MAYOR of LONDON; and an Engraving of SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY'S MONUMENT in ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

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THE EDITOR'S CONVERSAZIONÉ.

WE cannot resume the Chair of Presidency for the ensuing sittings of our *Conversazioné*, without briefly alluding to the very important subject which has occupied our attention, since the last time we had the honour of addressing our friends. Our SOVEREIGN has had placed upon his brow the regal diadem of his ancestors; and "HE *who wears the Crown immortally, long guard it there!*"—To the career of glory which Providence has allotted to our country since under the guidance of GEORGE THE FOURTH, memory at this moment naturally reverts; and as the past flashes back upon our recollection, it is indeed satisfactory to feel, that it claims no sentiment but gratitude. When the sceptre of our Island Empire was placed in the hands of the Prince Regent, many years before that sceptre became his own by inheritance; Britain was engaged in the deadliest war that ever called forth rival nations to the field, and the very crisis of her fate appeared suspended by a single thread. It was then, that, regardless of personal peril, and dismissing all selfish considerations;—unintimidated by the lot of neighbouring Monarchs, then captives, or in exile; unappalled by those, whose cautious counsels would have taught submission to an inveterate enemy; when there was no choice but in perseverance in the fearfullest of danger; or, yielding in the lowest degradation; at the risque of his Father's mighty throne, and of his own kingly inheritance; our Prince determined, by the favour of Heaven, and in the strength of Justice, to persevere in the righteous cause. He roused the energies of his people, and nobly was that call answered;—his firmness, and his fortitude, with the blessing of Providence, saved his native country; and in preserving Britain,—saved the world!—It is to this Sovereign that we have now offered the heartfelt homage of a loyal People on his Coronation; and before proceeding to our official duties, we request our friends will join us in drinking, with *Four times four*,—

THE KING! GOD BLESS HIM!—MAY THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS PEOPLE BE HIS CROWN, THEIR BLESSINGS HIS ANOINTMENT, THEIR HEARTS HIS THRONE, AND HIS SHIELD,—THEIR BOSOMS!

The decanters being removed,—now to business.

The valuable advice of *Jacobus of Frome* has very safely reached the EDITOR, though we really do not think it sufficiently valuable, to be worth our paying it's postage from Somersetshire; and we must therefore again, once for all, decline receiving such suggestions, unless *Post paid*: his letter is therefore returned.—In repeating this Editorial determination, we are only adhering to the invariable practice of all other periodical publications; to which, we are by no means rich enough to set a bad example by becoming an exception.—For our friend's eulogiums, we are, however, duly grateful; of his kindness, fully sensible; and his recommendations shall receive our best attention.

We are informed, upon an authority, which to our most cautious judgment is unquestionable, that the Stanzas inserted in the *British Stage* of June the first, and alluded to in page 487 of our last Number, are beyond all doubt Lord Byron's authorship; of which, we can only say, that for his Lordship's sake we are very sorry. Our learned friend *Arthur Merton Templeton*,—like the *Vicar of Wakefield*, we always love to give the whole name,—*A. M. T.* we say, must therefore defend his judgment and his criticism as he best may: Our assistance as mediator is, however, heartily at the service of both parties, from the claims of friendship on the one side, and the no less powerful demands of justice on the other.

We have left a private letter for *Arietta* at our Publisher's.

Our Correspondents will readily perceive the utter impossibility of giving insertion to their favours in *this* Number; those kind friends, however, whose patience we have taxed rather too hardly, and whose forbearance has been so exemplary, may rely upon our attention to them next month.

Several letters having been privately answered, their writers will excuse the EDITOR's noticing them again here.

The letter with an illegible signature from *Edinburgh*, contains more ignorance and absurdity, than we had thought it possible to comprise within one sheet of paper; and we feel extremely happy in being enabled to form a correct guess of the author, because it relieves us from the apprehension, that there could be two persons capable of disgracing themselves, and annoying us, by writing such nonsense. The utter incompetency of this anonymous individual,—we had almost libelled him, by writing Gentleman,—to the task which he has assumed, so much reminds us of the ambition of *Æsop's Jackass* endeavouring to imitate his master's *Lapdog*, that we think the Donkey's chastisement should certainly be added, to complete the resemblance. His letter has been sent back to the Office, and the postage returned; and as his writing is equally well known as his name, it will be quite useless to trouble himself, or us, by sending again.

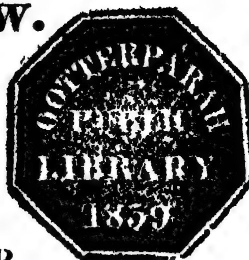
THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

JULY, 1821.



MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN THOMAS THORP,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON 1820-21.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY JAMES THOMSON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SAMUEL DRUMMOND, ESQ. A.R.A.

"Still renown'd in each clime where her flag is unfurl'd,
Is London, the Mistress and Mart of the World,
Where fame, wealth, and power, crown her Magistrate's Chair,
And the Citizen's boast is a splendid Lord Mayor!

* * * * * * * *

"And long, may her fame and her glories extend,
Undiminish'd and pure, till old Time marks her end;
And still at all feasts, be a toast from the Chair,
The Commerce of London! and London's Lord Mayor!"

IN pursuance of that plan, which we have for so many years acted upon, and to the encreasing value of which each succeeding year bears a renewed testimony; we have now the pleasure of adding the Portrait of our present worthy Chief Magistrate to the collection which has graced our preceding Volumes, and of adding his name to the long catalogue of their preceding Biography. The conservation of our City's privileges, the jurisdiction of her laws, and the superintendence of her interests, form no slight demand upon the time and talents of those gentlemen whom the suffrages of their fellow-citizens elevate to the honour of presiding in the Civic Chair; and faithfully to discharge those multifarious duties, which, for the twelve months of service, are almost ceaselessly pressing upon the attention, requires no trifling exertion of industry, and is entitled to no common eulogy of praise. From the privacy and retirement of domestic life, it brings the individual forward to public notice and regard; notoriety is given to his every action, and publicity to all his conduct.

The name of Thorp has been too long, and is too respectably connected with the Commerce and Corporation of London, not to be well known to the majority of our readers; and while the Son is at the head of the City municipal authorities in point of rank, his venerable Parent stands first as the eldest of the Corporation in the Court of Common Council, and is consequently the Father of the City.

The Right Honourable JOHN THOMAS THORP, Alderman of the Ward of Aldgate, and Lord Mayor for the present year, was born in January 1776, and is the eldest of five sons of Samuel Thorp, Esq. whom Providence has blessed with the best and dearest of parental privileges, the happiness of seeing his offspring established in comfort and respectability around him; and soothing the cares of old age with the sweetest solace of filial affection, and the kindliest attentions of filial duty. The earlier years of the Lord Mayor's life were passed in a way like so many thousands of other young men, that it is quite unnecessary to bring them into notice. His first entrée into public was in the December of 1812, when, at the entreaty of his friends, he be-

came a Member of the Common Council. In 1814, as a Member of the Irish Society, he accompanied a Deputation to their estates in the North of Ireland, which they had not visited for fifty years previous; and in 1815-16, Mr. Thorp served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex with Sir Thomas Bell, during the first Mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Wood. On the resignation of Harvey Christian Combe, Esq. in June 1817, Mr. Thorp was unanimously, and without opposition, elected to succeed him, as Alderman of Aldgate Ward; where his long and constant residence had made his estimable qualities duly appreciated. At the general election in June 1818, Alderman Thorp was returned Member of Parliament for the City, which situation he retained until the last general election on his present Majesty's accession in 1820. In 1819, as Governor of the Irish Society, Mr. Thorp again went to Londonderry, and other parts of Ireland; when the Deputation founded a school at Coleraine, and were instrumental in effecting much amelioration in the condition of the tenantry on the various estates, which they left England to visit.

At the Common Hall held on Michaelmas Day 1820, Mr. Thorp was returned Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, although Junior in the Court to three other Aldermen who had not passed the Civic Chair; two of whom had publicly notified their wish to be passed over at that election. Of his Lordship's public conduct as Chief Magistrate, we believe there is but one opinion; as we are well persuaded, that no one ever better merited the confidence of his fellow-citizens; or endeavoured to discharge the many duties of his high station with more strict impartiality, and undeviating uprightness. Dismissing all feeling of party politics, his Lordship has pursued his honourable career with the praiseworthy resolve of acting only as became his station, and leaving all political partizanship as inconsistent with the duty of a public officer. One portion of that duty, and neither the slightest, nor the least important part of it, his Lordship has indeed discharged with an exemplary zeal. From the numerous public charities of our metropolis his patronage has never been withheld; and the asylums of our country's benevolence have never asked his support in vain.

The Lord Mayor being a bachelor, the duties of Lady Mayoress have necessarily devolved upon his Lordship's sister-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Thorp: the proverbial hospitality of the Mansion House has, however, suffered no diminution from this circumstance, as his many friends can bear ample testimony to the constant kindness of their reception, and the sumptuous splendour of their entertainment. As Chief Magistrate of London at the period of a Coronation, his Lordship has also to boast the honour of possessing the gold cup given to him as Assistant Chief Butler upon that splendid occasion, and which is an heir-loom of no common distinction. Z.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
O'er the field which stern Slaughter had tinted too red;
'Twas dark, save each flash from the cannon's hoarse sound,
When the brave Abercromby received his death wound!
And his comrades his loss unaffected deplore,
Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more. T. DIBDIN.

ALTHOUGH the clash of arms, and the thunder of artillery, and the shouts of triumph, are now hushed into silence; and all the "pomp and circumstance" of war are exchanged for the less splendid arts of tranquillity and peace; yet Britain's gratitude to her warriors would indeed be heartless, was their fame to pass away with the mere sound of those achievements, which their valour purchased; or, their glory to be forgotten with the vanishing of the smoke wreaths of the battle, which their hearts' blood

sealed. The immortal banner of her victories bears full many a name, blazoned "not for an age only, but for all time!" and amongst the mightiest in that glorious record, stands Scotland's ABERCROMBY.

The conquest of Alexandria, whether considered in itself only, or in it's remoter consequences, must ever rank one of the most splendid of our triumphs. It laid the foundation of a military fame, which has extended over the whole continent of Europe;—it was the first of a series of exploits, in which British valour was to be immortalized, and in the success of which the world's fate was at issue. The shouts of conquest in Egypt were speedily re-echoed from the heights of Maida, and St. Euphemia;—the Tagus and the Douro were crimsoned with the mingled blood of victors and of vanquished, while Triumph still crowned the holy cause of Freedom; and thence, from "Victory to victory marching on," each valourous achievement was eclipsed by that which followed it; until the Earth's repose was fixed at Waterloo, and the British bayonets mounted guard at Paris.—To the glorious example of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and his gallant followers, we probably owe much of that martial invincibility which succeeded; and when our nation's rejoicing was clouded with sorrow for her Hero's fall, his country's respect followed his ashes to their Island tomb; and a public monument in his own land marked his country's gratitude. The Frontispiece to our present Volume depicts this honourable memorial, the design and execution of which are amongst the most splendid works of Richard Westmacott, Esq. R.A.; and display a monumental groupe in statuary marble, erected under the west window of the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. An equestrian figure of the gallant General is represented fainting from loss of blood, and supported by a Highland soldier. Beneath his horse's feet the subdued enemy is indicated by a dying figure vainly endeavouring to grasp the invincible French standard, which that day became the prize of British valour; and the scene of action is distinguished by a colossal sphinx on each side of the monument, on the base of which is engraved the following inscription:—

Erected at the public Expense to the Memory of
Lieut. Gen. Sir RALPH ABERCROMBY, K.B.
Commander in Chief of an Expedition directed against the French in Egypt:
Who having surmounted, with consummate Ability and Valour,
the Obstacles opposed to his Landing,
by local Difficulties, and a powerful and well-prepared Enemy;
And having successfully established and maintained the successive Positions
necessary for conducting his further Operations;
Resisted, with signal Advantage, a desperate Attack of chosen and veteran Troops,
On the 21st of March, 1801,
When he received in the Engagement a mortal Wound; but remained in the Field,
Guiding by his Direction, and animating by his Presence, the brave Troops under his Command,
Until they had achieved the brilliant and important Victory obtained on that memorable Day.
The former Actions of a Life spent in the Service of his Country,
And thus gloriously terminated,
Were distinguished by the same Military Skill, and by equal Zeal for the Public Service,
Particularly during the Campaigns in the Netherlands in 1793 and 94;
In the West Indies in 1796 and 97; and in Holland in 1799;
In the last of which, the distinguished Gallantry and Ability
With which he effected his Landing on the Dutch Coast, established his Positions
in the Face of a powerful Enemy,
And secured the Command of the principal Fort and Arsenal of the Dutch Republic,
were acknowledged and honoured by the Thanks of both Houses of Parliament.
Sir Ralph Abercromby expired on board the Foudroyant the 28th of March, 1801,
In his 66th Year.

M. DENON'S HUNDRED DAYS IN ENGLAND.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS JOURNAL.

ON Sunday morning we reached Westminster Bridge, by one of the best roads in a country which, for the excellence of it's highways, ought to be called the heaven of travellers, though it is the purgatory of horses. The fine river sweeping round a border of palaces, the giant-bridges, the sublime dome which seems to dwell among clouds, ought all to be seen on Sunday; for they all seem to belong to man's hope of immortality. And as a mere citizen of this world, I love to enter a new place, especially such a city as London, on the sabbath-day. Men in general live in, or for business all the rest of the week, but on this day for themselves alone—that is, for their own pleasure. Every man shews his best coat and graces if he has any, looks for his friends, enjoys his money, and is at least for twelve hours whatever his real inclinations make him. Let my English readers say this is the remark of a Frenchman and an egotist,—I admit the charge. A Frenchman always loves himself, and therefore he tries to see every thing in it's holiday and silken attire: not in the worsted, and dust of dull business. He is merriest on Sunday,—because he knows the gay half of the world are then making the most of their present time, and the grave laying up a stock for futurity.

Though all the shops were shut, except the unlicensed corners of a few ice-shops, and some that sold an opposite commodity; the Strand was full of groupes pressing eagerly along. Shouts of laughter proceeded from one, and I joined it of course. It was composed of a few loud ill-dressed boys following a thick short man in a coat with square skirts and broad buttons, a hat worn into the shape of a jockey-cap, and enormous shoes white with dust, which lay more snugly in the wrinkles and folds of his huge grey stockings. He had nevertheless a very clean shirt of fine linen, though no cravat, and his face had a comical mixture of defiance and boobyish ease in it. He turned himself twice round, made his companions a ridiculous bow, and thanked them for their company. The boys went off trooping and laughing, and the countryman sat down on one of the balustrades of St. Martin's Church, muttering, "As well be trodden under foot by th' horses, as punched to death."

He looked at me as he spoke, and I saw under the red bronze of his complexion a streak of blue remaining on the round upturned tip of his nose, which reminds me of the fine ultramarine tint of my acquaintance in that extraordinary place which I have had the honour of describing to the National Institute*—the illustrious politician whose soubriquet or travelling name was, as he then said, M. Teapottus.—"Ha!" I exclaimed—"my extremely dear friend!—who could have expected to see a person of your importance, the member of a fraternity so profound and invisible, walking in broad noonday near a church!"—"My good chevalier," he answered, "there is no disguise so complete as an English clown's. A man may say and do what he will, spend as little or as much as he pleases, thrust himself into any company, and gaze long at any thing or nothing on whatever pretence he chooses, the blunt, honest, sulky independence of John Bullism protects him thoroughly."—It was my duty to acquaint M. Teapottus with the purpose of my visit to England, and he listened with great interest."—"Frankly," he replied, "I advise you to finish your tour with me. You have already filled your note-book with all that is magnificent on the surface; and to tell you a truth, not one of the thousand travellers who have seen the same things will agree that you describe them rightly. Complete your chapters on the laws and architecture of England at home and at your leisure—M. Denon, *Père*, will make a good volume of them; but you must see the people with your own eyes. When I come on these secret missions to collect emigrants and settlers for our colony, I put my *cordon bleu* in my portmanteau, and an honest yeoman's frieze coat on my shoulders. Then I can grumble with the force and weight of an oracle.

* Vide *Eur. Mag.* for April 1821, page 294.

A well-dressed growler is supposed to be in debt, a ragged one to have compounded with his creditors, but the discontent of a sleek, sturdy, safe farmer must have a very broad foundation. Come with me, and you shall see it." M. Teapottus trotted before me, shaking his oaken cudgel and his head occasionally with a sly grin of scorn at the splendid loungers in our way, till we arrived at a place called the Coal-hole, where we ordered an abundant supper and old wine. If I had not known the birth-place of my companion, and the prodigious *depth* of his fraternity's plans, I should have laughed at the true English ease of his demeanour as he rolled himself into the best seat, frowned at the flavour of the wine, and disputed the age of his beef-steak. When the waiter had slunk away laughing at the Yorkshireman's penetration, and doubting very much the success of his master's charges, Teapottus shook me by the hand again. "Denon, that rogue thinks either you or I must be a swindler, for a Frenchman and a West-Yorkshireman were never seen together for any good purpose. You must have a more consistent coat if we become fellow tourists. Listen to me. You know, for I saw it detailed in your communication to the National Institute, how I and my brotherhood provide ourselves with old books and archives. By such means we often reach strange family papers, and here is a Will found among charcoal by some of our Carbonari, and I shall make it the pretence of my journey to the West of England. It will cause a great sensation in the little town near your place of embarkation, and in one week will shew you more of Englishmen in their domiciles than you would have seen in twenty years; had you travelled as long here in the suite of a Russian Duke, or Prince Ratafie."

"My dear friend," said I, "nothing could be more convenient for the benefit of the literary world, and the private concerns of my purse, which, as I was just going to hint in the confidence of friendship, slipped out of my pocket into the hand of a sharp-eyed, broad-footed, country-looking gentleman like yourself. If your taylor can accommodate me with another coat——"

"Pho!—my taylor!—an artist of your class should make any man clothe him.—I have found a Will, and I shall take care those who profit by it shall pay all my travelling expenses, and perhaps your's. Trust me to whisper something proper respecting you, and be content with the names I shall give you. One of the whims of honest Englishmen in a country-town is to dislike foreigners, and the mere sound of "M. Denon" would make all the curs fly out against you to hasten your departure, as one of your countrymen says the dogs in Scotland are taught to bark when horses pass them, to save whip and spur."—"I have read that tourist, M. Teapottus," I replied, "and on my conscience can only believe half what he says, for he declares all the dogs in Scotland are cunning, and all the men honest."—"It was only a mistake in the printing," said Teapottus, "he meant the reverse."

We set out the next morning in a western mail, and my fellow-traveller verified his assertion respecting the immunities of a yeoman's frieze coat. With a nosegay tucked into his vest, and his unbrushed hat archly awry, he mounted beside the coachman, found fault with his cattle, his reins, and his coach-springs; and made his peace with him by sundry draughts of ale and juniper-juice. What he chose to say of me, I did not think proper to enquire; but I could see several sly glances cast back at me by the coachman, as I dozed near the chair of state allotted to the guard in our rear. This important person shewed me very great courtesy, talking joyously and incessantly between his frequent descents to "lock the wheel," never waiting for a reply, which, notwithstanding my fluent knowledge of the English language, I might have been perplexed to give in a suitably familiar idiom. But my greatest surprise was, when the mail paused for a relay, to find myself seized in this good-humoured giant's arms, carried into a neat parlour, and presently attended by a waiting-damsel with a cup of delicate ratafie and a few perfumed wafers. I said something in the prettiest English I could devise, to which she only answered by a small laugh, and an offer of her arm to conduct me back to the mail. It was a very acceptable one, and I availed myself, without knowing it, of the pretext

which I supposed my friend Teapottus had contrived to make me more interesting. When the coach resumed it's journey, the night-air made me desirous to lodge myself within; and the guard having whispered a few words to the passengers, made a colossal pirouette, and tossed me into the corner of his vehicle. A gentleman, whose barret-cap and yellow face had a very Norman contour, looked at me through his lorgnette, and yawned. His companion drew his boots together with great complaisance, and began to talk of les Montagnes Russes, M. Talma, and other Parisian curiosities. Being instructed to evade the appearance of a foreigner, I declared myself an English amateur just returning from a month's admiration of the Louvre and the Musée, and we fell into an amusing dissertation on the Venus and the Psyche in the sculpture-gallery. I spoke, as became a lover of virtù, with rapture of the contour of Canova's Hebe, and the exquisite transparency of those folds which seem as if the marble had become a cobweb under the artist's chizzel. I appealed in French to the Norman-looking gentleman with his Parisian cap and cloak, but he shut his eyes; and my English companion thrust his watch-chain and seals out of sight. At supper he assisted me to the choicest morceaus, and insisted on paying my quota; took his place beside me on the outside of the coach next morning, and repeated a whole page of milord Byron's tragedy.

After all, it must be owned civility is the true sweetener of life. My companion said nothing peculiarly new or brilliant, but he was in good-humour with himself and me. When we arrived at the inn where our journey terminated, he expressed his intention to see me again, and I kissed my hand, as politeness required. There was in the countenance of M. Teapottus such an intense bitterness of sarcasm, that my tongue could not restrain itself. "You see," said I, "Englishmen are not brutal except they are treated like brutes. It is the privilege and distinction of a polite man to treat every stranger as his equal, and by that treatment to make him feel or wish himself to seem no way inferior. There is nothing so delightful as the roof of an English stage-coach, because it proves the power and comfort of a civil humour—While the hypochondriac traveller is growling at the dust or groaning for his crushed packages, the polite philosopher gathers amusement or intelligence from every one near him, sees richness in the land if it be level, and picturesque beauty if it be rugged. He winds like this smooth river, and catches sunshine whenever it is present."

"That is good," said my cynic—"but I have reached my journey's end quite as soon. The mob laughed in London when they saw me stalking in the middle of the street, and heard me say, in a clown's tone, 'twas as good to be trodden as elbowed to death—yet I kept stiffly on my way, knowing both carriages and horsemen would turn to the right and left when they saw me stubbornly keeping the middle-road.—This is the worshipful market-town of *****. What does your philosophic eye see?"

"An old tower grey with age, a church, a mansion-house, and twenty dozen of smaller tenements. But though it is almost night, there is a troop of vagrants bustling round the churchyard-porch. Let us go into the midst—I hear laughter and loud tongues.—A Frenchman desires no better conceit." M. Teapottus shrugged up his shoulders, and we went together into the porch.

We who have lived on the continent are not well able to understand the desolation which English custom spreads over the grave. We give it a tongue as the English poet bestows one on Time, but it is not to affright and create horror. The same tender thoughts that induce us to strew flowers on the beds of our friends on the morning of their birthday's anniversary, teach us to plant graceful trees and hang fresh garlands over the bed from which they are promised a nobler birth. Even if religion was not a sublime matter, I should keep it for the sake of my own importance. It is impossible for a polite man to be an infidel, for an infidel is of all men the most vulgar in his ideas. All the elegant courtesies of society lose their [illegible] freshness, if we once believe [illegible] objects merely heaps of peri[illegible] dust. And when I see a man ne[illegible] those gracious kindnesses which soo[illegible] and comfort human-nature, I am apt to think he believes it no better than

the brute that lives but for a season.

These fancies came into my mind as I stood on a broad paved path near a mound, from which two or three whistling ruffians were plucking away the stones that had been reared as an enclosure. They were preparing it to receive another tenant, and some ragged urchins played at football with the tufts of grass torn up from it's edges. The minute-bell began to toll as usual for a person of some note, and a procession set forth from the mansion-house nearly opposite the church. It came on foot, for it had not many yards to traverse, and was led by a young man in the habit of chief mourner, leading a very lovely girl scarcely in her seventeenth year. She was followed by two women of more advanced age in rich and deep black, and the supporters of the pall were surrounded by an immense crowd of men in yeomanlike attire, and females coarsely but neatly drest; all gazing with the decent earnestness of grateful sorrow.

It was, as I heard them say, their benefactor's coffin going to the grave, attended by his tenants and his children. To the latter class the beautiful young girl very soon shewed her claim by sobs of anguish and gestures of the most pathetic kind. Several men, and one or two women, approached to see earth spread over the remains, and their dry composure appeared to me a frightful contrast to the young mourners. Nothing is so terrible to a man as to see the indifference of his fellow-creatures near a grave;—nothing he excuses so readily as the desperate grief of an orphan or a widow. But a groupe of aged and poor matrons in the back-ground redeemed the offence given me by their companions, for they wailed and wept unceasingly. I have Montaigne's faith in the judgment of ancient dames, and listened with undoubted reverence to the praises they poured on the deceased. M. Teapottus scowled demurely, and when the last bell had tolled, led me away to the best hotel in the town.

"What are you going to propose?" said I, holding my note-book; "I must make a sketch of the churchyard-scene."

"I," he answered dryly, "am invited to dine with the mourners; and when you have eaten your dinner also among them, you may finish your drawing."

A man must grow hungry whatever may be his sentiments, and I took my place close to Teapottus at the bottom of a table furnished so sumptuously as to remind me of the great Englishman's saying—"Nobody eats an ounce less when they are sorry for a friend." However, the groupe was of a motley kind, and the novelty of a dinner so splendid probably abated the grief of many. "This," said my cicerone, "is the unfailing termination of all kinds of business in England. Half a century ago, the funeral baked meats made the mourning family poor for at least two years; and the enormous quantities of cake handed round before the interment, and sent with sable gloves in sealed white papers after, consumed more than would have provided for the widow's apparel. A few perfumed biscuits and cards of thanks are the substitutes now, even in this remote province; and the crowd of gazers on the dead, which though attracted by curiosity and custom had some show of kindness in them to the living, are now forbidden by country etiquette to enter the bereaved house. But they assemble here as you see; and the tone of their discourse, and the modernized elegance of their attire, tell the progress of improvement, as you will call it, better than a volume. Those ruby-coloured portly gentlemen in black coats over the rest of their stout grey apparel, are all farmers of the third rank, whose mornings are spent in the field among their herdsmen, and their noons at sales among drovers. Hear with what shrewd intelligence and good choice of language they rehearse public matters and debate on the science of agriculture! The slim boys scattered among them in stiff collars and broad wristbands are their sons, half going to college,—the other just returned from an annual call of the militia. They are not at all surprised at your French ridingcote and outré head-dress, for they suppose me a Wiltshire farmer rather related to the dead man, and you my nephew and presumptive heir. Turn your chair, and you will see through that window the young chief mourner in to-day's funeral shaking hands with a horse-dealer as he steps into his curricle; and his steward's clerk fighting with the vintner and the milliner to

prevent a mal-a-propos exhibition of their bills. Forty years ago, the heir must have stayed decently at home; and the carousers, though they ate and brawled too much, would have talked of nothing but him and his concerns. To-day they are too wise to care for the dead, and too prudent to talk of the living: too sulkily independent, in short, to be civil to either. It was absurd to feast a set of hungry gossips in past times, but worse to feed the thankless indifference of the present."

"I don't see," said I, "that a tough hazle stick is worse for it's polish, or a stone for being smooth: and this meeting, though it may not be so amusing, is not so mischievous as the family legends, and paltry scandal of forty years ago. The smoking, swearing, gormandizing clowns described by your own writers, were as proud of their leathern jerkins and wooden shoes, as these decent yeomen of their newspapers and grammar-schools."

"Let me tell you," returned Teapottus, "there is some difference between the roaring blaze of sound wood which warmed every body's heart, and the short neat sparkling of modern coke with it's 'curious perfume.'—And the clowns of those days, like the apples that roasted their round faces before it, though they cracked and sputtered, were warm and mellow within. I hate," continued he, taking a huge glass of eau-de-vie, "I hate the dry, cold, smooth indifference that gives a man no hold on his fellow-creatures, and forces him to stir up his dormant blood, not with generous sociable frolics, but with such a solitary and brief helper as this glass, which I drink to no man's health and no woman's beauty, for I know none that will ever benefit me." So saying, he pushed his chair out of the circle, seized his one-cornered hat, and turned his back on the company without smile or nod, shewing me by his example how to repay the givers of our dinner.

My hypochondriac guide took his stand on the bridge, watching some ragged little knaves trying to keep themselves erect on a piece of timber they had set afloat. I stood a few steps below him, more pleased to see through the camera obscura of the arch the long line of a delicious valley, banked with small tufts and plats of green herbs or bushes, the pride of a few cottages whose chimnies betrayed them behind. The lane, which had brought us to this bridge stretched far down among low-lands newly mown, and bordered with hawthorns and the sweet-briar rose-trees. It was one of those sweet sleeping scenes found oftenest in England; for my own country in it's loveliest hollows, has something of that fantastic and gay aspect which it's peasantry shew even in their tatters.' "Ay," said Teapottus, throwing away the Mayblossoms he had plucked, "that rascal-boy is not the only venturer on a raft of wormeaten timber—here comes the heir of yesterday."—And I saw in his face, now unshadowed by crape and twilight, my courteous acquaintance on the roof of the mail-coach. He exchanged courtesies more in the style of Madame De Sevigne's days than in those of 1820; pressed to know if my accommodations were good at my hotel, shook Teapottus kindly by the hand, and recommended him to do the honours of his country to me in good fashion. We walked up the broad green slope before his house, and he gave me the history of some ancient manors attached to it. He offered me a view of his stud, named a selection of the choicest pieces from the Théâtre Français which he had lately added to his library, and asked my approbation. He talked of the ingenious packs of cards introduced by the Ex-Empress Maria-Louisa, and enquired if the kings, queens, and knaves, were faithful likenesses of our tragic and comic favourites. "If," thought I, "it is true that Englishmen resemble their own coal-mines, it needs only a skilful visitor to discover their bright veins. A peevish, arrogant, dogmatical traveller sees his own likeness in whatever he meets;—an easy agreeable one does the same. After all, there is no place where a sensible and well-bred stranger is happier than in England."—Teapottus saw this, or something like this in my face; and began to whistle as he walked behind us.

"You have tablets in your hand," said Lord Boscobel, with a charming smile—"let me distinguish my land by giving some anecdotes of it to be placed there. This is Bosworth Field, and that old building with dia-

mond casements was once an inn, whose owners are said to have grown rich by discovering a hoard of gold within the immense oak posts of a bed in which Richard the Usurper slept before the battle. And the builder of my house has left a tradition in his family, that he observed among the labouring masons a man of singular deportment, who had been educated secretly and bountifully in all the learning of the times, by a father whose visits were always paid to him in disguise, but were never repeated after that fatal battle. This man was supposed to be King Richard's son, and I am proud to call him my ancestor."

"Ah! my dear lord!" I replied, "I shall be glad to inform my countrymen that your third Richard was as gallant, perhaps as handsome, as the First, whose taste for eating Saracens did no honour to his mother, though I assure you, on the authority of all our histories, his mother was a demon, not a Frenchwoman. But I have also in my tablet a very new anecdote of your learned Dr.—pah!—he who settled the geology of this world with our M. De Lac—he whose eyetooth was found in a box and sold for sixty guineas by the rogues who plundered his library, as if it had been Richard's, dug out of this famous field."

Milord laughed, and replied—"The tooth of knowledge is at least as sharp as the eye;—but I am glad to find you value King Richard's gallantry more than his ambition." And with a most gracious grasp of the hand, he appointed the morrow for our meeting on the river bank to angle à l'Anglaise.

"On my word, Teapottus, this is altogether delightful, and I cannot conceive why you came here to find settlers for your colony in Mezzoterranea. Emigrate from this fine country!—If I was not a Frenchman I would be an Englishman; which is the same as saying, if I was not Alexander the Great, I would be ——"

"Pray don't tell me," said my cynic, "for I see it all very plain—and as we have half a dozen days more to spend here, I advise you not to finish that sentence in your note-book till you see how you find yourself at the end of our visit."

"It is my intention," I replied, "and not without hopes, that the Hundred Days I shall spend in England will be as important in the chronicles of science as the hundred of the Ex-emperor were to the policy of Europe. France, M. Teapottus, is the only empire that can spare great men to benefit other nations. What would have become of the glories of Charlemagne, of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of your Merlin, and King Arthur; if they had not been recorded in French poems which only a few learned men can read?"

"True," said Teapottus, "if it had not been for those volumes now sunk into the Central regions of the earth among the fossil skulls of their writers, we should never have heard that Richard ate Saracens' heads, or that Merlin relieved King Herod from the seven bubbles of a troublesome cauldron, by cutting off seven learned men's ——"

"Ha! my dear friend!" I exclaimed, seizing a precious thought —"when you were digging in the under-strata of Mezzoterranea, had you the happiness of finding any of those volumes? My private mission to England is to compare the Edition found in the *petites maisons* of Paris with the MSS. in the British Museum.—But what a treasure would the originals be to the National Institute!"

"I have found one book!" said Teapottus, pointing to a chest with three strong locks under his portmanteau.

"My excellent friend, we shall be covered with glory! Think of the appendix it will make to my tour!—The original legends of Merlin and Charlemagne, copied by Nennius and Archbishop Turpin, found in the catacombs of Mezzoterranea by the President of the Bas-bleux, and edited by M. Denon!"

"Monsieur," replied Teapottus, drily, "I never had the honour of belonging to the society who borrow their name from the blue stockings worn by their French leader."

"A thousand pardons, my dear fellow-traveller!—you belong, I know, to the fraternity of philosophers whose fondness for profundity and livid complexions have gained the English sobriquet of Blue Dev——, —excuse me,—Your French cognomen, '*Bas bleu*,' equally and more elegantly indi-

cates your peculiar tint and origin *De profundis.*"

"M. Denon," he again answered, "I am for the present domiciled in England, and I chuse my English name, a *Grumbler*. Your sketch of this nation can hardly fail to be correct, for a French wit, and an English politician, always see both the best and worst sides of things."

When a compliment has two meanings, an Englishman is always at a loss which to take, but a Frenchman never. I made my profoundest bow, and recollecting Lord Boscobel's beautiful sister, I opened a romance to collect a few courtly ideas in the English style, and made my first attempt at verse in this language.

"There's not a nut in the filbert-hedge
So brown as Chloe's hair,
And not a sloe on the bramble-bush
Can with her eyes compare;

Her hair is of that very brown,
That doth all browns excel;
And there's no hair on all her head
But curls delightful well.

She twirls her hair ere break of day,
And makes so sure a chain,
That never heart entangled there
Did ever get loose again.

O! what shall I do? the poet said,
My fate is past compare;
For she will take the verse I make,
And with it curl her hair."*

MARK, THE MARINER.

VOYAGE THE SECOND.

Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
How little do ye think upon the dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto bold mariners, and they will plainly show
All the cares, and the fears, when the stormy winds do blow.
OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

Come, listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me. SOUTHEY'S MADOC.

YE have heard, and perchance with delight ye have listen'd,
To the dangers which MARK, the bold Mariner, braved;
For the fate of his Captain your eyes may have glisten'd,
And your hearts have rejoiced when the Seaman was saved
List once more,—and this calm summer twilight again he
Your terrors and tears shall awaken for many;
For wild are his legends, and few men, if any,
Such wonders have got on their memories engraved.

Then cheer thee, stout heart!—and relate thine adventure
With ROLAND DE MONTAGUE, on the Red Sea;
The ear becomes charm'd where thy magic tales enter,
And all eyes are amazed when they look upon thee:
For thou hast seen that, which is rarely to mortal
Disclosed, until Death spread Eternity's portal,
And though rude be thy speech, and thy lays be untaught all,
They are nature majestic, unfetter'd, and free.

Yes, 'tis true, for the seas where our shallops are gliding
Are not to be charm'd by a soft-speaking tongue;
The deep roar of the surge would it's notes be deriding,
And the wind drown it's music though sweetly it sung;
When our billow-rock'd barques tempest toss'd on the wave lie,
When the storm is most loud, and the pilot looks gravely,
To the seaman, the voice of Old Mark sounds more bravely,
Than the silver-toned lute by Timotheus strung.

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* Mr. Denon honours English poetry too much by adopting it. This admirable fragment was written at Brome, near Hagley, by Shenstone, but never published among his works.

It is sweet, when the season of danger is over,
To think on the terrors at sea we have found,
When distracted we gazed,—and we nought could discover
But Death like a fiend that vindictively frown'd:
When the Demons of air in their fury were roaring,
When sprites of the deep fiercest torrents were pouring,
While curses and prayers, shouts and tears, and deploring,
Rose rapid and sad from my comrades around.

I have sail'd, when the waves o'er our topmast were leaping,
When we dived and beheld the blue depths of the main;
When the winds my brave ship through the ocean were sweeping,
Like the wither'd leaf autumn wafts over the plain:
I have gazed,—when the water spout tall was appearing;
I have swam,—where the whirlpool was swiftly careering,
Where the breakers were loudest, my hand has been steering:
Oh! ne'er may I witness such horrors again.

Men say,—On the seas we deride all devotion,
That profanity hangs on a mariner's breath;
What,—shall they who float over the fathomless ocean
Be corrupt in their lives,—and regardless of death?
Oh no!—for if aught within nature is teeming
For ever with dangers, most terrible seeming,
It must *be*, where the azure sea billows are streaming,
And water-fiends shout o'er their victims beneath.

But yet there are some, who, to sin given wholly,
All fearless in hazard, and dauntless in crime;
Who act, as if GOD had created them solely
To breathe out in evil their hand-breadth of time.
Such was Roland de Montague, never a braver
Sail'd at night, or at noonday, winds foul, or in favour;
But cursed unbelief was his soul's dark enslaver,
And he mock'd at the truths of our Gospel sublime.

Ere he sunk to the grave, Heaven stretch'd out to save him
That arm which hath never been stretch'd out in vain;
For a vision he saw, and the lessons it gave him
Were never unlearn'd, nor forgotten again!
At once he was changed!—and the foul spirit's power,
Unshaken for years, was o'erthrown in an hour,
Infidelity lost of her victims the flower,
And for tears and repentance he quitted the main.

I gazed on that sight too,—for somewhat impell'd me
To stand by my comrade in bliss, or in bale;
For there is an hand which hath often upheld me
When legions of darkness might vainly assail.
On *that*, all my faith, all my hopes were suspended,
It left me not till the dark vision was ended,
Whilst my heart, and my life, by those scenes were amended:
Then think on *your* crimes, and attend to my tale.

Our skiff, the Dragon, was bravely bounding
Over the billows of Pharaoh's sea,
And the surge responsively seem'd resounding
To her leaping, and floating so gallantly.
And there was not a man on the deck but smiled
To see her walk over the waters wild;
Winning her rapid and easy way,
Like the lark in the heavens at bright noon day.
Her sails were swelling, her streamers flying,
Her mariners shouting, her gunwale lying

Close to the wave, and she swept along
Breasting the ocean firm and strong,
Scattering the white foam up to the wind,
And leaving her track on the main behind.

At the helm stood Roland, who cried to the crew,
"Beneath these merrily glancing waters,
If the Tales of the Prophets and Priests be true,
Lie the hopes and the love of Egypta's daughters.
With the host of the mighty, and Pharaoh's pride,
His horsemen and chariots which Israel defied.--
They sank in the main,--they sank in the main,
And the billows have long wash'd o'er them;
But never again,—no never again
Shall the sea from it's caves restore them.
For what is our death?—an eternal sleep;
And why do we toil, or rejoice, or weep!
When pass but awhile, and we all are gone
Into the maw of Oblivion:
And as for our rising,—it may not be;
When the body is once from this world set free,
It returns unto darkness, the land of the dead,
And whence it first came it for ever hath fled."

Then to Roland our Captain replied again,
"Go to, thou mocker! methinks that fear
Might well thine impious tongue restrain,
When the haunted ocean is gliding near.
For many a book-learn'd Clerk hath told
That evil spirits these waters hold,
Chain'd in their caverns till Doomsday morning
With it's last pale sun on the world is dawning
And well do I deem, that when time hath sped
Thy latest hour above thine head,
The Prince of the Air will demand his prey,
And bear thee hence on his wings away;
And thy profanity *then* will know
That there *is* a world in the deeps below."

"I care not," said Roland, "if those that be
The habitants brave of this dreaded sea,
Have spirits like mine, which never yet quail'd,
Though danger in fearfullest form assail'd:
But if it be true, that beneath these waves
The fierce and the restless spirit laves,
I fain would look upon one who died
The dread of the seas, and the Pirate's pride;
All spotted with evil, as men would say
Who deem it but crime their own hearts to obey:
Then FITZ CARABINE, if that thou be'st below,
Thy face unveil, and thy features show!"

The waves rush'd on, and the foam rose high,
And the vessel drove forward rapidly;
Then the billows retreated, and all might see
That a watery mirror there seem'd to be,
For calm and placid was all the main
As a glassy lake, or a frozen plain;
Then while the mariners gazed upon
That dread and dire phenomenon,
A face all pale, and livid of hue,
Seem'd to be looking the waters through;
But there were the features which once it bore,
And there was the scowl which in life they wore!

Though writhing with agony, yet they were shown,
With a mockery that visage for ever had known.
And Roland's heart turn'd sick at the sight,
For well did he know 'twas his shipmate's sprite.
It was but a moment that visage was seen,
But if ages on ages should roll between
The hour when I saw it, and that certain day
When I shall depart on my last voyage away,
I might not forget it, though never before
I look'd on that face, and should see it no more.

Our ship, the Dragon, was fiercely bounding
Over the billows of Pharaoh's sea,
And hoarse in her shrouds the winds were sounding,
As onward she drifted furiously.
And there was not a man on the deck that smiled
To see how she cut through those waters wild,
For the sun had withdrawn his golden ray,
And darkness began to o'ercloud the day.
The waves each other were swiftly chasing,
The sea-fowls home to the rocks were racing,
And nature her fair visage seem'd to deform,
Ere the demons of Ocean had blown up the storm.

It came, and, O Heaven! such a storm and such skies,
Though from youth until age on the main I have been,
Though the dimness of seventy hangs on mine eyes,
So dreadful a tempest I never have seen.
Our sails into streamers were rent by the blast;
The skies were as dark as a midnight in winter;
We were toss'd like a feather, and each goodly mast
Of the tall gallant pine shiver'd down to a splinter.

Then from Roland alarm'd every mariner fled,
Lest the heavens' high vengeance should fall on his head,
For their hearts were so chill'd and so palsy'd with fear,
I alone of the crew stood De Montague near;
For well might I deem his fierce spirit was daunted,
In heaven daring accents no longer he vaunted,
And hope seem'd to whisper,—*he yet may be blest,*
For the morn of repentance hath dawn'd in his breast.
The storm still continued in fury to roar,
And the heavens their fierce cataracts downwards to pour;
But more deep than the winds were De Montague's sighs,
And more swift than the rain flow'd the tears from his eyes.

Then the waters rose higher, the ship strain'd and started,
The billows wash'd over with terrible moan:
At once her stout timbers all sunder'd and parted—
The vessel divided,- and—we stood alone!
Alone, on those seas, all unknowing, if land
Were leagues off in distance, or lay near at hand;
Alone, on those seas, and cut off from the view
Of our storm-broken shallop, and tempest toss'd crew;
Then loudly we halloo'd, no answer again
In voices familiar was heard o'er the main,
But we drifted with silence and night on each heart,
Hand in hand, as if fearful to speak, or to part.

How time pass'd away was to us all unknown,
The afflicted ne'er measure it's pace but by years;
Can that heart count the minutes whose throb is a groan?—
Or the eye watch for hours when o'erflowing with tears?

We sail'd on in the dark, till at last a faint ray
We beheld of a pallid blue gleam like the day
When breaking by moonlight, appear'd in the skies,
Or that which seem'd spread o'er our night-clouded eyes:
It came nearer, until we might perfectly view
A fair and brave vessel of light gleaming blue,
With all her sails set, and her streamers all veering,
Her men cloth'd in white, and each seaman appearing
More like to a corse, than a mariner brave,
Less meet for the deck, than prepar'd for the grave.

Then she put out her long-boat, and towards us it came,
The oars made no plash as they dipp'd in the seas;
And the boatman in hollow voice, each by his name,
Commanded to follow, in accents like these.

" Roland and Mark—come launch with me,
Nor let your fears prevail;
We are bound on the voyage of eternity,
Which all men once must sail.
Wide, wide is the sea through which we go,
Far hence is the landing day;
And the winds of death all fairly blow.
Arise—and come away."

It was vain to oppose, and together we pass'd
To sail on that passage we deem'd was our last;
The boat soon we enter'd with fear and devotion,
Then slowly and silently moved o'er the ocean;
While the wreck which had witness'd our dread and despair,
Burst into red flames, and was shatter'd in air.
The light from that ruin was shed far and wide,
It fell on our boat, and it's mystical guide;
And well might we mark it effulgently glow
On that face we had seen in the waters below!
Then Roland brake silence: —" And can it then be
Fitz Carabine, vulture and wolf of the sea?
Did I not behold thee in sail-cloth o'erthrown,
To the deeps which thine actions of evil had known;
Then how cam'st thou here, by what arts did'st thou rise
From the bonds of thy sepulchre thus to our eyes!"

Then answer'd the vision, " I might not have broken
The cerements of death, but to save and restore thee;
For the Lord of the grave to my spirit had spoken,
To rise and appear in these terrors before thee.
To call thee, ere life and it's powers shall decay,
At once to renounce infidelity's way;
And to shew thee what future fate those shall receive
Who die on the seas, and till death disbelieve;
In that ship shall they wander, ne'er anchoring again,
But for ever through storms drift alone on the main,
Save when in foul-weather we pass in our flight
Some skiff, and the hopes of her mariners blight:
For all who behold us, with half-stifled breath,
Cry,—" There sails the Phantom, whose Captain is Death."
As he ended, we stood on the deck, and the scene
Like the grave was as silent, and calm, and serene;
The sails were all cere-cloth, the cords livid flame,
But half of those terrors my tongue cannot name:
And ye too might think, if on each I should dwell,
It was but a fable, and scorn what I tell.
Then Fitz Carabine cried, " Ere the vessel departs
Take one cup of wine, to enliven your hearts;

Nay fear not,—it is not of evil the hour,
We act by command of a loftier power:
For though all on board are malignant, to you
We are bound, chain'd, and harmless; then drink, and adieu!"
We drank; and through watching, toil, sorrow, and dread,
That magic wine o'er me such heaviness spread,
That powerless I fell, to De Montague cried,
We embraced, and sank down on the deck side by side.

* * * * * * * *

We stood in the street of a large ancient city,
Rejoiced to behold the fair daylight once more;
But we gazed on each other with terror and pity,
For changed were those features familiar before.
Like that King, who was cast from his throne, and degraded,
With herds to exist; all our beauty was faded,
While silvery hair both our visages shaded,
And hung it's white mantle our faces all o'er.

Haste onward my tale; our brave shipmates had floated
In safety to land, yet in sorrow for me;
And all of them deem'd I to death was devoted,
For ten years had pass'd since we parted at sea.
Then I vow'd on the main never more to be straying,
De Montague left it for weeping and praying,
'Till in triumph he died, and his ashes are laying
Where Old Mark the Mariner's shortly shall be. K.

WOMANKIND.

Old Nature swears,—the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes O!
Her prentice han',—she tried on man,
And—then she made the lasses O! BURNS.

MR. EDITOR,

APPREHENDING that my last communication on the "*Gradations of the Human Intellect*" may have wearied the patience of your readers, by leading them into those abstract regions, where the genius of pleasure seldom allures the intellectual wanderer to the green retreats of sensible felicity; I sat down to write something by way of recompense, better suited to the taste of the generality of your readers; for though instruction appears to have been the primary object of writing, I suspect we now begin to flatter ourselves with an opinion, that we are too wise to be taught; and that the merit of all works ought to be estimated, not by the knowledge which they impart, but by the entertainment which they afford. After pausing, however, for a considerable time in divining what subject to choose, I began to reflect that the variety of tastes was as infinitely diversified as the variety of subjects, and I had almost given over the matter in despair; when it occurred to me, that there was one subject, at least, which recommended itself equally to all men, except professed misanthropes, or those unearthly philosophers who can admire nothing but the intelligible species of the ancient schools. The subject in which I imagined all of us to have an interest, was an enquiry into the source of human happiness; for most other subjects derive their principal interest from local or adventitious circumstances; but whatever regards happiness, is equally interesting, in every age, and in every clime. We are always willing to be happy, and to be acquainted with the means of rendering us so. But it is not a little surprising, that though the most ignorant of us pretends to know what happiness is, the wisest of us has never been able to determine it's nature. Many writers have been led to suppose, that happiness is the pure emanation of the mind; while others have as eagerly contended, that it is to be found only in external objects. Some have placed the *summum*

bonum in subjecting the rebellious licentiousness of unsatisfied desire to the dominion of reason; while the disciples of Epicurus (how far warranted by their celebrated master I will not pretend to determine) have maintained, that happiness is only to be found in giving an unlimited rein to the entire man, to his sensual and intellectual energies:

"Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all."

Amid such a conflict of opinion are we left to conclude, that happiness is of that dark, doubtful, and mysterious nature, that it presents nothing certain and positive to the enquiring mind? or should we rather incline to the opinion, that the learned, by continually opposing the stubborn dictates of a rigid philosophy to the genial glow of nature, have mistaken it's character, while the unlettered part of mankind, not only yielding without scepticism to every emotion of delight, but eagerly grasping at every shadow of felicity, have usurped all happiness to themselves, and consequently puzzled philosophic pride to discover it's nature?

To me it appears, that we must ultimately trace all our ideas, not only of the most permanent, but also of the most exquisite happiness which the condition of our nature permits us to enjoy in this stage of existence, to our intercourse with woman, she who wields in her magic hand the golden sceptre of terrestrial delights. If we trace back the history of the sex to the earliest ages, we shall find they have been always the object of the tenderest attachment; and I trust our attachment to them is not less ardent, at present, than when grosser manners, and a barbarous inappetency for the elegancies of refined life, and social intercourse, had approximated man to the condition of the unminded brute.

Of all the affections that variously agitate and take alternate possession of the human breast, none expand it with such delightful emotions as that of Love. Composed of all that is tender in feeling, fond in sympathy, and disinterested in virtue, it lifts the soul in it's rapt embraces to that blissful eminence, whence, inaccessible to all the harsher and more dissocial elements of humanity, it contemplates only the finer relations and secret harmonies of nature. It runs along the golden chain of kindred affections, patriotism, generosity, pity, sympathy, sensibility, and the whole train of associating virtues that bind man to man, and connect the human race; and perceives that each of these virtues originates from love. Love is then the strongest link in the chain of human happiness; and whatever is most capable of exciting this passion in the breast, is also most capable of increasing the sum of human felicity.

Here I believe it will be easily granted, that to awaken this passion in the breast of man, is the peculiar boast and privilege of woman. Who will lead us to the temple of happiness, and point out new sources of untried delight, where we may behold pleasures sparkling with purer lustre, or raptures glowing with chaster ecstasy, than the lover finds in the fond object of his captivated affections? Can the philosopher discover aught in the boasted treasures of ethic wisdom, that may impart that buoyancy of spirit, or that exquisite perception of felicity, which the consenting smile of his mistress secretly diffuses over his soul? In vain would he persuade him to inhale sentiments of subliner happiness from contemplating the works of nature, or direct his attention to the shining orbs of heaven; pouring by day a flood of light, twinkling by night with golden radiance, and beaming a milder, a serener influence on the habitations of man. Such objects, it is true, may fill his mind with emotions of astonishment and surprise, but the real happiness of man must eternally depend on beings connected with his own nature, and the nearer the relation, the more feelingly is he alive to it's congenial impulse. But who will pretend to claim a nearer relation to man than the other half of himself, and who, consequently, is more capable of imparting that happiness which is best suited to his nature, and to his perceptions of felicity?

The philosophers, whose nerves seem to be too stubborn and systematized to yield to the softer charms of the sex, will, I am aware, object to this theory, and insist that all true happiness is seated in the mind, and in no manner dependant on external objects: but a little more philosophy will inform those sages, that we have no idea of happiness; or indeed no idea at all, but what is derived from external objects, either immediately by their presence, or remotely by memory or imagination. If then it be admitted, and I do not well know how it can be denied, that there is no happiness but through the intervention of ideas, and no ideas but what are derived from external objects, we must necessarily conclude, that all happiness, whether real or imaginary, originates from external objects; and as philosophers themselves are obliged to allow, that woman is the fairest object in the creation, and the most intimately related to man, it follows, that the highest happiness of which man is capable, must emanate from the sex. To describe happiness, then, is only, in other words, to describe woman. Of this, we have a beautiful illustration in the following lines of Pope, where, describing happiness, he has most accurately, though unconsciously, described woman;—

"That something still which prompts the eternal sigh!
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed."

The circumstance of advertising marriages is obviously a proof, that we consider that day the happiest of our life. The social principle naturally prompts man to impart to others the joys that swell in his own breast; and as he considers the happiness of being united to woman the highest of all earthly enjoyments, he cannot rest satisfied without communicating it to the world. Dr. Johnson, indeed, endeavours to turn so natural a propensity into ridicule, in his observation on marriage advertisements. "When the reader," says he, "has contemplated with envy or with gladness the felicity of Mr. *Buckram* and Mr. *Winker;* and ransacked his memory for the name of *Juniper* and *Cackle;* his attention is turned to other thoughts, by finding that Mirza will not cover this season, or that a spaniel has been lost or stolen, which answers to the name of *Ranger.*" This transition from Mr. Buckram to the lost spaniel appears ridiculous enough, but a moment's reflection will convince us, that it does not in the least affect the propriety of advertising marriages, but rather exposes the absurdity of news compilers, in their unnatural position of facts. Had Dr. Johnson lived at present, he could amuse himself with a more ridiculous medley of events than what he has here undesignedly exposed, and he would find the solemnity of the King's coronation, or the noblest display of senatorial eloquence, immediately succeeded by a circumstance as contemptible, and perhaps more ridiculous, than that which followed the marriage of Mr. Buckram.

A great part of mankind are weak enough to suppose, that true happiness can be derived from riches alone; but it should be remembered, that the wisest of mankind preferred *wisdom* to *wealth;* and when he had an opportunity of reducing his wisdom to practice, and to examine more minutely the true nature of human happiness, he preferred woman to both. It may be replied, that Solomon, in thus yielding to the charms of female converse, declined from the paths of wisdom and of virtue; but the celebrated Sterne, who communed with the recording angel of heaven, will vindicate him from the imputation, when he ingenuously avows, and perhaps no avowal can do greater honour to the sex, "that he never felt the vibrations of his heart so much *in unison* with virtue as when he was in *love;* and that whenever he did a mean or unworthy action, on examining himself strictly, he found, that, at that time, he was loose from every sentimental attachment to the sex."

But some cynic will start up and demand, what is there in woman that renders her so endearing to man? May not his attachment to her be as well traced to the caprice of custom, as to the impulse of nature? These questions may be worthy of philosophic investigation, and it would probably require a tribunal of philosophers to resolve them; but as the admirers of

the sex, of which I profess myself one, seldom trouble themselves with philosophic proof, believing, as they do, that credulity is, at any time, more commendable than scepticism; it will not be expected that I should be prepared with an answer, or tell what the physical attractions are that so strongly attach us to them. Happily, however, the cynic can take no advantage of my ignorance; for if I cannot assign the cause, I can, at least, boldly insist upon the fact; and facts have been always admitted as stubborn proofs. That the loadstone attracts iron cannot admit of a doubt; but it is very doubtful whether the cause of this attraction will ever be discovered. The certainty of the fact is, however, the same, nor can the discovery of the cause give us greater certainty that the attraction takes place than we have at present. If, then, we are as certain that man is attracted by the charms of woman, as we are that iron is attracted by the loadstone, what avails it that we are ignorant of the cause. It is not for us to explore the secret councils of the Deity, governing nature by laws concealed from the niggard span of human intellect, and impressing on matter that particular predisposition which preserves the harmony of nature; but we have as little authority for recurring to the influence of habit in the one case as in the other; and if I may offer a conjecture, it is, that if we had been made acquainted with the cause, it would only serve to diminish, instead of adding to, that felicity, which we enjoy in our present ignorance.

I must, however, observe, that though the physical cause of that attachment to the sex which nature has implanted in the breast of man cannot be satisfactorily explained; we are, however, well acquainted with many of those sexual qualities which render them more endearing to us. That sweetness of disposition, or that yielding amiability of temper, which enrobes the sex in the light vesture of innocence, is, perhaps, what most strongly recommends them to our esteem; and tends most to establish their dominion over the affections of man. Some men, indeed, regard no qualification in a woman but her beauty, and it is certain that beauty has a very extended influence over the affections of all men; but mere physical beauty depends but little on the affections of the mind, and is oftener the gift of nature than the prize of virtue, unless we should suppose with St. Pierre, that all beautiful persons are endowed by nature with an inherent propensity to virtuous affections; but as this is a conjecture, perhaps more hastily adopted than easily substantiated, we may still consider beauty as one of those female accomplishments which depend not on themselves, but on the mere caprice of nature. Of all the qualities, then, that depend on the sex, sweetness of disposition is that which not only recommends them most to our esteem, but perhaps claims a divided empire even with beauty itself, over the heart of man. The impressions of beauty are more sudden, but those of amiability are more certain and more permanent. When the Empress Livia was asked by a married lady, how she obtained so absolute a dominion over the affections of her husband, Augustus; she replied, "by being obedient to his commands, by not wishing to know his secrets, and by hiding my knowledge of his amours." "The empire of woman," says Rousseau, "is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency, her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears." With all his native ferocity, and unbending stubbornness of disposition, man naturally inclines to whatever is weak and unresisting. Like the angry storm that tears the stubborn oak, the lordly monarch of the shades, from his deep-rooted habitation, but spares the bending willow that nods at every breeze; so the passions of man are kindled into flame only by the confident and haughty aspect of equal or superior power. Destined by nature to be lord of the creation, he views with haughty and indignant eye whatever appears to dispute his sovereignty, or to spurn his control; but dwells with fond and tender delight on those milder objects that seem pleased in recognizing his sway, and when woman presents herself, clothed in all those softer attractions that are peculiarly her own; she wrests from him that dominion which her obstinacy would have only more firmly established. Nature has drawn an eternal line of distinction between the sexes, which we may not profane with impunity. Man is the oak of the

forest, the natural guardian and defender of the sex: woman, to use the language of Burke, on a different occasion, is "that soft green of the soul on which we rest our eyes, that are fatigued with beholding more glaring objects." There is no nation in the world who have kept up more to the proper dignity of man than the English; or who have less encroached on the empire of woman by adopting any of those softer qualities that have descended to her by natural inheritance, and yet where can we find kinder or more attentive husbands;—a proof that the happiness of the sexes depends, in no small degree, on keeping within their particular spheres. Even in courtship, when the buoyancy of youthful spirits is more apt to presume, and the ardour of passion is more apt to embolden, an Englishman, however ardent his attachment may be, will not descend to those impertinent attentions which not the guidance of nature, but the blind caprice of custom, has sanctioned in other countries. "A French lover," says Dr. Alexander, "with the word *sentiment* perpetually in his mouth, seems by every action to have excluded it entirely from his heart. He places his whole confidence in his exterior air and appearance. He dresses for his mistress, dances for her, flutters constantly about her, helps her to lay on her rouge, and place her patches, chatters to her perpetually, whistles and sings and plays the fool with her." From these demonstrations of attachment, it would appear, that a Frenchman is more capable of love than an Englishman, but the reverse is the fact. "If," says the same writer, "by the help of all these, he cannot make an impression on the fair one's heart, it costs him nothing at last but a few shrugs of his shoulder, and as it is impossible for a Frenchman to live without an amour, he immediately betakes himself to another."

Next to sweetness and amiability of character, may be ranked cheerfulness or gaiety of temper, that unearthly attribute of woman, so admirably intended by nature to dispel the gloom of human cares, to tranquilize the solicitude that regards the future; and embody the privations that attend the present. This is that agreeable ease, that light infantine playfulness of disposition, which throws around the sex all the softer characters of conscious innocence and thoughtless security. Woman always contemplates the fair side of every object, and can perceive nothing in the creation but what is pregnant with delight. Like the industrious bee, she not only converts the bittern into sweetness, but improves the flavour of what is sweet already. Endowed with these redeeming qualities, the light and credulous, the gay and unsuspecting mind of woman, always steals or borrows from futurity a portion of anticipated pleasure, which she imparts to man with that sweet assurance, and insinuating eloquence, which captivates while it persuades.

The feelings of man naturally verge to the public virtues; but those of woman, formed, like all her other predispositions, to promote the happiness of man, declines from the strong glare of public, to the softer and gentler virtues of private life. Woman seldom looks abroad, or examines the varying relations of public interests: patriotism, liberty, and independence, are words that never excite in her breast that instinctive impulse which gives inspiration to the bard, and resolution to the patriot. But while she is thus insensible to all the severer virtues that associate with public feeling, she is exquisitely alive to all the pleasures and the pains of private life.

To form a just estimate of the happiness that emanates from our intercourse with the sex, would far surpass the limits to which I am confined. There are many secret rivulets and unnoticed streams gliding from the fountain head, which we could pursue with increased pleasure and delight; where we could trace all the diversified windings and Elysian retreats of happiness, which have been feigned by the poets; but my object is merely to point to the fountain itself, to direct others to that *bonum summum quo tendimus omnes*; and to lead them directly to the softer shades and golden bowers where happiness reposes, and smiles at the errors and the wanderings of philosophy, which seeks to discover in metaphysical abstractions, that happiness which is to be found in the society of woman alone.

M. M. D.

DOMESTIC TALES,——FRIENDSHIP.

(*Continued from Vol.* LXXIX. *Page* 423.)

THE letter that Elvina had sent to Basil, as she knew not of any other medium through which it might reach him, was addressed direct to Harrow; and Basil being absent from home at the time that it was received, the letter was given into the custody of his sister Diana; who, after examining the superscription without recognizing the hand-writing, which was purposely disguised, laid it aside with an intention to deliver it to her brother on his return. But on receiving a second, a third, and a fourth, all evidently issuing from the same source, she became curious to learn who might be the author of these urgent and mysterious epistles.

A paltry desire to pry into every person's affairs, formed a conspicuous feature in Miss St. Barbe's disposition; and, in compliance with the suggestion of this powerful passion, she began to twist about the letters, so as to afford her an insight into the subject of their contents, without directly breaking the seal. An indistinct glimpse obtained of a few unconnected sentences sufficed to evince the writer to be a female; information which served only to whet the edge of her desire to know the name of her brother's fair correspondent: and this, after much pains and patience, she at length effected. Having seen the signature, she, without another moment's hesitation, tore it open, and, after a hasty perusal, ran in search of her mother, in order to communicate the strange discovery that she had made; and having found her ladyship, cried out, as she spread the letters on the table before her, "There, mamma, read that; there's news for you!"

Lady St. Barbe had scarcely read half through one of the ill-fated epistles, before she burst out into the most ungovernable paroxysm of rage and malice:—"So, so! now the secret is out—now the wonder is explained!—this is why they were flying in all directions!—the artful jade!—the little forward hussey!—unparalleled audacity!—a charity girl to be a wife for my son, indeed!—Basil marry his mistress! a pretty thing, truly!"—The haughty and vindictive woman then tore open and read them all in succession.

When the ebullition of her ladyship's wrath had somewhat subsided, Diana proposed to reseal the letters so ingeniously, that her brother should never be able to detect the disgraceful breach of trust of which she had been guilty; a measure which her mother would not listen to for a moment; "for," said she, "who can tell whether Basil will treat these farragoes of fondness with the scorn and contempt that they deserve. If he should see the creature, it is impossible to say what her artifices may not effect. No, Diana! it is easier to prevent, than to remedy mischief; and since it appears that Basil is yet ignorant of her destination and intentions, I will take care that he remain so:" then gathering up the unlucky papers, she thrust them at once into the fire.

"Stop, mamma! suppose Basil should—" cried Diana, running forward to save them, if possible, from conflagration. Just at that instant the drawing-room door was opened, and morning visitors announced; which terminated all further discussion on the subject.

When young St. Barbe was first introduced to the Macdonald family, he had just completed his studies at the university of Oxford. He had associated with a set of beings, who committed crimes under the specious denomination of juvenile indiscretions; who made pleasure their first pursuit; who erected a triumphal arch over the grave of innocence, and honoured was he who could inscribe on the monument the longest list of betrayed credulity. But how truly is it said, that "By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." Basil had been suddenly summoned to attend the sick-bed of an uncle whose illness it was feared would prove mortal; an apprehension that was verified not long after the arrival of his nephew.

The scene of death in all it's horrors wrought a salutary change in St. Barbe's principles and opinions. The solemn discourse that he was accustomed to hear,—the agonized struggles of expiring nature,—and all the awful paraphernalia of death, pressed

on the conscience of the youthful libertine the important query, How he might be prepared for a similar visitation? He shrank from the appalling account; and full of contrition and resolutions of amendment, hastened back to Harrow, determined to render that justice to his unhappy Elvina, which a fear of offending his family had hitherto restrained him from performing. But on his arrival, how was he shocked and astonished to learn, that General Macdonald, together with all his family, had suddenly withdrawn from Harrow; without assigning any cause whatever for such abrupt departure.

St. Barbe was frantic on receiving this intelligence. For some days past he had been picturing to his imagination the transport with which Elvina would greet his return when she found that he came to confirm his promises, assure her hopes, and render her a legal participator in that wealth, which, by his uncle's decease, he had become possessed of. But now all his fond anticipations were blighted and destroyed.

Disappointed with the imperfect relation that he had heard at home, he repaired to the General's late residence, trusting to gain more full and satisfactory intelligence; but old Janet either could not, or would not, in reply to Basil's eager and thronging questions, state any more, than that some domestic dissension had produced the separation; that Macdonald and his wife were gone to Scotland; but of the route the young ladies had taken, she protested herself to be wholly ignorant.

Of the origin of this domestic disunion, St. Barbe was enabled to form a probable, though painful, conjecture. He stood self-convicted, and condemned, as the promoter of the unnatural division.

Basil, finding it impossible to induce the cautious dame to a more full disclosure, directed his enquiries elsewhere in the neighbourhood; but those persons to whom he addressed them, could only answer him by adopting some unfounded rumour, or venturing some incongruous surmise; the whole matter appeared to every one to be involved in impenetrable mystery. And at the expiration of three or four days, he relinquished his fruitless occupation in despair.

His next act was, to assemble all the domestics belonging to the Lodge, and ask each one, individually, if any letter addressed to himself had passed through any of their hands during his absence from Harrow. Every one replied unhesitatingly in the negative; and with truth; since Lady St. Barbe had taken especial care to find some pretence for discharging the servant, who had really received Elvina's letters.

While this investigation was going forward, Lady St. Barbe could not forbear casting a look of malignant triumph towards her daughter; but was never tempted, by the distress and anxiety which Basil manifested, to allow her knowledge of Elvina's abode to transpire.

Sir George St. Barbe had been, for some time past, paying his addresses to a lady of considerable property, who resided near to Brecon, in Wales; whither he was now gone, to complete the final arrangements for the alliance: and soon after Basil's return from Kent, he sent to request that his mother, and brother, and sister, would join him, in order that he might introduce them to the wealthy connexions of his betrothed bride.

Lady St. Barbe and Diana accepted the invitation with delight; but Basil positively refused to accompany them; declaring his determination never to relax his endeavours till he had traced his lost Elvina to her retreat. That it was his intention to remove instantly to London, that he might be better enabled to put in practice whatever means presented a probability of the attainment of his object.

Lady St. Barbe, provoked and alarmed at this proof of the sincerity of her son's attachment, strongly remonstrated on his entertaining sentiments so derogatory to his dignity. Basil's reply by no means tended to conciliate or pacify his exasperated parent. One harsh word produced another; and a violent altercation ensued, which only Diana's interference at length put a stop to. But the dispute, though interrupted, was not adjusted. Each still cherished towards the other a hostile disposition; and when they parted a few days afterwards, it was on no very amicable terms.

About this time, young St. Barbe

received a summons from the executors of his late uncle's will, desiring his presence at Birchenwood, to decide respecting a difficulty that had arisen with regard to the sale of some of the property. Here he was detained for several weeks; but having at length despatched the business, he hastened to take up his abode in the metropolis, where he adopted every measure he could devise, for the recovery of his beloved Elvina. Constantly frequenting all places of public resort, inserting advertisements in the newspapers, and so forth: but with no success; till a fortunate casualty effected what had baffled all his efforts. He had accompanied his friend, the Rev. Mr. Raynsford, to the Magdalen Hospital; and was crossing the chapel to join the preacher in the vestry, when the well-remembered form of Margaret Macdonald met his astonished view.

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When Margaret had quitted her father after her fruitless intercession in behalf of Elvina, the General did not imagine that she possessed sufficient firmness of purpose to abide by her expressed resolve; but, rather, considered what she had said as an unmeaning threat brought forward to aid her suit; and, supposing her to have been still staying at Janet's cottage, he forbore to make any enquiries respecting her during that day. He was, therefore, considerably disconcerted, when Margaret's letter, from London, was delivered to him on the following morning; and, having perused the few lines five or six times, he threw it from him, and traversed the room for a length of time greatly agitated. In the evening, however, of the same day, he abruptly informed his wife, that it was his intention to set out for Scotland as speedily as possible.

"Scotland!" repeated Mrs. Macdonald in a tone of alarm, whose maternal tenderness pleaded strongly against such an arrangement: she urged a thousand petty objections and inconveniences attending such a measure: but especially dwelt on the impropriety of leaving Margaret without provision or protection in a city such as London. But her expostulation served only to irritate Macdonald's temper without changing his purpose; and he, in an angry and peremptory tone, commanded her, unless indeed she too chose to desert him, to commence preliminaries for the projected journey.

To Mrs. Macdonald, her husband's word had ever been a law. Accustomed to implicit reliance on his judgment, and submission to his will, she left the room without reply, to perform, with heavy heart and dilatory hand, the necessary preparation. The task was soon completed; and on the second day after Macdonald had formed the resolve, he put it into execution. Previously, however, to his departure, the General lodged a sum of money in the hands of a respectable solicitor, with directions to dole it out, in quarterly allowances, to Miss Macdonald, who was to give her acknowledgment in return. Unfortunately, however, for the straitened resources of Margaret, the clerk to whom the commission was delegated by his principal, embezzled the money, and produced a forged receipt.

As Macdonald and his wife travelled without intermission, they were not very long in reaching Aberdeen; where the General was welcomed by his friends, after an absence of many years, with every possible demonstration of delight. The high military fame that he had acquired, and the comfortable independent property that he was possessed of, rendered him an object of much respect and deference among his connexions. No one presumed to dispute his judgment, or to doubt his assertion. When, therefore, he recounted, as he did to his more intimate relations, the domestic calamity to which they were more immediately indebted for his visit, all were unanimous in support of his opinions, and loud in approval of his conduct.

Among them was a youth who, acting probably from the impulse of an affectionate disposition, by rendering various little attentions and assiduities to Macdonald, succeeded in a short time in ingratiating himself with the great man of the family; insomuch as to excite an expectation in those who were interested in the lad's future advancement, that since he had supplanted Miss Macdonald in her father's affection, he might also in her right of inheritance. With this view, therefore, they

took every opportunity to widen the breach between the parent and child, by constantly inveighing against Margaret's ingratitude to so excellent a father, and representing her conduct in the most unamiable light; till Macdonald gave strict injunctions that Margaret's name should never be mentioned in his hearing; and, but for the moody moroseness that marked his manner for some days after the receipt of a letter from his correspondent in London, the gentleman whom he had constituted his banker, and whom he had commissioned to transmit occasionally an account of Margaret's health and welfare, Macdonald appeared to have forgotten the very existence of his daughter.

Not so Mrs. Macdonald. She was all the mother still. Her whole heart and mind were perpetually with her far-distant and suffering Margaret. She had no relish for any enjoyment that was offered to her, and life itself seemed to have been bereft of every charm; till, at length, her mental malady, preying upon a naturally feeble frame, produced a lingering, though not alarming, illness. Often, as she lay on her sick bed, did she sigh for the consolatory presence of a tender and affectionate daughter; but without venturing to express her wish, contented herself with petitioning Heaven that she might once again behold her child, and die in peace.

Things were in this state, when a letter was received from Margaret, acquainting her parents with Elvina's approaching union, and earnestly entreating that they would deign to grace the occasion with their presence; which intelligence wrought an instantaneous renovation in Mrs. Macdonald's health and spirits. She was elevated to rapture, and declared herself able to set forward for London that very hour. Her husband, however, was not so readily determined. Elvina's misconduct had cast a cloud over the evening of his days, which the present ray of sunshine was insufficient to dissipate. He thought too that it might look like a concession in favour of Margaret's side of the question; and a feeling of something like pride half inclined him, instead of replying to Margaret's application in person, merely to write, saying, that it was his intention to return to England in the course of a few weeks. A day or two had elapsed without any steps having been taken; when Mrs. Macdonald, whose remaining strength had been completely exhausted by the sudden transition from despair to hope and joy, and again to doubt and suspense, evinced greater symptoms of danger than had yet appeared; and the medical attendant, who well knew the cause of her disorder, having pronounced that, even in her weak condition, there was less to be apprehended from the fatigue of the journey than from the ill effect of hope deferred, Macdonald was induced to grant to his fears what he might not have yielded to his wife's entreaties. A post-chaise was ordered to be in readiness on the morrow morning; and in ten days after Margaret had despatched her letter, she clasped her parents in her arms. At the same time Margaret besought her father not to damp the general joy by any allusion to, or apparent recollection of, the past.

"I have had a deep wound inflicted here, Margaret," said he, in reply, "which a long period of time only can heal. You must not wonder, therefore, if the sight and presence of those who dealt the blow should forcibly recall the pain it occasioned."

St. Barbe and Elvina then approached, and threw themselves in silence at his feet. Macdonald raised the penitents, with an assurance of forgiveness; but it was coldly given, and Margaret sighed as she felt the conviction, that whenever her father had been once deeply injured or offended he was totally implacable.

No obstacle now remained to the immediate celebration of the nuptials; and, in order to gratify St. Barbe's impatience, it was agreed that the solemnization of the union should take place on the following morning.

(To be continued.)

CORONATION

OF HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

AND ALL THE PEOPLE REJOICED, AND SAID,—GOD SAVE THE KING! LONG LIVE THE KING! MAY THE KING LIVE FOR EVER!

———— *Coronation Anthem.*

THE long extended reign of our late revered Sovereign, George the Third, had made the ceremonial of a Coronation almost forgotten in England; and the many years which Providence had permitted to elapse since the last celebration, made it appear rather as a pageant not belonging to our own times, and as a revival of what was connected only with remote antiquity. It is not surprising, therefore, that, under such circumstances, the recent inauguration should have excited an increased interest, and an additional curiosity; and these feelings will, we trust, plead our ample excuse, could an excuse be wanting, for entering into the fullest and most minute details of the magnificent ceremony. Whether considered, indeed, merely as a splendid spectacle and gorgeous exhibition, or in it's more correct light of a National ritual of Solemnization;—a sacred covenant between King and Country, consecrating and cementing with the seal of Religion the ties which connect a Patriot Prince and loyal People; it is a subject which claims our most undivided regard: we have a duty to perform also, not only in gratifying the curiosity of those, who at the present moment anxiously demand the information; but we have at the same time to write for future years;—for those who will follow after us, and, as far as we are now enabled, make familiar to the mind, what has so recently been acted to the eye. With these views and wishes we commence our task, and proceed to detail the particulars of a celebration, which, in all it's circumstances of deep interest, and magnificent display, never was exceeded.

ALTHOUGH by a Royal Proclamation, bearing date May 6th, 1820, his Majesty was pleased to fix Tuesday, the ensuing 1st of August, for his intended Coronation; yet from the difficulty of having the very extensive arrangements completed by that period, as well as from some political causes into which it is not our present purpose, nor our province to enter; a second Proclamation was issued, dated July 12th, adjourning the ceremonial until some later period to be afterwards announced. The preparations were consequently then either entirely suspended, or in some parts very materially relaxed: until May last, when the different departments under the control of the Board of Works, the Lord Chamberlain's Office, &c. again resumed their former activity; and the Court of Claims, which is a very principal preliminary, recommenced it's sittings to dispose of the applications yet remaining for their decision. To this Court's earlier proceedings in the last year it is not now our intention to revert, as ample particulars of it's construction, and of it's forms, as well as of the various claims made before it, will be found in the detail of it's more recent meetings.

On Thursday, June 7th, therefore, pursuant to the Proclamation in the Gazette of the 5th, the Commissioners named in the Proclamation of May 6, 1820, re-assembled in the Painted Chamber of the House of Lords, to hear and adjudge the ancient usages and customs to be observed at the approaching Coronation; and to receive and dispose of divers claims in regard of tenures of sundry manors, of hereditary privileges, &c. to perform certain services at the Crowning of the Monarch, or at the succeeding Coronation Festival. Soon after one o'clock, many of the Lords Commissioners appeared; and, amongst others, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Camden, the Earl of Donoughmore, Lords Amherst, Henley, St. Helen's, Redesdale, and Binning, Sir William Scott, Sir William Grant, Sir J. Nicholl, Mr. S. Bourne, Mr. Wallace, Mr. R. Peel, and Mr. Beckett.

There were also several claimants in attendance, with their solicitors, &c.;

and many persons both within and below the bar to witness the curious and interesting proceeding of this Court.

Mr. Wilbraham, the Deputy Clerk of the Crown Office, also appeared in his Barrister's robes of office, as Clerk to the Commission.

The Earl of Harrowby, High Steward of Tiverton, and Lord President of the Council, having arrived at half past one o'clock, took the Chair; when W. Butt, Esq. Deputy Serjeant at Arms, read the customary Proclamation, commanding "all manner of persons to keep silence, on pain of imprisonment," and claimants to appear forthwith.

Corporation of Dublin.—A Petition was then presented on behalf of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of Dublin, claiming, as this was the first Coronation that had taken place since the Union of Ireland with Great Britain; that their Lord Mayor and a limited number of the Corporation, to be selected by his Majesty, might have seats awarded to them near the Royal Table during the Coronation Festivals, a similar privilege to that which was allowed to the Lord Mayor and twelve Citizens of London; with this exception, that the present Petitioners claimed no fee, or reward for the service. -Disallowed by the Court, but it was at the same time stated, that the Petitioners could apply to the King in Council.

Championship.—Mr. Haddington, the Attorney appearing on behalf of the Rev. John Dymoke, Rector of Scrivelsby, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Champion of England, as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, presented a Petition from the Reverend Gentleman, praying for leave to withdraw his former application to name Mr. Reader as his Deputy; and to appoint in his stead his own son and heir, Mr. Henry Dymoke, who was then present. The Petitioner stated that his son was not yet of age, wanting some months of 21; that he admitted he had not the right to name such son as his Deputy without the leave of his Majesty; but that he prayed for permission to name his son as Champion, &c.

Lord Redesdale, adverting to Lord Coke's Institutes, on the service of Grand Serjeantry, remarked, that where the person possessing the right could not, on account of professional, or personal disability, perform the service in person, he was to name a sufficient person for his Deputy; but of such individual's sufficiency his Majesty was the only judge.

The Court, after some consultation, therefore received the Petition, directing application to be made to the King according to the customary forms, to learn his Majesty's pleasure as to the Deputy now named; and adjudging, in the event of the Rev. Mr. Dymoke being dissatisfied with his Majesty's decision, that he should then be at liberty to re-open the arguments in support of the former claim, to appoint his own Deputy.

Anointing Oil.—The next application was of a very singular character —it being the Petition of Messrs. Godfrey and Cooke, of Southampton-street, Strand, chemists; praying to be allowed to prepare and supply the oil for the purpose, after consecration, of anointing his Majesty. These Petitioners applied to be allowed to fulfil such service, because their house had supplied the Anointing Oil used at the Coronation of George III.

The Court, after having made some enquiries, stated, that they had nothing to do with this application. The Petitioners did not adduce any warrant or authority for the privilege they claimed; it regarded regulations that were under the exclusive controul of his Majesty; and the King only could appoint such person as he pleased.—Petition dismissed.

Great Chamberlainship.—Dorset Fellowes, Esq. the Acting Lord Great Chamberlain of England for the Marchioness of Cholmondeley and the Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, coheiresses of the late Duke of Ancaster, presented a Petition renewing the claims of those Ladies, Lord Gwydir having died since the last assembly of this Court. After preferring their claims, which were admitted, they prayed time till the next meeting of the Court to name their Deputy.—Time allowed.

The King's Supporters.—A Petition was presented from the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, claiming the privilege, by virtue of their sees, to support the King in the Coronation procession; but, on account of their age and infirmities, praying for leave to be excused the performance of such service, and to appoint others in their stead.—Claim allowed; but

Lord Redesdale thought the Petitioners must apply to his Majesty to be excused; at all events, the Court considered, that in this case the King had the right of naming Deputies, in the event of Deputies being required.

The Court then proceeded to pronounce Judgment on cases that had been heard on former days, but in which judgment had not already been given.

Crown of Scotland.—The Duke of Hamilton, as Lord Angus, claimed to carry the Crown of Scotland before the King; counterclaimed by Lord Douglas.—Disallowed.

The Canopy.—The Barons of the Cinque Ports claimed to carry the canopy over the King in the procession, and to have the same, with the white staves and silver bells, for their fees, and to dine in Westminster Hall near the King. The Barons of Corfe Castle, by H. Bankes, Esq. M.P. Mr. Bankes, &c. claimed to assist the former Barons. Claim of the Cinque Ports' Barons allowed, but that of the latter adjudged not to be made good. The Barons of the Cinque to have the fees claimed, except the vestments.

Great Spurs.—The Baroness Grey de Ruthyn claimed the heritable right of carrying the King's Great Spurs before his Majesty; and prayed to be allowed to appoint a Deputy, Claim allowed, but the appointment of Deputy pronounced to be with his Majesty.

Deanery of Westminster.—The claim of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to instruct the King in the Rites and Ceremonies used at the Coronation; to have the custody of the Coronation Robes, &c.; was declared to be partly allowed.

Silver Scullery.—The Duke of Montrose claimed, as Master of the Horse, to attend at the Coronation as Serjeant of the Silver Scullery, and to have all the silver dishes and plates served on that day to the King's tables, &c.; his Grace preferred this claim because it had been performed heretofore by Masters of the Horse. Referred to the King. At the last Coronation they were not allowed, because they were not claimed heretofore; but left to make application to the King, who allowed the service and fees as enjoyed by the Duke of Albemarle at the Coronation of Charles II.

Glove and Sceptre.—The Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, claimed to find the King a right hand glove, and to support his right arm while he held the sceptre. Allowed, without fees.

Chief Butler.—The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl of Arundel, and Lord of Kenninghall Manor, in Norfolk, likewise claimed to perform the office of Chief Butler of England; and to have for his fees the best cup of gold and cover, with all the vessels and wine remaining under the bar, and all the pots and cups, except those of gold and silver, in the wine cellar after dinner. Allowed, with the fee of a cup and ewer only.

Chief Butler of Ireland.—The Marquis of Ormonde, who, with his lady, appeared in Court; claimed to be Chief Butler of Ireland; to be allowed to appear in the Coronation Procession, at the Festival in the Hall, &c. Claim of being such Chief Butler allowed; but referred to say, whether any service should be required.

Oxford.—The Mayor and Burgesses of Oxford, pursuant to their charter, claimed to serve in the office of Butler to the King, with the Citizens of London. Claim allowed, with restrictions as to fees.

Grand Almoner.—The several claims of the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Exeter, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Blundell, as seised of several parts of the Barony of Bedford, to execute the office of Grand Almoner; and, as the fees of office, to have the Silver Alms' Basin, &c.; were allowed with a reference to the King to appoint which his Majesty may please, with a *salvo jure* to the other parties.

Chief Larderer.—The claims of Mr. Le Moyne, as Lord of the Manor of Easton and Montem, Essex, and of Lord Abergavenny, as Lord of the Manor of Scoulton, Norfolk, to perform the office of Chief Larderer, and to have for fees the provisions remaining after dinner in the larder, were admitted, with the right of the King to nominate one of them.

Naperer.—The claim of Mrs. Jane Green, as owner of the Manor of Torrell, Essex, to be Naperer, was disallowed, as not sufficiently proved.

Basin and Ewer.—The claim of Mr. Wells, as Lord of the Manor of Wyn-

fred, Dorsetshire, to serve the King with water for the hands, and to have the Basin and Ewer for fee, was disallowed, as not sufficiently proved.

The claim of Mr. Soane, as Lord of the Manor of Heyden, Essex, to hold the Basin and Ewer to the King, when he washes for dinner, by virtue of one moiety, and the Towel by virtue of another moiety of the Manor, and to have the articles as fees, was allowed, with the fee of the Towel only.

KING'S *Champion.*—The Champion's claim to have a Gold Cup and Cover, with the Horse on which he shall ride, the Saddle, Armour, and Furniture, with twenty yards of Crimson Satin; was allowed, excepting the Satin for a Mantle.

The claim of Mr. N. Dymoke, another branch of the family, was disallowed.

Waferer.—The claim of John Campbell, Esq. as Lord of the Manor of Liston, Essex, to exercise the office of making wafers for the King, and presenting his Majesty with the same on the day of his Coronation, was allowed.

Cup-bearer.—Mr. Wiltshire, as Lord of the Manor of Great Wimondly, Hertfordshire, claimed as Chief Cup-bearer, to present the King with the first cup of silver gilt at dinner; and to have the Cup for his fee.—Claim allowed.

The Court then, at near four o'clock, adjourned to Saturday the 16th inst.

The King's Proclamation, bearing date Saturday, June 9th, 1821, and fixing the Royal Coronation for Thursday, July 19th, having been officially communicated by an order in Council to Lord H. H. Molyneaux Howard, Deputy Earl Marshal, it was, by his Lordship's direction, proclaimed with the customary forms, on Thursday, June 14th, when about half-past ten in the morning the Heralds, Serjeants at Arms, and other official personages appointed to publish the ceremonial of his Majesty's Coronation, assembled at the northern gate of Westminster Hall, and at eleven the first regiment of Royal Horse Guards arrived in New Palace Yard; but from the space occupied by the frame-work of the processional platform, they were unable to join the Officers of Arms, as is usual on similar occasions.

At half past eleven the Officers of Arms, &c. mounted their horses; and immediately afterwards, the trumpets having sounded thrice, *Windsor Herald*, Francis Martin, Esq. read the Proclamation, the concluding prayer of which was received with cries of *Long Live King George the Fourth*, and general cheers.—The Procession then advanced in the following order:—

Constables to clear the way.
Three of the Royal Horse Grenadier Guards.
Mr. Lee, High Constable of Westminster.
Farriers of the Royal Horse Grenadier Guards, with their axes erect.
Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.
Eight *Knights' Marshals-men* marching two and two.
Drums two and two.
Trumpets two and two.
Serjeant Trumpeter in his Collar, bearing his Mace, J. Nost, Esq.
Blue Mantle, Wm. Woods, Esq. and *Rouge Dragon*, Francis Townsend, Esq.
Pursuivants in their Tabards of his Majesty's arms.
Rouge Croix Pursuivant, Wm. Radcliffe, Gent. in his Tabard of his Majesty's arms.
Two *Serjeants at Arms*—in full Court Dresses, wearing silver chains, and their maces borne on each side of them.
Lancaster Herald, E. Lodge, Esq. in his Tabard and Collar.
Windsor Herald, F. Martin, Esq. in his Tabard and Collar.
Two *Serjeants at Arms*, attended and dressed as before.
A Troop of the Royal Life Guards closed the Procession.

The progress of the splendid cavalcade was varied by alternate performances on the drums and trumpets.

The whole then moved on along the Strand to Temple Bar; where the Procession waited a considerable time, until the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Officers of the Corporation arrived to receive it.

The customary communications having then been made to his Lordship, he directed the gates of Temple Bar to be opened, and the Procession entered; when the Lord Mayor, &c. took their places immediately after the

Heralds, and proceeded to the Royal Exchange, where the Proclamation was again read, and the ceremony having terminated, the Procession returned, the Lord Mayor quitting the cavalcade at the Mansion House; but his state coach accompanying the officers of arms through the City to Temple Bar.

Similar Proclamation was also made throughout the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland immediately afterwards.

On Saturday, June 16th, the Court of Claims again assembled, when about half past one his Royal Highness the Duke of York entered, and was soon after followed by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, his Grace the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Harrowby, and a number of other official characters.

Mr. Butt then read the proclamation, opening the business of the Court, when

Sir John Sylvester, Recorder of London, attended by the City Remembrancer, advanced to the Council table, and read an application on the part of the Right Honourable John Thomas Thorp, Lord Mayor of London, praying that his Lordship might be allowed to alter some of the names presented to the Court during the last year, by the late Lord Mayor. It appeared, that, according to ancient usage, the Lord Mayor of London for the time being, has had permission, accompanied by twelve citizens, to attend the Coronation of the Kings of England, and the festival which follows that ceremonial. When the Court of Claims sat last year, the late Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Bridges) presented, by virtue of his office, a petition, praying for leave to attend with the wardens of the 12 liveries of the City of London, as his 12 citizens: which claim was then allowed; but an alteration by death having occurred in the list, besides the alteration of the Lord Mayor's name for the time being; it was the object of the present application to have permission that these alterations should be supplied.

When the Recorder had finished reading his petition, and presented it to the Clerk of the Court, several gentlemen appeared with another petition, setting forth, that they were the wardens of the Liveries mentioned in the Lord Mayor's petition; and they therefore humbly prayed that their names might be substituted for those of the twelve wardens of the past year, who were no longer in office, and who could not be styled wardens, as the petitioners had succeeded to the livery wardenships, at the late election for the current year. They therefore prayed permission to represent the twelve citizens who were to accompany the Lord Mayor, to the exclusion of the other twelve.

The Earl of Harrowby, after a short consultation with the other Commissioners, said, that in estimating the claims of persons to officiate at his Majesty's coronation, that Court could not recognize any right on the part of persons calling themselves wardens of the liveries of the City; as they were unable to find any precedent for the admission of such a right on similar occasions. That the Lord Mayor of London, *ex officio*, had been allowed the privilege of being present, and that it was the ancient custom he should be attended by twelve citizens of London, who were always nominated by his Lordship. That as to wardens, the Court knew nothing about such persons: all they had to require was, that the twelve who had the privilege of attending should be citizens.

The Wardens begged leave to observe, that the names already in Court purported to be those of persons holding livery offices; who had, in the present year, lost those offices, they being filled by the gentlemen now attending, who prayed that their names should be substituted in place of the preceding, as in fact they must be, if the existing Wardens of the Companies were to be those in attendance with the Lord Mayor.

The Earl of Harrowby repeated, that the Court of Claims had nothing to do with the office of Wardens. That it was for the Lord Mayor to transmit for approbation the names of twelve Citizens—the Civic denomination being alone requested.

The Petition presented by the Recorder on the part of the Lord Mayor to alter the names occasioned by demise, was then received, and that of the Wardens rejected.

The Earl of Ormond and Ossory again appeared in person, to take the

opinion of the Court upon his claim to attend his Majesty at the Coronation, as Lord Chief Butler for Ireland.

The Court admitted the validity of the claim by virtue of the office, but delayed adjudicating upon the right of the present claimant, until the Committee of Privileges now sitting upon the Earldom of Ormond shall have made their report.

Lord Gwydir also appeared in person, and presented the King's Sign-Manual to his appointment, derived by succession, as Deputy Chamberlain of England; in right of which he claimed the performance of his office at the Coronation to represent the senior Chamberlainship, now filled by the Marchioness of Cholmondeley and Lady Gwydir.

The claim was ordered to be referred to the King in Council, and adjourned until the next Court day.

Mr. Gazelee, the King's Counsel, was next heard in support of the right of the Rev. T. Dymoke to appoint a Deputy; he being a Clerk in orders, and thereby incapacitated from attending. The learned Counsel said, that during the last year, the Rev. Mr. Dymoke had petitioned to have Mr. Reader, jun. permitted to officiate for him as Champion; but that since that period, his son having returned from abroad, he now prayed that he might be permitted to officiate instead of Mr. Reader. A doubt, it was rumoured, had arisen on the right of Mr. Dymoke to appoint a deputy. There was no doubt upon his own right to officiate as Champion, he being the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, and the person possessing the manor being from early times his Majesty's Champion at the Coronation. But he thought the right to nominate his deputy, in cases where the lordship was filled by a person incapable *per se*, either, for instance, when it was filled by a woman or by a minor, was clearly demonstrable by a reference to the ancient records, and Coke on Littleton upon Serjeantry and Manorial Rights. The Learned Counsel called the attention of the Court to the words as they stood in the old writs of offices in the Coronation Rolls in the Record-office. From these it would be seen, that so early as Henry IV. when the manor of Scrivelsby was vested in a woman, she appointed her husband to be Champion; and in another instance, a female nominated her son. He knew that there were instances from which it was inferred that the Champion must be of the rank of Knight; but it would be seen, that the appointment of Knights Champions was accidental, and in no degree a matter of compulsory mandate. Indeed Earls had performed the office; and it was remarkable that they were appointed by persons holding the manor, who were themselves incapable of acting—a circumstance fully showing that the right of appointing the deputy was vested in the Lord of the Manor, and in him alone. In the reigns of Edward III., Edward VII., Henry IV., James I., and William and Mary, it would seem that the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby appointed a deputy. There was no qualification of rank required, for the words of the writs were, that he should serve the office by a person —*probus et legalis, nomine suo*. The latter words clearly implying his own substitute. In the writ of Henry the IVth, the words were, *aliquis nominè suo*; all through shewing that the right of appointment of his deputy was vested in him, and that the only stipulation was, that the deputy should be *probus et legalis*. The fact was, that the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby was imperatively bound to perform the office of Champion, either by himself or a deputy; for on that performance depended his right of tenure. Mr. Dymoke, the father of the present lord, had performed the office to the late King. It might be said that the constitution of this Court, and the very fact of claims being brought and registered before admission, implied that the appointment of a deputy could not be made without the consent of the King in Council. He humbly submitted that this inference was not conclusive; for that the great object of summoning this Court was, that it should be known who were the parties coming forward to do the services required of them by the King at the ceremony of his Coronation, and to see that those upon whom his Majesty had a right to call, under the penalty of a forfeiture, were in proper attendance. So much then for the right of Mr. Dymoke to appoint a deputy. As to the person who was to be his deputy, Mr. Dymoke, junior, whom he wished to appoint, was only twenty years of

age last March, and being consequently a minor, could not be appointed without the permission of his Majesty; for, of course, if the Lord himself, being a minor, could not officiate, it followed that his deputy, in the same predicament, incurred a similar disqualification, unless the King was pleased to dispense with his minority. Mr. Dymoke was most anxious to show his respect for his Sovereign, by having the office of Champion filled by his son; but if the Court rejected the prayer of his Petition, he then hoped they would suffer the name of Mr. Reader to remain, as before, his deputy at the approaching ceremony.

The Court was then cleared; and after a short consultation it was declared, that Mr. Dymoke should be excused from performing the office of Champion in person, and that he be allowed to appoint a "sufficient deputy."

Sir Andrew Halliday claimed the privilege of attending the Coronation, as one of the Officers of State in Scotland; but his claim was referred to the Council Office.

The Court, at half-past three o'clock, adjourned until Friday, June 22d.

In the intervals of these sittings of the Court of Claims, the *Coronation Council* of Lords Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to arrange the ceremonies of the Coronation, assembled at the Council Office, Whitehall, to receive reports of the progress made in the various works for the Coronation; to answer references from the former Court, and to sign the warrants for the services of those whose cases had already been adjudged by the Court of Claims; such adjudication not being complete, until the party possesses the warrant of this Council.

At one o'clock on Friday, June 22d, the Court of Claims again met, for the further consideration of the Claims presented to them, when the Earl of Harrowby took the chair, supported by their R. H. the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and nearly the same official personages as before.

Lord Gwydir presented to the Court his appointment from his Majesty as Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and made the usual claims connected with the performance of that high and distinguished office; which were—To carry the King his shirt and clothes the morning of the Coronation, and with the Lord Chamberlain to dress the King; to have forty yards of crimson velvet for a robe, also the King's bed and bedding, and furniture of his chamber where he lay the night before, with his wearing apparel and night-gown; also to serve the King with water before and after dinner, and to have the basons and towels, and cup of assay. His Lordship's appointment was duly registered, and his claims allowed.

A Baron of the Dover Cinque Port appeared by Counsel; Serjeant Blosset presented his Petition, complaining of the undue election of Bootle Wilbraham, Esq. and Mr. Latham, to carry the canopy over the King. Strangers being ordered to withdraw, the Court consulted with closed doors upon the prayer, that the Petitioner might support his claim by Counsel. The Court, however, decided, that they would not hear Counsel in support of the claim, and that they could not interfere in a question of corporate rights as to the form of election adopted.

The claim of the Marquis of Ormond to perform the office of Chief Butler for Ireland, was again made, when an agent appeared on behalf of the Marquis Cornwallis, who counter claimed to perform the same service.—The Court decided in favour of the Marquis of Ormond, and rejected the claim of the Marquis Cornwallis.

A Petition was then presented by Lord Petre, claiming to perform the service of Naperer, in right of the tenure of the Manor of Ashby, in the county of Norfolk; of which the Clerk of the Rolls produced the grant on condition of the service.

The Court, after examining the grant, were of opinion, that as it had fallen to the crown, there was an end of the claim; but that the Crown could grant a new service if it thought proper.

There being no further claims, the Court were of opinion that their labours were at an end, and they expressed their satisfaction on the occasion; when the Deputy Serjeant at Arms informed the Court, that they would be obliged to sit after the Coronation, to receive the claims of the persons performing services, who were obliged to appear before Court for their perquisites of service, and to

prove those services in order to entitle them to their fees afterwards.

The Court was then adjourned in due form until further notice, at three o'clock.

There being a rumour that some undefinable claim was to be made on the part of the Queen, a large crowd was collected in that expectation; but no demand whatever was made on her Majesty's behalf.

The Queen having, however, addressed a Memorial to his Majesty in Council, claiming to be crowned with the King on the 19th of July: Thursday, July 5th, was fixed for hearing her Majesty's Law-officers in support of her alleged right, when the Privy Council assembled at Whitehall, and was attended by a larger number of members than was recollected upon any former occasion. Thursday and Friday were occupied with the addresses of Messrs. Brougham and Denman, who argued with much eloquence and ingenuity in behalf of the Queen; and were on Saturday replied to by the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who most entirely disproved the assumed claim, either as a right, or a custom; Mr. Brougham having briefly answered, the Court adjourned to Tuesday, July 10, when the Right Honourable Members consulted for about two hours with closed doors, and the result of their deliberations was transmitted to his Majesty; after which the official reply to the Queen's Memorial was forwarded by Lord Sidmouth, stating, "that as the Queens Consort of this realm are *not* entitled of right to be crowned *at any time*, her Majesty the Queen is not entitled, as of right, to be crowned at the time specified in her Majesty's Memorials." The Queen next made a *demand* to attend the Coronation as a spectator, which was also refused, although repeatedly applied for; and the correspondence closed by her Majesty's expressed determination to be present, in opposition to every command to the contrary.

As the interesting day approached more nearly, the exertions in the different departments were indefatigable to complete the preparations; the public permissions, which had been given to view the Hall and Abbey, were suspended, to avoid all interruption to the workmen; and the labours of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Officers of the Board of Works, and of the Heralds' College, were most unceasing. The superintendence of the Lords of the Council was equally vigilant; the Champion's rehearsals, both in riding and in wearing his armour, were in daily repetition; and for about ten days previous, nearly 200 cooks and their assistants were actively engaged in the kitchens at Cotton Garden, in active preparation for the Coronation Banquet. While these official arrangements were thus rapidly proceeding, equal industry was exerted out of doors, both in the completion of the processional Platform, and in affording facilities to gratify public curiosity with the best sight of the splendid spectacle.

The appearance of the vicinity of Westminster Abbey and Hall was so completely changed, that it was almost impossible to recognise the objects which we have hitherto been accustomed to see upon that site. The whole area in front of the Hall, the Abbey, and the adjoining streets, which could possibly command even a transient glimpse of the Procession, presented nothing but piles of scaffolding, fitted up with seats, from one guinea to twenty. Most of these buildings were, however, solid, spacious, and commodious, with every accommodation of retiring chambers, and fitted up for the reception of parties on the previous night. Of these the *Grand Central Pavilion* afforded accommodation on the most extensive scale; and we shall name them in the order in which they appeared from the grand entrance to Westminster Abbey. Over the great gate, and beneath the towers, was *The Select Gallery*, splendidly fitted up, in boxes, with scarlet and white hangings, and gilt ornaments; and the price of seats six guineas each person. The gallery at the right of the entrance was called *The Royal Gallery*, fitted up like the former, at five guineas each. The whole area in the churchyard was entitled *Bishop's Cathedral Galleries*, and was contracted for by the Beadles of St. Martin's Church. This was subdivided into different compartments, which were under-let, and the prices varied from two to five guineas each, according to the view of the line of the Procession. The front of the Westminster Sessions House was fitted up into seats, for the Police Magistrates and their friends; and the garden within the

railing, at the opening of Great George-street, was subdivided into a variety of structures, by Messrs. Brindley and Co.: the first was called *The Royal Platform*, enclosed within the garden, at the end of George-street, and the tickets two guineas each. The second division was *The Royal Amphitheatre*, a continuation of the same garden, and the tickets three guineas each. The third, *The Royal Garden Pavilion*, extending westward of the Sessions House; and the tickets the same. The space facing Palace-yard, and within the railing near St. Margaret's Church, was called *The Grand Central Pavilion*, which commanded a front view of the Procession as it proceeded from, and returned to Westminster Hall. The seats price three guineas each. This commodious erection extended nearly 1500 feet, and was capable of containing 7000 persons; with suitable arrangements for provisions and refreshments of every description. In front of the Court of Exchequer, in Palace Yard, were some neat galleries, with accommodation at three, four, and five guineas each; at the river side of the Hall there were also others, and over the Champion's stable was a gallery, which, in addition to it's view of the Procession commanded a sight of the Champion's egress, the tickets being three guineas each. The fronts of the houses in Palace Yard were also fitted up with galleries at various prices, and in some places from fifteen to twenty-five guineas each person. From several houses, the front and side walls were taken down, and the roofs supported by props; the whole rooms being appropriated for the reception of company. These places bore a variety of names, some of them as whimsical as caprice could make them; and their prices varied from five to twenty guineas.

The various Gazette orders respecting the attendance and costume of the Peers, and every other official preparation for the due performance of the approaching Solemnity, were now issued; as well as the requisite regulations and routes of approach to be observed by the spectators in Westminster Hall and Abbey; the doors of which were ordered to be opened at 3 o'clock in the morning, and no admissions permitted after 7 at the usual entrances, and 8 by the House of Lords. At 9 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 18th, his Majesty left Carlton House for the house of the Speaker in Palace Yard, where the Tapestry Chamber was fitted up for the King's reception; and his Majesty was guarded through the night by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Usher of the Black Rod; Sir Benjamin Bloomfield and the King's personal attendants also sleeping in the neighbourhood.

Before proceeding to describe the proceedings of the Coronation Day, we shall, however, give a description of the various State appurtenances, usually called the Regalia; which will preclude the necessity of any digression in the narrative, when those various insignia of Royalty are afterwards named:—

The new Imperial Crown is about fifteen inches in elevation; the arches, which rise almost to a point, instead of the inelegant flatness of the former, are surmounted with an orb of brilliants, seven inches in circumference. Upon this is placed a Maltese cross of brilliants, set transparently with three pearls at it's extremities, of remarkable size and beauty; and the arches are wreathed and fringed with diamonds. Four Maltese crosses, formed of brilliants surrounding the crown, with four large diamond flowers in the intervening spaces. On the centre of the back cross is *the ancient Ruby*, which was worn at Cressy and Azincour, by the Black Prince and Henry V. and that of the front is adorned with an *unique sapphire* of the deepest azure, more than two inches long, and one inch board. The ermine is surmounted with a band of large diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, and immediately under these a fillet of beautiful pearls. The lustre of this unequalled crown is heightened by a dark crimson cap of the finest velvet; and it's general effect confirms the opinion, that his present Majesty is the first British sovereign who has possessd a diadem worthy of this proud and potent empire.

St. Edward's Crown, with which the Kings of England are invested, is so named after the one which was sacrilegiously stolen in the great Rebellion. It is a very rich Crown of gold, embellished with diamonds, pearls, rubies emeralds, and sapphires; and surmounted with a golden mound, encircled with a band, embellished also with precious stones. Above the mound

is a cross patée of gold, similarly decorated, and the cap is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with three rows of ermine. The golden circlet is adorned with precious stones, and bears upon it four crosses, and as many fleurs de lis, all thickly studded with jewels.

The Crown of State, so called, because it is worn by the King at all such times as he comes in state to the Parliament House; was new made for the Coronation of King Charles the Second, and was worn by that Sovereign in his return to Westminster-hall; it is exceedingly rich, being embellished with many large rose, and table diamonds, and other precious stones, besides a great quantity of pearls; but it is most remarkable for a large ruby, set in the middle of one of the four crosses, esteemed worth ten thousand pounds; as also that the mound is one entire stone, of a sea green colour. The cap is of a purple velvet, lined and turned up with three rows of Ermine.

The Orb, Mound, or *Globe*, which is put into his Majesty's right hand, immediately before his being crowned, and which his Majesty bears in his left hand upon his return to Westminster-hall, is a ball of gold, of six inches diameter, encompassed with a band or fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds encircling emeralds, rubies, and sapphires; and edged with pearls; on the top is a large amethyst, of a violet colour, near an inch and a half in height, of an oval form; which, being encompassed with four silver wires, becomes the foot or pedestal of a very rich cross of gold, of three inches and a quarter in height, and three inches in breadth, set very thick with diamonds, having a sapphire on one side, and an emerald on the other, and embellished with four large pearls, in the angles of the cross, near the centre; and three large pearls at the ends of the said cross: the whole height of the orb and cross being eleven inches.

His Majesty's staff, commonly called *St. Edward's*, is about four feet seven inches and a half in length, of solid gold, weighing 8lbs. 9oz. with a pike or foot of steel about four inches and a quarter in length, and a ball and cross at the top; the ornaments of plain raised gold; three different fillets, or bandages of leaves, are at equal distances, and it's diameter is three quarters of an inch.—The ball is of pure gold, with a raised bandage of precious stones encircling it, and a half bandage of the same round the top; it is surmounted by a cross upon an amethyst of immense value, as a pedestal.

His Majesty's *Sceptre with the cross*, called the Sceptre Royal, is of solid gold; the handle plain, but the upper part wreathed. It's length is two feet nine inches; the pommel at the bottom enriched with rubies and small diamonds, and for five inches and a half above the handle curiously embossed and embellished with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The top rises into a *fleur-de-lis* enriched with precious stones; above which is an amethyst, valued at 15,000l. and surmounted by a cross, wholy covered with precious stones, with a large table diamond in the centre.

The Sceptre with a Dove differs materially from the Sceptre with a Cross, as it is not wreathed, but of an even surface; it is of pure gold, three feet seven inches in height, three inches in circumference at the handle, and two inches and a quarter at the top; the pommel adorned by a fillet of diamonds and precious stones of different colours; the globe at the top, ornamented by a band or fillet of rose diamonds; and upon the ball is a small cross, surmounted by a dove with extended wings, as the emblem of Mercy. For this Sceptre, his Majesty, in the course of complying with the different forms required, exchanges the ball or globe of empire. The Sceptre with the Dove will then be held in the left hand, while the right bears the Sceptre with the Cross.

The Sword of State is a very large two-handed sword, with a rich scabbard of crimson velvet, adorned with gold plates of the Royal badges.

The Three other swords borne naked before the King in the procession, are the *Sword of Justice to the Spirituality*; the *Sword of Justice to the Temporality*; and the *Sword of Mercy*. The *Sword of Mercy*, or pointless sword, known by the heraldic name of *Curtana*, is the principal in dignity; the length of it's blade is thirty-two inches, the breadth almost two inches; the handle, which is covered with fine gold wire, is four inches long; and the pommel, of an inch and three quarters, which, with the cross or guard, is plain steel gilt; the length of the cross is almost eight inches. This sword

for the purpose of answering allegorically to it's name, appears as though it's point were broken off. The scabbard is covered with rich brocaded cloth of tissue, with a gilt ferule, hook, and cape.

The second Sword in dignity, that of *Justice to the Spirituality*, is pointed, but considerably more obtuse than the third: the length of it's blade is forty inches, the breadth an inch and a half; the handle is covered in a similar manner to the former with fine gold wire; it is also of the same length, and in all other respects it coincides.

The third sword in dignity, the *Sword of Justice to the Temporality*, is extremely sharp pointed, the breadth of it's blade is one inch and three quarters, the length forty inches; and in every other respects it resembles the *Sword of Justice to the Spirituality*.

The Spurs are of pure gold, richly embossed. They are the same worn by William the Conqueror, and have plain points instead of rowels. The *bracelets*, supposed to have been also worn by William, were formerly of plain gold, but have been recently enamelled with the Rose, Harp, Thistle, and Shamrock, alternately.

His Majesty's *Coronation Ring* is of plain gold, with a large violet ruby, on which is curiously enchased a plain cross, or Cross of St. George.

The golden Ampulla containing the sacred oil is in the form of an eagle, with it's wings extended, upon a pedestal of pure gold finely chased. The head screws off at the middle of the neck, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which pours through the beak into the spoon. The height of this is nine inches; the breadth from the points of the wings, seven; the weight between eight and ten ounces; and the body capable of containing about six ounces of oil. The anointing spoon is of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, and the bowl finely chased, of curious antique workmanship.

The Regalia appertaining to the Queen it is quite unnecessary to allude to; and we now proceed to notice those other Royal appendages which are used at a Coronation.

King Edward's Chair is a very ancient chair of solid hard wood, with back and sides of the same, very variously painted, in which the kings of Scotland were constantly crowned; but being brought out of that kingdom by the victorious king Edward I., in 1296, it has ever since remained in the Abbey of Westminster, and has been the royal chair in which the succeeding kings and queens of this realm have been inaugurated. It is in height six feet seven inches, in breadth at the bottom thirty-eight inches, and in depth about twenty-four: from the seat to the bottom is twenty-five inches; the breadth of the seat within the sides is nearly twenty-eight, and the depth eighteen inches. At nine inches from the ground there is a bottom-board, supported at the four corners by four lions, and between the seat and this flooring is enclosed a stone, commonly called Jacob's Stone, or the Fatal Marble, being an oblong square, about twenty-two inches long, thirteen inches broad, and eleven inches deep, of a bluish steel-like colour, mixed with some veins of red; of which tradition relates, that it is the stone on which Jacob laid his head, on the plains of Luz; that it was brought to Braganza in Spain, in which place Gathol, king of Scots, sat on it, as his throne: it was thence brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, first king of the Scots, about 700 years before Christ, and from thence into Scotland, by king Fergus, about 330 years before Christ; and in 850, was placed in the Abbey of Scone, in the sheriffdom of Perth, by King Kenneth.

This antique regal chair having, together with the golden sceptre and crown of Scotland, being solemnly offered by king Edward the first to St. Edward the Confessor in 1297, has ever since been kept in St. Edward the Confessor's Chapel, at Westminster. This ancient seat, is that in which the King is placed on the solemnity of the Coronation; and has now been fitted up for the purpose, in the style adopted during the last 400 years, all the documents illustrative of this curious subject having been very recently discovered, and this being the first Coronation since the Union, there were now inserted additional ornaments on the back, consisting of the national emblems.

The Coronation Saltcellar is of pure gold, and a model of the White Tower of London. The four corner towers of which separately contain salt; and there are also twelve smaller saltcellars, of immense value; to which

spoons have now for the first time been added.

Besides the precautions taken by placing barriers at the various leading thoroughfares, arrangements of a similar character were also adopted at the several approaches from the river; and in the course of the preceding night, all landing places, &c. along the Westminster side of the banks of the Thames, were closed, with parties to command them, from the Hungerford to the Horseferry stairs, exceptions were only made regarding the stairs at Whitehall, and a temporary landing-place formed at the lower end of the Speaker's garden, for the accommodation of the great Officers of State, some parties of Peeresses, and the barges of the Lord Mayor, &c.

In order that the public might have the freest possible thoroughfare to the different parts of Westminster, portions of the great platform were left unfinished till the night previous; when those remaining portions being supplied, the platform presented a splendid and finished appearance. The railing on each side was covered with purple cloth, and the flooring also, to the extent of sixteen feet, leaving only about a yard on each side uncovered. The course over which the Procession proceeded, was about 1,500 feet, exclusive of the extent of the Hall and the Abbey; and the whole way, from the steps ascending to the royal table in the Hall, along the nave of the Abbey to the throne and altar, was covered with blue cloth.

The awnings were drawn, but at short distances red lines were placed, to close or spread them as circumstances might require. To each line and pulley was allotted one man, with a particular dress, so that the most rapid change could be effected, should the weather require any alteration, while the addition of a staff enabled such man likewise to act as a constable. Along the whole range were also placed men with pincers, hammers, &c. to repair any damage that might happen, or whatever was calculated to impede the progress of the Procession, and it's attendant ceremonies. These men were also supplied with a like livery, and were sworn as constables.

On each side below the platform, was a narrow standing-place, on which was stationed a line of foot soldiers, so arranged as in no instance to interfere with a full view of the splendid Procession. The platform was raised about 4 or 5 feet from the pavement, and was 14 feet high. On the east of the platform was erected the Champion's stable, with a covered way joining the grand entrance to the Hall; and from the House of Lords to Poet's Corner, a smaller platform was raised, for the convenience of the Ladies and Ambassadors passing to and from the Hall and Abbey.

At length the long expected morning arrived; all the previous gloomy weather appeared to have vanished; the sun rose in unclouded majesty, nor was it possible to select a day more favourable for any national rejoicing. The morning was ushered in by the sound of bells, and the discharge of cannon and rockets. Before 3 o'clock the lines of carriages were formed at Charing-cross on the one hand, and at Millbank on the other. Those who were to join in the Procession, and those who were repairing to seats in the Abbey or the Hall, were in full activity; and even at this early hour thousands in the richest attire were on their progress to the scene of splendour. The foremost, indeed, reached the doors before they were opened; and were, in consequence, compelled to wait; while several, tempted by the fineness of the weather, alighted from their vehicles, and proceeded forward on foot. Palace-yard was occupied by strong parties of patrol, and by detachments of horse-guards; it was a general holiday; the shops remained entirely shut, and every ordinary occupation was suspended. The populace were treated with uniform civility, allowed to mingle with the military, and approach to within a short distance of the platform. All those apprehensions, therefore, as to the necessity of extending the barriers, and preventing the approach of the multitude, were utterly unfounded. At intervals, minute guns were fired from a man of war brig, anchored on the Thames, and the preparations for illuminating were renewed with ardour. The pageants of the drama never presented a more splendid display of embellishments; and the spectacle was not more enlivened by the habiliments of the nobles, than it was graced by the elegance of the female company. The regula-

tions concerning the advance and regress of the carriages had the best practical effect; not the slightest confusion took place, and no unnecessary obstruction was raised in the way of the foot passengers.

Before 4 o'clock the two lines of coaches extended from Parliament-street to the Strand, and St. James's Park was crowded with carriages and foot passengers; all London seemed to be on the alert; and the various galleries, &c. became rapidly tenanted; leaving which for the present, we now proceed to describe Westminster Hall.

This capacious building, so well calculated to display the magnificence of the chivalrous festivals of the age in which it was erected, and presenting within it's walls the preliminary and concluding parts of the splendid pageant of the Coronation, was fitted up in a style suitable to the occasion. Two tiers of spacious galleries were erected against the eastern and western walls, and over the principal entrance from Palace-yard an orchestra was constructed, in a style of architecture corresponding in design with the noble Gothic roof. The Royal Throne, which was placed at the southern extremity of the building, immediately under the window, upon a spacious platform, was superbly gilt upon a ground of crimson velvet, and placed under a canopy decorated in a similar style of gorgeous richness, displaying the royal arms emblazoned in gold, with G. IV. R.; before the throne stood a square table, covered with cloth of purple and gold; and the platform was ascended by three flights of steps, each extending across the Hall. The first and second from the area were covered with crimson cloth, and the upper flight, immediately leading to the foot of the throne, covered with a rich gold-fringed carpet. On the right of the throne, at the east side of the Hall, was constructed the box for the female branches of the Royal Family; and at the opposite side, was the box appropriated to the Foreign Ambassadors and their Ladies: over the former were the boxes subdivided between the Earl Marshal, the Lord High Steward, and the Lord High Constable, and above the other side, the boxes for the suites of the Foreign Embassies: all of which were splendidly ornamented with crimson, embroidered with gold. The lower gallery on the east side was allotted to the Lord Great Chamberlain's and Peers' tickets; and the upper to the various public departments. The lower tier at the west side was appropriated to Peeresses, and Peers' tickets; and the upper tier subdivided into sections, and allotted to the different official personages, and for the tickets of the Lord Great Chamberlain and Lord Chamberlain. At each side of the Hall were long dinner tables placed, with marked seats for the Peers: and separated by a railing from the area appropriated for the ceremonies; alcove side boards were placed behind, the floor in the centre was covered with superfine blue cloth, and the galleries were accessible through small winding staircases at each side of the Hall. From the cantalivers, ornamented with angels bearing shields, which support the antique roof, chandeliers of circular wreaths of cut glass were suspended by or molu chains; but too plain perhaps for the florid Gothic architecture which they illuminated.

These were the chief arrangements for the company assembled on this grand occasion; and it is due to the acting Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord Gwydir, and his Secretary, Mr. Fellowes, who were on duty in the Hall the whole of the preceding night, to state, that their arrangements were most admirable. A considerable number of ladies arrived at 3 o'clock; and the gentlemen attendants, who were dressed in scarlet frock coats with blue sashes, were every where on the alert to usher the respective parties to their seats. Long before the rays of the sun had illuminated the Hall with it's morning lustre, the Gothic darkness was brilliantly relieved by groupes of splendidly dressed ladies, who before four o'clock occupied the principal seats of the galleries, and graced the scene by the display of their beauty, and the sparkling of their decorations. At that hour also the arrival of different official attendants began to develope some of the chivalrous pomp attending the coronation ceremony; and the first who entered in form were the Barons of the Cinque Ports, with their canopy. These were attired in richly embroidered dresses, and attended by eight gentlemen in plain full dress, who practised, as bearers, the duty of supporting the canopy, which was of straw coloured silk, richly em-

broidered with gold, the frame studded with silver ornaments, and the supporting rods of silver richly embossed, of a light and elegant appearance. At 6 o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Gloucester, Kent, and Clarence, the Princess Feodore, and the Princess Augusta and Sophia, entered their box, with a large retinue of ladies. About the same time the Prince and Princess Esterhazy, and a number of foreigners of distinction, —entered their box at the opposite side. The Foreign Ambassadors and their Suite were chiefly in military costume, and the richness and variety of the foreign uniforms made their box the most brilliant in the Hall. The Yeomen of the Guard now entered; and at that time the arrivals of Peers and Peeresses at Palace-yard became so rapid, that the gates were constantly thrown open; they were, however, suddenly closed, when it was announced that the Queen was claiming admission. Lord Gwydir immediately repaired to the gate, when after a short time the bustle ceased, and the Hall continued filling until near 8 o'clock. At half past 7 o'clock, a number of gentlemen, dressed in mulberry-brown frock-coats, with lace ruffs and white sashes, entered, bearing gold wands, with the emblazoned arms of the Earl Marshal. The Gentlemen Pensioners entered at the same time, and before 8 o'clock most of the persons who had to walk in the Procession assembled in their respective places.

Mr. Fellowes then led into the Hall his sister, Miss F., as his Majesty's herbwoman, attended as her maids by Misses Bond, Collier, Caldwell, Hill, Daniel, and Walker, who were very elegantly dressed in white crape over satin, and Miss Fellowes with a a crimson mantle, and gold badge; baskets filled with flowers were also placed near the ladies, who were accommodated with chairs at the extremity of the Hall. At a quarter past 8 o'clock the doors were closed; the canopy-bearers were arranged at the foot of the royal platform, and the Heralds commenced marshalling the Procession in the Hall. The Nobility then entered, the inferior ranks first, and lastly the great Officers of State, Archbishops, and Members of the Royal Family. On the royal platform their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, Sussex, Cambridge, and Gloucester, and Prince Leopold, in their full robes, as Knights of the Garter, separated on each side of the throne. His Grace the Duke of Wellington, with his gold staff, as Lord High Constable, stood near the table in front, attended by his page. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Chamberlain, the President of the Council, and the Lord Privy Seal, were also arranged near the table. The Heralds then proceeded to call over the names of the Peers twice in succession; which ceremony occupied from 9 o'clock until 20 minutes before 10, and while the Peers were arranging in the centre of the Hall, the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster entered the great gate from Palace-yard, and formed in a close compact body immediately within the Hall. The whole arrangements for the Procession were then completed. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation of London, with the Civic Regalia, and Corporation of Oxford, were assigned their respective places, and a pause of about 20 minutes then took place. The principal officers of the household had withdrawn to wait upon the King, and all eyes were directed towards the Throne, which was immediately in front of the door through which his Majesty had to pass from the chamber where he breakfasted. At 10 o'clock, the Duke of Wellington announced the approach of his Majesty. Lord Gwydir entered immediately after, and the King then appeared; his train supported by 8 sons of noblemen. The whole company in the Hall rose as his Majesty stepped into the Throne, and the full band in the Gothic orchestra struck up "God *save the King*." His Majesty was habited in full robes of great richness, and wore a black Spanish hat, with a spreading plume of white ostrich feathers encircling the rim; and surmounted by a heron's plume. His Majesty's hair fell in thick curls over his forehead, and behind his head in a similar shape. The King then took his seat with an air of great majesty, and bowed with great affability to the Peers who stood on each side.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Deputy Earl Marshal, then placed themselves outside the table.

The Lord High Steward, the Great Officers, Deputy Garter, and Black

Rod, were arranged near the chair of state; and the royal trainbearers on each side of the Throne.

The Lord Chamberlain, assisted by officers of the Jewel-office, then brought the sword of state to the Lord High Constable, who delivered it to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, by whom it was laid upon the table; then the sword of mercy, with the two swords of justice, being in like manner presented, were drawn from their scabbards by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, and laid upon the table before his Majesty; after which the gold spurs were also placed there; and immediately after which the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster proceeded up the Hall, in the following order:—

Sergeant of the Vestry, in a scarlet mantle.
Children of the King's Chapel, in scarlet mantles, four abreast.
Children of the Choir of Westminster, in surplices, four abreast.
Gentlemen of the King's Chapel, in scarlet mantles, four abreast.
Choir of Westminster, in surplices, four abreast.
Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.
Two Pursuivants at Arms.
Two Heralds.
The two Provincial Kings of Arms.
The Dean of Westminster, carrying *St. Edward's Crown* on a cushion of cloth of gold.
Six Prebendaries of Westminster, carrying *the Orb;—the Sceptre with the Dove;—the Sceptre with the Cross;—St. Edward's Staff;—the Chalice and Patina;*—and *the* Bible.

In this Procession they made their reverences at the lower end of the hall, and again about the middle, where the Choirs formed a passage, through which the Officers of Arms passed, and opened likewise on each side, and the Dean and Prebendaries having come to the front of the steps, made their third reverence. This being done, Deputy Garter preceding them, they ascended the steps, and approaching the table before the King, made their last reverence. The Dean then presented the crown to the Lord High Constable, who delivered it to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, and by him it was placed on the table before the King. The rest of the regalia was also severally delivered by each Prebendary, on his knee, to the Dean, by him to the Lord High Constable, by him to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, and by him laid on the table; when the whole being delivered, the Prebendaries and Dean returned to the middle of the hall; and his Majesty having commanded Deputy Garter to summon the Noblemen and Bishops who were to bear the regalia, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, then taking up the several swords, sceptres, the orb, and crown, placed them in the hands of those by whom they were to be carried.

St. Edward's Staff, by the Marquis of Salisbury.

The Spurs, by the Lord Calthorpe, as Deputy to the Baroness Grey de Ruthyn.

The Sceptre with the Cross, by the Marquis Wellesley.

The pointed Sword of Temporal Justice, by the Earl of Galloway.

The pointed Sword of Spiritual Justice, by the Duke of Northumberland.

Curtana; or, Sword of Mercy, by the Duke of Newcastle.

The Sword of State, by the Duke of Dorset.

The Sceptre with the Dove, by the Duke of Rutland.

The Orb, by the Duke of Devonshire.

St. Edward's Crown, by the Marquis of Anglesea, as Lord High Steward.

The Patina, by the Bishop of Gloucester.

The Chalice, by the Bishop of Chester.

The Bible, by the Bishop of Ely.

The two Bishops who were to support his Majesty were then also summoned by Deputy Garter, and ascending the steps placed themselves on each side of the King.

When these ceremonies, which lasted nearly three quarters of an hour, were performed, the Procession set out from Westminster-hall to the Abbey in the following order, the anthem, "*O Lord, grant the King a long life*," &c. being sung in parts, as they proceeded, with his Majesty's band playing, the sounding of trumpets, and the beating of drums, until the arrival in the Abbey. Each division of guards presenting arms on the approach of his Majesty, and it's band saluting.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

The King's Herb Woman with her six Maids, strewing the way with flowers.
Messenger of the College of Arms, in a scarlet cloak, with the arms of the College embroidered on the left shoulder.
Dean's Beadle of Westminster, with his staff.
High Constable of Westminster, with his staff, in a scarlet cloak.
Two Household Fifes with banners of velvet fringed with gold, and five Household Drummers in royal livery, drum-covers of crimson velvet, laced and fringed with gold.
Drum-Major in a rich livery, and a crimson scarf fringed with gold.
Eight Trumpeters in rich liveries: banners of crimson damask embroidered and fringed with gold to the silver trumpets.
Kettle-drums, drum-covers of crimson damask, embroidered and fringed with gold.
Eight Trumpeters in liveries, as before.
Sergeant Trumpeter with his mace.
Knight Marshal, attended by his officers.
Six Clerks in Chancery.
King's Chaplains having dignities.
Sheriffs of London.
Aldermen and Recorder of London.
Masters in Chancery.
King's Sergeants at Law.
King's Ancient Sergeant.
King's Solicitor-General. King's Attorney-General.
Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber.
Sergeant of the Vestry of the Chapel Royal. Sergeant-Porter.
Children of the Choir of Westminster, in surplices.
Children of the Chapel Royal, in surplices, with scarlet mantles over them.
Choir of Westminster, in surplices.
Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, in scarlet mantles.
Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, in a scarlet gown.
Prebendaries of Westminster, in surplices and rich copes.
Dean of Westminster, in a surplice and rich cope.
Pursuivants of Scotland and Ireland, in their tabards.
His Majesty's Band.
Officers attendant on the Knights Commanders of the Bath, in their mantles, chains, and badges.
Knights Commanders of the Bath, not Peers.
Officers of the Order of the Bath, in their mantles, chains, and badges.
Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath not Peers, in the full habit of their Order, caps in their hands.
A Pursuivant of Arms, in his tabard.
Barons of the Exchequer, and Justices of both Benches.
Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
Vice-Chancellor. Master of the Rolls.
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
Clerks of the Council in Ordinary.
Privy Councillors, not Peers.
Registrar of the Order of the Garter
Knights of the Garter, not Peers, in the full habit and collar of the Order, their caps in their hands.
His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain.
Comptroller of his Majesty's Household. Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, bearing the Crimson Bag with the Medals.
A Pursuivant of Arms, in his tabard.
Heralds of Scotland and Ireland, in their tabards and collars of SS.
The Standard of Hanover, borne by the Earl of Mayo.
Barons, in their robes of estate of crimson velvet, their coronets in their hands.
A Herald, in his tabard and collar of SS.
Standard of Ireland, borne by Lord Beresford. Standard of Scotland, borne by the Earl of Lauderdale.
Bishops of England and Ireland, in their rochets, with their caps in their hands.
Two Heralds, in their tabards and collars of SS.
Viscounts, in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands.
Two Heralds, in their tabards and collars of SS.
Standard of England, borne by Lord Hill.
Earls, in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands.

Two Heralds, in their tabards and collars of SS.

The Union Standard, borne by Earl Harcourt.

Marquesses, in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, in his robes of estate, his coronet in his hand, attended by an Officer of the Jewel Office in a scarlet mantle, with a crown embroidered on his left shoulder, bearing a cushion, upon which were placed the ruby ring, and the sword to be girt about the King.

The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household, in his robes of estate, his coronet in his hand.

The Royal Standard, borne by the Earl of Harrington.

King of Arms of the Ionian Order of St. Michael and St. George, in his tabard, with his crown in his hand.

Gloucester King of Arms, in his tabard, with his crown in his hand.

Hanover King of Arms, in his tabard, with his crown in his hand.

Dukes, in their robes of estate, their coronets in their hands.

Ulster, King of Arms, in his tabard, with his crown in his hand.

Clarenceux, King of Arms, in his tabard, with his crown in his hand.

Norroy, King of Arms, in his tabard, with his crown in his hand.

Lord Privy Seal, in his robes of estate, coronet in his hand.

Lord President of the Council, in his robes of estate, coronet in his hand.

Archbishops of Ireland.

Archbishop of York, in his rochet, cap in his hand,

Lord High Chancellor, in his robes of estate, with his coronet in his hand, bearing his purse, and attended by his Pursebearer.

Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his rochet, cap in his hand.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

THE REGALIA.

St. Edward's Staff, borne by the Marquess of Salisbury.

Gold Spurs, borne by Lord Calthorpe.

Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Marq. Wellesley

The third Sword, borne by the Earl of Galloway.

Curtana, borne by the Duke of Newcastle.

The second Sword, borne by the Duke of Northumberland.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

Usher of the Green Rod.

Usher of the White Rod.

The Lord Mayor of London, in his gown, collar, and jewel, bearing the City mace.

Lord Lyon of Scotland, in his tabard, carrying his crown and sceptre.

Garter, Principal King of Arms, in his tabard, bearing his crown and sceptre.

Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, bearing his rod.

Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England, in his robes of estate, his coronet and his white staff in his hand.

His Royal Highness the Prince Leopold, in the full habit of the Order of the Garter, carrying in his right hand his baton as Field Marshal, and in his left his cap and feathers; his train borne by a Page.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, in his robes of estate, carrying in his right hand his baton as Field Marshal, and in his left his coronet; his train borne by a Page.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in his robes of estate, carrying in his right hand his baton as Field Marshal, and his coronet in his left; and his train borne by a Page.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in his robes of estate, with his coronet in his hand; and his train borne by a Page.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in his robes of estate, with his coronet in his hand; and his train borne by a Page.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in his robes of estate, carrying in his right hand his baton as Field Marshal, and his coronet in his left; and his train borne by a Page.

Lord High Constable of Ireland, Marquess of Lansdowne, in his robes, coronet in his hand, with his staff.

Lord High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Errol, in his robes, coronet in his hand, with his staff.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

Deputy Earl Marshal of England, Lord Howard of Effingham, as *locum tenens* for Lord H. H. Molyneux Howard, with his staff.

The Sword of State, borne by the Duke of Dorset.

Lord High Constable of England, the Duke of Wellington, in his robes, his coronet in his hand, with his staff; attended by a Page carrying his baton as Field Marshal.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

A Gentleman carrying the staff of the Lord High Steward.

The Sceptre with the Dove, carried by the Duke of Rutland.

St. Edward's Crown, carried by the Lord High Steward in his robes.

The Orb, carried by the Duke of Devonshire.

A Gentleman carrying the coronet of the Lord High Steward.

The Patina, borne by the Bishop of Gloucester.

The Bible, borne by the Bishop of Ely.

The Chalice, borne by the Bishop of Chester.

20 Gentlemen Pensioners with the Standard Bearer.

Supporter: Lord Bishop of Oxford, for the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

THE KING, in his royal robes, wearing a cap of estate, adorned with jewels, under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by 16 Barons of the Cinque Ports. His Majesty's train borne by eight eldest Sons of Peers, assisted by the Master of the Robes, and followed by the Groom of the Robes.

Supporter: Lord Bishop of Lincoln; for the Lord Bishop of Durham.

20 Gentlemen Pensioners, with the Lieutenant.

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, in his robes of estate, his coronet in his hand.

Gold Stick of the Life Guards in waiting, in his robes, his coronet in his hand

Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, in his robes of estate, his coronet in his hand.

Lords of the King's Bedchamber.

Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse.

Grooms of the King's Bedchamber.

Equerries and Pages of Honour.

Aides-de-Camp

Gentlemen Ushers.

Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries.

Ensign of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard.

His Majesty's Pages in full state liveries.

His Majesty's Footmen in full state liveries.

Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Yeomen of the Guard.

Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Gentlemen Harbinger of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

Clerk of the Cheque to the Yeomen of the Guard.

Clerk of the Cheque to the Gentlemen Pensioners.

Yeomen of the Guard.

At 35 minutes after ten, the clangour of trumpets announced that the procession was moving from Westminster Hall; and, very soon afterwards, Miss Fellowes, attended by her six maids, were seen scattering flowers on the blue cloth with which the centre of the platform was carpeted. As the procession moved forward, the crowd were dazzled with it's splendour, but when, in the distance, his Majesty was seen approaching, all minor objects of curiosity were forgotten, and every eye was directed towards the Royal Personage. The Regal robes were so perfectly out of the reach of epithets, that we will say nothing of them, but that the eager attention to the Majestic Wearer, and the elaborate magnificence of their ample folds, prevented, we believe, every individual present from gaining any thing like a correct idea of them. On the approach of the Procession to the Abbey, scarcely any token of approbation was used, except clapping of hands, till the King appeared, who was then most warmly greeted. But on the return, the people having got rid of their fatigue and faintness by refreshment, and the Sovereign more clearly distinguished by his brilliant Crown; the shouting was tremendous.

We shall commence our account of the proceedings in the Abbey by giving a short description of it's internal decorations and arrangements. The grand centre aisle being open from the western entrance to the point at which it joins Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the whole pavement of it matted, up to the transept, and in the middle covered, as the platform, with a broad purple cloth. The side aisles were

each divided from the principal by wooden partitions, and a row of galleries erected to the entrance of the choir, elevated to nearly the same height as the grand door of entrance to the Abbey. At the entrance of the choir was a triumphal arch, under which the procession marched, and in which places were assigned for the drums and trumpets, and also for the boys of Westminster School. Having passed this archway, under which was a flight of steps, two rows of galleries, one above the other, extended on each side of the aisle to the *Sacrarium*, which was the oblong formed by the intersection of the centre aisle with the two transopts. All these galleries, as well as the benches on the pavement, were covered with scarlet cloth, and formed a magnificent prospect for the spectators. The benches within the choir, to which we are now alluding, were the whole of those, on which the Knights Commanders of the Bath, the Privy Councillors, and Knights of the Garter, not being Peers, the Judges, and different Law Officers of the Crown, took their seats during the ceremony of the Coronation. The *Sacrarium* was directly under the tower of the Abbey, and on a platform of four steps, raised in the centre, covered with cloth of gold, and surrounded by the richest Turkey carpets; stood the Coronation chair of the Kings of England. On the north and south sides of this Theatre, forming the transcepts of the Abbey church, were seats covered with scarlet for the peers, and plain matted seats for the spectators who sat behind them. At each of the four pillars which support the main tower of the Abbey, seats were reserved for the Heralds and officers of arms; and near to the south pillar was the pulpit, out of which the Coronation sermon was preached, beautifully decorated with crimson velvet and gold. On another flight of steps was the platform with the altar, covered with a canopy, supported by golden palm trees, and bearing the communion-plate; and on which platform were also placed the chairs and faldstool used by the King during the sermon and litany, and also the old chair of St. Edward the Confessor. The floor of this platform was covered with the most superb Persian tapestry, and the walls hung with the most beautiful damask. On the north side of the platform were the galleries of the Earl Marshal and the Foreign Ambassadors; and on the south side that of his Majesty and the Royal Family. Immediately opposite were the seats of the Bishops; and above the altar, the gallery assigned to the Peeresses and their families. Above those, in gradual order, rose the seats of the choristers and his Majesty's band; and the termination to the view from the western entrance was the superb and majestic organ. Beside these preparations for the convenience of those whom curiosity or necessity obliged to attend, boxes for spectators were fitted up in the cornice galleries, round the whole extent of the Abbey, and which were decorated in the same manner as those which we have already described.

About three o'clock in the morning the gates of the Abbey were thrown open; when about two hundred persons entered, cheered by a merry peal from the steeple of St. Margaret's, and the front row of the vaulted gallery was rapidly occupied; after which, from 4 o'clock until 8, the numbers in the lower parts of the Abbey gradually encreased, and the pages and ushers in their gay uniforms, gave motion and sprightliness to the scene. At half-past eight, a flourish of trumpets was heard, and the procession with the regalia marched out of the Abbey.

From half past 8 till 10, something like *ennui* began to shew itself in the demeanour of the expectant fair ones; soon after, however, loud and continued music in the distance roused their half-slumbering curiosity, and at ten minutes before eleven, Miss Fellowes, with her six tributary herb-women, heading the grand procession, appeared at the western gate. The cavalcade then halted for a few moments, apparently to give time for the rear to come up, and the lively music of fifes and drums, and flourishes of trumpets alternately, filled up the interim. After a short pause, the procession was again in motion. The herb-woman with her maids and the sergeant porter remained at the entrance within the west door: and the drums and trumpets filed off to the gallery over the entrance door. The Abbey at this moment began rapidly to fill; and the Peeresses, with dresses sparkling with jewels, and white feathers waving in the wind, thronged into

the seats appointed for them below the choir: and ranged in rows, to a very considerable number, without a single gentleman to disturb the uniformity, or break the delicacy of the scene. The procession continuing it's course, the choirs of the Chapel Royal, and of Westminster, proceeded with his Majesty's band to the organ gallery: and, upon the entrance of the King into the aisle, all their instruments and voices rang out their notes at once; and the loud anthem, blended with the applauding shouts of the spectators, echoed to the very roof of the Abbey. As the cavalcade continued it's course, the Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster filed off to the left, about the middle of the nave, and there awaited the King's coming into the church; when they again fell into the procession next before the Kings of Arms who immediately preceded the great officers of state.

That part of the procession preceding the Knights Commanders, the Knights Grand Crosses, and their Officers, the Privy Councillors, the Vice Chamberlain, Comptroller and Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, and Peers, were then conducted to their seats by the Officers of Arms. The Prebendaries of Westminster went to their places near the altar, and the Sergeants at Arms to their seats by the *Sacrarium*.

The Princes of the Blood Royal were conducted to their seats as Peers; and the Prince Leopold took his seat in the Royal box. The Barons of the Cinque Ports bearing the canopy, and the Gentlemen Pensioners remaining at the entrance of the choir.

The King then ascending the Theatre, passed on the south side of the Throne to his Chair of State, on the eastern side, opposite to the altar; and, after his private devotions, took his seat. His Majesty at this moment appeared distressed almost to fainting; and the heat indeed was so great, that the weight of the state cloak alone, which had eight supporters, might have overpowered a man in the most vigorous bodily health. His Majesty being seated, the two Bishops, his supporters, stood one on each side; the Noblemen bearing the four swords on his right hand; the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on his left; the great Officers of State, the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Dean of Westminster, the Noblemen bearing the regalia; Trainbearers, with Deputy Garter; the Lord Lyon, the Lord Mayor of London, and Black Rod; standing about his chair. The united choirs still singing the celebrated *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel; upon the conclusion of which, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and Deputy Earl Marshal, preceded by Deputy Garter, moved to the east side of the Theatre, where the Archbishop made the recognition, and also repeated the same at the south, west, and north sides of the Theatre; during which his Majesty was standing, and turned towards the people on the side on which the recognition was thus made by the Archbishop,

"SIRS,—I here present unto you KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, the undoubted King of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

The reply through the hall was, with loud applause, in the affirmative, and the Abbey rang with "GOD SAVE KING GEORGE THE FOURTH." His Majesty being again seated, the Bible, the Chalice, and the Patina, were placed upon the altar, by the Bishops who had borne them in the procession.

The two Officers of the Wardrobe then spread a rich cloth of gold, and laid a cushion of the same for his Majesty to kneel on, at the steps of the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury put on his cope, and the Bishops were also vested in their copes.

The King, attended by the two Bishops, his supporters, the Dean of Westminster, and the Noblemen bearing the regalia and the four swords, then passed to the altar; where his Majesty, uncovered, and kneeling upon the cushion, made his first offering of a pall or altar-cloth of gold: which was delivered by the Lord Chamberlain to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, and by his Lordship to the King, who gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it was placed on the altar. The Treasurer of the Household then delivered an ingot of gold, of one pound weight, being the second offering, to the De-

puty Lord Great Chamberlain, who having presented the same to the King, his Majesty delivered it to the Archbishop, to be by him put into the oblation bason. His Majesty continuing to kneel, the prayer, "O God who dwellest in the high and holy place," was said by the Archbishop; and at the conclusion of this prayer the King rose, and was conducted to the chair of State on the south side of the area. The regalia, except the swords, were then delivered by the several Noblemen who bore them, to the Archbishop, and by his Grace to the Dean of Westminster, to be laid on the altar; the Noblemen then returning to their places.

The Litany was next read by the Bishops of London and Bangor, vested in their copes, and kneeling at their faldstools above the steps of the Theatre; on the middle of the east side; after which most of the remainder of the morning service was performed. His Grace the Archbishop of York then, at a quarter before one o'clock, ascended the Coronation pulpit, and delivered a sermon of about twenty minutes in length, from the 2d book of Samuel, chap. xxiii, verses 3 and 4.

"The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me; He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

His Grace began by stating, that this text was deserving of the most serious consideration at the hands of the audience he was addressing, not merely on account of it's being the declaration of a dying king, but also the inspiration of a divine prophet. He then entered into a dissertation upon the mutual advantages which accrue both to the governor and the governed from a righteous sway. He stated that one, and the chief point to produce good government, was a strict attendance to universal justice on the part of the Sovereign;—not merely to justice between man and man, but between nation and nation. The records of history, both ancient and modern, fully proved that monarchs in general applied one code of morality to men, and another to nations. Now, a good ruler ought rather to apply the same code to both; and unless he did so, the nation which he governed could not be happy. After pointing out the dangers which arose from licentiousness in the people, and tyranny in the monarch; he proceeded to draw the picture of a patriot king, whose sole aim was the good of his people, and who, in seeking to accomplish that good, always withheld his favour from the base and licentious; and exhibited in his own person an example of those virtues, which he cherished in others. If a monarch fully accomplished that object, he would not be overpaid for his exertions by the largest revenues, inasmuch as those exertions were calculated to produce the most lasting benefits to his people. England had very recently had a proof of the truth of that assertion; she had seen a religious ruler sit on the throne of her kings for more than half a century, and she had in consequence* been established in strength amidst the wrecks of surrounding nations. On the son and successor of that King she now rested her hopes in perfect security; and if the nation might take it's experience of the past as a gage of his future conduct, they had good grounds for expecting that their hopes would be confirmed whenever they looked at the manner in which he had conducted himself during the late eventful struggles for the liberties of Europe. The sovereign who was then about to undergo an important ceremony, was not unknown to the cares of his station. When called to the helm of government by the unfortunate illness of his father, he found the country in a state of war, which threatened to destroy it's very existence. To his steadfastness in a time of peril it was owing, under God, that the war had been brought to a conclusion, glorious in the annals of history, and still more glorious in the moderation of the victor; who, so far from being subdued by ambition in good fortune, had confined himself to the attainment of that, which was the best justification of war,—a secure and permanent peace. Under a prince of such wisdom, both in peace and war, they had reason to look forward to all the blessings that were to be derived from a great and glorious policy—they had reason to believe that he would place his glory in the moral and pious integrity of his empire, and

that he would in consequence reign in the hearts of a loyal and happy people. His Grace concluded an eloquent discourse, by calling upon the congregation to implore the Almighty to confirm the hopes which they already entertained regarding his present Majesty; to multiply every blessing on his head, and so to direct his counsels to the advancement of true religion, that he might long continue to hold the sceptre of righteousness in peace and security.

During the sermon his Majesty sat in his chair on the south side of the area, opposite the pulpit; his supporters, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Noblemen carrying the swords, standing by him: the Archbishop of Canterbury sat in a purple velvet chair on the north side of the altar, Deputy Garter standing near him: the Bishops on their benches, along the north side of the area: the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster stood on the south side of the area, east of the King's chair, and near the altar.

The Sermon being ended, the Archbishop went to the King, and standing before him, administered the Coronation Oath; his Majesty having, on Thursday, the 27th April, 1820, in the presence of the two Houses of Parliament, made and signed the Declaration; first asking the King—

"Sir; Is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

The King answered:—"I am willing."

Arch.—"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

King.—"I solemnly promise so to do."

Arch.—"Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

King.—"I will."

Arch.—"Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the United Church committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do, or shall, appertain to them, or any of them?"

King.—"All this I promise to do."

Then the King rising out of his chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the sword of State being carried before him, went to the altar, and there being uncovered, laid his right hand upon the Holy Gospels in the great Bible; said,—

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

"So help me God."

Then the King kissed the book, and signed the oath, the Lord Chamberlain holding a silver standish before his Majesty for that purpose; after which the King returning to his chair, the Choir then sung, "I was glad when they said unto me;" and on the conclusion of which hymn, the Archbishop read this prayer,

"O Lord, Holy Father, who, by anointing with oil, didst of old make and consecrate Kings, Priests, and Prophets, to teach and govern thy people Israel; bless and sanctify thy chosen servant George, who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this oil, and consecrated King of this realm: strengthen him, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the comforter; confirm and stablish him with thy free and princely spirit, the spirit of wisdom and government, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and fill him, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen."

At the end of which, the united Choirs sang the Coronation Anthem,

"Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon King; and all the people rejoiced, and said, God save the King! Long live the King! May the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah."

During this Anthem, the King was disrobed by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, who delivering them to the Master of the Robes; the Great Chamberlain delivering the same to the Lord Chamberlain; and the robes and cap being immediately carried into St. Edward's Chapel; St. Edward's Chair, covered with cloth of gold, having been then placed in front of the altar, his Majesty took his seat to be anointed. Four Knights of the Garter then held over his Majesty a rich pall of silk; the Dean of Westminster took the ampulla and spoon

from off the altar; and pouring some of the holy oil into the spoon, the Archbishop with it anointed the King, in the form of a cross:

On the crown of his head, saying,

"Be thy head anointed with holy oil, as Kings, Priests, and Prophets were anointed."

Upon the breast, saying,

"Be thy breast anointed with holy oil."

Upon the palms of both the hands, saying,

"Be thy hands anointed with holy oil."

"And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this people; whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then the Dean of Westminster laid the ampulla and spoon again upon the altar, and the King kneeling down at the faldstool, the Archbishop pronounced this Benediction:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who by his Father was anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows, by his holy anointing pour down upon your head and heart the blessing of the Holy Ghost, and prosper the works of your hands: that by the assistance of his heavenly grace you may preserve the people committed to your charge in wealth, peace, and godliness; and after a long and glorious course of ruling this temporal kingdom wisely, justly, and religiously, you may at last be made partaker of an eternal kingdom, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

This prayer being ended, the King arose, and the Dean of Westminster wiped and dried all the places anointed with fine linen, delivered to him by the Lord Great Chamberlain; and the Choirs sang the anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."—The Dean then took the Spurs from the altar, and delivered them to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling down, touched his Majesty's heels, and returned them to the Dean, by whom they were laid upon the altar.

The Duke of Dorset, who carried the sword of state, then returned that sword to the Officers of the Jewel House, which was thereupon deposited in the traverse in King Edward's Chapel; and received thence, in lieu thereof, another sword, in a scabbard of purple velvet, provided for the King to be girded with; which having delivered to the Archbishop, his Grace laying it upon the altar, said the following prayer:—

"Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech thee, and so direct and support thy servant King George, who is now to be girt with this sword, that he may not bear it in vain; but may use it as the Minister of God, for the terror and punishment of evil doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Then the Archbishop again taking the sword from off the altar, and the Bishops assisting, delivered it into the King's right hand, saying,

"Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy."

His Majesty having stood up, the sword was girt about him by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and then again sitting down, the Archbishop said—

"Remember him of whom the Royal Psalmist did prophecy, saying, 'Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most Mighty, good luck have thou with thine honour; ride on prosperously, because of truth, meekness, and righteousness;' and be thou a follower of him. With this sword of justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order: that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue; and so represent our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with him in the life which is to come. Amen."

Then the King, again rising, ungirded his sword, and, going to the altar, offered it there in the scabbard, and then returned and sat down in his chair; when the Duke of Dorset having redeemed it, drew it from the scabbard, and carried it naked before his Majesty during the remainder of the solemnity.

The Dean of Westminster then took the Armill from the Master of the Great Wardrobe, and put it about his Majesty's neck, tying it to his arms, above and below the elbows, with silk strings; the Archbishop standing before the King, and saying,

"Receive this Armill as a token of the divine mercy embracing you on every side."

Next the Dalmatic robe of state was by the Master of the Great Wardrobe delivered to the Dean of Westminster, and by him put upon the King, standing; the crimson robe being first taken off by the Lord Great Chamberlain; the King having received it, sat down, and the Orb with the cross was brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered into the King's hand by the Archbishop, pronouncing this blessing:—

"Receive this Imperial Robe and Orb, and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and with power from on high; the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation: and when you see this Orb set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer; for he is the Prince of the Kings of the earth, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; so that no man can reign happily who deriveth not his authority from him, and directeth not all his actions according to his laws."

Then the Lord Chamberlain delivered the King's Ring to the Archbishop; it was placed on the fourth finger of his Majesty's right hand, the Archbishop saying,

"Receive this Ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the Catholic faith; and as you are this day solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with that spirit of promise which is the earnest of an heavenly inheritance, and reign with him who is the blessed and only Potentate, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The King having then delivered his Orb to be laid upon the altar, the Dean of Westminster brought the Sceptre and Rod to the Archbishop; and the Lord of the Manor of Worksop delivered to the King a pair of Gloves.

The Gloves being put on, the Archbishop delivered the Sceptre with the Cross into the King's right hand, saying,

"Receive the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of Kingly power and justice."

And the Rod with the Dove into the King's left hand, saying,

"Receive the Rod of Equity and Mercy: and God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and exercise of all those powers he hath given you. Be so merciful, that you be not too remiss; so execute justice, that you forget not mercy. Punish the wicked, protect the oppressed; and the blessing of him who was ready to perish shall be upon you; thus in all things following his great and holy example, of whom the Prophet David said, 'Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre;' even Jesus Christ our Lord." Amen.

The Archbishop then standing before the altar, took the crown into his hands, and laying it again before him upon the altar, said,

"O God, who crownest thy faithful servants with mercy and loving kindness, look down upon this thy servant George our King, who now in lowly devotion boweth his head to thy Divine Majesty; and as thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thy heavenly grace, and crown him with all princely virtues which may adorn the high station wherein thou hast placed him, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Then the King having sat down in King Edward's Chair, the Archbishop came from the altar; the Dean of Westminster brought the Crown; and the Archbishop taking it of him, precisely at a quarter before one o'clock placed it upon the King's head; loud and repeated shouts of "*God save the King!*" hailing the solemnity; the trumpets sounded; and by a signal given, the Tower and Park guns were instantly fired to announce the Coronation to the public. The Archbishop then said,

"Be strong and of good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day. Amen."

The King being crowned, all the Peers immediately put on their coronets; and the Choirs sang the following new anthem:—

"The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord, exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation. Thou hast presented him with

the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his head. Hallelujah! Amen."

The Archbishop then delivered the Holy Bible to his Majesty; saying—

"Our Gracious King; we present unto your Majesty this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affordeth. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book; that keep, and do, the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life: able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

Then the King delivered back the Bible to the Archbishop, who gave it to the Dean of Westminster, to be placed again upon the altar. The King having been thus anointed and crowned, and having received all the emblems of royalty; the Archbishop solemnly blessed him, and all the Bishops standing about him, answered each benediction, with the rest of the Peers, with a loud Amen.

"The Lord bless and keep you: the Lord make the light of his countenance to shine for ever upon you, and be gracious unto you: the Lord protect you in all your ways, preserve you from every evil thing, and prosper you in every thing good. Amen."

"The Lord give you a faithful Senate, wise and upright Councillors and Magistrates, a loyal Nobility, and a dutiful Gentry; a pious and learned and useful Clergy; an honest, industrious, and obedient commonalty. Amen."

"In your days may mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other; may wisdom and knowledge be the stability of our times, and the fear of the Lord your treasure. Amen."

"The Lord make your days many, and your reign prosperous; your fleets and armies victorious: and may you be reverenced and beloved by all your subjects, and ever encrease in favour with God and man. Amen."

"The glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon you: may he bless you with all temporal and spiritual happiness in this world, and crown you with glory and immortality in the world to come. Amen."

"The Lord give you a religious and victorious posterity to rule these kingdoms in all ages. Amen."

Then the Archbishop turned to the people, and said:—

"And the same Lord God Almighty grant, that the Clergy and Nobles assembled here for this great and solemn service, and together with them all the people of the land, fearing God and honouring the King, may by the merciful superintendency of the Divine Providence, and the vigilant care of our gracious Sovereign, continually enjoy peace, plenty, and prosperity, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom, with the eternal Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church, world without end. Amen."

The blessing being given, the King again sat down, and the Choir sang the *Te Deum;* while his Majesty, with all the Bishops, Great Officers, and other Peers, attending him, reposed himself in his chair, below the Throne.

The *Te Deum* being ended, the King was then placed on his Throne by the Archbishop and Bishops, and other Peers of the kingdom; when the Archbishop standing before the King, said:

"Stand firm, and hold fast, from henceforth, the seat and imperial dignity which is this day delivered unto you in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the Bishops [illegible] of God, the [illegible] rthy and as you see us to approach nearer to God's altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your Royal favour and protection; and the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of his mysteries, establish your throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before him, and as the faithful witness in Heaven. Amen."

The exhortation being ended, all the Peers did homage before the King, and the Treasurer of the Household threw among the people medals of gold and silver, as the King's largesse.

The Archbishop first kneeling down before his Majesty, said:—

"I, Charles, Archbishop of Canterbury, will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear, unto you our Sovereign Lord, and your heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: and I will do, and truly acknowledge, the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you, as in right of the Church. So help me God."

The Bishops kneeling around him, also pronounced the words of homage; and the Archbishop having kissed his Majesty's left cheek, and the rest of the Bishops after him, he retired. Then the Duke of York, ascending

the steps of the Throne, and taking off his coronet, prepared to kneel and pronounce the words of homage; but the King, without permitting the ceremony, raised him, and cordially shook him by the hand; and his Majesty observed the same course by all the Royal Dukes, amidst the loudest applause from all parts of the Abbey. The Dukes and other Peers then did homage in the usual form:—

"I, ———, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks.
"So help me God."

The Peers having done their homage, each one by one, in order, put off their coronets, singly ascended the Throne, and stretching forth their hands, touched the Crown on his Majesty's head, and kissed the King's cheek.

During this homage, the Sceptre with the Cross was held, on the King's right hand, by the Lord of the Manor of Worksop; and the Sceptre with the Dove, by the Duke of Rutland.

The Bishops of London and Bangor then received from the altar the patina and the chalice, which they carried into St. Edward's Chapel, and brought from thence the bread upon the patina and the wine in the chalice; and his Majesty having descended from the Throne, went to the altar, where, taking off his Crown, he delivered it to the Lord Great Chamberlain. His Majesty then received the sacrament, the Archbishop administering the bread, and the Dean of Westminster the cup.

The Choir then sung the last anthem, "Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel," &c.; and, at the conclusion, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and, amidst the loudest acclamations of the assembly, the King put on his crown, and, taking the two sceptres in his hands, again ascended the Throne, and sat there, supported and attended as before, until the conclusion of the post-communion service and the Blessing. "God *save the King!*" having then been sung, his Majesty, attended as at first, descended into the area, and passing through the door on the south side of the altar, into St. Edward's Chapel, the Noblemen who had carried the regalia received them again from the Dean of Westminster as they passed by the altar; and the King being returned to the Chapel, delivered the Sceptres to the Archbishop, who laid them upon the altar; and the rest of the regalia were also delivered to the Dean, to be by him laid also on the altar. The King was then disrobed of his robe of state, and arrayed in the Royal purple velvet, by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain; and the Archbishop having delivered the sceptre with the cross into his right hand, and the orb into his left; the Dean gave the sceptre with the dove to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, who carried it in the returning procession.

The King then proceeded through the door by the side of the communion-table into St. Edward's Chapel, and during his absence, which lasted about ten minutes, the Abbey became literally deserted. His Majesty, on his return, however, though much incumbered with his splendid attire, moved forward with great good humour, and shook hands with the Princess Mary as he left the Abbey.

The appearance of the Abbey during the ceremony of the Coronation was a scene of grandeur of which description can convey but a faint idea. The King being seated on his throne, dressed in a robe of a most sumptuous description; around him stood the Bishops with their copes of gold, and robes of black velvet; and close by them the Heralds, in their gorgeous vestments. On his Majesty's right and left were the Peers, with their different coronets on their heads, and their robes of state loosely flowing around them. Before him stood the Knights of the Bath, distinguished by the taste and elegance of their vesture, and the unbounded profusion of their snow-white plumage; and next to them were the Knights of the Garter, in all the splendid paraphernalia of their order; which contrasted well with the elegant simplicity of the blue dress assigned to the Privy Councillors. In the rear, the grand mass of the procession was formed in a close phalanx, the Yeomen of the Guard being in the centre and condensing into one small space the proudest ornaments of English chivalry, and one of the most magnificent scenes which we can ever expect to witness.

As soon as the procession quitted the hall, it was followed by the Ambassadors, the Peeresses, and all those who had tickets of Admission to Westminster Abbey; preceeding through

the covered way which led to the House of Lords from Poet's Corner. The preparations for the banquet being commenced, the cloths were soon laid along the three tables on either side of the Hall, each for fifty-six persons; and 336 silver plates were then laid, each also having two silver spoons. When this was arranged, the officers who had the care of what is termed the Coronation plate, began to place it on two large sideboards raised on the right and left of the throne. The plate thus exposed was entirely of pure gold; and consisted of several large dishes and vases richly embossed. The centre dish on each side presented a fine bas relief of the Lord's Supper. Below that, on the left, was a large gold tankard, on the side of which was represented, in bas relief, the story of the Grecian daughter; and all the other vessels were richly embossed with various devices. Some of those pieces were of very ancient date, and have graced the Coronation banquets of several of our Monarchs. A few of them were even marked with the Initials of Anne, and Charles. The royal table was then placed opposite the throne, and in part under the canopy. It was nearly of a triangular shape; and at two of the sides were six chairs, three at each, for the reception of the Royal Dukes and Prince Leopold. The table was covered with rich damask cloths, on which were wrought the Royal Arms and the several British orders, with their mottos. On these was placed a large oval mirror, having four square pieces projecting at different sides. In the oval centre were the letters G. IV. R. and in the square compartments were painted the red and white rose, the shamrock, and the thistle; there were also several figures and stands of gold, placed on the table. At the end fronting the Hall was suspended a very rich flowered white satin drapery, with gold fringe and bullion tassels, and between the festoons were the stars of the several British orders in gold embroidery. At a little before two the waiters commenced laying on the banquet on the tables at both sides of the Hall. The meats served up were all cold, and consisted of fowls, tongues, pies, and a profusion of sweetmeats, conserves, and fruit of every kind. Before the tables were finally arranged, the candles in the several branches were lighted, of which there were thirteen on each side of the Hall, with sixty large wax lights in each. Besides which, there were twelve table stands, with eighteen candles in each, and together with those placed in the choir, amounted to nearly two thousand lights; exclusive of two branches of Argand lamps suspended at the right and left of the throne.

In addition to the banquet for the numerous distinguished personages served within Westminster Hall; covers for nearly 2000 others, connected with the procession, were also laid in the apartments adjoining; and the number of tickets for spectators to the Hall and Abbey, issued from the departments of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Earl Marshal, considerably exceeded 7000. Each Peer who signified his intention to be present receiving five tickets; Privy Councillors, not Peers, four; Knights of the Grand Cross, three; Knights Commanders of the Bath, and Clerks in Council, two each. The duties of the deputy Earl Marshal, by special permission of his Majesty being executed by Lord Howard of Effingham, in consequence of the indisposition of Lord H. H. Molyneux Howard.

At about twenty minutes to four the gates of the Hall were thrown open to admit the procession on it's return; and, viewed through the arched way, the appearance of the white plumes of the Knights of the Bath was most magnificent. On their entrance to the Hall, the Knights took off their hats, but the Peers continued to wear their Coronets: and the procession entered in the same order which it had left the Hall; except that his Majesty now wore his Crown, and bore St. Edward's Sceptre in his right hand, and the Orb and Cross in his left; and was attended by the various resident and extraordinary Ambassadors in their splendid costume; all the Peers, Knights, &c. also wore their Coronets and caps: which very much encreased the magnificence of the spectacle. The Coronation medals were largely scattered amongst the multitude as the procession returned.

On arriving at the Hall, the Barons of the Cinque Ports bearing the canopy proceeded with the canopy as far as the steps of the platform, and took it thence as their fee: the King then ascended to the throne, and afterwards retired to his chamber; and the music ascended the orchestra. On the en-

trance of his Majesty, he was received with loud and continued acclamations;—the gentlemen waved their hats. and the ladies their handkerchiefs: while the King seemed sensibly to feel the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, and returned the salutations with repeated bows. His Majesty was evidently fatigued, but never appeared in better spirits. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the splendour of the Hall at the moment when the Procession had completely passed through the triumphal arch. The rich and gorgeous apparel of the Peers and Knights, relieved by the more light, though not less elegant dresses of the ladies, gave a magnificence to the scene, which we believe has never been equalled at the Coronation of any Sovereign of this Country; and, we think, we might add of any monarch in Europe. The Peers took their seats at the tables appointed for them, and during the interval of his Majesty's absence, the greater part of the ladies and gentlemen who had previously occupied the galleries retired for refreshments, or descended into the Hall, which they promenaded for a considerable time.

Precisely at 20 minutes past 5, the Lord Great Chamberlain issued his orders that the centre of the Hall should be cleared; and a long space of time elapsed, during which the Heralds made the necessary arrangements for the Nobility to return with his Majesty.

The entrance of the King being announced, his Majesty was followed into the Hall by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Cambridge, Sussex, and Gloucester. Prince Leopold had been returned for some time previous. His Majesty wore the robes with which he had been invested in the Abbey, and also the same crown. In his right hand he carried the sceptre, and in his left the orb, which, on taking his seat on the throne, he delivered to two Peers stationed at his side for the purpose of receiving them.

The first course was then served up. It consisted of 24 gold covers and dishes, carried by as many Gentlemen Pensioners; preceded by six attendants on the Clerk Comptroller, two Clerks of the Kitchen, who received the dishes from the Gentlemen Pensioners, by the Clerk Comptroller, in a velvet gown trimmed with silver lace, by two Clerks and the Secretary of the Board of Green Cloth, by the Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household, and by four Sergeants at Arms with their maces.

Before the dishes were placed upon the table by the two Clerks of the Kitchen, the great doors at the bottom of the Hall were thrown open to the sound of trumpets and clarions, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, the Marquess of Anglesea, as Lord High Steward, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, entered upon the floor on horseback, remaining for some minutes under the archway. The Duke of Wellington was on the left of the King, the Earl Marshal on the right, and the Marquess of Anglesea in the centre. The two former were mounted on beautiful white horses gorgeously trapped, and the latter on his favourite dun-coloured Arabian, the caparisons of which were equally rich. Each was followed by a groom, and by the head of the horses walked three pages, occasionally soothing the animals by patting their necks. Their excellent temper, and the skill with which they were managed, however, rendered this almost needless; and the manner in which these Noblemen rode up the avenue, excited general admiration.

While the 24 covers were placed upon the royal table, these Noblemen remained on horseback at the lowest step leading to the throne, and as the Gentlemen-Pensioners delivered their dishes, they retired backwards between the three horses, and so left the Hall. They were followed by the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Anglesea, and Lord Howard of Effingham, who backed their steeds with great skill down the centre of the Hall. The animals were most tractable and gentle, and as soon as they were beyond the limits of the archway, the doors were closed.

The dishes yet remaining uncovered, the bason and ewer were presented by the Lord Great Chamberlain that his Majesty might wash. He was assisted by the Earls of Abingdon and Verulam, and the Lord of the Manor of Heydon was in attendance with a towel: when his Majesty having dipped his fingers in the rose-water, and wiped them, returned the napkin to the gentleman who had performed the service of

bearing it. The Deputy appointed by the Lord of the Manor of Addington then presented the Mess of Dillegrout, prepared by the King's Master Cook. And the Lord of the Manor of Wymondley, in Hertfordshire, assisted by the King's Cupbearer, received from the Officer of the Jewel-House a silver gilt cup, containing wine; his Majesty having drank thereof, returned the cup to him for his fee.

The Duke of Argyll, as Great Master of the Household of Scotland, also presented a gold cup of wine; and his Majesty having drank, also returned the cup to him for his fee.

The Dukes of York, Clarence, and Sussex, sitting on the right hand of the King; and the Dukes of Cambridge and Gloucester, with Prince Leopold, on the left; the Carver and Assistant Carver, the Earls of Denbigh and Chichester, took their stations at the bottom of the table, attended by the Earls of Mount-Edgcombe and Whitworth, who acted as Sewer and Assistant-Sewer. The Duke of Devonshire sustained the orb on the left of the throne, and the Duke of Rutland the sceptre with the dove on the right; supported by the Lord of the Manor of Worksop, with the ordinary sceptre, and the Peers bearing the four swords. The Dean of the Chapel Royal having said grace, the tureens and dishes were then uncovered, and the carvers proceeded to help his Majesty.

The first course having been removed, the attention of all present was excited by a loud flourish of trumpets; when the great gates were instantly thrown wide open, and Henry Dymoke, Esq. the Champion, made his appearance under the Gothic archway, mounted on his piebald charger.

Mr. Dymoke was in polished steel armour, and was accompanied on the right by the Duke of Wellington, and on the left by Lord Howard of Effingham. He was ushered within the limits of the Hall by two trumpeters, with the arms of the Champion on their banners; by the Serjeant Trumpeter, and by two Serjeants at Arms with maces. An Esquire in half armour was on each side, the one bearing his lance, and the other his shield or target; and the three horsemen were followed by grooms and pages.

The first challenge was given at the entrance of the Hall, where the trumpets having sounded thrice, it was read by the Herald attending the Champion, in the following terms:—

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed."

After pausing for a few seconds, the Champion drew off his gauntlet, and threw it upon the floor, with a very chivalrous air: when after a short pause, the Herald took up the glove, and returned it to the Champion. The cavalcade then advanced half way up the Hall, when it again halted, and the trumpets having again sounded, the challenge was read as before, the gauntlet thrown down, and restored to the challenger. At the foot of the throne the same ceremony was a third time repeated, the Herald reading the challenge at the top of the first flight of steps, while shouts of applause, and vociferations of "Long live the King," followed each restoration of the gauntlet to the Champion. His charger was considerably alarmed by the noise, but he seemed to have a complete command over him, and restrained his action within limits suited to the narrow space in which he could be permitted to move.

The knightly appearance and gallant deportment of the Champion obviously gave considerable pleasure to his Majesty, who taking the goblet that was presented to him by the Cup-bearer, drank to the bold challenger with a corresponding air of gaiety. The Champion on his part having received the cup, drank to the King, exclaiming, "LONG LIVE HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH." And, as usual, then gave the cup to one of his pages, who bore it away as the perquisite of his master.

The armour worn by the Champion was a suit of the whitest polished steel, of a dazzling brightness; and his hel-

met bore a superb plume of 27 ostrich feathers, in equal falls of white, red, and blue, surmounted by an heron's tuft; his horse's head was similarly decorated with a smaller plume, as were the horses of the Deputy Earl Marshal and Lord High Constable. The Triumphal Gothic Arch through which this splendid cavalcade entered, was designed by Mr. Hiort, flanked by two towers, between which was the music gallery; and within the niches in front, were the figures of Richard the Second, and Edward the Confessor. The entrance to the platform was by a pair of massive folding doors, on the principle of flood gates, calculated to resist the greatest pressure.

The Champion having retired, with his face to his Majesty, the second course was brought in by the Gentlemen Pensioners precisely in the same from as the first, the Lord High Constable, the Lord High Steward, and the Earl Marshal, attending as before on horseback.

Immediately afterwards, Garter, attended by Clarenceax, Norroy, Lyon, Ulster, and the rest of the kings and officers of arms, proclaimed his Majesty's styles in Latin, French, and English, three several times; first upon the uppermost step of the elevated platform, next in the middle of the Hall, and lastly at the bottom of the Hall, the officers of arms, after each proclamation, crying, "*Largesse.*" After each ceremony also, the company shouted "God *save the King,*" and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and fans.

Dinner being concluded, the Lord Mayor and twelve principal Citizens of London, as assistants to the Chief Butler of England, accompanied by the King's Cupbearer and assistant, presented to his Majesty wine in a gold cup; and the King having drank thereof, returned the gold cup to the Lord Mayor as his fee.

The Mayor of Oxford, with the eight other Burgesses of that City, as assistants to the Lord Mayor and Citizens of London, were also conducted to his Majesty, preceded by the King's Cupbearer, and having presented to the King a bowl of wine, received the three maple cups for his fee.

The Lord of the Manor of Lyston, pursuant to his claim, also brought up a charger of wafers to his Majesty's table.

The Duke of Atholl, as Lord of the Isle of Man, then presented his Majesty with two falcons; and considerable curiosity was excited by the presentment of these beautiful birds, which sat perfectly tame on the arm of his Grace, completely hooded, and furnished with bells.

The Duke of Montrose, as Master of the Horse to the King, performed the office of Serjeant of the Silver Scullery.

The Lord of the Barony of Bedford performed the office of Almoner; and the office of Chief Larderer was performed by the Deputy of the Earl of Abergavenny.

After the dessert was served up, the King's health was announced by the Peers, and a long and happy reign to his Majesty, which was received with three times three tremendous cheers by the whole company.

"God *save the King!*" followed, sung in fine style by the whole choir, the chorus being swelled by the company, all standing. The Duke of Norfolk, by command of his Majesty, then said, "The King thanks his Peers for drinking his health: and does them the honour to drink their health and that of his good people." His Majesty rose, and bowing three times to the various parts of the immense concourse, drank the health of all present, which was succeeded by loud and long continued shouts from all sides, during which the King resumed his seat on his throne.

"*Non nobis, Domine!*" having been sung by the choir, various Peers paid their homage and respects to his Majesty; after which, the King, receiving from the Dukes of Devonshire and Beaufort his orb and sceptre, retired amid reiterated acclamations. The King quitted the Hall at a quarter before 8 o'clock: after which the company were indiscriminately admitted to partake of such refreshments as remained on the tables, and the Hall was cleared soon after nine.

After his Majesty quitted the Hall, a general rush was made towards the table from whence the King had but just departed; every one anxious to obtain some remembrance of the ceremony, and for that purpose seizing every decorative, or useful article which had served the Peers' tables at the dinner. The Lord Great Chamberlain and some other Officers of

State threw themselves on the King's table, and by grasping every thing within their compass, succeeded with the utmost difficulty in preserving the gold and silver; it was a complete scramble, many persons bore away in triumph spoons, wine glasses, salt-cellars, &c. The Hall was however, finally cleared by half past nine o'clock. Several ladies fainted during the day, among whom was Princess Esterhazy, who suffered considerably from the overpowering heat of the Abbey.

The order of the Procession, as we have already detailed it, exhibiting but a faint sketch of that magnificent spectacle; we shall now endeavour to mark the picture more distinctly, by some description of those dresses, which it exhibited in such splendid variety and gorgeous profusion, subjoining also some additional and interesting particulars.

The train was headed by Miss Fellowes, who with much grace and dignity, performed the functions of principal Herb-woman, carrying a most beautiful basket filled with the choicest flowers; and wearing a magnificent dress of white satin, with a mantle of the finest scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, and lined with white satin, also a splendid gold badge and chain; and head-dress of gold wheat, intermixed with grapes and laurel leaves. Miss Fellowes' attendants, Miss Hill and Miss Bond, Miss Walker and Miss Daniel, Miss Caldwell and Miss G. Collier, also carried three baskets, elegantly formed for two to each, and all wore white crape dresses, over rich white satin, with an appropriate sash of flowers suspended from the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt, and flowers tastefully arranged in the trimming, with gabrielle ruffs; head dresses and chaplets of flowers to correspond. *The Messenger of the College of Arms*, wore a scarlet cloak, with the Arms of the College embroidered on the left shoulder, and the *Dean's Beadle of Westminster* was also in scarlet. *The High Constable of Westminster* carried his staff of office, and was in a Court dress, with the addition of a scarlet cloak embroidered with silver, and wore scarlet rosettes in his shoes. *The Knight Marshal* wore a scarlet dress, slashed with blue on the cuffs, the shoulders, and waistband, with the addition of a scarlet mantle lined with white silk, blue silk stockings, black shoes with blue roses, a black hat turned up before, with black and white feathers, and a scarlet sword-belt and sheath. *The six Clerks of Chancery* were in Court dresses, *the King's Chaplains* in canonicals, with the scarlet gowns and hoods of their academical degrees. The *Sheriffs* and *Aldermen* of London were in Court dresses, with their scarlet gowns, gold chains, plumed caps, &c.; and the *Masters in Chancery*, in black gowns, the *King's Serjeants* in red, and the *King's Attorney* and *Solicitor General* in black; all wearing full bottomed wigs. The *Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber* wore vests of scarlet silk, slashed with blue and richly laced with gold; the surcoat, stockings, sword-belt, and sheath all blue; the shoes white, with blue roses; and their hats black, with red and black feathers. *The Children of the Choir of Westminster* were dressed in white surplices; those of the *Chapel Royal* the same, with scarlet mantles over them. The *Choir of Westminster* in white surplices, and the *Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal* in scarlet mantles. The *Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal* in a scarlet gown; the *Prebendaries of Westminster* wore rich copes over their surplices, embroidered with gold, as did also the *Dean* who followed them.

The *Pursuivants of Scotland* and *Ireland* wore their embroidered tabards, and *his Majesty's Band* were in rich scarlet liveries, almost wholly covered with gold lace.

The Officers attendant on the Knights Commanders of the Bath, wore crimson satin vests, ornamented with white, and white silk mantles. They also wore ruffs, chains, and badges; and their stockings were of white silk with crimson roses. The *Knights Commanders of the Bath* wore the costume *à la Henri Quatre*, with ruffs and hats turned up in front. Their vests and slashed pantaloons were of white satin overspread with a small silver lace: short cloaks of crimson satin, embroidered with the star of the Order, and lined with white. Half-boots of white silk, with red heels, crimson satin tops and crimson roses; golden spurs, white sword-belts and sheaths; and their hats black with plumes of white ostrich feathers. The dresses of the *Knights Grand Crosses* had all the beauty of the *Knights*

Commanders' with somewhat more magnificence, the short cloak being substituted by an ample flowing mantle, and for the feathers a larger and loftier plume. The *Barons of the Exchequer*, the *Justices of both Benches*, and the *Chief Justices of the Exchequer* and *Common Pleas*, all in their red robes; the *Vice-Chancellor* and *Master of the Rolls* both in black gowns, richly laced with gold; and the *Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench* in red, with his golden collar: all wearing full-bottomed wigs.

The *Privy Councillors, not Peers,* wore vests, breeches, and hose, all of deep blue silk, the vests being richly laced with gold, mantles of blue satin, lined with white; and all white rosettes, ruffs, and black Spanish hats, with white feathers.

The *Registrar of the Order of the Garter*, and *Knights;* the Prince Leopold and the Marquess of Londonderry, were in the splendid full dress of the Order;—a purple velvet mantle, with red velvet cape, &c. their hats enriched with most dazzling jewellery, and surmounted with an ample plume of white feathers. *His Majesty's Vice Chamberlain* and the *Comptroller of his Household*, were in Crimson velvet cloaks, with black hats and white feathers. Their cloaks were laced with gold, their vests blue, slashed with white, and their stockings, shoes, and rosettes, all white. The *Treasurer of his Majesty's Household* bore the bag with the medals; and was dressed in a crimson velvet cloak.

The Earl of Mayo, in his robes of estate, as a Peer, carried the *Standard of Hanover*, a red flag, bearing for it's device a white horse, and preceded the *Barons*, who, as well as all the other Peers, were in their robes of estates, a crimson velvet mantle, with an ermine cape, having two rows of spots, a white silk vest, breeches, stockings, and shoes, with white rosettes; a crimson velvet surcoat, and sword belt. Lord Beresford and the Earl of Lauderdale, walked together, in their robes of estates; the former carrying the *Standard of Ireland*, a green flag, bearing for it's device a harp; and the latter the *Standard of Scotland*, a yellow flag, bearing a red lion, within a bordure. Each of these Noble Lords was attended by a *Page* drest in a white satin vest slashed with light blue, white breeches, stockings, and shoes, a light blue silk mantle, and a blue hat, with white feathers.

The *Bishops of England and Ireland* were in their black silk robes and lawn; and the *Viscounts* wore their robes of estate, distinguished only from those of the *Barons*, by having three rows of ermine spots on the capes of their mantles.

The *Standard of England*, a white flag bearing the red cross of St. George, was carried by Lord Hill in his robes of estate, at the head of the *Earls*, whose robes of estate were only distinguishable from those of the *Viscounts*, by bearing another half row of ermine.

The Earl of Harcourt in his robes of estate, carried the *Union Standard*, a flag bearing the colours of the British Union in their usual arrangement. His Lordship was attended by a Gentleman in a scarlet frock laced with gold, and girt with a dark blue silk sash, his breeches and stockings white, with black shoes and scarlet rosettes, the dress appointed for those Gentlemen who had the honour to attend the service of the banquet in the Hall. He was succeeded by the *Marquesses* in their robes of estate, their ermine capes having four rows of spots.

The *Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household*, in his robes of estate, was attended by an *Officer of the Jewel Office* in a scarlet mantle, with a crown embroidered on his left shoulder, bearing a cushion, on which were placed the ruby ring, and the sword to be girt about the King. The *Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household* was also in his robes of estate; and was followed by Earl Harcourt in his robes of estate, carrying the *Royal Standard*, a flag emblazoned with his Majesty's arms.

The *Lord Privy Seal* and *Lord President of the Council* wore their robes of estate; the *Archbishops of Ireland*, and the *Archbishop of York*, their black and lawn; the *Lord Chancellor* his robes of estate, with a full bottomed wig; and the *Archbishop of Canterbury* like the other Prelates, black and lawn.

The Regalia were preceded by two *Sergeants at Arms*, drest in scarlet slashed with blue, and white gymp edgings, a blue surcoat, sword belt and sheath, blue stockings with white

shoes and blue rosettes, a black hat with black and red feathers and red trimming.

The *Usher of the Green Rod* wore a scarlet dress slashed with white and green, a green silk mantle lined with white, a black hat and feather, scarlet stockings and sword-sheath, with white shoes and scarlet rosettes; and the *Usher of the White Rod* a scarlet dress slashed with white, a white silk mantle, black hat and feather, scarlet stockings and sword-sheath, white shoes, and red rosettes.

The *Lord Mayor* a court dress, with his gown, collar, and jewel, bore the City mace.

The *Usher of the Black Rod* wore a scarlet dress slashed with white, a crimson mantle lined with white, with the Red Cross shield embroidered on his left shoulder, red stockings and sword-sheath, white shoes with red rosettes, and a black hat and feather: carrying in his hand the black rod.

The *Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain* of England wore his robes of estate as a Peer, and carried in his hand his white staff.

Prince Leopold, as we have already mentioned, was dressed like the Marquess of Londonderry, in the full habit of the *Order of the Garter*, carrying in his right hand his Marshal's baton, and in his left his cap and feathers. His Royal Highness's train was borne by a Gentleman in a white silk vest and breeches edged with gymp, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword belt and sheath, a plain blue satin cloak lined with white silk, and a black hat with white feathers.

The other Princes were in their robes of estate, with train bearers habited as has been just described; and the *Lords, High Constables of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, wore their robes of estate, and bore their staves.

His Majesty's dress and appearance we cannot do justice to, either as he proceeded to the Abbey, wearing his rich purple velvet cap of estate, adorned with jewels, and surmounted by a graceful plumage of white ostrich feathers; or, as he returned, his forehead radiant in the sunshine, with the light and elegant Crown of State, one blaze of diamonds! On the former occasion his robe of State was of crimson velvet, spreading out into ample folds, and a long train; massive with the golden stars and other ornaments by which it was studded: on the latter, the robe was of purple velvet, furred with ermine. In going, he wore on his hands a pair of white gloves, magnificently fringed with gold: on the return he bore in his right hand *St. Edward's Sceptre, with the cross*, and in his left the *golden Orb*. In both instances his Majesty was supported by a Reverend Prelate on each hand: he walked under, or occasionally preceded, a canopy of cloth of gold, supported by the 16 *Barons of the Cinque Ports and Havens;* and his train was supported by eight eldest sons of Peers, assisted by the *Master of the Robes*, and followed by the *Groom of the Robes;* while on each side marched twenty of the Band of *Gentlemen Pensioners*, headed by their *Lieutenant* and *Standard Bearer*.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports wore a scarlet satin dress, puffed with blue and gold gymp edging, a blue satin surcoat, blue velvet sword belt and sheath, scarlet silk stockings, white shoes, with scarlet rosettes, and a black hat, with scarlet and black feathers.

The Train-bearers and *Masters of the Robes* were habited alike in a white satin dress, slashed and laced with gold, a crimson velvet cloak, laced with gold, crimson velvet sword belt and sheath, white silk stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen Pensioners wore a scarlet dress slashed with blue, and almost wholly covered with gold buttons, spread like lace over great part of the habit; red silk stockings, white shoes with red and black roses, white gloves, and a black hat with red and black feathers.

The Lords of the King's Bedchamber had a peculiar dress, consisting of a blue vest slashed with white and gold lace, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword belt and sheath, a crimson velvet cloak laced with gold, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse wore a blue satin cloak trimmed with broad gold lace, a blue satin dress slashed with white and laced with gold, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat, and white feathers.

The Gentlemen of the Bedchamber wore a blue dress edged with spangled

gymp, and slashed with white, a plain blue satin cloak, lined with white; blue silk stockings, white shoes, with blue roses; blue sword belt and sheath, a black hat, and white feather.

The *Physicians* and *Surgeons* were in Court dresses; and the *Apothecary* was in blue, slashed with scarlet, trimmed with gymp, a scarlet cloth cloak, blue silk stockings, red shoes, a blue sword belt and sheath, and a black hat, with a black feather.

Of the *Foreign Ambassadors*, the most conspicuous was Prince Esterbazy, who wore a Hussar jacket, laced and studded all over with pearls, and a pelisse on the left shoulder, similarly ornamented, as well as enriched with several superb diamond stars and crosses. He had also a collar of diamonds, sword belt and hilt of the same, and a superb *cheliagh*, or plume of triumph, surmounting his hussar's cap, of the same brilliant and costly materials.

As early as half past five in the morning, the Members of the Corporations of the Cities of London and Oxford, met at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, where the State Barge, manned by watermen in scarlet liveries, with silver badges and velvet caps, and commanded by the Water Bailiff and Mr. Searle, was in waiting to receive them. The Lord Mayor was habited in a superb court dress of purple and white satin, with a brilliantly embroidered robe of scarlet, and a velvet cap; and a plume of black ostrich feathers, turned up with a loop of brilliants. His Lordship was attended by the Sword-bearer, with the City Sword, the Common Crier, who bore the City Mace, and his Lordship's Chaplain. Sheriffs Waithman and Williams followed, in their State robes.

The Aldermen who were present were, Sir Rd. Carr Glyn, Bart.; Sir John Perring, Bart.; Sir James Shaw, Bart.; J. Ansley, Esq.; Sir Charles Flower, Bart.; Thomas Smith, Esq.; Jos. Smith, Esq.; Sir C. S. Hunter, Bart.; Geo. Scholey, Esq.; Sam. Birch, Esq.; Matthew Wood, Esq.; Chris. Smith, Esq.; John Atkins, Esq.; Geo. Bridges, Esq.; Chris. Magnay, Esq.; Wm. Heygate, Esq.: Robert A. Cox, Esq.; John Garratt, Esq.; William Venables, Esq.; and Anthony Brown, Esq. The Aldermen were all in full embroidered Court dresses, with scarlet robes and gold chains; and had on black velvet caps surmounted with plumes of ostrich feathers. The Recorder and Remembrancer were also present, and the following were the twelve Citizens who attended as Masters of the twelve Companies of the Livery:—Stephen D. Totton, Esq.; Thomas Day Frampton, Esq.: John Butts, Esq.; Richard Ryland, Esq.; John Griffin, Esq.; Thomas Moore, Esq.; Robert Henry Sparkes, Esq.; W. Seward Hall, Esq.; James Randall, Esq.; Sir Charles Price, Bart.; John Farley, Esq.; and D. Whalley, Esq.

The Mayor and Burgesses of Oxford who claimed, under Charter, to assist the Citizens of London in the Butlership, were—Herbert Parsons, Esq. Mayor; William Elias Taunton, Esq. Recorder; Richard Cox, Esq. Alderman; Thomas Fox Bricknell, Esq. Alderman; William Folker, Esq. Assistant; James Adams, Esq. Assistant; Robert Juggins, Esq., and Charles Forster, Esq. Bailiffs; and Sir William Elias Taunton, Knight; Town Clerk.

The Tickets, both for the Hall and the Abbey, were of the most splendid description, and of the same character, printed in different coloured inks, and were designed and printed under the direction of Sir William Congreve. In the centre was a medallion, on which was represented his Majesty in his full coronation dress, seated on his throne, and an angel descending from heaven to place the crown upon his head. In his hands he held the sceptre and orb; and on his right stood allegorical figures of Britannia, Hibernia, and Scotia; and on his left two figures of Justice; one holding the scale and the other the sword. The figures being white, on a blue ground. The whole was surrounded with a garter, containing the inscription—*Georgius IIII. Dei Gratia Britaniarum Rex, Fid. Def.*—upon a red ground, shaded with black. This again was encircled with a wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, the flowers being red on a black ground. At the bottom were two laurel branches united by a ribbon, the leaves alternately black and red, from which sprang a radiant circle; at the extremity of which on one side, was the figure of Fame, with her trumpet—and on the other the figure of Peace, with

a wreath of laurel in one hand, and an olive-branch in the other. Surmounting the whole were the King's Arms, with the letters "G. R." on one side, and "IV." on the other. At each corner was an oval space for the name of the place for which the ticket was intended, *Abbey*, or *Hall*, and the number. On the outer edge was a beautiful embossed border of oak leaves and acorns, terminated at each corner by the crown placed on the insignia of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The name of the party to whom the ticket was granted, the words, not transferable, at the bottom on the left, and the signature of the *Lord Great Chamberlain*, or the *Earl Marshal*, on the right. The official seal was in the centre; and the box to which the ticket admitted distinctly specified.

The *Abbey Ticket* was printed with the same Congreve plate as the former, but, in respect to the solemnity of the place, with blue and black ink instead of red and black: it was decorated with a most appropriate framework in relief; consisting of a rich border of embossed Gothic fancy in quatre foil pannels; the margins between, being ornamented with laurel branches, with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, alternately distributed within them; the angles were appropriated to the Abbey Arms, surmounted with the Royal Crown, the space on each side being filled with the Union Badges, and the backs of the tickets distinguished by different colours of red, green, blue, and yellow, applicable to the particular situations in the Abbey.

The *Procession Ticket* presented in the centre a medallion representation of his Majesty in a triumphal car, drawn by four fiery steeds, enclosed by engine work in blue and red. This was encompassed by a beautiful specimen of rich embossed work. At the top, in the centre, was the Royal Crown, encircled by rays of regal glory; on each side the Union badge: and thence, in scroll ornament, lions' heads, and branches of oak; on each side of the Congreve print, the rose, shamrock, and thistle, pendent in relief; and, in the same style, at bottom, branches of oak and laurel.

The *Abbey pass Ticket* was a print of the north elevation of the Abbey, on a blue ground, surrounded like the former, with engine work, and stars of the Orders, and inscribed *Abbey pass Ticket*. This again was enclosed with embossed work of the Crown Royal, Union Badge, and Scroll, with oak and laurel on each side, and palm branches were appropriately introduced at the bottom.

The *Hall pass Ticket*, presented an appearance of rays emitting from the centre in subdued red, surrounded entirely by the circular Union Badge in blue, as used in the large Hall and Abbey tickets. Above appeared in relief the double cypher of G. IV. R. in beads, the Badge of Union thrown into scroll work on each side, the words *Pass Ticket* in the centre, and the signature and seal of Lord Gwydir at the bottom.

The *Coronation Medals* given to the Peers, and distributed in the Procession, had on the obverse, a head of his Majesty, in very high relief, crowned with laurel. The edge was raised, and enclose the inscription, *Georgius IV. D. G. Britanniarum Rex, F. D.* The reverse presented the King sitting in a chair, holding a baton, and Victory crowning him in the presence of the three kingdoms, which were represented by figures, the foremost holding the trident, for Britannia; the second Erin, distinguished by a shamrock in her helmet; and the third Scotland, with her thistle; their right hands were on an altar, which, in a panel, had the emblem of eternity; and behind the figure of Victory were the emblems of Peace, Agriculture, and Commerce. Over the figures was the following inscription:—"Proprio jam jure, animo paterno;" and beneath them were the words, "Inaugaratus Die Julii xix. Anno M.DCCCXXI." The workmanship of the reverse was excellent, and all the figures most exquisitely cut, particularly that of his Majesty.

Although we have not interrupted our narrative by more than alluding to the Queen's most ungracious attempt to mar the unanimity of this glorious celebration by her intrusion; we must, however, now take some notice of that uncourteous endeavour to disturb the general harmony. In defiance of legal decisions, of repeated denials, of temperate but authoritative warnings; and of the earnest advice even of her own law-officers;—nay, in contempt and abandonment of all those feelings of delicacy which should actuate the

bosom of a female; her Majesty ventured in person to demand admittance at a ceremony, from which her own conduct had excluded her, and to which she could only be admitted as a matter of favour, to which she had not the shadow of a claim. Her friends had imagined perhaps that her appearance would ensure a riot; and that the mischievous influence which they once possessed over the mob, would have set aside the Coronation. That on seeing her Majesty vainly knocking at the Abbey gates, her miscreant supporters would have forced the sanctuary of Religion, and amidst blood stained sacrilege and tumult, have enthroned their misguided Queen. But they had formed a wrong estimate of the loyal feeling of the English people. With the exception of the feeble shouts of the hirelings who attended her carriage, the Queen met with frozen looks and silent tongues as she passed. The public disapprobation of her conduct was most plainly marked, and if more hisses and hootings were not heard, it was because respectability could not stoop to employ means of annoyance, fit only for the base and infamous. The firm, but polite rejection, which she met at the Abbey, instead of producing disturbance, created satisfaction: and even her own suite were appalled at the result.

It was scarcely expected indeed that her Majesty would make her appearance, but about twenty minutes before seven the Queen's carriage was seen advancing towards the platform; and after being refused admission at two separate doors, Lord Hood sallied forth in search of some other entrance, and on returning to the Queen, communicated the discoveries he had made. Her Majesty then signified her intention to alight, and was immediately handed from her carriage. The air now resounded with cries of *Shame! Off, off! Go home!* and the spectators in the galleries, unequivocally expressed their disgust. A crowd, however, followed her Majesty, and some certainly cheered her.

The Queen, leaning on the arm of Lord Hood, then went to the gate by the Champion's stable, but finding that it was not a thoroughfare, returned to the opening in the platform, opposite Parliament-street; where her Majesty ascended the steps, and was asked for her authority. Lord Hood said he had one, and they were then instantly suffered to pass on towards the House of Lords, still followed by contending cries of *Shame!* and acclamations of *The Queen!*

Lord Hood now said her Majesty wished to go to the Abbey; upon which one of the attendants came forward, and with marked respect conducted the Queen to the Abbey door, where Lord Hood demanded admission; when immediately the door-keepers drew across the entrance, and requested to see the tickets; most distinctly stating the orders to admit no person without a Peer's ticket. Lord Hood drew from his pocket a Peer's ticket for one person; the original name in whose favour it was given being erased, and another substituted.

Door-keeper—"This will let one person pass, but no more."

Lord Hood—"Will your Majesty go in alone?"

The Queen at first assented, but did not persevere.

Lord Hood—"Am I to understand that you refuse her Majesty admission?"

Door-keeper—"We only act in conformity with our orders."

Her Majesty laughed; and being again refused, retired, leaning on Lord Hood's arm, and followed by Ladies Hood and Hamilton.

She was preceded by constables back to the platform, over which she returned, entered her carriage, and was driven off, amidst reiterated shouts of applause and disapprobation.

In her progress to Westminster, her Majesty was scarcely observed by the public until she entered the Park, where a scene was soon opened of noisy familiarity, in consequence of persons running to greet her. By the time the Queen arrived at Story's-gate, a great concourse of people had collected, and the soldiers at their different posts presented arms.

As her Majesty returned, the open carriage proceeded slowly along, passing Charing-cross, through Piccadilly to Hammersmith, and accompanied in it's progress by much hissing and groaning, as well as by the cheers of a part of the multitude. Her Majesty was dressed in white, and had on her head a cap or bandeau, with a

large plume of white ostrich feathers.

The accounts very slightly differ as to her Majesty's mode of applying for admission; but all agree in the decisive and unquestionable fact, that wherever she applied, she was treated by the decent part of the spectators with marked disapprobation.

We regret that we cannot close this statement, without adding, that the miscreants who accompanied her Majesty, proceeded to support her cause by throwing much mud, and breaking sundry windows of several noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, which were distinguished by their loyal preparations to illuminate. Her Majesty on the same day again wrote to demand being crowned on Monday, the 23d, which was of course refused; and on the day before the Coronation, published a protest against the decision of the Privy Council. The dignity and decorum of these proceedings, more especially of thus personally courting the refusal which her Majesty knew awaited her, by traversing from one side door of the Abbey to another, attended only by a single officer; are both equally manifest, and equally honourable; whatever the real object might be, it's apparent tendency was mischievous: the peace and safety, not of the very many assembled thousands merely, but of the metropolis itself, was risqued by the attempt; and the vaunted high minded feeling, and Royal delicacy which could condescend to act thus, appears to have been grossly ill-advised, or woefully infatuated.

We now, however, very gladly quit this uncourteous subject to notice one far more grateful, by describing the various amusements provided by his Majesty for the recreation of the humbler classes of his subjects. Several days previous to the Coronation, it was announced that all the Theatres would on that evening be opened gratuitously to the public, and from ten o'clock till two, on Thursday the 19th, was allotted to the distribution of tickets. In less than an hour, however, the admissions were wholly delivered, and the houses were in the evening crowded to excess; with audiences more orderly than under all the circumstances might have been expected. At an early hour in the morning the Royal Parks also became the scene of bustle and festivity, and the first point of attraction was the Balloon in the Green Park, where the operation for filling it with gas commenced at eight o'clock, within a railed space near the Bason; and long before twelve, both Piccadilly and the Park were impassable from the crowd. The balloon was composed of green silk in stripes, divided in the centre by a broad garter, with *Coronation Balloon, G. IV. R.* in conspicuous characters: in the car of which at five minutes before one, Mr. Green ascended in one of the clearest skies this country has ever witnessed, and bade adieu with great firmness and intrepidity, flourishing the British flag as long as the eye or glass could reach him. In ten minutes the Balloon was lost in a white cloud; but this was only momentarily, for it quickly reappeared, and was visible until lost in the expanse; the course taken by Mr. Green was northerly, towards Barnet, near which place, at Potter's Bar, he descended, at twenty minutes before two; having in his circuitous route traversed 50 miles in about three quarters of an hour.

The general curiosity was then attracted to the Coronation Fair in Hyde Park, where arrangements had been made on the most munificent and splendid scale for the public entertainment. Marquees were erected on various parts of the green; and in the afternoon the public were entertained with three well contested rowing matches. A non-descript hunt of a dragon after a crocodile in the water, also occasioned much amusement: and in the evening a sort of carnival was given, in a style of splendour that did great credit to the taste and science of Sir Wm. Congreve, by whom the arrangements were made. The whole extent of the Serpentine river was illuminated with stars, and other devices: and at the east end was a grand transparency, representing his Majesty, drawn in a triumphal car. This was surmounted by the crown, with the Royal initials, and a profusion of variegated lamps, so elevated above the trees as to be seen from the entrance at the corner of the Park. The magazine at the edge of the river was illuminated to represent a Grecian temple. The trunks of all the trees adjacent to the banks were hung with variegated lamps and Chinese

lanterns, while under them, in every direction, were formed dancing parties, and bands of music were scattered in every part of these illuminated groves. At the opening formed by the trees on the north side of the river, was made a display of the most splendid fire works; and a similar exhibition on the side of the river towards Kensington. The boats were also illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and lamps; but the great attraction of the scene was a grand illuminated car, filled with musicians, and drawn by two elephants, splendidly caparisoned, as large as life. By the side of them were placed attendants, with Indian lanterns, and the whole was towed round the banks of the river by illuminated boats. With these and a number of other amusements, the public were entertained until an early hour next morning. The humane precautions which were taken to protect the public at the avenues of the Park, by regulating the carriages, were most excellent; as from the general struggle throughout the evening, we are persuaded that but for this salutary and well-timed precaution, numerous and fatal accidents must have occurred.

From Primrose Hill also some particularly luminous parachute rockets had a most magnificent effect, while the vicinity of the river Thames was enlivened by the constant discharge of Royal salutes from a Gun Brig decorated with the colours of all Nations, moored between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges; which were continued firing every fifteen minutes from day break until after midnight; Rocket boats were also rowed up and down the river all night, discharging showers of fire works; and similar displays were also made at all the villages round London; the effects of which must have been seen to be adequately estimated. The public and private illuminations in the metropolis were particularly magnificent, and the streets were thronged with gazing groupes until sunrise next morning. The accounts received from every part of the country detail similar expressions of loyal festivity and rejoicing; and it is a most gratifying conclusion to state that the accidents were comparatively few and trifling, considering the immense influx of visitors to London; and the unexampled crowds which were assembled at every point of attraction.

Thus has been celebrated the august ceremonial of the Coronation of GEORGE THE FOURTH. At the altar, and in the presence of his GOD,—surrounded by the highest in rank and in talents; by the bravest and the best, of those who have contributed to extend the fame, and to advance the character of his country; our Sovereign has solemnly pledged himself to perform those Kingly duties which he owes to his people;—to govern according to law,—to execute judgment in mercy, and to maintain the established religion of his Dominions: nor have we a doubt but that his pledge will be redeemed. Our experience of the past is the surest guide and guarantee of the future. He has governed according to law; he has executed judgment in mercy; he has maintained the established Religion; and under his sway, the glory and greatness of the empire have been elevated beyond any precedent, which the world's annals furnish.

The wished-for consummation of our Sovereign's fame has now been fully realized; on his brow now sits the regal diadem of his ancestors; and long, very long, may Prince and People look back with equal pride and gratitude upon the hour which placed it there. Our Monarch is now the crowned and anointed King of his native Island; and may every succeeding anniversary of his Coronation, render him yet more beloved by his subjects; and his brave and loyal people still dearer to their King.

"WHILST GEORGE'S PRAISE WE SOUND,
RALLY HIS THRONE AROUND,
VIRTUE AND WORTH!
LONG MAY WAR'S CLANGOUR CEASE,
LONG MAY HIS JOYS ENCREASE,
WHILE HONOUR, WEALTH, AND PEACE,
CROWN GEORGE THE FOURTH!"

MR. GREEN'S AERIAL ASCENSION IN HONOUR OF THE CORONATION, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1821.

(Related by Himself.)

"The Balloon with which I ascended was 31 feet in diameter, as near the size, as possible, of the one with which Lunardi first made an ascension in England. It was inflated with about 1200 cubic feet of carbonated hydrogen gas, supplied from the main pipes of the original chartered Gas Company; and I am much indebted to the gentlemen of the committee for their kind assistance during the operation of filling. I had no doubt of being able to ascend with the gas, having, since the period when I first conceived the idea that common gas would answer the purposes of aerostation, made frequent experiments, all of which completely succeeded; nor was my ardour damped when I knew that even within an hour of my ascension, persons of great experience in aerostation, expressed their opinion that I should not be able to ascend!

"About five minutes before one o'clock, the ropes were divided: and having taken my seat in the car, the Balloon rose in a most majestic manner, nearly perpendicular. The almost deafening shouts of the populace, and the roar of cannon that took place when I had ascended a considerable distance from the earth, agitated the Balloon. I felt the effect of it most sensibly. The moment the discharge of cannon took place, I knew it was the signal to be given when the Crown was set upon the head of my most gracious Sovereign; and I drew the cork of a bottle of brandy, and having poured out a full glass, drank, "Health, long life, and a glorious reign to his Majesty." The effect of the air upon the brandy is worthy of notice: when I drew the cork, a report took place, which I attribute to the rarification of the air, produced similar to that by drawing a cork out of a bottle of soda-water. When the balloon travelled at it's greatest rapidity, I felt not the least motion: it appeared as if the car in which I sat was stationary, and that the earth was receding from me. The balloon took a north-east direction at first; and on my looking down upon the vast assemblage of persons in Westminster, the delight I felt is out of my power to describe. The view presented one entire living mass of more than a million of human beings. Having ascended as high as I could without throwing out ballast, I determined, as the weather was so fine, to keep it in sight as long as possible. I threw out two bags of sand of ten pounds weight each, and immediately the balloon rose with astonishing rapidity, almost perpendicularly, according to my wish. When the balloon arrived at it's utmost altitude, which in my opinion, (I could not be certain, in consequence of the oscillation of the quicksilver in the barometer) was about 11,000 feet from the earth, I found that I had entered a current of air conveying me directly eastward, towards the Nore. The cold was extreme. I put on a cloak which I took up with me, and on looking at my glass, I found that it was at thirty-two degrees; — below the freezing point. I was fearful of being carried towards the sea, and immediately opened the valve; the gas issued in considerable quantities; and I found, by the encrease of the size of objects below me to my optics, that I was descending very rapidly. The largest fields, which a few minutes before appeared to be not more than six inches square, encreased in size greatly; and I very soon saw the sea, and a number of vessels, most distinctly. The balloon had a rotatory motion, and turned about four times in a minute.

"Still fearing that I should fall into the sea, I opened the valve to it's utmost extremity; and having descended so as to be able to recognise small objects distinctly on the earth, with great delight I found, that the balloon had entered another current of air, which was conveying me from the sea: I was then travelling north-west; I sat down and ate some sandwiches with a good appetite, and saw the clouds rolling beneath me apparently on the ground. About twenty minutes before two o'clock, I descended in a field belonging to a farmer named Lamkins, which is situate about four miles beyond Barnet, in the parish of South Mims. I was not aware that I had descended so rapidly; before I had time to draw myself up to the hoop, the car struck the earth with great force, and I was thrown out of it on my back; and was nearly stunned from the effects of a blow which I received. I still held the hoop of the balloon; and the grappling iron, which I had thrown out when about a quarter of a mile from the earth, not taking firm hold, I was dragged on my back along the ground a considerable distance. The balloon was eventually secured, with the assistance of a gentleman named Waugh, and conveyed to a place of safety in his Park; where I was afterwards most hospitably entertained at his mansion; to him my gratitude is due: and but for his kind exertions, I have no doubt the balloon would have suffered considerable injury from the great crowd of persons that assembled on my descent. I believe from the best calculation I can make, that I travelled altogether, in various directions, upwards of fifty miles."

"Charles Green."

"*July* 20, 1821."

THE CORONATION EVE.

THE sun is on his purple throne,
While Eve before her Monarch strews
Young hyacinths and perfumed dews,
Lending glad Earth her rosy zone:
There is but in the azure sky
One cloud that sails unheeded by;
That wandering cloud comes near,—and lo!
A light from the resplendent West
Hath glanced into it's envious breast,
And it is changed into a pile
Of such rare glories, as the toil
Of eastern Magi rear'd to show
The riches of the world below.

Towers, spires, and column'd arches rise
Bright with innumerable eyes;
A thousand glittering fanes unfold,
A thousand banners wave in gold:
Through arch and aisle the gorgeous throng
Rolls it's broad wreath of pomp along;
Heralds and chiefs, whose pageants seem
Like the long sparkling of a stream,
That glorious in the noon of day
Through bowers of beauty wins it's way;
Bowers all of living roses, such
As Pleasure's angel loves to touch,
When in his vase of purest snow,
He bids the melted ruby glow.
Slowly the shining tide pours on,
Spreads, flashes, mingles, and is gone.—
And now a wondrous Hall is there
On radiant columns, such as bear
The Temple of Eternal Might
In the high firmament of light.
A thousand thousand silver flames
Dance in their crystal orbs above
A royal feast; whose glory shames
The banquet of the son of Jove.
Ten thousand gems their kindling rays
Mix in the congregated blaze;
Ten thousand guests exulting sit
While the bright pomp grows infinite,
As if the Spirits of the Blest
Had throng'd to the imperial West,
And in that glorious dome begun
The Coronation of the Sun.

Chief among Chiefs!—Britannia's Heir!
Thus ever in thy high career
May the brief cloud that dims thy sphere
Change to a glory rich and rare.
Though these bright pageants of thy power
Must vanish like the vapour-cloud,
That in it's floating mirror show'd
The visions of a summer hour;
Thou, in thine own true glory still
May'st the glad world with brightness fill;
And, ere he closes thy renown,
Time from the Sun shall take his Crown.

V.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE.

" It lives, and lives for ever."

IT comes again,—the well remember'd hour.
Clad in unwithering glory,—strong in power;
With laurels freshening, though it's hour be past—
Again it comes—as glorious as the last!

England! it is thy Conquest's birth day! look! e'en now
Fond recollection o'er thine honour'd brow
Waves Freedom's ensign—On thy sea wall'd land
Thine ardent sons, at Gratitude's command,
Raise thankful shouts, and point their ardent view
Where, midst thy glories, blazes WATERLOO!

Day of the battle—feast of Victory!
Day of suspense, ah! who forgetteth thee?
Who that beheld thy wonders, when the state
Of anxious nations quiver'd on thy fate;
When friends' and foemen's still remember'd cry
Struck to the heart, and startled Belgium's sky,
When the mail'd rider's steel encircled form,
Shone 'midst the fight, like meteor of the storm;
Or, now unhorsed, defeated, doom'd to yield,
Still heavier press'd the dead encumber'd field:—
And the thick ranks that morn had look'd upon,
Were thinn'd, and broken; and the early sun,
That saw proud warriors at her summons rise,
Set but on writhing forms, and closed eyes!
Who that beheld that desolated scene,
But now rejoiceth that such things have been;
And at the present hour, 'midst glories vast,
Sees still,—and once again—the triumphs past!
Views in this day a record of that morn,
When, 'midst the battle's tempest, Peace was born;
And feels the glory bloom of Albion's clime,
Not for a day, but to all after time!

Now spread the feast, and fill the wine cup high,
Let the halls echo with our revelry;
Stain the pure goblets with the purple hue,
And be the toast of glory—WATERLOO!
Commemorative thanks greet him,—the Son
Of Erin's Island—conquering WELLINGTON!
He, the War Chief, the Soldier,—*He*, whose toil
Was child of every clime, and every soil;
He of the laurel crown, our Britain's boast,
The field school'd Chieftain,—Captain of our Host!
Nor him alone, but all who shared that day
The dangers and the triumphs of the fray;
Th' untitled Soldiers, round whom honour placed
A laurell'd badge,—and whom fair actions graced:
Greet all, with the heart's memory in our cheer,
The living with our smiles,—the fallen with a tear!

Sons of our Island Country! great as free!
Children of honour, heirs of liberty!
Bow in prostration meek, to Him, whose shield
Circled your banners in that battle field;
Whose strength was in your sinews, and whose might
Scatter'd Gaul's cow'ring Eagles in the fight;—

Bow for your Altars saved—for that loved dome,
Where the heart's kindred make your happy home;
For children, wife, and all th' associate ties,
That bind us still to Nature's destinies:
Oh, bow in thankfulness! and as you hear
This war day's wonders greet the listening ear;
Feel that an unseen Arm the banner waved,
Led on to glory, and an Empire saved!—
That more than mortal nerve the foe withstood,
And planted laurels water'd with their blood.
Oh! for this aid in adoration bow—
For Freedom purchased *then*,—for honours blooming *now*. Δ.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

JULY, 1821.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt. By George Tomline, Lord Bishop of Winchester. London, 1821. 2 vols. 4to.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE for May, 1811, gave a portrait of the late Right Honourable William Pitt; and attempted, also, to give an outline of his Biography, and a sketch of his character; it will be evident, however, that it could be only an attempt, and though very many Biographers have, in their turns, since brought the mighty subject before the public, until the appearance of the present volumes, it has never received the justice which it so much demanded, nor has the deep interest, and intense curiosity which such a memoir was in every respect so calculated to excite, been fully gratified. As a more important subject for biography never existed; so a more competent Biographer was no where to be found than the present author. He who, under Providence, wielded the destinies of this great country, during a large portion of the most eventful era in the history of mankind; required an historian of commensurate dignity:—an individual whose exalted station gave a pledge for his sincerity; who had himself a high character to sustain; whose intimacy supplied him with the facts, and whose integrity was above question in recording them;—such a man was wanted for the Biographer of William Pitt; and such an one has been found in the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

The result is a book in every respect of the first standard. Candid, impartial, and just; an honest and a plain narration; displaying no more than a proper love of the object it illustrates; and grave, sedate, and worthy of the momentous events which fill it's pages:—the Memoirs of Pitt are indeed a portion of the History of England; in that Minister's mind lay the fate of millions of his species; and on the beam of his determinations hung the mighty scales, in which were poised the liberties of civilized Europe, perhaps for ages.

A publication of such magnitude, and so replete with interest, can, in our limited space, scarcely receive even common justice; and it can hardly be expected from us, to do more than show in the briefest way of what it consists. We shall endeavour to discharge this duty in such a manner as to gratify our readers to a certain extent, while the volumes themselves, we presume, must ultimately be added to every respectable library in the kingdom.

These Memoirs bring the public life of Mr. Pitt down to 1793; and another volume is promised to complete the work; and present us with, what must be most delightful, the private life of that illustrious person.

William Pitt was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 9th of May, 1759. He grew up delicate; but, in spite of the obstacles which ill health always interpose to study, his early attainments in learning were of almost miraculous superiority. At the desire of his celebrated father, Thucydides was the first Greek author put into his hands; and when at College, he particularly read Polybius with his tutor, and now his Biographer, then Dr. Tomline; and devoted himself, with extraordinary ardour, to a well-directed course of classical study. Of his habits at this period of his life, the following is a pleasing account.

"Towards the latter end of the year 1776, Mr. Pitt began to mix with other young men of his own age and station of life, then resident at Cambridge; and no one was ever more admired and beloved by his acquaintance and friends. He was always the most lively person in company, abounding in playful wit and quick repartee; but never known to excite pain, or to give just ground of offence. Even those, who, from difference in political sentiments, or from any other cause, were not disposed to do him more than justice; could not but allow, that as a companion he was unrivalled. Though his society was universally sought, and from the age of seventeen or eighteen he constantly passed his evenings in company, he steadily avoided every species of irregularity; and he continued to pursue his studies with ardent zeal and unremitted diligence, during his whole residence in the university, which was protracted to the unusual length of nearly seven years, but with considerable intervals of absence. In the course of this time, I never knew him spend an idle day; nor did he ever fail to attend me at the appointed hour. At this early period there was the same firmness of principle, and rectitude of conduct, which marked his character in the more advanced stages of life."

Mr. Pitt was called to the bar in June, 1780, and went the western circuit, distinguishing himself as much as the opportunities of a junior counsel admitted; but the correspondence of the great Lord Chatham previous to this; namely, in 1773, when his son went to Cambridge, furnish such interesting extracts, that we must interrupt our relation to give place to one or two of the letters.

"Burton Pynsent, October 9, 1773.—Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller: we trust this day will prove more satisfactory; it is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favour with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William. By that hour, I reckon, we shall be warm in our cups, and shall not fail to pour forth, with renewed joy, grateful libations over the much wished tidings of your prosperous progress towards your destination. We compute, that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of alma mater; and that you are invested to-day with the toga virilis. Your race of *manly* virtue, and *useful* knowledge is now begun, and may the favour of heaven smile upon the noble career!

"Little ——— was really disappointed at not being in time to see you—a good mark for my young vivid friend. He is just as much compounded of the elements of *air* and *fire* as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come, and make him perfect. How happy, my lovely boy, is it, that your mamma and I can tell ourselves, there is at Cambridge *one*, without a beard, 'and all the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say, This is a man.' I now take leave for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a *regular* letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birth-day.

* * * * * *

To this interesting Letter, Lady Chatham added the following postscript:—

"If more could be said expressive of feelings, my dearest dear boy, I would add a letter to this epistle, but as it is composed, I will only sign to it's expressive contents,

"Your fond and loving mother,
"HESTER CHATHAM."

The author adds,

"My readers will be sorry to learn, that the following is the last letter of Lord Chatham, which I am able to submit to their perusal; it was written only seven or eight months before his death.

"Hayes, Sept. 22, 1777.—How can I employ my reviving pen so well as by addressing a few lines to the *hope* and *comfort* of my life, my dear William? You will have pleasure to see, under my own hand, that I mend every day, and that I am all but well. I have been this morning to Camden-place, and sus-

tained, most manfully, a visit, and all the idle talk thereof, for above an hour by Mr. Norman's clock; and returned home, untired, to dinner, where I eat like a farmer. Lord Mahon has confounded, not convinced, the incorrigible *soi-disant* Dr. Wilson. Dr. Franklin's lightning, rebel as he is, stands proved the more innocent; and Wilson's nobs must yield to the pointed conductors. On Friday, Lord Mahon's indefatigable spirit is to exhibit another incendium, to Lord Mayor, Foreign Ministers, and all lovers of philosophy and the good of society; and means to illuminate the horizon with a little bonfire of twelve hundred faggots and a double edifice. Had our dear friend been born sooner, Nero and the second Charles could never have amused themselves by reducing to ashes the two noblest cities in the world. My hand begins to demand repose; so, with my best compliments to Aristotle, Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, not forgetting the civilians, and law of nations tribe, adieu, my dearest William,

"Your most affectionate father,

"CHATHAM."

In 1781 Mr. Pitt was elected a Member of Parliament for Appleby, on the influence of Lord Lowther. In which, his first session, he spoke thrice, and produced the strongest impression upon the house, while he gave promise of his future eminence as a statesman and orator.

"After the close of the session," *says the Bishop in a note*, "in which Mr. Pitt made these three speeches, a friend of Mr. Fox told me, that upon his saying to Mr. Fox, 'Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons,' Mr. Fox instantly replied, 'He is so already.' From this and other testimonies, it appears that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned to the mutual credit of these two great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, at a late period of Mr. Pitt's first administration, said, that 'he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once;' and in conversation with me, I always noticed, that Mr. Pitt considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any other of his opponents, as a debater in the House of Commons."

It is further added,—

"Since I wrote the above, I have been favoured with the following communication from a gentleman, who was many years a member of the House of Commons, and now holds an honourable station in the Court of Chancery: he was very intimate with Mr. Pitt on the western circuit, and afterwards, till they were separated in 1792 by a difference of political opinions. 'Among lively men of his own time of life, Mr Pitt was always the most lively and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young unoccupied men on a circuit; and joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. He was extremely popular. His name and reputation of high acquirements at the university, commanded the attention of his seniors. His wit, his good humour, and joyous manners, endeared him to the younger part of the bar. In some bribery causes from Cricklade, he was retained as junior counsel; but even in that subordinate character, he had an opportunity of arguing a point of evidence with extraordinary ability. I remember also, in an action of crim. con. at Exeter, as junior counsel, he manifested such talents in cross-examination, that it was the universal opinion of the bar that he should have led the cause. During his short stay in the profession, he never had occasion to address a jury, but upon a motion in the Court of King's Bench, for an habeas corpus to bring up a man to be bailed, who was charged with murder, Mr. Pitt made a speech which excited the admiration of the bar, and drew down very complimentary approbation from Lord Mansfield. When he first made his brilliant display in parliament, those at the bar who had seen little of him, expressed surprise; but a few who had heard him once speak in a sort of mock debate at the Crown and Anchor tavern, when a club, called the Western Circuit Club, was dissolved, agreed, that he had then displayed all the various species of eloquence for which he was afterwards celebrated. Before he distinguished himself in the House of Commons, he certainly looked seriously to the law as a profession. The late Mr. Justice Rooke told me, that Mr. Pitt dangled seven days with a junior brief and a single guinea fee, waiting till a cause of no sort of importance should come on in the Court of Common Pleas. At Mr. Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Bond, Mr. Leycester, Mr. Jekyll, and others; and I well remember a dinner with Mr. Pitt and several of his private friends, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, in celebration of Shakespeare's Falstaff. We were all in high

spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakespeare the whole day; and it appeared that Mr. Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakespearians present. But to speak of his conviviality is needless. After he was minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered.' "

The public life of Mr. Pitt, after he was fairly embarked in politics, are related by the author with temperance and candour, but they perhaps partake too largely of the Annual Register, Parliamentary Debates, and other periodical works; though when we look at the exuberance of the press, the diligence with which every species of information is sought to be published to the world, and the very few matters even of a private nature which escape notice; we must confess that it would be impossible to produce a biography of this eminent statesman without these close coincidences. It is unnecessary here to pursue the narrative through the active parliamentary session of 1782; and we only observe, that the Bishop adds a note on the celebrated attack on the naval administration of Lord Sandwich, asserting that the principle then avowed by Mr. Pitt, " never to suffer any private or personal consideration whatever to influence his public conduct at any moment," was " not merely an ebullition of youthful patriotism, but a principle to which he adhered through life."

After Lord North's announcement of the resignation of ministers, in the House of Commons, on the night appointed for Lord Surry's motion, the short Rockingham administration, which succeeded, terminated in a few months, with the death of Lord R.; and about the middle of the year, Lord Shelburne having accepted office, Mr. Pitt, then little more than 23, attained the important station of Finance minister; when, in 1783, the famous motions on the peace, and the coalition between North and Fox, forced the ministry from their places, and,—

" Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, was supposed to be the person who had the principal weight with Lord North upon this occasion. He was called the father of the coalition; and I myself heard Mr. Sheridan attribute the coalition to him."

His Majesty, at this period, offered to Mr. Pitt to succeed Lord Shelburne as first Lord of the treasury: but the strength of opposition was too great to admit of his taking office with any chance of successfully carrying on the public business. The coalition parliament adjourned in July, 1783; and in September, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Eliot, and Mr. Wilberforce, went to France, where they stayed till the middle of October, residing chiefly at Rheims and Paris. This was the only visit Mr. Pitt ever made to the continent; and his character being well known in France, he was every where treated with great distinction.

Parliament met again on the 11th of November; the India Bill was brought in, and it ousted the administration. Mr. Pitt then readily accepted, in his twenty-fifth year, the head of the treasury, and came into power nearly for life. He proceeded to fill up the different offices, in the best manner he could, though not exactly as he wished, and had reason to expect he might have done; but at length, after various disappointments, the arrangements were completed; and the cabinet consisted of Mr. Pitt, first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor; Lord Gower, Lord President of the Council; the Duke of Rutland, Lord Privy Seal; Lord Carmarthen and Lord Sydney, Secretaries of State; and Lord Howe, First Lord of the Admiralty.

" On the first day he appeared in the House of Commons, after his re-election, he was left in two minorities, the one of 39, and the other of 54; and five hostile motions were carried against him. The most reproachful terms which disappointed ambition and political animosity could suggest, were applied to his principles and his conduct; and he was denied those common civilities which had been hitherto invariably shewn to the minister of the crown. Having written to the King at Windsor, a general account of these proceedings, he received the following answer from his Majesty:— 'Mr. Pitt cannot but suppose, that I received his communication of the two divisions in the long debate, which ended this morning, with much uneasiness, as it shews the House of Commons much more willing to enter into any intemperate resolutions of desperate men, than I could have imagined. As to myself, I am perfectly composed, as I have the self-satisfaction of feeling I have done

my duty. Though I think Mr. Pitt's day will be fully taken up in considering with the other ministers, what measures are best to be proposed on the present crisis; yet, that no delay may arise from my absence, I will dine in town, and consequently be ready to see him in the evening, if he should think that would be of utility. At all events, I am ready to take any step that may be proposed to oppose this faction, and to struggle to the last period of my life; but I can never submit to throw myself into it's power. If they, in the end, succeed, my line is a clear one, and to which I have fortitude enough to submit.'

"Having found, at an interview, that firmness in his Majesty, which his letter indicated, and being himself by no means alarmed, either by the number or by the violence of his enemies, Mr. Pitt determined, with the full concurrence of his colleagues, to persevere in maintaining his station."

For two months the new premier held on his firm unbending course; unappalled by his trying situation, in being a minister of the Crown, with constant majorities against him, in the House of Commons. It was during this period that he was elected a Member of the Grocers' Company, and went to the city, which strongly supported him with much eclat.

At length Mr. Pitt's firmness prevailed: on the last division brought on by Mr. Fox, the majority was only *one*, and the next day the opposition was abandoned. The close of the narrative fully illustrates this remarkable subject.

"Mr. Pitt sent to his Majesty, at Windsor, an account of what had passed this day in the House of Commons, and received the following answer: 'Mr. Pitt's letter is, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory I have received for many months. An avowal on the outset, that the proposition held forth is not intended to go farther lengths than a kind of manifesto; and then carrying it by a majority of only one, and the day concluded with an avowal, that all negociation is at an end, gives me every reason to hope, that by a firm and proper conduct, this faction will, by degrees, be deserted by many, and at length be forgot. I shall ever with pleasure consider, that by the prudence, as well as rectitude, of one person, in the House of Commons, this great change has been effected; and that he will ever be able to reflect with satisfaction, that in having supported me, he has saved the constituion, the most perfect of human formation.'"

Thus Mr. Pitt finally succeeded in overcoming his opponents in the House of Commons, and one of the King's letters on this occasion is well worthy of attention in the lower house, as it is *now* composed.

"Upon one occasion, his Majesty wrote to Mr. Pitt, 'I cannot conclude without expressing my fullest approbation of the conduct of Mr. Pitt, on Monday; in particular his employing a razor against his antagonists, and never condescending to run into that rudeness, which, though common in that house, certainly never becomes a gentleman; if he proceeds in this mode of oratory, he will bring debates into a shape more creditable, and correct that, as well as, I trust, many other evils, which time and temper can only effect.'"

Upon this branch of the subject, the Bishop thus finishes his reflections.

"I am aware, that in the present and in the former chapters, I have frequently mentioned Mr. Pitt's age; but as this is a peculiar and characteristic circumstance, clearly pointing out his superiority to every other political man that ever existed, I shall, I trust, be pardoned for the repetition. The most eminent statesmen, both in ancient and in modern times, in this and in other nations, were scarcely known at the age of 25; and we have seen what situations Mr. Pitt filled, what powers he displayed, and what reputation he acquired, before he arrived at that period of life. He was not only at once the accomplished orator, but exhibited such maturity of understanding and correctness of judgment, with so perfect a knowledge of every subject, foreign and domestic, which came under consideration, and proved himself so entirely competent to all the arduous duties of his high station in the senate, in the cabinet, and in the detail of official business, without the preparation and experience which other men had invariably required, that his political opponent, Lord North, pronounced him 'born a minister;' and Mr. Gibbon declared, that 'in all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had no where met with his parallel, who, at so young a period of life, had so important a trust reposed in him, which he had discharged with so much credit to himself, and with so much advantage to the kingdom.'"

In the year 1784, Mr. Pitt was elected for the University of Cambridge; and his biographer traces, the Parliamentary session in which the principal measures were those of finance and the India bills, which the

Minister carried through in his new house with great majority.

As it is quite impossible closely to pursue the thread of narative in our brief criticism, we rather quote such passages as are most striking, or as may lead to some observation applicable to the present period. In 1786 the national debt being the subject, "Mr. Pitt informed the house, that the income of the country, as calculated by the select committee, for the year ending at the preceding Michaelmas, amounted to 15,379,182*l*, and for the year ending at Christmas, to 15,397,471*l*, the difference between which sums was less than 20,000*l*." He then proceeded to impose taxes amounting to 100,000*l*, which added to a surplus revenue of 900,000*l*; would make a million for the redemption of the national debt: of the pressure and magnitude of which he spoke with great concern, though not in a tone of despair.

"Mr. Pitt passed the morning of this day, in providing the calculations which he had to state, and in examining the resolutions which he had to move; and at last he said that he would go and take a short walk by himself that he might arrange in his mind what he had to say in the house. He returned in a quarter of an hour, and told me he believed he was prepared. After dressing himself he ordered dinner to be sent up; and learning at that moment that his sister, (who was then living in the house with him,) and a lady with her, were going to dine at the same early hour, he desired that their dinner might be sent up with his, and that they might dine together. He passed nearly an hour with these ladies, and several friends who called in their way to the house, talking with his usual liveliness and gaiety as if having nothing upon his mind: he then went immediately to the House of Commons, and made this 'elaborate and far-extended speech,' as Mr. Fox called it, without one omission or error."

The year 1786 was remarkable for the commercial treaty with France, the continuance of the Hastings prosecution, &c., in public affairs; and Mr. Pitt's life was marked with one gloomy spot, for in this year he lost his only remaining sister, Lady Harriot Eliot, who died five days after the birth of her first child.

"It was," says his biographer, "my melancholy office to attend this very superior and truly excellent woman in her last moments; and afterwards to soothe, as far as I was able, the sufferings of her afflicted husband and brother—sufferings which I shall not attempt to describe. It was long before Mr. Pitt could see any one but myself, or transact any business except through me. Lady Harriot had been an inmate in his house till within some months of her death; and with the warmest feelings of mutual affection, they had always lived upon terms of the utmost confidence. Never were brother and sister more worthy of each other. Mr. Eliot had been a fellow collegian with Mr. Pitt, and his most intimate friend; a circumstance which made this connexion more gratifying to both, and the dissolution of it more painful. From this moment Mr. Eliot took up his residence in Mr. Pitt's house, and they continued to live like brothers."

Mr. Eliot died in 1797, and his daughter in 1806, married Colonel, now Sir William Pringle, K.C.B.

The King's illness in 1788 was a memorable event. It was in compliance with a note from Mr. Pitt, so great was his influence on his royal master's mind, even in the state in which it then was; that the King consented to leave Windsor for Kew, which he had previously refused to do. The Regency Bill presents very important political considerations; but we pass them by to make a short extract touching that gratifying event which rendered it unnecessary. This bill had arrived at it's second reading in the House of Lords on the 19th February 1789, when the Lord Chancellor in consequence of the King's convalescency, moved an adjournment of the Committee to the 24th.

"This unexpected intelligence was received by the House with the highest satisfaction; and, after short speeches from Lord Stormont, and the Duke of York, the adjournment took place. On the 23d, the King wrote his first letter to Mr. Pitt, desiring to see him the next morning at Kew: it was short, but his Majesty mentioned, with great feeling and kindness, 'the support and anxiety shewn by the nation at large, during his long illness;' and Mr. Pitt's 'constant attachments to his interest, and that of the public.' From which it appears, that his Majesty had already been acquainted with the steps taken, in consequence of his indisposition.

"On the 24th, the Lord Chancellor informed the House of Lords, that he had been admitted to several interviews with his Majesty; he had been in his presence

at one time, for an hour and a quarter, and that day for a full hour; during both which times, he had found the posture of his Majesty's mind to be clear and distinct; so much so, that he appeared perfectly capable of conversing on any subject. Under these circumstances, he thought it right to propose an adjournment to the Monday following, to which no objection was made; and, on that day, a farther adjournment took place to the Thursday, in the same week, when the Lord Chancellor stated to the House, that his Majesty found his health so fully established, that he hoped on the following Tuesday, to communicate to the Parliament such other business as was necessary to be laid before them for their consideration and despatch.

"The House of Commons received, from Mr. Pitt, the same information relative to the state of his Majesty's health, and the intended communication of public business, and similar adjournments took place without any discussion. The caution of ministers, in thus deferring the exercise of the royal functions, was very generally commended.

"The bulletins signed by the physicians, and the assurances from the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt, were considered as a sufficient testimony of the King's recovery."

His Majesty's visit to St. Paul's to return public thanks for his recovery is also very simply and affectingly related.

"On the day appointed for this act of pious gratitude, the King, accompanied by the Queen and Royal family, and attended by the two houses of Parliament, the great officers of state, the judges and the foreign Ambassadors, and surrounded by unexampled crowds of people, who viewed the procession in reverential silence, went to St. Paul's. His Majesty was received at the west end of the church, by the Bishop of London, the Dean, and the residentiaries. A martial band, stationed near the door, played appropriate music, till his Majesty reached the area under the great dome, when it ceased; and instantly the organ, accompanied by the voices of about five thousand children of the city charity schools, who were placed upon circular seats, gradually rising between the pillars on both sides, began the hundredth psalm. The simple melody, joined to the spectacle, evidently affected the King; and as he was walking between the Bishop of London and myself, he turned to me, and said, with great emotion, 'I now feel that I have been ill.' He then stopped, but soon recovering himself proceeded to the choir. The humility with which his Majesty knelt down, upon first entering his seat, and the fervour with which he seemed to put forth his thanksgivings and prayers, made a lasting impression on the minds of those who were near enough to observe him. Indeed, throughout the service, which was adapted to the solemn occasion, and in the whole of this interesting and awful scene, eminently calculated to awaken pious and grateful feelings, nothing was so striking, as the earnest and uninterrupted devotion of his Majesty, manifestly proceeding from a heart truly sensible of a recent and gracious interposition of Divine Providence."

* * * * * *

"Though his Majesty continued free from any return of mental indisposition, yet his constitution had received so severe a shock, that he recovered his health and strength very slowly; and it was thought more prudent, that he should not go in person to put an end to the session. Parliament was therefore prorogued by commission on the 11th of August."

The French Revolution next occupies the pages; though our author has not imparted much originality to this branch of his subject; but the picture of France, and especially of Paris, at that time, is well drawn in the following extract.

"Mr. Eden gave the following account to Mr. Pitt, in a letter written from Paris, August 27th, 1789. 'It would lead me too far to enter into the strange and unhappy particulars of the present situation of this country. The anarchy is most complete: the people have renounced every idea and principle of subordination; the magistracy (so far as there remain any traces of magistracy) is panic struck; the army is utterly undone; and the soldiers are so freed from military discipline, that on every discontent, and in the face of day, they take their arms and knapsacks, and leave their regiments; the church, which formerly had so much influence, is now in general treated by the people with derision; the revenue is greatly and rapidly decreasing amidst the disorders of the time: even the industry of the labouring class is interrupted and suspended. In short, the prospect, in every point of view, is most alarming: and it is sufficient to walk into the streets, and to look at the faces of those who pass, to see, that there is a general impression of calamity and terror. Such a state of things must come soon to a crisis; and the anxiety to be restored to order and security, would soon tend to establish, in some shape, an executive government, but there is a cruel want of some man of eminent talents to take the lead. I know personally all who are most conspicuous at present, and I see no man equal in any degree to the task which presents itself.'"

In June, 1790, Mr. Pitt was unanimously chosen high steward of the university of Cambridge; soon after which, Europe became involved in those wars, which lasted, with so little intermission, to 1815, and in which this statesman acted so extraordinary a part. Into the history of this mighty struggle we abstain from entering; and must hasten to the conclusion of the work, where we find a curious account of the differences between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow, which led to the dismissal of the latter, in May 1792.

"From the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration, to the period of the King's illness, the Lord Chancellor acted with the utmost zeal and cordiality as a member of the cabinet; but during the proceedings in Parliament, to which that unhappy event gave rise, a great alteration took place in his conduct; to such a degree, indeed, that upon several occasions, Mr. Pitt felt by no means confident what part he would take in the debates in the house of Lords. In all the discussions, however, relative to the regency, he invariably, and with apparent sincerity, supported the principles and measures of Mr. Pitt; but not entirely without suspicion, at the moment of the greatest difficulty, of a disposition to pursue an opposite line, in consequence of his being admitted to frequent interviews with the Prince of Wales. Whether the amendment which took place in the King's health had any influence in this respect, it is impossible to know. After his Majesty's recovery, the same coolness and reserve towards Mr Pitt continued and gradually increased, although there was no difference of opinion upon any political question, nor did there appear any other cause for dissatisfaction.

* * * * * *

"One of the members of the cabinet, who had been intimately acquainted, as well as politically connected, with the Lord Chancellor for many years, repeatedly remonstrated with him upon his present conduct towards Mr. Pitt, which he represented to be the subject of serious concern to all their colleagues, and earnestly pressed him, both for public and private reasons, to state openly and candidly his ground of complaint; assuring him that no offence or neglect had been intended, and that Mr. Pitt was ready to enter into an explanation upon any point he might wish. This friendly interposition entirely failed. No explicit answer could be obtained; nor did the Chancellor mention a single objection to Mr. Pitt's public measures, or specify one instance of inattention to himself. He persevered in taking every opportunity of marking his personal dislike of Mr. Pitt, though constantly warned of the unreasonableness and unavoidable consequence of such behaviour; and at last his spleen broke forth in a violent censure of a bill, to which he knew Mr. Pitt annexed the greatest importance: and he actually voted against it without having given any previous notice of his intention. Mr. Pitt, who had shewn more forbearance than any other man would have done under similar circumstances, had now no alternative. Neither the good of the public service, nor a regard to his own feelings and character, would allow him to submit to such an indignity: and on the following morning he respectfully submitted to the King, the impossibility of his remaining in office with the Lord Chancellor, and the consequent necessity of his Majesty's making his choice between them. The King was in some degree prepared for this communication; and the Lord Chancellor was immediately acquainted, by his Majesty's command, that he must resign the seals."

One quotation more must close our extracts: but it is one more than usually interesting.

"By the death of Lord Guilford, on the 5th of August, in this year, the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, worth about 3,000*l*. a year, became vacant; and the King immediately offered it to Mr. Pitt, in the following most gracious and pressing terms:

"'Windsor, August 6, 1792.—Having this morning received the account of the death of the Earl of Guilford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt, that the wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office for which I will not receive any recommendations; having positively resolved to confer it on him as a mark of that regard, which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall seriously be offended at any attempt to decline. I have intimated these my intentions to the Earl of Chatham, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas.'

"His Majesty, knowing that Mr. Pitt was at Burton Pynsent, on a visit to his mother, sent the above letter to Mr. Dundas, in London, adding, 'Mr. Dundas is to forward it with a few lines from himself, expressing, that I will not admit of this favour being declined. I desire that Lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting Lord Grenville with the step I have taken.'"

This appointment, Mr. Pitt having been nine years prime minister, felt himself entitled gratefully to accept.

The volume closes in 1793, but the private life of Mr. Pitt is promised; and to that we look forward with much anticipation, as offering a richer field for embellishment; and as displaying the character of it's illustrious subject in the moments of relaxation, and in the leisure of retirement. Upon looking back to our extracts from, and our review of, this interesting work, we feel but too conscious how unequal and how inadequate they are to the occasion: we commenced, however, with a suitable apology, and we conclude with the hope of referring all our readers to the Volumes themselves for the gratification of that curiosity, which our very brief analysis can only have tended to excite. The work being, we observe, already republished more economically in octavo, it must come into an immediate as well as general circulation.

Of the paper war which has ensued between Mr. Adair and the Right Rev. Author, relative to some passages in the work, supposed to reflect upon the latter gentleman, and the late Mr. Fox, this is not the place to enter into any examination; and utterly disliking, as we most unaffectedly do, all such literary strife, we trust our readers will kindly forgive our interference on either side, merely observing, that Mr. Adair has made a most eloquent defence, and, as he has no ordinary opponent; so he is certainly no common antagonist.

Paris in 1815, *Part the Second, by the Rev. George Croly,* London, 1821. 8vo.

The author of a Poem as splendid as that now before us, and wielding the same plume of light as that which enriched our poetic stores with "*The Angel of the World*," claims some apology for a too long neglect of his impressive Stanzas; and we hasten, therefore, to do the brief and scanty justice our limits will allow, not less to our own feelings, than to the Reverend Poet's unexceeded abilities. The first part of this very original and striking composition, was given to the world about four years since; and long as that interval has been, the public feeling and attention were then too intensely excited, not to hail with enthusiasm it's completion in the present volume. The inspirations of Mr. Croly's Muse partake equally of the sanctity of the altar, and of the influences of Mount Parnassus; and it is indeed gratifying to see the talent, the fancy, and the versification of Lord Byron, thus divested of the hateful immorality, and revolutionizing politics of the noble Bard, and proudly consecrated to the best interests of Religion, and to the best feelings of Patriotic Loyalty. There is a grandeur in his ideas, which seems almost to despair of language to give them utterance; and the lofty swellings of his Poesy frequently appear to burst the chords necessary for it's expression.

The sentiments of the Preface, which we much regret being restricted from quoting, are such as do the author equal honour with his Poetry.—In "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," he describes the imperishable glories of our mighty Island,—not merely the fame arising from her unequalled triumphs, not that splendour only, which encircles the record of her unparalleled achievements, but the still brighter, and more surpassing glory, which irradiates the archives of her benevolence;—her diffusion of the Scriptures through the world, even amidst bloodshed and desolation,—her abolition of slavery,—her rescue of the nations from infidel captivity,—and above all, and beyond all, her munificent charity.—These are themes at once ennobled, and ennobling; and these are depicted with an energy and eloquence, which must find an echo in every heart, and meet a vibration in every bosom.

To a mind actuated by such impulses, a visit to Paris in the Autumn of 1815, could not but afford excitements of the highest order,—recollections of crime and suffering, and contemplations of retribution, awful, just, and glorious! "Nature," says the Poet, "subtly mingles in the heart the past and future with this lovely time."—While standing on the *Place Louis Quinze*, catching glimpses of the British standards through the trees of the *Champs Elysées*, and hearing on the night breeze England's martial

anthem of GOD *save the King!* the imagination is rapidly hurried from visions of "glory, freedom, and heroic suffering," to the "fearful memory" of the time, when on that very spot a blameless Monarch "laid down his sacred head and died."—The fatal issue of which is thus faithfully brought before us:—

PARIS! there was no sleep beneath thy roofs,
The morn that saw this deed. The dim streets rung,
Long before day, with cannon, trampling hoofs,
And fearfullest of all, the *Tocsin's* tongue.
Startling the eye, the passing torches flung
Their flash thro' many a chamber from beneath,
Then vanish'd, with the thick and hurrying throng;
While the heart sinking list'ner held his breath,
Catching, in every sound, the distant roar of death.

"But earlier than that dim and early hour,
A lonely taper twinkled through the gloom
'Twas from the casement of the Temple tower
'Twas from a KING'S, a Martyr's dungeon room!
There he subdued his spirit for it's doom;
And one old Priest, and one pale follower
Knelt weeping, as beside their Master's tomb.
Rude was the altar; but the heart was there.
And peace and glorious hope were in that prison-pray'r.

"But trumpets peal'd, and torches glared below,
And from the Tower rose woman's loud lament,
And infant cries—and shadows seem'd to go,
With tossing arms, and heads in anguish bent,
Backwards and forwards hurrying, then, as spent,
Sink down, and all be silent for a time——

* * * * * * *

"'Tis done—the Monarch on the scaffold stands!
The headsmen grasp him!—Of the myriads there,
That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd *hands*,
Not one dares give a blessing, or a tear;
Save that old Priest, who answers him in pray'r.
He speaks—his dying thoughts to France are giv'n.
His voice is drown'd; for murder has no ear,
The Saint unmurmuring to the axe is driv'n;
If ever spirit rose, that heart is calm in Heaven!"

In another part of the poem is a description, to which we are led by contrast with the preceding scene, and which we invert the order of arrangement by inserting here. It is the virtues, and sufferings, and funeral of GEORGE the Third, a Monarch not less virtuous than Louis the Sixteenth; but happier in the people over whom he was called to rule, and in the Constitution, which alike resisted democracy and despotism in their wildest fury. Picturesque effect can hardly be carried further than in these stanzas:—

"It was in mercy! thou wast spared the blow,
Worse than the worst that bruised our victor crest;
Thou didst not see *her* beauty pale and low,
Whose infancy was to thy bosom prest;
She bloom'd before thee, and thine age was blest,
And it was spared the after pang that wrung
An Empire's heart, when she was laid to rest
Beneath the banner on thy turrets hung;
Thou knew'st not that she slept, thy beautiful, thy young!—

"Thou didst not stand and mourn beside the bed,
That held the dying partner of thy throne;
Thou didst not bend a Father's hoary head
In hopeless sorrow o'er thy Princely Son.
Servant of GOD!—thy pilgrimage was done!
And dreams of Heaven were round thy lonely tower;
Still lived to Thee each loved and parted

Till on thine eye-ball burst th' immortal hour,
And the dead met thy gaze in angel light, and power.

"We talk not of the parting rites—the pomp—
Our heart above our Father's grave decays.

Yet all was regal there; the silver tromp,
The proud procession through the Gothic maze,
The silken banner, thousand torches blaze,
Gilding the painted pane, and imaged stone;
The chapel's deeper glow; the cresset's rays,
Like diamonds on the wall of velvet strown,
And flashing from the roof, the helm, and gonfalon.

And still the thought is hallow'd; and the train
Of solemn memories o'er the mind will come,
With long and lofty pleasure, touch'd by pain—
I hear the anthem—now, as in the tomb
Dying away—then, through the upper gloom
Roll'd, like the Judgment thunders from the cloud,
Above that deep and gorgeous catacomb,
Where sat the nation's mightiest; pale, and proud,
Throned in their dim alcoves, each fixt as in his shroud.

"Still lives the vision of the kingly hall—
The Noble, kneeling in his canopy,
The Prelate, in his sculptured, shadowy, stall,
The Knight, beneath his falchion glitt'ring high,
All bending on a central pall the eye,
Where, melancholy, gleams a crown of gold—
An empty Crown!—'Tis sinking, silently—
'Tis gone!—Yet does the living world not hold
A purer heart, than now beneath that crown is cold!

"Raise we his Monument!—What giant pile
Shall honour him to far posterity?
His monument shall be his Ocean Isle,
The voice of his redeeming thunders be
His epitaph upon the silver sea;
And million spirits from whose necks he tore
The fetter, and made soul and body free;
And unborn millions from earth's farthest shore,
Shall bless the Christian King, till the last sun is o'er!"

Having gratified our own feelings, and we anxiously hope our Readers also, by offering this poetic homage to the memory of our Father and our King, we must now return with our reverend author to the Louvre, whose master-pieces of sculpture and of painting are described with the feelings of a legitimate artist, and in the language of true poetry. In this splendid collection where mingle—

"Corregio, Titian, Raphael, Angelo,
Who made their age a wonder, and despair,
To all the future:"—

we are almost at a loss what beauties to select, where all alike are beautiful. Our limits permit us but to take a slight survey of these animated stanzas; and we must content ourselves with quoting only part of the verses devoted to Raphael, Titian, the Apollo, and the Medicean Venus; premising that they were written before the publication of that canto of *Childe Harold*, in which some of the same subjects are also described.

"Here Raphael! is reveal'd the mystery
That fix'd the hectic crimson on thy cheek—
Here sank the earnest radiance of thine eye,
Dying beneath the passionate thoughts that wreck
Spirits like thine—those eagle flights that seek,
And perish in the sunbeams;—glorious fires,
That from their heaven, around the mountain, break,
With crowning splendour, till the storm retires,
Leaving but smoke and dust of all it's marble spires."

"Resplendent Titian! What a host of thoughts,
What memories of stars and midnight moons;
And long hours pass'd beneath the em'rald vaults
Of forests; and the sweet eve's thousand tunes,
When the breeze rushes through the vine-festoons,
Show'ring their dew-drops, are concentred here!
And forms of Prince and Knight in proud saloons,
And dames with dark Italian eyes, that ne'er
Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's bewitching tear!

"Prometheus of the pencil!—life and light
Burst on the canvas from thy mighty hand.
All hues sublime that ever dazzled sight,
Where tempests die on Heaven, or ever waned
On hills, the evening's azure thrones, or stain'd
Ruby, or beryl in their Indian cell,
Or glanced from gem dropt wing, or blossom vein'd;
Or tinged in ocean caves the radiant shell,
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their fountains swell.

"But all is rapture, reverence, round One Shrine:
The sun has arch'd it with a burst of rays:
A form seems floating out—a Youth divine,
Half throned, half mantled, in the amber haze—
High scorn, instinctive pow'r, are in his gaze:
His bow is scarce relax'd, his shaft scarce flown;
His arm uplifted still; his tress still plays;
He bends to catch the Python's dying groan;
Yet bends as if that spot were his Olympian throne.

* * * * * *

"And have I then forgot thee, loveliest far
Of all, enchanting image of Love's Queen!
Or did I linger but till yon blue star,
Thy star, should crown thee with it's light serene?
There stands the Goddess, by the Grecian seen,
In the mind's lonely, deep idolatry;
When twilight, o'er Cythera's wave of green,
Drew her rich curtain; and his upturn'd eye
Was burning with the pomps of earth, and sea, and sky.

* * * * * *

"The shore is reach'd; and fear, bewitching fear,
Is in her bending form, and glancing eye,
And veiling hand, and timid-turning

She listens—'twas but Eve's enamour'd sigh!
Yet has it heaved her bosom's ivory—
Yet has it on the shore her footstep spell'd.
'Tis past—The rustling rose alone is nigh.
She smiles—and in that smile is all reveal'd,
The charm to which so soon the living world shall yield.

"Venus! thou'rt lovely; but on other feet
Was press'd of old the kiss of guilty fire.
Thy look is grace, too deeply, purely sweet
To tell of passion that could change or tire.
From those rich lips no fatal dreams respire;
There lives no evil splendour in that eye,
To dart the flame on failing Virtue's pyre.
Dark thoughts before thy sacred beauty die.
Queen of the soul's bright tides! thy spell is modesty!

But Mr. Croly's descriptive powers are not limited to works of art; and in the garden of the Thuilleries, he thus glowingly pourtrays the grace of Nature's evening—

"Night's wing is on the east - the clouds repose
Like weary armies of the firmament,
Encamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl and rose;
Till the wind's sudden trumpet through them sent,
Shakes their pavilions, and their pomps are blent
In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd
With thousand odours, sigh'd by blossoms bent
In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd
From Evening's airy urns, their purple lips has chill'd."

* * * * * * *

"Twilight has come in saffron mists embower'd,
For the broad sun on the Atlantic surge,
Now sparkling in the fiery flashes shower'd
From his swift wheels; the forest vapours urge
Their solemn wings above—white stars emerge
From the dark east, like spires of mountain snows
Touch'd by the light upon th' horizon's verge;
Just rising from her sleep, the young moon shows,
Supine upon the clouds, her cheek suffused with rose.

"This is the loveliest hour of all that day
Calls upwards thro' its kingdom of the air.—
The sights and sounds of earth have died away
Above, the clouds are roll'd against the glare

Of the red west - high volumed waves
that war
Against a diamond promontory's side,
Crested with one sweet, solitary star,
That like a watch fire trembles o'er the
tide.
Brightening with every shade that on its
surge doth ride."

Nothing can excel these lovely pictures, which fill the poet with recollections of home and England. His bosom warms as he draws a forcible contrast between the native land he loves, and the foreign land on which he wanders; and he thus paints the English husbandman returning from his harvest toils:—

"He comes; the moon has lit him home
at last,
And he has thrown his harvest hook
away,
And kiss'd the nut brown babes that
round him haste,
Each with the little wonder of its day.
The lowly meal is spread, the moon
beams play
Thro' panes that bushy rose, and wall
flower veil,
And soon to make them music, on her
spray
Her wonted, neighbour spray, the
nightingale,
Pours on the holy hour her thrilling, end-
less tale.

"Land of the graces! where even beg-
gars meet,
With bow and compliment, and hat in
hand,
The gay grimacers of the dungeon
street,
Till cringe and smile dissolve the con-
ference bland;
Where bending age loves doubly bent
to stand
With fond, faint simper, on it's shoul-
ders strew'd
It's locks in sentimental waving plann'd;
France, in thy bosom all the heart's
subdued,
Thy world a stage, thy life a toilsome
attitude."

Were we to do justice to our review, we should add to these quotations the portrait of the "felon king," Buonaparte; but, however truly national our author may be in his antipathies, we must now leave him, and shall insert only one other stanza, of the tyrant's finale; and one apostrophising the glorious field of Waterloo.

"The Despot 'scaped; for his was yet to
show
What mimes may play ambition's haugh-
tiest part,
To show the recreant branded on his
brow,
Whose noblest art was but the slaugh-
terer's art;
Lest future villains from the mire
should start,
And rave, and slay, and dare to call it
fame.
Behold him *now*, the man without a
heart,
Him of the battles—him the soul of
flame,
Scorn'd, banish'd, chain'd for life; and
glad to live in shame."

"Earth shook with that wild empire's
overthrow;
And the foundations, that as fate
seem'd deep,
Are dust—and England gave the final
blow.
France rush'd like lava from the
mountain's steep,
But England met it with the ocean's
sweep,
And o'er it roll'd in towering majesty,
Leaving its burning mass, a gloomy
heap.
Transcendent Waterloo!—thy name
shall die;
But die on the same pile with glory, me-
mory!"

The superb account of our late King's funeral before quoted, and the inculcation of a powerful religious lesson, close this poem; which, if it does not recommend itself, nothing which we could add can recommend. We therefore consign it to the public taste, with it's few errors unnoticed; for we consider that it's transendent merits make tenfold atonement for the trifling instances of abruptness, and of unauthorized rhyme, which it might be possible to point out, but which, with our present feelings, we dare not dwell upon.—Of the minor Poems we add but one.

"THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.
White bud, that in meek beauty so dost
lean
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moon-
light snow;
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf
of green
An Eremite beneath his mountain's
brow.
White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier
thing.
The broken spirit that it's anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of it's
tears."

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Conquest will publish in a few weeks a Second and enlarged Edition of his "Outlines of Midwifery," &c., with Copper-plates instead of Lithographic Engravings.

In a few days will be published, a Poetical Essay on the Character of Pope. By Charles Lloyd.

A Member of the late Salter's Hall Congregation has in the press a Work, in 1 vol. 8vo. addressed to the Old Members of that Society, in which some of the Errors of the Rev. Dr. Collyer are stated and corrected.

A new Edition of Neale's History of the Puritans. By Toulmine, in 6 vols. 8vo.

In the course of the ensuing month, a Second Series of Sermons in manuscript character, for the use of young divines, and candidates for holy orders, will be published by the Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts.

The Rev. John Campbell, of London, is about to publish a Second Volume of Travels, containing an Account of his Second Visit to South Africa.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"Veluti in Speculum."

DRURY LANE.

JULY 2. A novelty from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff in the shape of a farce, called "*The Spectre Bridegroom, or, a Ghost in spite of himself,*" was brought forward this evening, but failed in attracting either a numerous audience or very lavish applause. The idea was taken from a tale of the same title in "*The Sketch Book,*" and is literally explained in it's appellation. Cooper was the ghostly hero, and did his best, but as we cannot highly praise the piece, it would be quite irrelevant to laud the actors. The opening is far too serious for farce, which a very trifling portion of ingenuity might have avoided; and the story being spun out to the intolerable length of three nights, and two days, is not easily reconcileable to common sense.—It is only justice, however, to add, that it was received with unmingled applause and laughter on the second performance, and is sufficiently amusing to have a moderate popularity.

JULY 6. "*Rob Roy*" was repeated here to night, to introduce a Mr. Mackay, whose performance of *Baillie Nicol Jarvie* at Edinburgh, is said to have elicited a letter of warm applause from the invisible author of the Scottish Novels; and which letter, *if still in being*, we very anxiously hope Mr. Mackay brought in his portmanteau to London, as a very requisite introduction: for except in the circumstance of speaking pure Scotch,—which is certainly not very marvellous in a Scotsman, we really saw nothing beyond the mediocre efforts of a low comedian; and the real *Baillie*, we think, could never have been so vulgar as Mr. Mackay made him. There was much feeling in his performance, but we might notice also very many sins against both the letter and spirit of his author; we presume not, however, to be severe with a Mid Lothian Roscius. Cooper as *Rob Roy* was animated, but very inferior to Macready; and Mrs. Egerton as *Helen*, was inferior to no one. The best compliment we can pay the remaining characters, is to name them not; as one specimen will suffice, when we state, that the fiery villain *Rashleigh* was personated by that unimprovable piece of insipidity, Mr. Barnard! who ought to be specially restricted from performing aught except Men Milliners.—Mr. Mackay has since appeared as *Dominie Sampson*, and *Dumbiedikes*; the former was well conceived, but the execution much inferior to Liston's: and the latter highly amusing, and very characteristic.

JULY 10. Her Majesty's visit here this evening, though very industriously announced, failed in attracting any thing in the shape of a respectable audience; Until very long after the hour of half price, there were seventeen boxes, several of which were on the dress circle, without an individual in either! Sixteen others had but one, or, at the most, two gentlemen in each! and the slips were utterly tenantless!! The remaining boxes were not more than half filled, and the

Queen's friends restricted their valuable patronage solely to the pit and galleries! Fact being always infinitely superior to comment, we add not a word respecting her Majesty's reception; as the galleries being tolerably full, the hisses were, of course, not quite so vociferous as the approbation; but in all the history of Theatres, never before did a Royal visit tend to *diminish* an audience! and never was a Royal Visitor received with such "a beggarly account of empty boxes!" At *Sadler's Wells* and *The Coburg*, her Majesty's condescension draws an overflow of those houses' *usual elegant company;* at a Theatre Royal, all the respectable part of the Theatre is deserted. If this be not intelligible, nothing can be.

JULY 23. Mr. Kean's exit from America, having been rather more rapid than he either wished, or expected; we were most suddenly favoured with his re-appearance here to night, as *Richard the Third.* His friends welcomed him most warmly, and he has since performed throughout the week in his most popular characters.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
June 27. False Alarms—Giovanni in London.
28 Artaxerxes—Mayor of Garratt—Therese.
29. Lord of the Manor—Blind Boy.
30. Durce—Falls of Clyde.
July 2. Lord of the Manor—Spectre Bridegroom.
3. Rob Roy Macgregor—Tale of Mystery.
4. Love in a Village—Giovanni in London.
5. Artaxerxes—Spectre Bridegroom.
6. Rob Roy—Ditto.
7. Love in a Village—Ditto.
9. Rob Roy—Ditto.
10. Guy Mannering—Ditto.
11. Rob Roy—Ditto.
12. Blue Devils—Heart of Mid Lothian—Do.

1821.
July 13. Heart of Mid Lothian—Spectre Bridegroom.
14. Ditto—Ditto.
16. Rob Roy—Ella Rosenburg.
17 Cure for the Heart Ache—Spectre Bridegroom.
18. Dramatist—Spectre Brigegroom—Giovanni in London.
19. Sylvester Daggerwood—Dramatist—Giovanni in London.
20 and 21 Closed.
23. Richard III—Spectre Bridegroom
24. No Performance.
25. Merchant of Venice—Giovanni in London

COVENT GARDEN.

JULY 22. "*Henry the Fourth*" and the Coronation has continued to crowd this Theatre every evening, except benefits, since it's first production; and even some of the Performers' nights have been purchased by the Proprietors in order to gratify the public curiosity. The excellence of the acting, and the unrivalled splendour of the pageant deserve indeed all the overflowing patronage which they nightly receive.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
June 28. Artaxerxes—The Libertine.
29. Tempest—Wedding Day—Warlock of the Glen.
30. King Henry the Fourth — No Song no Supper.
July 2. Ditto—Bombastes Furioso.
3. Exchange no Robbery—Turn Out—Undine
4. King Henry the Fourth—Tom Thumb.
5. Ditto—A Tale of Mystery.
6 Hamlet—Citizen.
7 School for Scandal—All the World's a Stage
9. King Henry the Fourth—Poor Soldier.
10. Comedy of Errors—Bombastes Furioso—A Roland for an Oliver.

1821.
July 11. Virginius—Inkle and Yarico.
12 King Henry the Fourth—Poor Soldier.
13. Every one has his fault—Inkle and Yarico.
14. King Henry the Fourth—Critick.
16. Ditto—A Tale of Mystery.
17. Ditto—X Y. Z
18. Ditto—John of Paris.
19 Ditto—Deaf Lover.
20 Ditto—Poor Soldier.
21. Ditto—X Y Z
23. Ditto—Miller and his Men.
24. Rivals—Husbands and Wives.
25. King Henry the Fourth—John of Paris.

HAYMARKET.

JULY 4. WE cannot commence our narration of the opening of this new and splendid Theatre, without a vivid recollection of the very many pleasant hours which we have passed within the walls of it's elderly prototype next door; and most fervently and sincerely wishing similarly deserved success to the new concern. — The House which has been built within [illegible]ely short space of time, was to night opened for the season. The exterior is simple; a portico with six Corinthian columns shelters the principal entrances, and the colour of the front is, with the exception of the capitals, a dark stone. Above is a range of circular windows in an ornamental frieze work, and the general effect is strikingly handsome.

The passages of the interior are roomy in comparison with those of the

former house, all the stairs are of stone; and on the second tier a small saloon looks into the street. The entire Theatre is indeed much larger than it's predecessor, and has two rows of boxes in the centre, and three at the sides. The stage doors project more than usual, and over each are private boxes of no peculiar elegance of form. The fronts of the other boxes are divided by retiring angles, with a gold lattice over rose coloured pannels, and six gilt palm trees dividing the angles of the house and the sides of the stage, complete the decorations. The rows of boxes being unsupported by pillars, is, we think, an unpicturesque convenience, as the eye is too suddenly led to the backs, which are unluckily painted light blue. A sounding-board projects in front considerably over the orchestra, and so far disfigures the house, though we are bound to admit it's usefulness; and one of it's peculiar disasters is, that it tends to eclipse Apollo in the act of administering the day.

On the ceiling is a well painted allegory of Morning, attended by Zephyr, in the horizon, and in the opposite quarter, Cynthia retiring from the presence of Apollo. The encircling ornaments are composed of four groupes of Cupids, bearing emblematic trophies of the Seasons. On the proscenium are also various embellishments, correspondent with the ceiling, and in the centre the Royal Arms over the curtain. The new drop scene represents the entrance of a Temple of the Composite Order, dedicated to Apollo; statues of Thalia and Melpomene surmount the principal entrance, on the right is an altar, dedicated to beauty, with flowers and various ornaments of the Bacchantes, and the era of the new building, as well as of the new reign, are alluded to by the Temple of the Muses, illuminated by the rising Sun.

After "God *save the King*" had been sung and encored; an Address was spoken by Terry, containing several *Colmanish* hits at the monopoly of the winter Theatres; and concluding with allusions to the performers which the Haymarket had introduced to the general stage; Mathews, whom it had found a wanderer, but who was now so much *at Home*; Liston, Elliston, and their favourite Young; the mention of whose names was received with loud applause; and the reception of the Address, which was well delivered, was very good humoured. The Play was "*The Rivals*," which introduced, first, De Camp, as *Captain Absolute*; next, a Mr. Faulkner, from Newcastle, as *Falkland*, which he played very middling; and next, a Mr. Tayleure, from Liverpool, as *Acres*. This actor is above the usual size in no trivial degree, and is a huge performer of the Liston school. *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* was represented by a Mr. Ward, from Dublin, a well-looking personage, with a tolerable Irish gesture and voice, though no gentleman on the stage, whatever he may be *off*. *Julia*, was our fair friend Mrs. Chatterley; and *Lydia Languish*, Mrs H. Johnston, whose added experience of the world has added more to her *enbonpoint* than to her acting, and though lively, she is large. The Play was much applauded by a crowded audience; though to Mr. Terry and Mrs. Chatterley only, can we award unqualified applause, but the recruits will, we trust, improve when we are better acquainted with them. A new Vaudville opera from the French, called "*Peter and Paul; or, Love in the Vineyards*," afforded a bad specimen of the future novelties, but we do not augur so unfavourably. The plot is literally "robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*," and as we can praise nothing but the scenery, we leave all else unnoticed.

July 5. This evening introduced Mr. Conway as *Lord Townly*, and Mrs. Chatterley as *Lady T.* in the "*Provoked Husband*" with very considerable success. Mr. Conway has much improved in his five years' absence from the metropolis, but the remaining *Dramatis Personæ* were only passable.

July 13. Mr. Leoni Lee, from Bath, Miss Carew, and Miss R. Corri appeared for the first time here to night, as *Henry Bertram*, *Lucy Bertram*, and *Julia*, in "*Guy Mannering*;" and were extremely well received. The ladies not being, however, new to London, we need only state, that they fully sustained all their former fame; while Mr. Lee did not disappoint the warm expectations excited by his Bath friends. He is a very pleasing singer, on the model of Braham, and though he will certainly never equal his melodious example; he has talents, which united with in-

dustry, may entitle him to look forward to a career of future popularity. Of the other characters, we can say nothing very favourable. Mrs. Johnson was *Meg Merrilies*, and we have certainly seen worse, as well as better; and the *Dominie* was Mr. Tayleure, whose height was appropriate, and whose acting was tolerable. The remainder we leave uncriticised, and therefore uncensured.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
July 4. Rivals—Peter and Paul.
5. Provoked Husband—Ditto.
6. School for Scandal—Agreeable Surprise.
7. Peter and Paul—Green Man—Bombastes Furioso.
9. Provoked Husband—Village Lawyer.
10. Green Man—Bombastes Furioso—Agreeable Surprise
11. School for Scandal—Spoild Child.
12. Rule a Wife and have a Wife—Roland for an Oliver.
13. Guy Mannering—Village Lawyer.
14. Ditto—Roland for an Olive .

1821.
July 16. Belle's Stratagem—Lock and Key.
17. Guy Mannering—Bombastes Furioso—Village Lawyer.
18 Foundling of the Forest—Blue Devils—Spoild Child.
19 Heir at Law—Agreeable Surprise.
20. Green Man—Wedding Day—Fortune's Frolic.
21 Love in a Village—High Life below Stairs.
23. Heir at Law—No Song No Supper.
24. Love in a Village—Wedding Day—High Life below Stairs.
25. Who wants a Guinea?—No Song No Supper

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

July 5. A new petite Drama by Mr. Beazley, and we suspect of French origin, entitled "*Love's Dream*," most entirely succeeded this evening; and had the first act a larger portion of the interest of the second, our approval would be unqualified. The story is extremely simple; *Cecilia*, (Miss Kelly,) is about to be married to *Frederick Easy*, (Wrench,) in revenge for the supposed neglect of *Henry Morton*, (Pearman,) who is equally disturbed at *Cecilia's* supposed coquetry. Accident introduces *Henry* and his valet *Simon*, (Harley,) on the eve of the wedding day; when *Cecilia* wandering at night in her dreams to the pavilion where the new guests were lodged; discloses the secret of her heart, *Morton* is undeceived, and they are made happy together. Miss Kelly's performance, sleeping and waking, was inimitable; and Harley's fears in the ghost scene, irresistibly ludicrous; Wrench was lively; Pearman melodious, and every thing went off with merited eclat.

July 14. Under the whimsical title of "*Two Pence*," a new Farce, by Mr. Peake was very successfully produced this evening; the nominal hero of which, *Roderick Mortimer*, (Wrench,) is reduced to the necessity of becoming a Twopenny postman. But the real hero is *Orpheus Bluemould*, a cheesemonger by profession, and an amateur musical performer by choice; in which Mr. Harley, in addition to his usual good playing, gave us some extra specimens on the Bassoon. The fable consists merely in the arrival of *Mr. Bungay*; (Bartley,) with his nieces *Ariadne* and *Cecilia*, (Misses Stevenson and Seymour,) on a visit to *Orpheus*; and the consequent discovery and relief of *Roderick*, *Bungay's* ward, who is finally united to his true love *Ariadne*. This piece, though highly amusing, is certainly inferior to Mr. Peake's former dramatic efforts; it was much improved, however, after the first representation, and it's whim, wit, and humour will amply compensate for it's lack of a more novel and extended story. Wrench made an excellent *Postman*, and Harley an inimitable dilletanti Bassoon player.

July 15. To night her Majesty deigned, in turn, to visit this Theatre; where, until late in the evening, the audience were far from numerous; considering, we presume, that half-price was plenty for the exhibition.

July 19. The memorable ceremony of this day was celebrated here by the production of a new Farce, entitled "*A Squeeze to the Coronation*," in which Harley's personification of *Esculapius Blazon*, an apothecary of *Galen Cottage*, *Millbank*, neglecting his business to celebrate the Coronation; kept the house in a roar during the whole performance. The entire drama had indeed far more merit than usually falls to the lot of such trifles, and has been repeated with the same "clamorous enthusiasm" for several evenings since. Our old friend *Geoffery Muffincap*, (Wilkinson,) was introduced with much effect, Miss I. Stevenson warbled very sweetly as *Lucy Hollyhock*, all the other characters were equally well sustained, and the

piece concluded with a brilliant masquerade scene and fireworks; and a Finale of new words to the air of "GOD *save the King!*" The unusual celerity with which the Farce was written, and produced, also deserves special mention; as it was not read, nor the characters allotted, until twelve o'clock on Tuesday the 17th, and was performed on the following Thursday!

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
June 27. Blind Boy—Rosina—Vampire.
28. Two Words—Is he Jealous?—Amateurs and Actors.
29. Baron de Trenck—Vampire.
30. Belles without Beaux—Bee Hive—Vampire
July 2. Baron de Trenck—Vampire.
3. Frederick the Great—Amateurs and Actors
4. Baron de Trenck—Vampire.
5. Love's Dream—Walk for a Wager—Rendezvous.
6. Love's Dream—Belles without Beaux—Vampire.
7. Beggar's Opera—Love's Dream—Fire and Water.
9. Amateurs and Actors—Walk for a Wager—Vampire.
10. Beggar's Opera—Love's Dream—Fire and Water.

1821.
July 11. Belles without Beaux—Love's Dream—Vampire
12. Amateurs and Actors—Love's Dream—Is he Jealous.
13. Batchelors Wives—Love's Dream—Walk for a Wager.
14. Two Pence—Love's Dream—Rendezvous.
16. Bachelors Wives — Love's Dream —Two Pence
17. Is he Jealous?—Ditto—Ditto.
18. Promissory Note—Ditto—Ditto.
19. Walk for a Wager—Fire and Water—A Squeeze to the Coronation.
20. Love's Dream—Two Pence—Ditto.
21. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
23. Rosina—Ditto—Ditto.
24. Two Pence—Love's Dream—Ditto.
25. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.

SURREY THEATRE.

To the novelties at this house has been added, since our last, an interesting drama called "*The Soldier's Father*," founded upon C. Kemble's "*Point of Honour*;" in which a Mrs. Fearman, from Bath, made her debût as *Bertha*, and was as successfully received as the new piece. After going the round of the more minor Theatres, on Saturday, July 7th, her Majesty deigned to visit the Surrey; where she was received by a very mixed audience, with very mixed approbation; and as many ladies and gentlemen had thought the exhibition not worth the toil of a tramp to Hammersmith, the pit and gallery were crowded.

Mr. T. Dibdin's benefit on Monday, July 16th, produced the usual overflow of friends; and a serious melo drama entitled "*The Mysterious Marriage; or, the Heirship of Rosalva*, and a new comic burletta, called "*Frederick and Voltaire; or, the King and the Poet*," were both very deservedly successful; and have been very often repeated.

PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER.

The days omitted were distinguished by no business of Public importance.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, MAY 21.

The House went into a Committee on the Grampound Disfranchisement Bill.

The Lord Chancellor could never consent to deprive a number of innocent electors of their rights; and therefore moved, to extend the franchise to the adjoining hundred, in common with those electors not convicted of bribery.

The House divided on the question for leaving out the words as proposed by the Lord Chancellor.

For the amendment,	26	
For the original clause,	60	
Majority,		—34

The Earl of Liverpool's proposition for adding two Members to the County of York was then carried.

THURSDAY, MAY 24.

On the third reading of the Grampound Disfranchisement Bill, the House divided.

Contents,	39	
Non-contents,	12	
Majority,		—27

The Bill was passed.—Adjourned.

MONDAY, MAY 28.

The Royal Assent was given, by Commission, to the Scotch Revenue, the Timber Duties, the Scotch Admiralty Courts, the English and Irish Militia Pay, the Irish Bankrupt Laws Amendment, Public Notaries Regulation, Lunatic Asylum, Holyhead Road, and to several private Bills.

MONDAY, JUNE 4.

The Grampound Disfranchisement Bill was returned from the Commons with a

a message, importing that the amendments made by that House had been agreed to.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

The Royal Assent was given to the Seamen's and Marines' Wages Protection Bill; the Bill for Disfranchising the Borough of Grampound, and for transferring two Members to the County of York, the Jurors Assizes Attendance Bill; the Westminster Streets Improvement Acts Amendment Bill; the Attornies and Solicitors Practice Regulation Bill; the Metropolis Sale of Bread Amendment Bill, the Judges (Salop) Lodgings Bill; the North Wilts Canal Incorporation Bill, the Saltcoats and the Lyme Regis Harbour Improvement Bills; the Edinburgh Gaol Erection Bill; the Essex County Prisons Bill, the Ipswich Lighting and Paving Bill, the Hackney Roads Bill; the All Saints (Northampton) Rectory Bill; and Viscount Glerawley's Divorce Bill.

The Irish Rate of Interest Bill was passed.

The Marquis of Lansdowne presented the Report of the Select Committee of this House relative to the state of Foreign Trade.—The principal and most interesting part of the Report referred to an important branch of domestic manufactory, and in that particular branch (silk) he had great satisfaction in stating to their Lordships that an improvement had taken place, which exceeded the expectation of those persons most concerned in that valuable trade. He had therefore to congratulate their Lordships on an improvement so auspicious to our existing interests, at the same time remarking that he rejoiced so far only as that progression was co-existent and compatible with the soundest but broadest principle of public economy.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15.

The Royal Assent was brought down by the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Earl Bathurst, as his Majesty's Commissioners, to—the Crown Lands Revenue Improvement Bill, the Irish Law Courts Fees Regulation Bill, the Irish Nisi Prius Bill, the Irish Rate of Interest Bill, and several Private Bills.

The Irish Elections Expenses Bill was passed, and returned to the Commons.

Adjourned.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19.

The Earl of Darnley called the attention of the House to the mode of supplying the Public Offices in Ireland with Stationery. He had moved for certain papers on the subject, from which he found that the present Lord Mayor of Dublin was the person who supplied Government. His Lordship then enumerated many instances of negligence and overcharge, and moved several Resolutions declaratory of the points in his statement, and that the public had suffered materially from the monopoly.

Lord Sidmouth observed, that the Noble Earl had admitted, that Mr. King stood clear of fraud; but the charge of negligence was justly applied to the officers under him. Mr. King had always been anxious for enquiry into his conduct—the Lord Lieutenant after examining all the papers, had declared he stood clear of connivance in the fraud; but that he should make up all the deficiencies, which had been done The noble Viscount under all the circumstances moved the previous question: and the motion was negatived.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21.

The claims of the Earl of Ormond, and Viscounts Molesworth and Doneraile to vote at the Election of Peers *for* Ireland, were allowed in the Committee of Privileges.

The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the second reading of the Penal Laws Bill, substituting transportation in lieu of death for robbing in dwelling houses, on canals, &c.

The Lord Chancellor opposed the motion, and the House divided.—

For the second reading,	17
Noes,	27
Majority,	—10

MONDAY, JUNE 25.

The Marquis of Lansdowne made his promised motion respecting the Foreign Slave Trade, and concluded with moving an Address to the King, stating the several facts to which he had alluded in the course of his speech, and praying that a representation might be sent to the Court of France, calling for fresh penal enactments against the persons concerned in that traffic, which was agreed to, *nem. dis.* Adjourned.

MONDAY, JULY 2.

The Royal assent was given to several Bills brought up from the Commons, and an unanimous address recommending economy was voted to his Majesty.

MONDAY, JULY 9.

Lord Eldon took his seat as Viscount and Earl with the usual forms, and the Husbandry Horses Bill was read a third time, and passed.

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

The Royal Assent was given, by Commission, to the Consolidated Fund Bill, the Husbandry Horses' Taxes Repeal Bill, the Assessed Taxes Composition Bill, the Corn Averages' Bill, the Bankrupt Courts' Bill, the Metropolis Police Bill, the London Wharfs' Bill, and several others.

The Duke of Clarence's Annuity Bill, the Appropriation Bill, and the Lottery Bill, were read a third time and passed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

About three o'clock the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earls of Harrowby and Westmorland, and the Duke of Wellington, took their seats as his Majesty's Commissioners for proroguing the Parliament.

The Usher of the Black Rod was sent to desire the attendance of the House of Commons; when the Speaker, accompanied by a number of Members, appeared at the Bar.—The Royal Assent was then notified to several Bills, and the Lord Chancellor read the following Speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We have it in command from his Majesty to inform you, that the state of public business having enabled him to dispense with your attendance in Parliament, he has determined to put an end to this Session.

"His Majesty, however, cannot close it without expressing his satisfaction at the zeal and assiduity with which you have prosecuted the laborious and important inquiries in which you have been engaged.

"He has observed, with particular pleasure, the facility with which the restoration of a metallic currency has been effected, by the authority given to the Bank of England to commence it's payments in cash at an earlier period than had been determined by the last Parliament.

"His Majesty has commanded us to acquaint you, that he continues to receive from Foreign Powers, the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"We are commanded by his Majesty to return you his thanks for the provision you have made for the public service.

"Although the public expenditure has already undergone considerable reduction within the present year, his Majesty trusts he shall be enabled by the continuance of peace, and of internal tranquillity, to make such further reductions, as may satisfy the just expectations expressed by Parliament.

"His Majesty has commanded us to assure you of the gratification which he has derived from the provision which you have made for his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that his Majesty has observed the quiet and good order which continue to prevail in those parts of the country which were not long since in a state of agitation.

"His Majesty deeply laments the distress to which the Agricultural Interests, in many parts of the kingdom, are still subject.

"It will be his Majesty's most anxious desire, by a strict attention to public economy, to do all that depends upon him for the relief of the country from it's present difficulties; but you cannot fail to be sensible that the success of all efforts for this purpose will mainly depend upon the continuance of domestic tranquillity; and his Majesty confidently relies on your utmost exertions, in your several counties, in enforcing obedience to the laws, and in promoting harmony and concord amongst all descriptions of his Majesty's subjects."

A commission for proroguing the Parliament was then read. After which, the Lord Chancellor stated the Parliament to be prorogued to Thursday the 20th of September: when the Lords retired from the House, and the Commons withdrew from the Bar.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, MAY 21.

Mr. Creevey called the attention of the House to an item in the Ordnance Estimates, respecting the repairs of the fortifications of Barbadoes, in which a sum of 5,900*l.* was appropriated for that purpose, which repairs he contended ought to be paid for out of the 4½ per cent. duties. He then moved a Resolution, censuring the application of that sum for the repairs, until this House is satisfied that the 4½ per cent. duties are inadequate to the purpose.

Sir C. Long said, that the grant referred to by the Hon. Gent. was a positive grant to the Crown, and in fact approached to the character of it's hereditary revenue. It's present application had been recognized by Parliament, during the last century, and, therefore, it was too much for the Hon. Member now to change it's application.

The House then divided—

For the resolution,	58
Against it,	86
Majority,	—28

In a Committee.—On a motion for granting the sum of 94,346*l.* for the Staff of the Artillery—

Mr. Monck rose, and said it would be in the recollection of the House, that 100,000*l.* were voted last year towards the expenses of the Coronation. The Queen had since that period arrived in this country. He wished, therefore, to put a question or two to Ministers respecting the appearance of her Majesty at the approaching ceremony—first, he would ask whether any provision was made by Ministers for the appearance of the Illustrious Person to whom he had alluded at the Coronation; and, secondly, whether those arrangements necessary to be made would require any additional expense.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer considered the question quite irrelevant, but replied, that it was not intended to ask in the present Session for any additional sum for the expenses of the Coronation.

The Marquis of Londonderry said, that it would require a great deal of ingenuity to bring the subject under the definition of a grievance. He did not know whether it would be called a grievance that the Queen should not be crowned. It was clear, in point of law, that it required an act of the Crown to enable her Majesty to be crowned. No part of the prerogative could be more clear or undoubted than this. He could also say, that he and the other advisers of the Crown were not prepared to advise the King to take the steps which were necessary before her Majesty could take part in the ceremonial. If the Hon. Gent. or any other Hon. Member were prepared to revive the dying, or he should rather say, dead embers of the painful controversy in which the country was lately involved, they must take on themselves the responsibility of their indiscretion.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23.

Mr. Henry Grey Bennet moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the more effectually preventing the rescue of persons who may commit felony—Leave was given.

Sir J. Mackintosh moved the House to go into a Committee on the Forgery Mitigation Bill.

The Solicitor-General opposed the motion. He thought that the report of the Committee, on which this Bill was founded, took but a very partial view of the subject; and concluded with moving, "That the Bill be committed this day six months."

On a division the numbers were—

For the Committee,	118
For the Amendment,	74
Majority,	——44

THURSDAY, MAY 24.

Mr H. Sumner brought up the report of the Newington Select Vestry Bill, which prayed that the petitions for and against the Bill might be allowed to be withdrawn.—Agreed to, and leave given to withdraw the Bill.

Mr. Chetwynd obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the laws relating to the Apprehension, Punishment, and Passing of Vagrants. It was stated by the Committee on the subject, that the mere passing of vagrants from one parish to another stood the country in not than 100,000*l*. per annum. Great prevailed under the present syst an instance of which a vagrant North Riding of Yorkshire, having obtained a pass to Scotland, with the usual allowance of 1s. per day, prevailed upon the Clerk of the Overseer to sign a pass for a monkey, which he had with him, and the monkey was actually passed from parish to parish by the name of John Strange. He meant to propose a more extended term of imprisonment, the abolishing of rewards, and to bind over constables to prosecute vagrants; and lastly to abolish walking passes.

Mr. Scarlett moved the second reading of the Poor Laws' Bill. The present Bill was founded on three principles—first, the compulsory and unlimited provision made for the poor; secondly, the misappropriation of the funds, by administering to the indolent and vicious; and, thirdly, the restrictions imposed on the free circulation of labour. The Hon. and Learned Gent. repeated the arguments which he had formerly used in bringing forward the measure. Among the evils, he observed, one was very common among farmers; viz. to give a certain allowance from the poor's rates, say 9s. a week to poor men with families, and then to employ them as labourers for the sum of 5s. per week. The law, as it at present stood, gave a direct premium to pauperism. He thought that we ought to come as soon as possible to the principles upon which the statute of Elizabeth was founded.

The Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

A division took place on the report of the Metropolis Road Bill.

Mr. Calcraft moved that the Committee should sit that day three months.

Ayes,	34
Noes,	33
Majority,	—1

The Bill was accordingly lost.

Adjourned.

FRIDAY, MAY 25.

Mr. Williams brought in a Bill for re- the Votes of Freeholders at

A message from the Lords announced their Lordships' concurrence on the Grampound Disfranchisement Bill, with some amendments, to which they desired the concurrence of this House. The amendments were ordered to be taken into consideration.

On bringing up the report of the Forgery Punishment Bill,

Sir J. Mackintosh proposed an amendment by inserting the words, "except the forging of any last will, codicil, or testamentary paper." His object in so doing was to except the two forgeries created by the Marriage Act, forgeries of entries and registers of marriages, and forgeries of transfers of stock. The Report was ordered to be taken into further consideration.

In a Committee of Supply,

Mr. Hume wished to ask, whether it were true as had been reported, that the British Government supported the persons deputed by Austria, Russia, and

Prussia, to reside in the Island of St. Helena. He concluded by moving a reduction of 36,612*l.* from the estimate before the Committee.

The Marquis of Londonderry said the Commissioners of foreign powers, at St. Helena, were supported by their own Governments.

The Committee divided on the amendment.

For the original motion,	84
For the amendment,	32
Majority,	—52

MONDAY, JUNE 4.

Sir J. Mackintosh moved the third reading of the Criminal Laws Bill.

The Attorney General declared, that the concessions of the Hon. Gentleman encreased his objections to the Bill, because they were an acknowledgment, that the punishment of death was necessary to prevent crime in certain cases. He objected to the exception generally, for the distinction ought not to be an invidious one. Bankers' cheques ought to have protection. He moved that it be read a third time this day six months.

The House then divided—

For the third reading,	117
For the amendment,	111
Majority,	— 6

The House divided on the amendment of Mr. Cripps, to except from the benefits of the Bill all persons convicted of Forgeries on Bankers.—

For the amendment,	109
Against it,	102
Majority,	—7

After a long discussion, during the exclusion of strangers, the House divided on the question. "That the Bill do now pass?"—

Ayes,	115
Noes,	121
Majority against the Bill	—6.

It was consequently thrown out.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 6.

The Marquess of Londonderry intimated to the House, that he had been commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence to communicate to the House that his Royal Highness now found it desirable to accept the provision of 6,000*l.* per annum, provided by Parliament on the 16th of April, 1818, but which, from certain reasons, which the Noble Marquis said were highly creditable to his Royal Highness's feelings, he had then declined to receive. He then moved that the resolution come to on that occasion be referred to a Committee of the whole House on Friday next.

Mr. W. Courtenay moved the House to go into a Committee to consider the claims of the American Loyalists, and the compensation due to them, according to the report and award of the Commissioners appointed to investigate their claims.

On a division there were—

For the motion,	77
Against it,	60
Majority,	—17

THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

Mr. Hume called the attention of the House to the state of the Ionian Islands, particularly with respect to the conduct of the Lord High Commissioner. Having observed at some length upon these and other circumstances, he concluded with moving, "That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty, praying that he will appoint Commissioners to proceed to the Ionian Islands, to enquire into the state of the Government there; and into the conduct of the Governor, Sir T. Maitland; also to inquire into the causes of the disaffection which exists, and of the numerous arrests that have taken place."

Mr. Goulburn observed, that this was the third time the Hon. Member had come down to the House with charges similar to the present, which had as often been refuted as they had been advanced. With respect to the Lord High Commissioner, distinguished as was the character of Sir Thomas Maitland, he did not rely upon it; he relied upon the statement which had been specifically given, in answer to the charges. He cared not what might be the course which the Hon. Gent. should think proper to take on the present occasion, but he knew that Sir Thomas Maitland must expect the hatred of those who envied his talents and his character, and who were therefore anxious to avail themselves of every opportunity of aspersing him.

The Marquess of Londonderry could not admit that the Ionian Islands were to be considered as Colonies of England, or that the Government could interfere as if they were living under the controul and in obedience to the Government. He was, at the same time, ready to allow, that while the Government of this country was protecting those Islands, there was a superintending eye over their welfare and interest which ought not to be withdrawn, and as far as they could go on, directing the Lord High Commissioner of the Islands, for the advantage of the inhabitants, they ought to go.—Government should, however, exercise that power with caution. The Noble Marquess rose, indeed, principally for the purpose of assuring the Hon. Gentleman that Sir Thomas Maitland had come home, attended by the Law Officers of the Government, for the special purpose of forming a criminal process applicable to the criminal system of the island. That circumstance was proof of the purity of

the intentions of the legal advisers of Sir T. Maitland. The Noble Marquess had also the satisfaction of stating that an improved system of Administration had been introduced to the Ionian Islands, and the system of injustice had been removed. They all knew the difficulty of working new systems, but there was every disposition to take advantage of experience. Sending a Commissioner into the island would be marked as a proceeding infinitely beyond what the occasion warranted.

Mr. Lennard considered the situation of the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands peculiarly unfortunate. They were entitled to a free Constitution by the Treaty of Paris, but nothing had been resorted to but the mockery of a Constitution.

Sir I. Coffin said he had known Sir T. Maitland thirty-five years, and a more able and gallant officer did not exist. He should vote against the motion.

The House divided—

For the motion,	27
Against it,	97
Majority against the motion,	——70

Mr. Chetwynd brought in a Bill to facilitate summary proceedings before Justices of the Peace and Police Magistrates; and also a Bill to facilitate and render more certain the transmission of information and other documents from Magistrates to the Justices of Assize, which were read a first time.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

The Marquess of Londonderry moved the House to go into a Committee on the Resolution of the House in 1818, for an increased provision to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. The Noble Lord explained, that in the year 1818, a provision had been made for those branches of the Royal Family that might be induced to marry. The Noble Marquess concluded by moving that this House should make provision for enabling His Majesty to make good to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence the additional provision of 6000l. a year, contemplated by the resolution of the House in the year 1818, but which, from peculiar circumstances, had been declined respectfully, by his Royal Highness, together with the arrears which would have become due on the said annuity of 6000l. a year since the passing of the said resolution.

Mr. Harbord could not make up his mind to vote for the arrears. He should not enter into any argument upon the subject, but should beg leave to move, as an amendment, that a sum not exceeding 6000l. should be granted.

After some further discussion, the Committee divided on Mr. Harbord's amendment:—

Noes,	119
Ayes,	43
Majority,	——76

Mr. Bernal wished to ask if there were any foundation for the rumours which prevailed relative to the state of Constantinople?

The Marquess of Londonderry said, circumstances of a very painful nature occurred there; but every care was taken by his Majesty's Ambassador, as well as those of other Powers, to protect those persons entitled to it. Circumstances of a distressing nature did in fact occur there, but the Admiralty had taken care that the navigation of the Archipelago should be especially preserved, so that the interests of commerce might not be seriously injured or impeded.

There not being forty Members present, the House, at two o'clock, adjourned till Wednesday, June 13th.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

The Bill for regulating stamp Duties in Ireland was read a first time, as was one for raising a loan of 13,000,000l. on the Sinking Fund, and one for renewing the issue of 29,000,000l. of Exchequer Bills; one for raising a certain sum by Lottery, and one for raising 1,000,000l. by Irish Treasury Bills.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

Mr. Curwen moved for the repeal of the Agricultural Horse Tax. He could not but regret that the lateness of the session made it imperative on him to bring forward this motion in the absence of the Marquess of Londonderry. This was a subject most material to the Agricultural interests, and stood on a very different ground now from what it stood when he had formerly brought this question before the House. The proceedings of the Committee on this subject, proved that the distress of the agriculturists was great beyond precedent; and under these circumstances, it remained for Parliament to consider what was the best method of removing that distress. If the House wished to show that it was anxious to afford any relief to the distress of the country, here was an opportunity offered for doing so, and the only opportunity it would have this session. He concluded with moving for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of the 43d and 52d of Geo. III. as related to the duty on agricultural horses.

Mr. Gooch said, that as Chairman of the Agricultural Committee, he would second the motion, and, at the same time, say that he had been instructed by the Committee, on a former day, to come down to the House to move for a repeal of the Tax in question, but that, in the mean time, the Committee had changed their mind. He confirmed the statements

of the Hon. Member who preceded him, and expressed his opinion, that since the means of Government were not equal to their expenditure, they ought to cut down their establishments, so as to square with the resources which they had at their command.

The House divided—

For repealing the Tax,	141
Against it,	113
Majority,	——28

Mr. Curwen afterwards brought in his Bill, which was read a first time.

MONDAY, JUNE 18.

Mr. Gooch presented the Report from the Agricultural Committee, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Curwen moved the Order of the Day for going into a Committee on the Husbandry Horse Tax Repeal Bill. He had to state to the House, that no opposition would be given to this Bill by Ministers, and it was gratifying to him and must be to the country to see the handsome manner in which the Noble Marquess had acceded to the opinion of the House.

The Bill was then committed for Wednesday. The repeal to commence on the 5th of July next.

On the Order of the Day for receiving the Report of the Committee on the grant of an annunity to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being moved,

Mr. Curwen moved, that the resolution of the Committee be read a second time that day three months. On a division the numbers were—

For the amendment,	18
Against it,	144
Majority,	——126

The House afterwards divided on an amendment of Mr. Hume's, for reducing the grant to 3,500l. —

For the amendment,	30
For the original motion,	167
Majority,	——137

Mr. Bernal protested against granting the arrears. He moved, that the grant of 6,000l. a year be made from April, 1821, instead of 1818.

When the House divided—

For the amendment,	81
Against it,	131
Majority,	——50

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20.

Mr. F. Buxton brought before the House the practice adopted by the women in India of immolating themselves on the deaths of their husbands. And concluded with moving for copies and extracts of all communications received from India respecting the burning of widows: which was carried.

Mr. C. Hutchinson moved "an humble Address to His Majesty, requesting him to use his influence to secure to the minor States of Europe their undoubted right to choose their own form of Government, and also to remonstrate with his Allies on the assumption of powers, which introduce new principles into the laws of nations, in direct opposition to all former precedent, and which, if persevered in, would not only prevent the establishment of all rational liberty, but tend to render perpetual despotisms of the worst kind."

Upon which the House divided—

For the motion,	28
Against it,	171
Majority,	——143

The Order of the Day for the third reading of the Bill for the better Relief of the Poor, was then read, and the debate adjourned.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21.

Lord W. Bentinck moved that an humble Adress be presented to His Majesty, representing to him that we feel greatly mortified, in learning that attempts had been made by the King of the Two Sicilies to reduce the privileges of the Sicilians to such a state as would expose the British Government to the reproach of having contributed to a change which would impair the freedom of the Sicilians, and we therefore pray His Majesty's interference in such manner as the honour and good faith of this nation absolutely require.

The House divided—

Ayes,	35
Noes,	69
Majority,	——34

FRIDAY, JUNE 22.

In a committee on the Ninth Report of the Commission on Irish Courts of Justice,

Mr. S. Rice moved a variety of resolutions, charging the Chief Baron of the Exchequer with allowing larger fees to be taken than allowed by law.

Mr. O'Grady contended, that if any error was imputable to the Chief Baron, it was an error of forty years standing, as his predecessor had first committed it.

The Marquis of Londonderry observed, that the Report of the Commissioners did not come before the House in the light of accusation, but as matter for enquiry. He moved, therefore, that the Chairman should report progress, which was acceded to, and the Committee ordered to sit again.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

On the Order of the Day being moved for the third reading of the Irish Revenue Inquiry Bill.

After two divisions the Bill was passed.

Mr. Maxwell moved, "That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to issue a Commission to visit New Lanark, to examine the condition and treatment of the working classes in that establishment and to report on such further arrangements as Mr. Owen proposes to make

for the advantage of manufacturing labourers, and to assure his Majesty that the House will make good the same."

The question was negatived without a division.

Mr. Wilberforce, in rising to bring forward his motion on the subject of the Papers laid before the House concerning the Abolition of the Slave Trade, observed, that notwithstanding all the steps which had been taken, he was sorry to say that the Slave Trade was still carried on to an immense extent, and in many instances with a degree of barbarity sufficient to exhaust human suffering on the one hand, and human cruelty on the other, and more than sufficient to justify all which had been said of it on former occasions. His wish was, that the several Powers who had denounced this odious traffic, should appoint Assessors to ensure the execution of their views, and Portugal should be peculiarly called upon to attend to this arrangement. The Hon. Member concluded amidst much cheering, by moving an Address to his Majesty, recapitulating the principal topics in his speech.

The motion was carried unanimously.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

Mr. Hume moved, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would be pleased to direct a minute investigation to be made into the expense of collecting the various branches of the revenue; that vigilant watch should be kept upon the expenditure, with the view of making such reductions as could be effected without detriment to the public service."

Mr. Bankes moved as an amendment, That an Address be substituted, assuring his Majesty that the House regarded with satisfaction the general revision which had taken place in the department of the Customs, and praying that he would direct a similar revision in other departments of the public service, with a view to retrenchment, that he would be pleased to direct, that every possible saving should be adopted in the more extensive establishments, which it was necessary the country should maintain, as well for the safety as defence of the country, more especially by reducing the number of the army, and exercising a constant vigilance over the very ample supplies usually granted by that House.

After much discussion, the House divided—

For the original motion,	94
For the amendment,	174
Majority for the amendment,	—80

The Amended Address was agreed to unanimously.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29.

Mr. Hume moved for a return of the several sums paid to the newspapers in Great Britain for the insertion of proclamations, advertisements, and notices of every kind, by the different public offices.

Mr. R. Martin moved the Order of the Day on the Ill-treatment of Horses' Bill, when the House divided—

For the third reading,	40
Against it,	16
Majority,	—24

The Bill was read a third time, and passed.

MONDAY, JULY 2.

Mr. Brougham defended her Majesty's conduct from the imputations of the Ministers that she wished to throw impediments in the way of the Coronation, and the Duke of Clarence's Annuity Bill was read the third time.

Mr. Bernal then proposed to leave out the words "5th April, 1818," and substitute "5th April, 1821," to take away the 18,000l. arrears.

The House divided—

For the amendment,	33
Against it,	94
Majority,	—61

The Extra Post Bill was lost by a majority of eight.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.

Mr. Whitbread brought forward his motion respecting the Bridge-street Association, but declined pressing his motion to a division.

The Marquess of Londonderry in moving the adjournment of the House till the 10th, said it might be interesting to state, that since the commencement of the Session they had sat every night on an average, eight hours and forty minutes. Their constituents would thus see that the situation of a Member of Parliament was not a sinecure; and that if little was done, at least labour was not spared.

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

This day the House met pursuant to adjournment, when the Members were immediately summoned to attend the Lords, and hear the Royal Assent given by commission to several Bills.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

The Speaker entered the House at three o'clock, and took the Chair.

Mr. Hume then made some observations respecting the Coronation of her Majesty, but had not commenced the reading of his Resolution, when the Black Rod was heard at the door, and he was called to order by the Speaker.

Black Rod then informed the House that the Lords bearing his Majesty's Commission were in the House of Peers, whither the Speaker immediately repaired, attended by a great number of Members.

The Speaker, on his return, read the Speech at the Table, and the House separated.

CIVIC REGISTER.

1821.

Right Honourable JOHN THOMAS THORP, LORD MAYOR.

ROBERT WAITHMAN, ESQ. ALD.......... } SHERIFFS.
JAMES WILLIAMS, ESQ................ }

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

A Court of Common Council was this day held, in consequence of a Requisition to consider the propriety of rescinding the Order for inscribing the Resolution of the 13th of July last, respecting assembling a military force during the meeting of a Common Hall, under the statue of Mr. Alderman Beckford.

In consequence of the continued indisposition of the Lord Mayor, Sir Claudius Hunter was appointed *locum tenens*, and presided accordingly.

Sir C. Hunter laid before the Court a Letter from Mr. Alderman Bridges, addressed to the Lord Mayor, upon the subject of the Requisition, which was read.

Mr. Oldham introduced the business in a speech at considerable length; and concluded by moving a Resolution for rescinding the Order directing the said Resolution to be put up in the Guildhall, and also the instructions of the last Court to the Committee of the City Lands to proceed with the original Order.

A long discussion ensued; on the show of hands being taken, a very great majority appeared in favour of rescinding the Resolution. A division was demanded, and granted, the numbers being,

For rescinding the Resolution,	99
Against it,	42
Majority,	57

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.

This day the Lord Mayor held a Court of Aldermen at Guildhall; when his Lordship reported the election of Anthony Brown, Esq. as Alderman of the Ward of Billingsgate, in the room of Sir William Leighton, Knt. resigned; and Mr. Brown was introduced to the Court by several of the inhabitants of the Ward, and took the usual oaths and his seat. A Petition was then presented from Mr. Hughes against the election of Mr. Lister as Common Councilman for the Ward of Bassishaw, the consideration of which was adjourned to the next Court, and a copy ordered in the mean time to be sent to Mr. Lister, when he and all parties were ordered to attend and be heard thereon. The Court were afterwards occupied a considerable time on matters connected with the Coronation.

COMMON HALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

A Common Hall was held this morning, to receive the Poll for the new Sheriffs; when the numbers were officially declared as under,—

Ald. Garratt,	1667
—— Venables,	1425
Mr. Crook,	423

Upon which the two Aldermen were declared duly elected. The several Candidates returned thanks; and after some other unimportant business, the Hall was dissolved.

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, JULY 12.

This day a Court of Common Council was held for the despatch of business; when

Sir Richard Carr Glyn presided, as *locum tenens* for the Lord Mayor, whose indisposition continued with increased severity.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, to whom was referred the Petition of Abraham Saul, who had been born a Jew, but who had since been baptized in the Christian religion; and was refused admission to the freedom by the Court of Aldermen. He ultimately applied by Petition to the Common Council, who referred the Petition to the Committee; and the Report stated that the Committee were of opinion that he was entitled to the freedom; when it was resolved that a reconsideration of the case should be recommended to the Court of Aldermen.

Mr. Oldham called the attention of the Court to the appointment which had been made of the Masters of the twelve Companies of the Livery to assist at the ceremony of the Coronation; and moved that it be referred to the Committee for General Purposes to examine whether the choice ought not to be made from that Court.—Agreed to.

The Report of the Committee to whom it was referred to consider how far wholesale dealers were entitled to carry on business in the City without taking

up their freedom, was brought up and read: and stated that the Law Officers having examined the Charters, the City records, &c. had ascertained, that by an ancient bye-law it was enacted, that if any stranger dealt with another stranger in the City, the goods were forfeited; but that the bye-law had been in disuse in consequence of the difference in the mode of dealing; but they considered it as still applicable to all cases of non-freemen dealing with non-freemen. It was then moved that the Report be printed for the Members, and that the consideration be postponed; which was agreed to unanimously.

Mr. Dixon brought up a Report from the Gaol Expenses Committee, to whom it was referred, to consider whether Aldermen Bridges and Rothwell ought to be reimbursed for the expenses they were put to from the refusal of Sheriff Parkins to bear any part of the expenses incurred during the late Mayoralty and Shrievalty in giving the customary Civic dinners. The Report recommended the payment of 1,432*l.* 16s. 6d. the amount of the extra expenses; and it was agreed to unanimously.

Mr. Oldham moved, that the Committee of General Purposes be ordered to provide seats for the Reporters, which was carried.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, JULY 17.

A Court of Aldermen was held at Guildhall, at which Sir R. C. Glyn presided, as *locum tenens* for the Lord Mayor; when

Aldermen Garratt and Venables gave the usual bonds to take upon themselves the office of Sheriff at Michaelmas.

Sir W. Curtis having signified his assent to remove to the Ward of Bridge Without, agreeably to the Act of Common Council, in the room of Sir Watkin Lewes, deceased, the Court requested the Lord Mayor to issue his precept for the election of an Alderman of the Ward of Tower, in the place of Sir Wm. Curtis.

The Court proceeded to hear the Petitions against the election of Mr. William Lister, as Common Councilman for the Ward of Bassishaw; when Counsel on their behalf was heard at the bar, and Mr. Lister was heard in reply. Sir C. S. Hunter, Bart. Alderman of the Ward, was also heard, and examined further witnesses. Strangers then withdrew, and the Court, after some deliberation, adjudged the election to be void, and precepts to be issued for a wardmote for a new election.

An extra allowance of 1lb. of beef and a pint of strong beer, was ordered to be made to each of the prisoners in the several Gaols of this City, and the Borough, on the day of his Majesty's Coronation; and the front of Guildhall to be handsomely illuminated in the evening.

TOWER WARD.

FRIDAY, JULY 20.

A Wardmote was this day holden at Bakers' Hall, before Sir Charles Flower, Knt. as *locum tenens* for the Lord Mayor, to choose an Alderman in place of Sir William Curtis, Bart. removed by rotation, as Father of the City, to the Ward of Bridge Without, *vice* Sir Watkin Lewes, deceased; when Matthias P. Lucas, Esq. was unanimously elected. A Mr. Green was nominated, but not seconded.

Thanks were voted for Sir W. Curtis's past services, to Sir C. Flower for presiding, and the Wardmote was dissolved.

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

THIS Gazette notified the appointment of Robert Henning Parr, of the Town of Poole, Gent. to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

This Gazette notified the appointment of Stephen Chalk, the Younger, of Dover, in the County of Kent, Gent. and Charles John Wragg, of Sheaibridge, in the County of Worcester, Gent. to be Masters Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.

The King has been pleased to approve of James Colquhoun, Esq. as Agent and Consul General in the United Kingdom, for the Teutonic Free Hanseatic Republics of Lubec, Bremen, and Hamburgh.

This Gazette also notified his Majesty's permission for the 23rd Regiment of Foot, to wear on their colours and appointments the words "Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrennees, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse," in commemoration of their distinguished services at the above places; and for the 71st Regiment of Foot to wear the word "Hindoostan," in commemoration of their services in India.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.

The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal for granting the Dignities of a Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to John Baron Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and the Heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the names styles and titles of Viscount Encombe, of Encombe, in the County of Dorset; and Earl of Eldon, in the County Palatine of Durham.

It also notified the appointment of George Lawrence Shackles, of the Town and County of Kingston-upon-Hull, Gent. and John Hoper, the Younger, of Lewes, in the County of Sussex, Gent. to be Masters Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

And that on the 30th June last, the Right Honourable Peter Robert Lord Gwydir, Deputy Great Chamberlain of England, was by his Majesty's Command sworn of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and took his place at the Board accordingly.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.

COLONIAL OFFICE, DOWNING STREET, JULY 4, 1821.

Captain Crokat, of the 20th regiment, arrived this day from St. Helena, with a despatch, addressed to the Earl Bathurst by Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B. of which the following is a copy.

St. Helena, May 6, 1821.

My Lord.—It falls to my duty to inform your Lordship, that Napoleon Buonaparte expired at about ten minutes before six o'clock in the evening of the 5th instant, after an illness which had confined him to his apartments since the 17th of last March.

He was attended during the early part of his indisposition, from the 17th to the 31st of March, by his own Medical Assistant, Professor Antommarchi, alone. During the latter period, from the 1st of April to the 5th of May, he received the daily visits of Dr. Arnott, of his Majesty's 20th regiment, generally in conjunction with Professor Antommarchi.

Dr. Shortt, Physician to the Forces, and Dr. Mitchell, Principal Medical Officer of the Royal Navy on the station, whose services, as well as those of any other medical persons on the island, had been offered, were called upon in consultation by Professor Antommarchi, on the 3d of May; but they had not any opportunity afforded to them of seeing the patient.

Dr. Arnott was with him at the moment of his decease, and saw him expire. Captain Crokat, Orderly Officer in attendance, and Doctors Shortt and Mitchell, saw the body immediately afterwards.

Dr. Arnott remained with the body during the night.

Early this morning, at about seven o'clock, I proceeded to the apartment where the body lay, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Lambert, Naval Commander in Chief on this station; the Marquess de Montchenu, Commissioner of his Majesty the King of France, charged with the same duty also on the part of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria; Brigadier-General Coffin, second in command of the troops; Thomas H. Brooke and Thomas Greentree, Esqrs. Members of Council in the Government of this island; and Captains Brown, Hendry, and Marryat, of the Royal Navy.

After viewing the person of Napoleon Buonaparte, which lay with the face uncovered, we retired.

An opportunity was afterwards afforded, with the concurrence of the persons who had composed the family of Napoleon Buonaparte, to as many officers as were desirous, naval and military, to the Honourable the East India Company's officers and Civil servants, and to various other individuals resident here, to enter the room in which the body lay, and to view it.

At two o'clock this day the body was opened, in the presence of the following medical gentlemen, Dr. Shortt, M.D. Dr. Mitchell, M.D. Dr. Arnott, M.D. Dr. Burton, M.D. of his Majesty's 66th regiment, and Matthew Livingstone, Esq. Surgeon in the East India Company's Service.

Professor Antommarchi assisted at the dissection. Gen. Bertrand and Count Montholon were present.

After a careful examination of the several internal parts of the body, the whole of the medical gentlemen present concurred in a report on their appearance. This report is inclosed.

I shall cause the body to be interred with the honours due to a General Officer of the highest rank.

I have entrusted this despatch to Captain Crokat, of his Majesty's 20th regiment, who was the Orderly Officer in attendance upon the person of Napoleon Buonaparte at the time of his decease. He embarks on board his Majesty's sloop Heron, which Rear-Admiral Lambert has detached from the squadron under his command, with the intelligence.

I have, &c. &c.

H. LOWE, Lieut.-Gen.

To the Right Hon. the Earl Bathurst, K.G. &c. &c. &c.

Longwood, St. Helena, May 6, 1821.

REPORT OF APPEARANCES ON DISSECTION OF THE BODY OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

On a superficial view the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down it's centre, where

the fat was upwards of one inch and a half over the abdomen. On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion of the left pleura was found to the pleura costalis. About three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in the right. The lungs were quite sound. The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid.

The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat. The auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural.

Upon opening the abdomen the omentum was found remarkably fat, and on exposing the stomach, that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease. Strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver, and on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, sufficient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly it's whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease or schirrous portions advancing to cancer: this was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part appearing in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid, resembling coffee grounds.

The convex surface of the left lobe of the liver adhered to the diaphragm. With the exception of the adhesions occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver.

The remainder of the abdominal viscera were in a healthful state.

A slight peculiarity in the formation of the left kidney was observed.

(Signed)
T. Shortt, M.D. *Prin. Medical Officer.*
A. Arnott, M.D. *Surg. 20th Reg.*
C. Mitchell, M.D. *Surg. H.M.S. Vigo.*
F. Burton, M.D. *Surg. 66th Reg.*
M. Livingstone, *Surg. H. C. Service.*

SATURDAY, JULY 14.

This Gazette under the head of "Whitehall, July 9," announced that the King had been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the following dignities:—

1.—Of Viscount, Earl, and Marquess of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to Charles Earl of Ailesbury, and his heirs male, by the name, style, and titles of Viscount Savernake, of Savernake Forest, in Wiltshire; Earl Bruce, of Whorlton, in Yorkshire; and Marquess of Ailesbury, in Buckinghamshire.

2.—Of Earl, to Edward Viscount Falmouth, by the title of the Earl of Falmouth, in Cornwall.

3.—Of Earl, to Richard William Penn, Viscount Curzon, by the title of Earl Howe.

4.—Of Viscount and Earl, to John Sommers Baron Sommers, by the titles of Viscount Eastnor, of Eastnor Castle, in Herefordshire, and Earl Sommers.

5.—Of Viscount and Earl, to John Baron Rous, by the titles of Viscount Dunwich, and Earl of Stradbroke, in Suffolk.

6.—Of Viscount, to Richard Earl of Donoughmore, by the title of Viscount Hutchinson, of Knocklofty, in Tipperary, with remainder, in default of male issue, to the heirs male of Christian Baroness Donoughmore, deceased (mother of the said Richard Earl of Donoughmore,) by John Hely Hutchinson, Esq. also deceased

7.—Of Baron, to William Marquess of Lothian, by the title of Baron Ker, of Kersheugh, in Roxburghshire.

8.—Of Baron, to Henry Marquess Conyngham, by the title of Baron Minster, of Minster Abbey, county of Kent.

9.—Of Baron, to James Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, by the title of Baron Ormonde, of Llanthony, in Monmouthshire; with remainder in default of such issue male, to his brother, the Honourable Charles Hayward Butler Clarke, and his heirs male.

10.—Of Baron, to Francis Earl of Wemyss and March, by the title of Baron Wemyss, of Wemyss, in Fifeshire.

11.—Of Baron, to Robert Earl of Roden, by the title of Baron Clanbrassill, of Hyde-hall, in Herefordshire, and of Dundalk, in the county of Louth.

12.—Of Baron, to George Earl of Kingston, by the title of Baron Kingston, of Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork.

13.—Of Baron, to Thomas Earl of Longford, by the title of Baron Silchester, in the county of Southampton.

14.—Of Baron, to James Murray, Esq. (commonly called Lord James Murray,) by the title of Baron Glenlyon, of Glenlyon, in Perthshire.

15.—Of Baron, to the Rt. Hon. William Wellesley Pole, by the title of Baron Maryborough, of Maryborough, in the Queen's County.

16.—Of Baron, to the Rt. Hon. John Foster, by the title of Baron Oriel, of Ferrard, in the county of Louth.

17.—Of Baron, to Sir William Scott, by the title of Baron Stowell, of Stowell Park, in Gloucestershire.

18.—Of Baron, to Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, by the title of Baron Ravens-

worth, of Ravensworth Castle, in Durham, and of Eslington, in Northumberland.

19.—Of Baron, to Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq. of Vale Royal, Cheshire, by the title of Baron Delamere, of Vale Royal.

20.—Of Baron, to Cecil Weld Forrester, Esq. of Willey Park, in Shropshire, by the title of Baron Forrester, of Willey Park.

21.—Of Baroness, to Charlotte Mary Gertrude Strutt, (commonly called Lady Mary Strutt,) with remainder to her heirs male, by the title of Baroness Rayleigh, of Terling-place, in Essex.

TUESDAY, JULY 17.

Member returned to serve in Parliament.

County Borough of Carmarthen—John Jones, of Ystrad Lodge, in the said Borough, Esq. in the room of the Hon. John Frederick Campbell, (now Lord Cawdor,) one of the Peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Borough of Kinsall—Rear Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, Bart. Knight Commander of the Bath, of Drumsna, in the county of Leitrim, in Ireland, in the room of George Cousemaker, Esq. deceased.

A Supplement to the Gazette of Tuesday, July 17, published on the 20th, and the Gazette of Saturday, July 21st, each contained extensive promotions in the Army and Navy, in honour of the Coronation.—Commissions to be dated July the 19th.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE, by a Circular has informed the Members thereof, that the Persons undernamed, or using the firm of

F. L. BROOKBANK is concerned in the House of

M. BAKEWELL and Co. of 40, Upper Berkley-street, Portman-square, several times mentioned;

ANDREW THOMPSON, also frequently mentioned, is a partner therein;

SMITH and BAILEY, Factors, 9, Well-street, Cripplegate, refer to

GEORGE SAWYER and Co. No. 48, Gutter-lane, Cheapside; and to

THOMAS GRAY and Co. 19, Tokenhouse Yard; and draw upon

WILLIAMS and Co. Bankers, Swansea, lately mentioned to that Society as improper to be proposed to be ballotted for as Members thereof.

The Secretary is also desired to communicate that a person calling himself sometimes the servant of

CHARLES HENRY LOYD, Esq. of Grove House, Blackwater, Berkshire; and sometimes the servant of

Mr. LOYD, of Clarges-st. Piccadilly; has lately negociated several chequers drawn by the said C. H. LOYD upon

MESSRS. JONES, LOYD and Co. Bankers, who on presentment state that they knew no such person.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE OF CHARLES THOMSON, ESQ. MASTER IN CHANCERY.—CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Friday, July 6, an Inquest was held before Thomas Stirling, Esq. Coroner, in an apartment at the house of Charles Thomson, Esq. Master in Chancery, 21, Portland-place, who put a period to his existence under the following circumstances:—It appeared from the evidence adduced, that on Thursday morning last, the deceased was in his chamber, about eight o'clock, when he rang the bell for the butler, who immediately proceeded up stairs. The deceased told him to bring him some water, on doing which he said that he should not want him for an hour. The butler accordingly went up stairs at the expiration of the hour, and found the door of the deceased's dressing-room locked. Upon looking through the key-hole he observed a quantity of blood on the floor. He immediately made an alarm, which brought up stairs several servants, who forced open the door, and found the deceased sitting on a chair in his morning dress, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Two razors were near the deceased, one of which laid upon the table, and the other upon the floor, and the place was covered with blood. The family were told of the horrid transaction, and Mr. Houghton, surgeon, of Conduit-street, was sent for, but the deceased was quite dead. The evening before the deceased rode out on horseback, apparently in his usual state of health, and there was no suspicion whatever that he would have laid violent hands upon himself. The only cause to which the commission of the rash act can be attributed is, that a short time ago, he was attacked with an apoplectic fit, which seemed to prey very much on his mind, and latterly he was observed to be very low and dejected. He was fifty-two years of age; he has left a wife and family. It appears that the deceased first made an incision in his throat with one of the razors, and completed the deadly gash with the second.—Mr. Houghton, for the satisfaction of all parties, opened the deceased's head, and found it in such a

state as was likely to have caused derangement of intellect; it is supposed that the act took place on the impulse of the moment. Several witnesses gave evidence as to the deceased's general conduct, and his state of mind, all of which tended to prove what has been already stated. The Jury returned a verdict, "*That the deceased committed the act himself, being at the time in a state of mental derangement*."

A very important discovery has recently been made of the original books of Registry of Marriages and Births which occurred in the Fleet Prison and it's Rules from 1686 to 1751, together with those celebrated at the Mint and Mayfair Chapel; of the authenticity of these records no doubt is entertained; and they have, by an order from Lord Sidmouth, been lately deposited with the Registrar of the Diocese of London, in Godliman-street. The long period of doubt and difficulty which obscured the marriages and births before the date of the Marriage Act, will now be cleared, and the titles to estates during that period find a clear elucidation hitherto very much required.

Two very handsome monuments have just been placed up in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the right of the north entrance, to the memory of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton and Major-General Hay, who fell at the battle of Waterloo.

SLAUGHTER OF THE KING'S STAG HOUNDS.—A letter from Brighton, dated June 30, says, "Some weeks since we mentioned that the King's Stag Hounds had been brought hither for the purpose of washing them in the sea. The same pack was here last summer. Since their arrival they have been almost daily immersed in the brine of the ocean, and on account of growing symptoms of hydrophobia, were often kept in the water until they were nearly exhausted, to render the remedy effective, and, on one occasion, one hound was drowned in the process of this treatment, and one or two others had been with difficulty recovered. But all would not do; the evil apprehended a few days ago began so unequivocally to show itself, that it became dangerous to enter the kennel. This matter, of course, was duly reported, and an order, in consequence, arrived from Marquess Cornwallis, the Master of the Stag Hounds, for the whole of the pack here to be destroyed without further delay; which order was carried into instantaneous effect, and four-and-twenty couple of the most valuable and best-trained dogs were presently breathless. They were despatched by the whipper-in and feeder; the huntsman, Sharp, could not witness the slaughter; his tears evinced the agony he felt at their loss: the voice of every dog was known to him; he could almost hold a conversation with them, and every command from his lips would be separately, or collectively, as required, obeyed; so high was the training condition to which he had brought them. The inefficacy of sea-water immersions, in cases of canine madness, is thus amply proved."

Intelligence from Brazil announces the departure of the King of Portugal, attended by a numerous Court, for Lisbon. The government of the Brazilian provinces was confided to Don Pedro, with the Count dos Arcos for his Minister. The departure appears to have been attended with very unpleasant circumstances, and the loss of some lives; disturbances having been occasioned by the shipment of a quantity of specie and other valuables for the use of the Royal Family in Europe, which the people attempted to re-land, but were prevented by the interference of the troops. The particular amount of specie which the King brings with him to Europe is not ascertained, but there is no doubt it is very considerable.

Letters from Stockholm, dated the 26th ult. state that the claim of the English merchants for the seizure of goods about two years ago, at Bodoe, in Norway, have been adjusted by the payment of 2,500*l.* and the remission of duties to the amount of 15,000*l* more, on merchandize to be imported into Norway within a limited period.

The latest accounts from Canton state, that serious disturbances have broken out on the frontiers of China, and that the Emperor Ming Ming, who ascended the throne three days after the death of his father, had been assassinated. The *Pekin Gazette*, speaking of the death of the Emperor Kea King, says briefly, "In the city of Jeho, the 25th day of the 7th moon, his Majesty set out to wander among the immortals.

ROBBERY OF MR. KEAN.—Mr. Kean, on his arrival at New York from Boston, on the 29th of May last, discovered that his trunk or case, which contained all his valuable papers, and a considerable sum of money, had been stolen. A case was left very similar to the one belonging to Mr. Kean. Among the papers were some receipts, signed by Le Roy, Bayard, and Co., Mr. Kean's engagements with several Managers, and numerous letters. There were also, among other valuable papers and articles, two Bank-notes of one hundred dollars each, and a quantity of specie in English gold. The case (somewhat resembling a leather trunk) left in the place of that of Mr. Kean's, and which is now in his possession, was filled with stones, an old pair of pantaloons, and a vest.

BUONAPARTE'S FUNERAL.

Extract of a private letter, dated St. Helena, May 15.

"Buonaparte was buried on the 9th in Sane Valley, a spot selected by himself, with the full military honours paid to a General of the first rank. His coffin was carried by grenadiers. Count Montholon and General Bertrand were the pall-bearers; Madame Bertrand with her family following. Next came Lady Lowe and her daughters in deep mourning; then the junior Officers of the Navy; the Staff of the Army; last, Sir Hudson Lowe and the Admiral brought up the rear. The 66th and 20th Regiments, the Artillery, Volunteers, and Marines, in all full 3,000 men, were stationed on the surrounding hills, about half way up; and when the body was lowered into the grave, three rounds of eleven guns were fired by the artillery. His grave was about fourteen feet deep, very wide at the top, but the lower part chambered to receive the coffin. One large stone covered the whole of the chamber. The remaining space was filled up with solid masonry, clamped with iron. Thus every precaution is taken to prevent the removal of the body, and I believe it has been full as much by the desire of the French commissioners, as from the wish of the government of the island. The spot had previously been consecrated by his priest. The body of Buonaparte is enclosed in three coffins, of mahogany, lead, and oak. His heart, which Bertrand and Montholon earnestly desired to take with them to Europe, was restored to the coffin, but it remains in a silver cup, filled with spirits. His stomach his surgeon was anxious to preserve, but that is also restored, and is in another silver cup.

"As every thing relating to so great a man must be of extreme interest, I should tell you, that after having attended his funeral I paid a visit to his residence. I was shown his wardrobe by Marchand, his valet, and a more shabby set-out I never beheld. Old coats, hats, and pantaloons, that a midshipman on shore would hardly condescend to wear. But Marchand said, it was quite an undertaking to make him put on any thing new, and then after wearing it an hour, he would throw it off, and put on the old again.

"The last words Buonaparte uttered were '*tete*'—'*armee*.' What their connexion was in his mind, cannot be ascertained; but they were distinctly heard about five o'clock on the morning of the day he died.

"An officer's guard is appointed to watch over his grave.

"Bertrand, Montholon, and the rest of his household will return to England in the *Camel* store-ship, which sails in about a fortnight.

"Drawings have been taken by Captain Marryatt, of the spot where Buonaparte lies buried, and also of the procession to his funeral."

The Order of Napoleon's Funeral Procession.

Napoleon Bertrand, son of the Marshal. — The Priests, in full robes.
Dr. Arnott, of 20th Regiment. — Buonaparte's Physician.
Grenadiers { THE BODY, in a car, drawn by four horses. } Grenadiers
[24 Grenadiers—12 on each side, to carry the body down a steep hill, where the car could not go.]
Count Montholon. { Buonaparte's Horse, led by two servants. } Marshal Bertrand.
Servants. { Madame Bertrand and Daughter, in an open vehicle. } Servants.
Servants.
Naval Officers.
Staff Officers.
Members of Council.
General Coffin. — Marq. de Montchenu.
The Admiral. — The Governor.
Servants. { Lady Lowe and Daughter, in an open vehicle. } Servants.
Servants.
Dragoons.
St. Helena Volunteers.
St. Helena Regiment.
St. Helena Artillery.
Sixty-sixth Regiment.
Royal Marines.
Twentieth Regiment.
Royal Artillery.

Eleven rounds of 33-pounders were fired during the funeral.

He was put into a leaden coffin, in his plain uniform dress, star, orders, &c. &c.; the leaden one was enclosed in two formed of mahogany; the outer coffin had plain top and sides, black ebony round the edges, and silver head-screws raised above the lid.

Napoleon is buried in a romantic spot, situated in a valley near the place called Hut's Gate. I here relate the cause of his choice: When he first arrived Marshal Bertrand resided at Hut's Gate, until a house was built for him near the Ex-emperor's, who frequently visited the General's family, and he (Buonaparte) would very often stroll down to a spring of excellent water, (considered the best water on the Island,) and order a glass to be brought that he might drink. Madame and Marshal Bertrand were always with him, and he several times said to them "If it pleases God that I should die on this rock, have me buried on this spot." which he pointed out, near the spring, beneath some willow trees.

The following is an abstract of the bill of fare for the Coronation Banquet:—

Hot Dishes.—160 tureens of soup—80 of turtle—40 of rice—and 40 Vermicelli. 160 dishes of fish, comprising 80 of turbot—40 of trout—40 of salmon—160 hot joints—including 80 of venison—40 of roast beef, with three barons—40 of mutton and veal.—160 dishes of vegetables, including potatoes, peas, and cauliflowers—480 sauce boats—240 of lobster—120 butter—120 mint.

Cold Dishes.—80 dishes of braized ham—80 savory pies—80 dishes of daubed geese, two in each—80 dishes of savory cakes—80 pieces of beef braized—80 dishes of capons braized, 2 in each—1,190 side dishes of various sorts—320 dishes of mounted pastry—320 dishes of small pastry—400 dishes of jellies and creams—160 dishes of shell fish, 80 of lobster and 80 of crayfish—161 dishes of cold roast fowls—80 dishes of cold house lamb.

Total Quantities.—7,442 lbs of beef—7,033 lbs. of veal—20,474 lbs of mutton—20 quarters of house lamb—20 legs of house-lamb—5 saddles of lamb—55 quarters of grass lamb—160 lambs' sweetbreads—389 cow-heels—400 calves' feet—250 lb. of suet—160 geese—720 pullets and capons—1610 chickens—520 fowls—1730 lbs. of bacon—550 lbs of lard—912lbs. of butter—84 hundred of eggs.—All of which are independent of the eggs, butter, flour, and necessary articles in the pastry and confectionary departments. The total supply for serving up the Banquet, was 6794 dinner plates, 1406 soup plates, 1499 dessert plates, 288 large ale and beer pitchers. Every room was furnished with porcelain of different patterns, among which the dessert course was conspicuous for its variety and beauty.

The Painted Chamber had one cross and two long tables, with 170 covers, set apart for the Ambassadors and foreigners of distinction.

In the old House of Lords there were also three tables, and 140 covers. In the apartments known by the names of the Members' dining-rooms, there were furnished 48 covers; the Court of Exchequer 200, Common Pleas 36, Judges' room, Exchequer Court, 22; Exchequer Chamber, 70, Judges' room, Common Pleas, 35, Judges' and Treasurers' rooms, King's Bench, 50; Matted [illegible] ry, 60; Library (common), 20; Com[illegible] s Room, No. 1, 35; No. 3, 25; No. 5, 36; No. 4, 28; Nos. 10, 11, 12, &c. u[illegible] 150; and in Mr. Ley's house, 5[illegible] were preparations; also, independent [illegible] extensive accommodations, for [illegible] 400 more in other apartments. [illegible] glass-manufacturer to his Majesty alone supplied 8000 dozen wine glasses, 4,000 pint decanters, 2,500 finger glasses, 1,200 salts, 128 sets of castors, &c. Several thousand metal spoons, with G. IV. R. engraved on them.

There were 240 yards of elegant damask table cloths for the Hall, and little less than 1,000 yards more laid on the tables in the different suites of rooms, and there were also upwards of 150 dozen of damask napkins used at the different tables, besides nearly half that quantity for waiters, knife cloths, &c.

SUMMER ASSIZES.

OXFORD CIRCUIT.

Lord Chief Justice ABBOTT and Mr. Baron GARROW.

Berkshire—Wednesday, August 1, at Abingdon.

Oxfordshire—Saturday, Aug. 4, at Oxford.

Worcestershire—Wednesday, August 8, at Worcester.

City of Worcester—Same day, at City of ditto.

Gloucestershire—Saturday, August 11, at Gloucester.

City of Gloucester—Same day, at City of ditto.

Monmouthshire—Saturday, August 18, at Monmouth.

Herefordshire—Tuesday, August 21, at Hereford.

Shropshire—Tuesday, August 28, at Shrewsbury.

Staffordshire—Saturday, September 1, at Stafford.

NORFOLK CIRCUIT.

Lord Chief Justice DALLAS and Mr. Justice RICHARDSON.

Buckinghamshire—Monday, July 30, at Buckingham.

Bedfordshire—Thursday, August 2, at Bedford.

Huntingdonshire—Saturday, August 4, at Huntingdon.

Cambridgeshire—Monday, August 6, at Cambridge.

Suffolk—Thursday, August 9, at Bury St. Edmunds.

Norfolk—Monday, August 13, at the Castle of Norwich.

City of Norwich—Same day, at Guildhall, City of Norwich.

MIDLAND CIRCUIT.

Lord Chief Baron RICHARDS and Mr. Justice PARK.

Northamptonshire—Tuesday, July 31, at Northampton.

Rutland—Friday, August 3, at Oakham.

Lincolnshire—Saturday, August 4, at the Castle of Lincoln.

City of Lincoln—Same day, at the City of ditto.

Nottinghamshire—Thursday, August 9, at Nottingham.

Town of Nottingham—Same day, at the Town of ditto.

Derbyshire—Saturday, August 11, at Derby.
Leicestershire—Wednesday, August 15, at the Castle of Leicester.
Borough of Leicester—Same day, at the Borough of ditto.
City of Coventry—Saturday, August 18, at the City of Coventry.
Warwickshire—Same day, at Warwick.

HOME CIRCUIT.

Mr. Baron Wood and Mr. Justice Burrough.

Hertfordshire—Thursday, August 2, at Hertford.
Essex—Monday, August 6, at Chelmsford.
Kent—Monday, August 13, at Maidstone.
Sussex—Saturday, August 18, at Lewes.
Surrey—Thursday, August 23, at Croydon.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

Mr. Baron Graham and Mr. Justice Best.

Southampton—Monday, July 30, at the Castle of Winchester.
Wilts—Saturday, August 4, at New Sarum.
Dorset—Wednesday, August 8, at Dorchester.
Devon—Saturday, August 11, at the Castle of Exeter.
City and County of Exeter—Same day, at the Guildhall of the City of Exeter.
Cornwall—Monday, August 20, at Bodmin.
Somerset—Saturday, August 25, at Bridgewater.
City and County of Bristol—Monday, September 3, at the Guildhall of the City of Bristol.

NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

Mr. Justice Bayley and Mr. Justice Holroyd.

County and City of York—Saturday Aug. 4.
Durham—Saturday, August 18.
Newcastle and Town of—Thursday, August 23.
Carlisle—Thursday, August 30.
Appleby—Wednesday, September 5.
Lancaster—Saturday, September 8.

THE REVENUE.

	July 5, 1820	July 5, 1821	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	1,882,846	1,898,699	15,853	
Excise	6,620,609	6,298,810		321,799
Stamps	1,581,445	1,518,493		62,952
Post Office	352,000	318,000		34,000
Assessed Taxes	2,343,380	2,328,040		15,340
Land Taxes	440,744	445,366	4,622	
Miscellaneous	59,249	64,972	5,723	
Total	13,280,273	12,872,380	26,198	434,091

Deduct Increase 26,198

Decrease.. ....£.407,893

Deduct March Stock in hand, paid in the July Quarter, 1820 ...£.140,458
Deduct also a payment to the Treasurer of the Navy, for the expense of Revenue Cruisers under the orders of the Admiralty, incurred in the year 1819 73,765

214,223

Total decrease in the Quarter.... £.193,670

Year ending July 5,	1820.	1821.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	8,838,589	8,502,317		236,272
Excise	24,613,175	25,874,158	1,260,983	
Stamps	6,109,715	6,102,970		6,745
Post Office	1,446,000	1,364,000		82,000
Assessed Taxes	6,300,419	6,264,821		35,598
Land Taxes	1,231,285	1,184,897		46,388
Miscellaneous	366,[illegible]	308,[illegible]		58,150
	48,895,707	49,[illegible]	1,260,983	465,153

Deduct Decrease 465,153

Increase on the Year 765,830

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JULY.

The state of the growing crops through the Spring gave promise of an early and abundant harvest, which a summer so ungenial as the present is not likely to fulfil. The Wheats on rich tender soils, though much checked, are not materially injured by the long continuance of the night frosts, but those on heavey lands are generally short in straw and will prove light-eared. Rye will yield a fair average crop. But Oats and Barley are much injured by the sharp winds, and Beans and Peas set well. Carraway, Rape, and other small seeds, have suffered by the frosty winds, and the probability of a defective Wheat crop, and a protracted harvest, operates already on the markets Rain is much wanted in the Turnip Counties, where their first sown Swedes have been taken off by the fly. The Grass crops vary; in warm enclosures they are good, but on most other lands the swarth is light. Rye-grass and Clovers generally thin; though young Clovers have planted well where the spring corn was strong enough to protect them. The Hop plantations continue unpromising, even under the best cultivation, being weak in bine, with an encrease of fly. The Cyder Counties have had their show of fruit greatly reduced by the sharp winds. Lean Stock is considerably lower for all kinds of cattle, the graziers being of one mind not to purchase on the profitless terms of late years. Well bred Hoggets and Lambs sell freely at some advance, and store Pigs are still lower in price. The Meat Markets are somewhat better for good beef; Smithfield having at present but a short supply of prime grass-fed beast. In the Wool Trade there is no improvement in demand or price, and the Horse Fairs have not lately shown their usual number of cart cattle, so that well-shaped bony Colts fetch more money.—The judicious repeal of the Agricultural Horse Tax is found very favourable to the breeders.

BIRTHS.

LATELY, in Chatham-place, the lady of Robert Langslow, Esq. of the Middle Temple, of a son.

Lately, in Queen Ann Street, the lady of John Callaghan, Esq of a son

Lately, at Hadham Rectory, Mrs Randolph, of a son.

Lately, at Shooter's-hill, Kent, the lady of G. W. Baker, Esq. Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

JULY 4. At Kentish Town, Mrs. Spry, of Charter House-square, of a daughter, being her 14th child, and 10th living.

—. At Highgate, the lady of Mr. Snow, of a son.

12. At the Council House, Shrewsbury, the lady of Thomas Du Gard, M.D. of a daughter.

17. In Eaton-street, Pimlico, Mrs. Walker Lewer, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

LATELY, at Dovercourt Church, Mr. R. H Perkin, of Tooley-street, Southwark, eldest son of Richard Perkin, Esq. of Kingsland-place, Kingsland, to Rebecca Gear, second daughter of Captain Mason, of Harwich.

Lately, Mr. Benjamin Joslin, stonemason, of Brentwood, to Miss Fletcher, of St Paul's, Covent-garden.

Lately, Spencer Perceval, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, eldest son of the late Mr. Spencer Perceval, to Anne Eliza, eldest daughter of the late General Macleod, of Macleod.

Lately, at Chatteris, Samuel George Smith, second son of Samuel Smith, Esq. M.P. of Woodhall Park, Herts, to Eugenia, third daughter of the Rev. Robert Chatfield, LL.D. Vicar of Chatteris.

Lately, at Mary-le-Bonne Church, Godfrey Thornton, Esq. of the Grenadier Guards, to Susanna, eldest daughter of the late John Dixon, Esq. of Cecil Lodge, Hertfordshire.

Lately, at Cheshunt, Herts, by the Reverend William Archibald Armstrong, T. A. Jessop, of Waltham Abbey, Essex, to Mrs. Pughe, of Waltham-cross.

Lately, at St. George the Martyr's, by the Rev. John Young, Henry Tenant, Esq Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Barrister at Law, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George Boone Roupell, Esq. of Great Ormond-street.

Lately, the Rev Charles Shipley, only surviving son of the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Asaph, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Orby Sloper, Esq. of Woodhay, in the County of Berks.

JANUARY 9. At St. Thomas's Church, Bombay, Captain Evan Jarvis, 3d Light Cavalry, to Emily, second daughter of George Evans, of Bardfield, and niece to the Honourable Sir W. D. Evans, Recorder of Bombay.

JULY 3. At Great Stanmer, Middlesex, by the Rev. A. R. Chauvel, Rector, the Rev. Edward Williams, of St. George, Hanover-square, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Charrington, Esq. of Mile-end, Middlesex.

4. At St. James's Church, Edward

Flowd, Esq. B.A. of Exeter College, Oxford, to Louisa, youngest daughter of James Sloper, Esq of Bath.

15 By the Archbishop of York, at Spencer House, Charles Neville, Esq. of Neville Holt, Leicestershire, to Lady Georgiana Bingham, 4th daughter of the Earl of Lucan.

19. Mr. William Edmonds, jun. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Hambly, of Hatcham Manor, Esq.

DEATHS.

LATELY, Mr Bird, Cooper, of Bures.

Lately, Mr. Gregg, ironmonger and upholsterer, of Rayleigh, highly respected by a numerous acquaintance

Lately, after a long and tedious illness, Mr John Sparrow, formerly an auctioneer and upholsterer, at Ipswich, but had retired from business.

Lately, after a long affliction, aged nineteen, Susan, eldest daughter of Mr. William Lambert, of Hatter-street, Bury.

Lately, at Liverpool, Marian Virginia, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Gabriel, 2d Dragoon Guards.

Lately, at his house in Gosport, in the 38th year of his age, Major William Bennett, of the Royal Engineers Entering that service at a very early period of his life, Major Bennett had since been extensively and almost unremittingly employed in executing the important professional duties entrusted to him in various parts of the world, all of which he discharged with a zeal and ability that commanded universal respect. As a man, Major Bennett was warmly esteemed and beloved, and his death will be deeply lamented by a large circle of attached friends.

Lately, at his house in Fitzroy-square, in the 78th year of his age, John Forbes, Esq of New, in Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, and formerly of Bombay. To those who had the happiness of knowing Mr. Forbes, any attempt to describe his character would be superfluous, and to those who knew him not, language can convey no adequate idea of the virtues which uniformly adorned his long and active life.

Lately, at the London Coffee-House, Ludgate-hill, Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt. aged 81; he was Senior Alderman of London, having been elected in 1772, and he served Lord Mayor in 1780 Sir Watkin's three celebrated contests (in 1773 and 1774), for the Representation of Worcester, are fresh in the recollection of many. He experienced several vicissitudes in life, and, in addition to a prolonged Chancery suit, was, for years before his death, much embarrassed

JUNE 4. At Bath, aged 76, Letitia Ann, wife of Thomas Beatt, Esq of Combe Down. The life of this excellent lady was an exemplification of the Christian precepts, "Do unto all as thou wouldst they should do unto thee." With her, duty and inclination so well accorded, that the impulses of the latter were ever identified with the dictates of the former. That she possessed some of those feelings which "Mortality is heir to," must naturally be concluded, but what they were cannot now be known, as she only was affected by them She lived a life of *luxury*—but it was the *noble luxury of doing good*, as, in her estimate of life, no enjoyment equalled that of mitigating the troubles incidental to humanity

5 In Euston-square, in childbed, Jane Frances, the wife of George Ranking, Jun. Esq. The premature loss of this amiable lady has proved the source of the deepest affliction to her disconsolate husband, family, and friends.

24. The Rev William Hawtayne, 31 years Rector of Elstree, in the County of Hertford.

26. At Clapham, Richard Rothwell, Esq Alderman of the Ward of Cheap.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM SATURDAY, JUNE 23, TO SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES,

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at GUILDHALL, unless otherwise expressed. The Country and London Attornies' Names are between Brackets.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

NEWHAM, ROB. jun. Stockton, Durham, cabinet-maker, *June 23*.

INKWORTH, GEO. Bath, victualler, *June 29*.

CKSON, DAN. Castle-co. Birchin-la. merchant, *June 23*.

TURTON, JOS. jun. Roll's-bu. Fetter-la. farr *June 30*.

TROUGHTON, JOS. and Co. Coventry, bankers, *June 30*.

TROUGHTON, BRYAN, jun. Coventry, silkman, *June 30*.

MAUGHAN, HUGH, Rochester, Kent, linen draper, *July 7*

YOUNG, WM. Bordwood Farm, Isle of Wight, farmer, *July 14*.

WILBURN, WM. FENWICK, North Shields, Northumberland, hardwareman, *July 17*.

BANKRUPTS.

A'DEAN HEN, Hertford shoemaker, Aug. 4, [Stratton and Co. Shoreditch] June 23
AINSWORTH THOS HARGRAVE, Halliwell, Lancaster calico printer, Aug 14, Swan, Bolton [Allington and Co Bedford row; and Cross and C Bolton le Moors, Lancaster] July 3
ALLISTER, THOS Beal York, alehouse keeper, Aug 21, Green Dragon Pontefract York [Wood Pontefract, and Edmunds, Lincoln's inn] July 11
ASTLEY, GEO BROOK, Wem Salop, farmer, Aug 25, White Horse, Wem [Griffiths, Southampton bu Chancery la] July 14
ARNOLD GEO Manchester fustian manufacturer, Sept 1, Star, Manchester [Heslop, Manchester] July 21
BARDSLEY, JOS jun Manchester cotton spinner, Aug 4, Star, Manchester [Wood, Manchester, and Hurd and Co Temple] June 23
BARNETT, THOS Birmingham merchant, Aug 11, Swan, Birmingham [Egerton and Co Gray's-inn sq ; and Spurrier and Co. Birmingham] June 30
BENNETT, JOHN, Mersham, Norfolk, miller, Aug 14, Castle, Norfolk [Ewbank, North Audley st Grosvenor sq] July 3
BARNWELL, JOHN, Leamington Priors, Warwick, carpenter, Aug 18 [Platt, New Boswell co. Carey st Lincoln's inn fields] July 7
BETTS, JOHN THOS Aldgate High st tea dealer, Aug 18 [Lang, Fenchurch st] July 7.
BANKS, WM and Co Birmingham, dealers, Aug 21 Royal Hotel, Birmingham [Clarke and Co Chancery la , and Tyndall and Co Birmingham] July 10
COX ROB ALBION and Co Little Britain, bankers, Aug 7 [Swain and Co Frederick's pl Old Jewry] June 26
CONSITT, RICH and Co Kingston upon Hull, merchants, Aug 7, Dog and Duck, Kingston upon Hull [England Hull, and Roper and Son Bartlett's bu] June 26
CAYZLR JOHN, Millbrook Cornwall innkeeper, Aug 7, King's Arms, Plymouth Dock [Makinson, Middle Temple and Leach and Co Plymouth Dock] June 26
CARDWELL HEN and Co Wath upon Dearne, York, flax spinners, Aug 11, Castle of York [Alexander and Co New inn, and Pigott, Bolton upon Dearne, York] June 30
CLEUGH, JOHN and ROB Leadenhall st wholesale linen drapers, Aug 11 [Dawe and Co Angel co Throgmorton st] June 30
COOPER, WM Beeston York, victualler Aug 18, Court House Leeds [Battye, Chancery la ; and Hargreaves, Leeds] July 7
COOMBES JAS Lower Shadwell, cooper, Aug 18 [Batty and Co Angel co Throgmorton st] July 7
CANN, WM Oakhampton, Devon, ironmonger, Aug 21, Commercial Rooms, Bristol [Poole and Co Gray's inn sq , and Cary and Co Bristol] July 10
COATES, HEN Bradfield, Essex, farmer Aug 21, Thorn, Mistley, Essex [Ambrose, Manningtree, Essex and Cocker, Nassau st Soho] July 10
COTTERELL, JOHN, Worcester timber-merchant, Aug 2 3, and 28, Hop Pole, Worcester. [Gillam, Worcester ; and Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn] July 17
COX, THOS Crediton, Devon, innkeeper, Sept. 1, Half Moon, Exeter [Andros and Co. Chancery-la and Pring, Crediton, Devon] July 21.
DALTON, JOHN, Bury St Edmund's, Suffolk, surgeon, Aug 7, Angel, Bury St Edmund's, [Leech, Bury St Edmund's, and Bromley, Gray's-inn-sq] June 26
DRAPER, WM Maldon, Essex, watchmaker, Aug. 7, Three Cups, Colchester [Lawrence, Maldon] June 26
DYSON, EDW, Well st, Jermyn st, [illegible], Aug. 11, [Russen, Crown co Aldersgate st] June 30.
DRAKE, JOHN, Lewisham master-mariner, Sept 1. [Simpson, St. Swithin's la] July 21
EDWARDS, JOHN, Gough-sq. Fleet st. farmer, Aug 14 [M'Duff, Castle-st Holborn.] July 3
ESSEX, WM. Paddington, wharfinger, Aug. 25 [Hartley, Bridge st Black friars.] July 14
FARLEY, THOS Ratcliffe highway, linen draper, Aug 4 [Hutchinson, Crown co. Threadneedle-st] June 23.
FEA, JOHN, Kingston-upon Hull, broker, Aug 11, Dog and Duck, Kingston upon Hull. [Shaw, Ely-pl Holborn] June 30
FIGES, THOS Romsey Southampton, common-brewer, Aug 18, White Horse Romsey [Daman, Romsey ; and Gilbank Coleman st] July 3
FORSDICK, JOS Gower pl Euston sq Pancras, builder, Aug 18. [Stratton and Co Shoreditch] July 7.
FIGES, THOS and Co Romsey, Hants, common-brewers, Aug. 21, White Horse, Romsey [Slade and Co John st Bedford row , and Bryant, Southampton] July 10
FLANDERS, JOHN, Atherstone, Warwick, bookseller, Aug 1, 2, and Sept 1, Bull, Nuneaton, Warwick [Hilliard and Co Gray's inn sq., and Smith and Co Atherstone] July 21
GOODLUCK, WM RICH Leigh st Burton crescent, broker, Aug 7 [Taylor, Jewin st Aldersgate-st] June 16,
GRIFFITHS GEO Grantham Lincoln, timber-merchant, Aug 21, Angel, Grantham [Stocker and Co New Boswell co , and Newcome, Grantham] July 10
GRAY, JOHN, Bishopsgate street Within silversmith, Aug 4 and 25 [Islington and Co. Temple] July 14
GOLDING, HEN Lower Thames st wine merchant, Aug 25 [Lewis, Crutched friars] July 14
GILBERT, JOS Maidstone, rope maker, Aug 4 and Sept 1. [Noy and Co Great Tower st] July 21.
HEPWORTH JOS Leeds cloth dresser, Aug 4, Court House Leeds [Few and Co Henrietta st Covent garden , and Hemingway, Leeds] June 23
HARDWICK SAM Birmingham builder Aug 4, Stork, Birmingham [Jennings and Co Elm c Temple , and Male, West Bromwich, Stafford shire] June 23.
HILTON, JAS St Martin's le Grand saddler, Aug 7 [Mills, New North st Red lion sq] June 26
HIGGS, WM Strand hatter Aug 18 [Brumell, Church passage, Guildhall] July 7
HAWLEY, GEO High st Shadwell cheesemonger, Aug 18 [Templer, John st Minories] July 7
HUMPHREYS, ELIZ Swansea, Glamorgan, victualler, Aug 21, Mackworth Arms, Swansea. [Scott and Son St Mildred's co ; and Rowland, Swansea] July 10
HILL, JAS Dover, saddler, Aug 21, Guildhall, Canterbury [Nokes, Sandwich, and Lodington and Co Temple] July 10
JORDAN, EFF Whitechapel, druggist Aug 4. [Dickinson and Co Copthall bu Throgmorton st] June 23
KNIGHT, WM GILBERT, Batcombe Somerset, money scrivener, Aug 4 White Hart Bath [Perkins and Co Holborn co Gray's inn , and Miller, Frome Selwood] June 23
LEE, WM Croydon, wine merchant, Aug. 14, [Bolton, Austin friars] July 3
LONGBOTTOM, TITUS, Keighley, York, machine maker, Aug 21, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester [Edge, Manchester ; and Milne and Co. Temple] July 10
LAMMIN, THOS East Bridgford, Nottingham, maltster, Aug 25, Black's Head, Nottingham [Few and Co Henrietta st Covent-garden , and Mousley and Co Derby] July 14
LAWRENCE JOS Pimlico wine merchant, Aug 4 and Sept 1 [Brown, Crauford st. Portman sq] July 21
LADKIN, WM. Leir, Leicester, victualler, Sept 1, King's Head, Coventry [Long and Co Gray's-inn and Troughton and Co Coventry] July 21.
M'NIELL, WM Charles st Middlesex hospital, coach maker, Aug 4 [Pipero, Charles st Middlesex hospital.] June 23
MITCHELL, FRAN New Malton, York, corn merchant, [illegible] Red Lion, York [illegible] Greville-st. [illegible] garden] June 26.
MATHER, EDW Ox[illegible], grocer, Aug. 16. [Eddis, Broad street-bu] July 7
MARR, ROB. LOMPTON, Rathbone-pl. linen-draper Aug. 21. [Bourdillon and Co. Bread st. Cheapside] July 10.
MERRY, JOHN, Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, cooper, Aug. 21, Bear, Little Yarmouth. [Sayers and

Son, Great Yarmouth; and Swain and Co. Frederick's pl. Old Jewry.] *July* 10
METCALF, CHRIST. Bedale, York, flax-dresser, Aug. 21, King's Coffee house, High st. Kingston-upon-Hull. [Watkins and Co. Lincoln's inn; and Prickett and Co. Hull.] *July* 10.
MOSELEY, HARRIET, New-road, St. George's-in-the-East, Staffordshire warehouse-keeper, Aug. 25. [Hurd and Co. King's-bench-walk, Temple.] *July* 14.
MEDD, THOS. Staple-inn-bu. Holborn, draper, Aug. 25. [Parton, Bow-church-yard.] *July* 14.
M'MULLEN, WM. GEO. and EDW. Hertford, grocers, Aug. 4 and 28. [Fitzgerald, Lawrence Pountney-hill.] *July* 17.
MITCHELL, JOHN, Mumford's-co Milk-st. warehouseman, Aug. 6, 7, and 28, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Hadfield, Manchester, and Ellis, Chancery-la.] *July* 17.
NIBLETT, CHAS. Guildford, Surrey, money-scrivener, Aug. 4 and 25. [Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields.] *July* 14.
OFFER, JACOB, Bathwick, Somerset, slater, Aug. 25, Full Moon, Bath. [Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-sq.; and Hellings, Bath.] *July* 14.
PURCHAS, ROB. WHITTLERY, and Co. Chepstow, Monmouth, ship-builders, Aug. 4, Booth Hall, Gloucester. [Clarke and Co. Chancery-la.; and Rickards and Co. Ledbury, Herefordshire.] *June* 23.
PENVOLD, WM. Leadenhall-st. horse-dealer, Aug. 4. [Shepherd, Hyde-st. Bloomsbury.] *June* 23.
PHELPS, WM. Cammomile st. Bishopsgate, carpenter, Aug. 11. [Williams, Bond co. Walbrook.] *June* 30.
PERFECT, GEO. jun. West Malling, Kent, surgeon, Aug. 11. [Brace and Co. Surrey-st. Strand.] *June* 30.
PLAYFAIR, THOS. New Bond-st. trunk-maker, Aug 14. [Burt, Field-co. Gray's-inn.] *July* 3.
PEAKE, WM. Sloane-sq. linen-draper, Aug. 18. [Jones, Sise-la.] *July* 7.
PEACOCK, JAS. Bawtry, York, victualler, Aug. 1, 2, and 25, Scrooby Inn, Nottingham. [Mee, East Retford, Nottingham; and Stocker and Co. New Boswell-co Carey-st.] *July* 4.
PILKINGTON, ROB. Mile-end-road, baker, Aug. 4 and 28. [Toms, Copthall-co. Throgmorton-st.] *July* 17.
RAINEY, ROB. Spilsby, Lincoln, tanner, Aug. 11, George, Spilsby. [Brackenbury and Co. Spilsby; and Rogers, Lincoln's-inn-fields.] *June* 30.
RIST, CHAS. Cornhill, auctioneer, Aug. 18. [Lang, Fenchurch-st.] *July* 7.
SALMON, ROB. HEN. Alfred-pl. Bedford-sq. horse-dealer, Aug 7 [Martindale, Gray's-inn-sq.] *June* 26
SULLIVAN, PET. Stewart-st. Old Artillery-ground, silk-manufacturer, Aug. 14. [Webster and Son, Queen st. Cheapside] *July* 3.
SUDLOW, WM. Manchester, flour-dealer, Aug 10, 11, and 25, Star, Manchester. [Redhead, Manchester; and Milne and Co. Temple.] *July* 14.
STRAY, MILES, Kingston-upon Hull, linen-draper, Aug. 25, Crown, Rotherham. [King and Son, Castle-st. Holborn; and Oxley, Rotherham.] *July* 14.
SADLER, THOS. Aston, Warwick, dealer, Aug 25, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Maudsley, Birmingham.] *July* 24.
SPENCE, JOHN, Yarm, Yorkshire, grocer, Aug. 20, 21, and 28, George, Yarm. [Bell and Co. Bow-church-yard; and Garbutt, Yarm.] *July* 17.
SHEPPARD, EDW. Grosvenor st. Grosvenor-sq. wine merchant, Aug. 4 and Sept. 1. [Sheers, Mitre-cham. Fenchurch-st.] *July* 21.
TYERMAN JOHN, Bristol, haberdasher, Aug. 25. [Gates, Newgate-st] *July* 14.
THOMPSON, THOS. Langbourn chambers, Fenchurch st. timber-merchant, Aug. 7 and 25, [Hutchison, Crown-co. Threadneedle-st.] *July* 14.
WHITESMITH, WM. Old Fish st grocer, Aug. 4, [Dimes, Friday-st. Cheapside.] *June* 23.
WHALLEY, GEO. BRISCOW, Basinghall-st. woollen-draper, Aug. 4. [Stephen, Broad street-bu.] *June* 23.
WEBSTER, ROW. and WM. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, merchants, Aug. 11, Peacock, Bishop Wearmouth. [Blakiston, Symond's Inn; and Thompson, Bishop Wearmouth.] *June* 30.
WILSON, HARLAND, Crispin-st. Spital-fields, victualler, Aug. 11. [Annesley and Son, Finsbury sq.] *June* 30.
WHITEHOUSE, THOS. West Bromwich, Stafford, miner, Aug. 14, Swan, Warwick. [Taylor, Walbrook; and Hicks, Warwick.] *July* 3.
WEBB, HEN. Rochdale, Lancaster, woolstapler, Aug. 1, 2, and 25, Sessions House, Wakefield. [Taylor, Gray's-inn sq.; and Haxby and Co. Wakefield] *July* 14.
WALSH, JOHN, Barbican, victualler, Aug. 25. [Evans and Co. Kennington-cross.] *July* 14.
YARNOLD, PHIL. jun. City-garden row, St. Luke, tailor, Aug. 4. [Reynolds, St. John's st. Clerkenwell.] *June* 23.
YOUDEN, JOHN, Dover, Kent, porter-merchant, Aug. 7, Guildhall, Canterbury. [Noakes, Sandwich; and Lodington and Co. Temple.] *June* 26.
YARROW, URIAH, Chiswell-st. shopkeeper, Aug. 11. [Stevens, Sion college-gardens, Aldermanbury.] *June* 30.
YOUNG, JOHN, Ware, Hertford, tailor, Aug. 25, [Green and Son, Ware; and Sheffield, Great Prescot-st. Goodman's fields.] *July* 14.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, JUNE 23, TO SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

AXE, G. Stamford, Lincoln, Aug. 27.
Arney, G. Bury-st. St. Mary-axe, Aug. 18.
Ball, J. Watling st. July 14.
Bragg, J. Whitehaven, July 18.
Bird, T. St. Martin's co. July 17.
Bosher, W. Aldersgate-st. July 3.
Ballmer, J. City-cham. Bishopsgate-st. July 17.
Browne, J. R. New road, St. Pancras, July 17.
Brown, T. Longdon, Stafford, July 20.
Baillie, M. Broad-street-bu. July 24.
Brown, W. A. and Co. College-hill, July 31.
Bryan, W. Camberwell, July 21.
Bailey, W. A. L. Stowmarket, Suffolk, July 24.
Barton, H. Paul's Cray, Kent, July 17.
Bowring, S. and Co. Cheapside, July 28.
Bidell, J. G. Exeter, Aug. 11.
Barfoot, J. Arundel-st. Strand, July 31.
Brown, J. Glamford Briggs, Aug. 1.
Boyd, W. and Co. London, July 28.
Bilborough, J. Gildersome, York, Aug. 1.
Bailey, C. R. H. Swallowfield, Wiltshire, July 21.
Brock, W. and Co. Warnford co. Throgmorton-st. July 28.
Bingley, W. and T. Tavistock-st. Covent-garden, Aug. 11.
Buck, J. Arundel-st. Strand, Aug. 11.
Burgess, H. and Co. Miles-la. Cannon-st. Aug. 25.
Cuthbert, J. and Co. Colchester-st. Savage-gardens, July 21.
Cummings, J. Osborn-st. Whitechapel, July 7.
Crossley, J. King st. July 21.
Cater, S. Watling-st. July 21.
Cope, M. Derby, July 27.
Canney, J. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, July 30.
Curtis, J. Fordingbridge, Hants. Aug. 4.
Cummings, J. Osborn-st. Whitechapel, July 14.
Collyer, R. Cheltenham, Aug. 8.
Crossley, J. Halifax, Yorkshire, Aug. 21.
Cox, D. High-st Borough, Aug. 18.
Colfens, R. Maidstone, July 28.
Dumont, J. L. Austin-friars, July 17.
Dunn, W. Hoxton, Aug. 14.
De Roche, R. T. and Co. Lime-st July 24.
Downes, S. Cranbourne st. Leicester-sq. July 28.
Dowley, J. Willow-st. Bank-side, July 28.
Downes, J. J. Whitechapel-road, Aug. 7.
Dowley, T. and J. Willow st. Bank-side, July 14.
Ellis, S. and Co. Aldersgate-st. July 21.
Emmott, W. Lawrence Pountney la. July 17.
Elgar, W. Maidstone, Kent, July 7.
Foot, B. Gracechurch-st. July 7.
Foster, T. and E. S. Yalding, Kent, July 7.
Finch, J. East Grinstead, Sussex, July 24.
Frodsham, S. Frodsham, Chester, Aug. 1.
Fields, J. Lamb's-conduit-st Aug. 4.

Fiegenham, J. G. jun. Wood-st. Cheapside, July 14.
Forster, J. H. and Co. Norwich, July 31.
Fuller, J. Neat-houses, Hanover-sq. Aug. 11.
Farmer, N. East la. Bermondsey, Aug 11.
Graham, R. and Co. Leicester sq. July 21.
Garrad, A. Downham Market, Norfolk, July 28.
Grose, P. Commercial road, July 7.
Holland, S. and Co. Liverpool, July 24.
Henzell, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 27.
Hardman, J. Manchester, July 23.
Hall, C. B and Co. Barbican, July 28.
Humphreys, S Charlotte st. Portland-pl. July 28.
Hamblin, W. and J. C. Wotton-under Edge, Gloucester, July 28.
Hack, T. Bear-garden, St. Saviour, Southwark, Aug. 11.
Homfray, T. Hyde, Stafford, July 31.
Hyde, W. Howford bu. Fenchurch-st. Aug 7.
Hitchcock, H. Deal, Aug. 14.
Herbert, T. Chequer ya. Dowgate-hill, Aug. 11.
Hendry, M. Kingston-upon-Hull, Aug. 7.
Hully, C. Lancaster, Aug. 17.
Hart, J. Loampit-hill, Kent, Aug. 11.
Iles, J. New City Cham. Bishopsgate-st. July 21.
Jones, P. B. Birmingham, July 21.
Jackson, C. Cleator, Cumberland, Aug. 17.
Kirkman, J. High-st. St. Giles's, July 17.
Kirkman, J. Liverpool, Aug. 9.
King, R. Mincing-la. Aug. 7.
Low, J. and W. Mincing-la. July 14.
Lambden, H. Bristol, July 20.
Lynn, T. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, July 17.
Lear, F. Strand, July 21.
Lax, J. and Co. Liverpool, July 21.
Le Mesurier, H. and Co. London, July 21.
Lodge, R. Blackburn, Lancaster, July 24.
Le Mesurier, H. and Co. July 28.
Lynch, M. White-friars, July 28.
Le Mesurier, H. and Co. London, July 31.
Lynn, T. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, Aug. 4.
Mackenzie, C. Caroline-st. Bedford-sq. June 30.
Montgomery, J. and Co. Liverpool, July 19.
Mantle, T. Dover, Kent, July 17.
Millingan, A. Woolverhampton, Stafford, July 28.
Mann, J. Leeds, York, July 24.
Morton, A. Lower Thames st. Aug. 4.
Newton, J. Lamb's-conduit-st. Aug. 4.
Nowill, J. Cheapside, July 28.
Newington, J. Tunbridge, Kent, Aug. 11.
Peacopp, T. Liverpool, and Wilkinson, M. Whalley, Lancaster, July 17.
Paine, T. Banbury, July 24.
Palyart, I. London-st. Fenchurch-st July 14.
Preece J. Peterborough-co Fleet-st. July 28.
Prentice, W. High st Southwark, July 21.
Prichard, J. Church-la. Whitechapel, July 28.
Pocklington, R. Winthorpe, Nottingham, and Dickinson, W. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham, July 28.
Raistrick, S. Idle, York July 12.
Rootsey, G. Tooley st. Southwark, July 21.
Robinson, T. H. Manchester, July 25.
Robinson, W. and T Chelsea, July 28.
Rodberd, A. Salford, Lancaster, July 30.
Solomon, G. Lemon st. July 17.
Shoobridge, C. Kensington, July 17.
Seager, S. P. Maidstone, Kent, July 7.
Simpson, R. Crown-co. Threadneedle-st. July 21.
Savidge, J. East Stoke, Nottingham, July 30.
Stabler, F. and Co. York, Aug. 20.
Skrine, C. Bath, Aug. 28.
Smitta, C. L. and Co. Lawrence Pountney-la. July 28
Sheath, A. and Co. Lincoln, Aug. 3.
Stickland, T. and Co. Liverpool, Aug. 6.
Smith, J. London-road, July 23.
Sidwell, R. Bath, Aug. 9.
Stevenson, J. Broad-st. Bloomsbury, Aug. 7.
Smith, J. jun. Ramsgate, Aug. 11.
Suffield, W. Birmingham, Aug. 9.
Turner, T. W. Brentford, July ..
Tupman, J. Great Russell-st. July 17.
Tweed, T. and R Chingford, Essex, and Great St. Helen's, London, July 3.
Tonge, G. W. B. East India Cham. Leadenhall-st. July 21.
Turner, R. Liverpool, July 27.
Taylor, T. Preston, Lancaster, July 25.
Thornton, W. Devonshire-st. Mary-le-Bone, July 24.
Town, T. Yalding, Kent, Aug. 4.
Van Spangen, N. Well's st. Goodman's-fields, July 17.
Williams, W. G. Throgmorton-st. July 14.
Wood, W Butley, Chester, July 17.
Webster, T. Chedgrave, Norfolk, July 23.
White, H. Warminster, Wilts, July 14.
Walter, A. and Co. Bishopswood and Lydbrook Works, Gloucester, Aug. 1.
Woodgate, W. F. Tonbridge, Kent, July 7.
Wadham, R. Poole, July 27.
Wright, W. and J. Aldermanbury, July 28.
Willett, G. Owen's-row, Islington, Aug. 11.
Wilson, J. Macclesfield, Chester, Aug. 4.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CERTIFICATES,

FROM SATURDAY, JUNE 23, TO SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

ABBOTT, W. Bermondsey New-road, July 21.
Ambrose, W. Clapton, July 31.
Archer, J. Ware Park Mill, Hertford, Aug. 4.
Abithol, M. Bury-st. St. James's, Aug. 11.
Bailey, B. Merton, Surrey, July 14.
Bryon, W. Hammersmith, July 17.
Barnett, J. jun. West st. West Smithfield, July 21.
Burn, T. Southend, Essex, July 21.
Brewer, S. New Brentford, July 24.
Brown, T. Longdon, Stafford, July 24.
Bolden, C. J. Duke-st. West Smithfield, Aug. 4.
Booth, G. Liverpool, Aug. 4.
Battier, J. J. Mincing-la. Aug. 7.
Billing, J. H. jun. New City-chambers, Aug. 11.
Curwen, J. Great Eastcheap, July 14.
Cape, W. London-bridge-foot, July 14.
Collier, J. Rainow, Chester, July 17.
Cole, W. Sinnington, York, July 21.
Callanan, C. Lime-st. July 31.
Carbery, R. and Co. St. James's-st. Westminster, Aug. 7.
Cook, J. Oakley Mills, Suffolk, Aug. 11.
Downes, J. Brewer-st. St. James's, July 14.
Dalrymple, H. Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-sq. July 14.
Dean, J. Bingley, York, July 24.
Davis, J. Liverpool, July 28.
Day, T. Blackman-st. Southwark, July 31.
Danson, J. Millom, Cumberland, July 31.
Dawson, R. Norwich, Aug. 11.
Edwards, W. Manchester, July 24.
Fisher, W. Westwood, Wilts, July 14.
Fuller, H. Bethnal-green road, July 17.
Fifoot, W. Bristol, July 21.
Ford, W. Worcester, July 28.
Fisher, J. Milby, York, Aug. 4.
French, J. West Orchard, Coventry, Aug. 11.
Ford, G. S. Great Bush-la Cannon-st. Aug. 11.
Glynn, H. Liverpool, July 14.
Green, J. Braunceweil, Lincoln, July 28.
Holt, M. Stoke, Coventry, July 14.
Hennell, D. Kettering, Northampton, July 21.
Hill, T. Ledbury, Hereford, July 28.
Horsfall, J. Gildersome, York, July 28.
Hordern, T. G. Shelton, Stafford, Aug. 4.
Harsant, E Wapping st. Aug. 11.
Jones, W. Newport, Monmouth, July 14.
Kempster, T. Bouverie st. Fleet-st. July 14.
Ke.., J. Graisby, Lincoln, July 28.
Kyffin, J. Limehouse-hole, Aug. 11.
Lovelock, S. Bristol, July 17.
Laughton, J. Arbour-sq. Commercial-road, July 24.
Lazarus, M. Paternoster-row, Spital-fields, Aug. 7.
Like, T. Old Brompton, Aug. 11.
Lushington, W. jun. Mark-la. Aug. 11.
Lethbridge, J. Carmarthen-st. Tottenham-court-ro. Aug. 11.
Monsey, T. Burgh, Norfolk, July 24.
Mason, J. Liverpool, July 24.
Mitchell, E. and S. Norwich, July 28.
Mayers, M. Upper Fountain-pl. City road, July 28.
Needs, E. Bristol, July 31.

Nation, J. Gosport, Aug. 11.
Orkley, V. Terrington, Norfolk, Aug. 7.
Parkinson, A. and Co. Manchester, July 28.
Parsons, R. sen. and Co Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, July 28.
Parsons, T. Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, July 31.
Roe, E. Chadkirk. Chester, July 17.
Roe, W. Lower East Smithfield. July 24.
Richardson, T. Iron Acton, Gloucester, July 31.
Ramsay, T. St. Mary hill, Aug. 4.
Soutten, E. Fox and Knot-yard, Snow-hill, July 14.
Swayne, J. Bristol, July 17.
Smart, W. Bishopsgate st. July 17.
Shepherd, W. C. Nottingham, July 28.
Shaw, J. Stratford, Essex, July 28.
Skey, R. S. Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, July 28.
Sparrier, J. and Co. Bellbroughton, Worcester, July 31.
Smith, J. Frome, Somerset, July 31.
Smith, E. Green-lettuce-la. July 31.
Smith, W. B. and Co. Leeds, July 31.
Smith, J. jun. Ramsgate, Aug. 4.
Seaman, G. Bishopsgate-st. Aug. 4.
Simpson, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Aug. 7.
Stainer, R. Ilchester, Aug. 11.
Trix, F. South Molton, Devon, July 14.
Turner, D. Whitechapel-road, July 21.
Tweed, T. and R. Chingford, Essex, and Great St. Helen's, July 24.
Tolson, R. jun. Dalton, York, July 24.
Thomas, H. W. Wolverhampton, Stafford, July 31
Trueman, D. Goldsmith-st. Aug. 4.
Usherwood, T. jun. Tonbridge, Kent, July 14.
Vokes, T. Gloucester st. Queen-sq. July 14.
Walls, T. Webber-st. Lambeth-marsh, July 14.
Wilkinson, J. Blackburn, Lancaster, July 21.
Wood, T. Trowbridge, Wilts, July 24.
Webb, J. High Holborn, July 28.
Watmough, J. sen. Orford, Lincoln, July 31.
Wall, R. Sutton-st. Soho, Aug. 7.
Woolrich, S. W. Stafford, Aug. 11.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATIONS,

FROM TUESDAY, JUNE 19, TO SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

ARCHER, J. Edinburgh, merchant.
Barclay, H. and W. Kirkcudbright, cattle-dealers.
Cumming, P. Glasgow, shoemaker.
Cunynghame, R. D. Leith, ship-builder.
Ferguson, R. Dunvegan, merchant.
Gardner, J. Glasgow, coach-proprietor.
Harley, D. P. Glasgow, vinegar and fire-brick manufacturer.
M'Farlane, R. and Co. Glasgow, and Basing-la. London, merchants.
Steele, R. Glasgow, victualler.
Walker, T. Lochwinnoch, grocer.
Watt, T. and J. Glasgow, merchants.
Young, W. Glasgow, iron-merchant.

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP.

FROM SATURDAY, JUNE 23, TO SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1821.

ALVEN, F. and Gosling, R. J. London, insurance-brokers.
Atkinson, J. and Bell, J. Wakefield, York, wool-staplers.
Andrews, H. and Tucker, M. A. Hoddesdon, Hertford, bricklayers.
Athow, C. and Berg, W. Little Carter-la. Doctors'-commons, sugar-refiners.
Aked, J. and Aked, W. Halifax, York, stone-masons.
Breeds, T. Breeds, M. B. and Heubrey, F. Hastings, Sussex, brewers.
Brittlebank, J. and Bainbrigge, P. Ashborne, Derby, attornies.
Bellamy, J. Swansborough, R. and Oake, H. Cornhill, warehousemen.
Barry, F. and Curtis, H. Cheapside, wine-merchants.
Bright, R. Cave, S. Daniel, T. Ames, L. and Bright, B. H. Bristol, bankers.
Barker, W. and Wilkinson, J. Lepton, York, fancy-manufacturers.
Boggis, J. Garwood, J. and Savage, J. Great Prescot st. Goodman's fields, corn-factors.
Bossley, W. and Beloe, A. Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers.
Brewster, T. and Cozens, C. Wade's-mill, Hertford, mealmen.
Billingsley, S. sen. and Billingsley, S. jun. Harwich, ship-agents.
Bullock, J. and Jeffery, J. Bristol, lime-burners.
Beckett, W. and Kirke, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, general commission-agents.
Browning, J. and Browning, D. Cheltenham, plumbers.
Bishopp, G. and Carolan, T. George-st. Manchester-sq. apothecaries.
Corrall, P. Mercer, J. Homewood, A. sen. Homewood, A. jun. Homewood, E. and Wise, W. Maidstone, bankers.
Cattley, J. Cattley, W. Esdaile, J. and Cattley, S. W. London.
Charrington, J. Cloves, D. sen. and Cloves, D. jun. Lower Shadwell, coal-merchants.
Clarke, H. and Yellowley, J. Gracechurch-st. stationers.
Davies, J. and Sherington, R. Upper St. Martin's-la. cheese-factors.
Douglas, R. and Robertson, G. Wapping, ship-chandlers.
Dowthwaite, J. and Shepherd, S. Maidstone, chemists.
Dyson, J. and Dyson, D. Huddersfield, York, wool-staplers.
Dennison, T. and Nicholson, J. Liverpool, ship-brokers.
Elliott, J. Manchester, and Slater, J. Carlisle, cotton spinners.
Evans, R. W. and Lucas, J. Cheapside, musical instrument makers.
Eeles, T. and Early, H. Wellclose-sq. wholesale slopsellers.
Eaton, T. Eaton, R. Eaton, J. and Eaton, W. Leftwich, Chester, iron-founders.
Emerson, J. and Old, R. C. Bristol, brass-founders.
Elkin, W. and Whitley, N. Gloucester-st. Westminster-road, iron-founders.
Earl, T. and Pinnington, D. Cheltenham, livery-stable-keepers.
Ellis, R. and Wynter, W. Fore-st. Limehouse, provision-merchants.
Flower, J. and Flower, W. Earley, Berks, black-smiths.
Foster, S. and Bayes, E. A. Bristol, milliners.
Fidkin, T. and Harrison, S. Oxford-st. silk-mercers.
Freeman, T. and North, W. Aldermanbury-postern, blue-manufacturers.
Franklin, W. and Nicholson, J. Liverpool, sail-makers.
Fooks, T. and Fooks, M. Yeovil, Somerset, glove-manufacturers.
Grellier, J. H. and Firth, J. F. Millbank-st. Westminster, lime-burners.
Gill, W. Gill, J. H. Rundle, J. Rundle, N. and Beard, J. Catte Down Quarries, Plymouth, quarrymen.
Greener, W. and Steele, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance brokers.
Graham, J. and Banton, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, muslin-manufacturers.
Heffer, R. and Flook, F. Bristol, cork-cutters.
Haslam, J. Winterbottom, J. and Green, T.

Heath, R. and Davis, J. Manchester, iron-founders.
Hotchings, J. and Gollop, G. T. Yeovil, Somerset, bankers.
Holdsworth, R. Holdsworth, J. and Blenkin, J. Leeds, flax-spinners.
Houghton, J. and Co. New Radford, Nottingham, lace-makers.
Hancock, W. and Godwin, R. B. surgeons.
Harvey, W. and Moore, G. Serle's Coffee-house, Carey st. Chancery la coffee-house-keepers.
Hounsell, W Hounsell, T. C. and Hart, T. Bridport, Dorset, butter and cheese-dealers.
Harris, S. and Custance, P. C. Friday st. linen-drapers.
Hawksley, R. and Cullen, R. Queen-st. Edgware-road, grocers.
Hislam, R. and Mellers, J. Hucknall-under-Huthwaite, Nottinghamshire, colliers.
Hood, T. and Haines, R. Tipton, Staffordshire, coal-masters.
Hogg, E. and Holgate, J. W. Hendon.
Homersham, R. and Homersham, J. Canterbury, woolstaplers.
Haighton, E. and Gibbs, R. High Holborn, linen drapers.
Jowitt, T. Birchall, S. J. and Jowitt, J. Leeds, York, woolstaplers.
Jones, E. and Jones, W. S. Leman st. Goodman's-fields, schoolmasters.
Kirk, T. and Smith, T. Macclesfield, silk-dyers.
Lett, J. and Telford, C. Shorter's-co. Throgmorton-st. stock-brokers.
Lambert, A. and Blackmore, J. Friday-st. warehousemen.
Leaf, W. Severs, B. Coles, J. and Leaf, W. Old Change, warehousemen.
Luton, W. and Eckley, T. Bristol, saddlers.
Lott, J. H. and Budds, W. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, sail makers.
Leech, J. Dallimore, T. and Leech, J. jun. Ludgate-hill, wine-merchants.
Langston, W. and Baker, J. Wolverhampton, Stafford, factors.
Larbalestier, J. and Hunter, G. Angel-co. Throgmorton-st. wine-merchants.
Likly, J. Reid, J. Hine, R. and Duguid, M. Greenock, ship chandlers.
Lang, H. and Lang, J. Accrington, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturers.
Luke, L. W. and Keynes, W. New Sarum, timber-merchants.
Lawrance, R. Bourne, E. and Beard, N. Bromley, brewers.
Marsh, J. sen. Shepherd, T. Marsh, W. Marsh, J. and Marsh, J. jun. Sheffield, merchants.
Mason, W. and Mason, J. Derby, varnish-manufacturers.
Moses, H. and Moses, S. Upper East Smithfield, slopsellers.
Mangles, J. Mangles, R. Mangles, F. and Turner, J. F. Wapping, ship chandlers.
Mitchell, J. and Mitchell, W. Colchester, watch-makers.
Maclennan, K. and Maclennan, W. Great May's-bu. St Martin's la. clock-makers.
M'Donald, J. and Duthie, T. Great May's-bu. St. Martin's-la. book binders.
Mathias, J. Griffiths, E. Davies, E. and Howell, T. Cardigan, rope-makers.
Nicholls, I. and Nicholls, J. Chipping Ongar, Essex, coachmasters.
Needham, E. and Darby, G. T. Macclesfield, Chester, iron-founders.
Newsome, M. A. and Elkington, S. woolstaplers.
Nash, T. and Walker, H. Kenton-st. Brunswick-sq. plumbers.
Oswald, G. and Williams, D. Raphidem st. Southwark, curriers.
Padgett, A. and Robinson, A. Wimpole-st. Cavendish-sq. wine-merchants.
Proctor, G. Cop's Hurst, Stafford, and Salt, J. Mearhill, Stafford, brick and tile makers.
Pegg, W. and Pegg, H. Fleet-market, stationers.
Pratten, M. and Pratten, B. Lawrence Hill, Gloucester, cordwainers.
Powis, H. and Powis, R. Grosvenor-mews, Bond-st. veterinary-surgeons.
Prest, W. and Terry, T. York, butchers.
Prater, W. and Prater, C. Charing-cross, army-clothiers.
Price, T. and Price, P. Birmingham, iron-merchants.
Price, T. and Ward, C. Drury-la. coach-ironmongers.
Price, R. Price, W. and Thomas, W. Maidstone-bu. Southwark, hop-factors.
Palmer, M. and Roberts, S. Bristol, milliners.
Pollock, J. H. and Cates, H. C.
Porter, S. and King, W. E. Walbrook, stationers.
Preston, R. and Holah, F. J. Little Tower-hill, tea-dealers.
Parker, B. and Simpson, R. G. Crawford-st. Montague-sq. chemists.
Perfect, J. Hardcastle, C. and Perfect, W. Leeds, bankers.
Read, Flint, and Co. Canterbury, brewers.
Rist, C. and Newton, G. W. Cornhill, auctioneers.
Round, M. and Field, A. Reading, Berks, corn-dealers.
Smith, J. and Hartley, J. York, stuff-manufacturers.
Satchell, R. and Rowell, R. Winsley-st. Oxford-st. brewers.
Smith, G. and Walker, J. Bread-street-hill, architects.
Smith, S. and Cricke, F. L. Rathbone-pl. milliners.
Storey, T. and Judson, S. Knaresborough, York, tobacco manufacturers.
Smith, R. and Jones, R. Manchester, dyers.
Smalley, T. and Eccles, B. Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturers.
Salter, S. Salter, W. and Bennett, W. Newgate-st. wholesale-cheesemongers.
Skipper, P. Skipper, G. J. and Mayott, J. Great Tower st. tallow-chandlers.
Sadler, J. and Miles, E. Coleman-st.
Smith, G. A. Smith, G. and Smith, C. W. Little St. Thomas Apostle merchants.
Sanders, G. and Fryar, H. Sunderland, Durham, coal-fitters.
Smith, J. sen. Smith, J. jun. and Smith, T. Cateaton st.
Smith, F. and Dickinson, G. W. Bank-side, Southwark, coal-merchants.
Sigmond, J. and Heath, J. Bath, surgeon-dentists.
Smith, J. Stockport, Chester, and Holland, J. Stretford, Lancaster, muslin manufacturers.
Smith, J. S. and Goldie, J. Whitechapel-road, rectifiers.
Thorpe, W. Turner, T. Rowley, W. and Overend, H. Sheffield, merchants.
Tinson, G. Lodge, H. R. and Whalley, J. Bow-church-yard, woollen-factors.
Turner, F. and Holmes, J. London.
Thorowgood, M. and Stevens, H. Reading, Berks, school mistresses.
Trimmer, G. Sharpe, J. and Homewood, W. Pudding la. orange merchants.
Thornton, S. Crosse, J. N. and Escreet, T. Kingston-upon Hull.
Umphelby, E. W. and Olding, J. London, stationers.
Vulliamy, B. L. and Vulliamy, J. T.
Wignall, W. and Wignall, T. Liverpool, coopers.
Wallis, W. and Wallis, S. Bristol, biscuit-bakers.
Wilcock, O. and Clark, G. C. Watling-st. warehousemen.
Wallis, T. and Hayne, J.
Whitehouse, I. and Woodhill, J. Birmingham, Britannia metal manufacturers.
Walker, F. and Nicholson, R. Ripon, York, attornies.
Watkinson, J. Watkinson, J. and Fisher, A. F. Nottingham, joiners.
Whitsed, J. and Walker, T. Peterborough, Northampton, surgeons.
West, W. and Connelly, A. King-st. Snow-hill, tallow-chandlers.
Whitehead, S. and Lowe, N. Crumpsall, Lancaster, school mistresses.
Wollaston, J. sen. and Wollaston, J. jun. Great Castle-st. Oxford-st. rectifiers.
Wade, J. and Radley, M. Great Ilford, Essex, blacksmiths.
Wimble, J. Preston, J. Wimble, W. W. and Wimble, J. N. Kingston-upon-Hull, and Beverley, York, ironmongers.
Wilson, E. and Gubbins, H. Strand, coal-merchants.
Wilmot, J. B. and Jeakes, W. Great Russell-st. Bloomsbury.
Willis, R. Clarke, J. S. and Watson, J. H. Warnford co. Throgmorton-st. attornies.
Wilkins, S. and Shiers, N. Great Russell-st. and Gun-alley, Bermondsey, fellmongers.

NEW PATENTS

SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE, of Cecil-street, Strand, Middlesex, Bart. and JAMES NISBET COLQUHON, of Woolwich, Kent, Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery; for certain improvements in the art of killing and capturing of whales and other animals to which such means are applicable. Dated June 7, 1821.

JOHN VALLANCE, of Brighton, Sussex, Brewer; for improvements on a patent granted to him on the 20th of June last; for a method and apparatus for freeing rooms and buildings (whether public or private) from the distressing heat sometimes experienced in them, and of keeping them constantly cool, or of a pleasant temperature, whether they are crowded to excess or empty, and also whether they be hot or cold; and the said JOHN VALLANCE hath invented, or discovered, improvements relative thereto, and in some cases with, and in some cases without, a gas or gasses extended, or additional applications of the principles, or of some or one of the principles (either of construction or operation) thereof, or applicable to purposes other than what he first contemplated. Dated June 19, 1821.

LONDON MARKETS. July 13th, 1821.

COTTON.—The Cotton market has been steady. The purchases since our last consist of 920—Bengal, 5⅞d. a 6¼d. in bond; 350 Surats, 6½d. a 8d. do.; 312 Paraiba, 12½d. do.; 40 Pernambuco, 12⅞d. do.; 10 Berbice, 11d. duty paid; 10 Carriacou 10¼d. do. —Imports, from the 6th to the 12th inst. inclusive:—New York, 41; Boston, 4. The accounts from Liverpool this week are exceedingly favourable: on Wednesday above 3000 bags Cotton were sold, generally at an advance of ⅛d, a ¼d. per lb. The intelligence has a very favourable effect here, and will probably lead to extensive transactions on Change.

SUGAR.—The market has been heavy all the week: the holders of low browns evince a great disposition to sell, and for these descriptions very reduced prices have been accepted—54s. for free brown, and for very low 53s. Sugars with colour are scarce, in some request, and rate very high in proportion, the cheap purchases are 54s. a 58s.: any Muscovades above 60s. with colour, find ready purchasers at good prices. The public sale of Barbadoes Sugar this forenoon consisted of 102 hhds. 22 tierces; the low qualities went off heavily, and at lower prices: the coloury at very high rates: middling white 72s. 6d., fine yellow 64s. a 68s. 6d.: the low, 60s. a 61s. 6d. sold about 1s. below any previous public sale. There is little alteration to notice in the refined market; several extensive houses purchased considerably early in the week, but the request appears since to have subsided. There have been some enquiries after Brazil Sugars, but few actual purchases are reported.

COFFEE.—The public sales this week have gone off heavily; the ordinary rank Jamaica at a further decline of 1s. a 2s. since Monday last: the qualities above fine ordinary at a further decline of 2s. a 3s.; middling and good middling Jamaica and Dominica sold yesterday at very low prices; a parcel of St. Domingo at public sale went at 114s. 6d. a 115s. 6d. There were no public sales of Coffee this forenoon; the demand by private contract appears, however, to revive considerably; the reduction in the prices has attracted the attention of the buyers, and we should not be surprised if considerable purchases were made during the part of the day.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—By public sale on Tuesday, 267 puncheons Jamaica Rum, unmerchantable and of very inferior quality, sold—12 a 15 over proofs, 1s. 4d. a 1s. 5d.; 27 a 30, 2s. a 2s. 1d. The exceeding low price of the sale materially affected the market; purchases may be made 1d. a 2d. per gallon lower; Leewards remain nominally the same.—There are no purchases of Brandy lately reported.—Geneva still without inquiry

TALLOW.—The low prices of Tallow attracted the attention of buyers early in the week, since which there has been a gradual improvement in prices; the market is fully 1s. per cwt. higher, and few sellers at the advance—yellow candle 46s. a 46s. 6d. The Town market is to-day quoted 48s. 6d., which is the same as last week.

FROM THE 25TH OF JUNE, TO THE 23D OF JULY, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

	n(2) toJuly2	July 2 to 9.	July 9 to 16	July 16 to 23.
BREAD, per quartern		0 9½	0 9½	0 9½
Flour, Fine, per sack	0 a 0 0	50 0 a 0 0	50 0 a 0 0	50 0 a 0 0
——, Seconds	2 0 a 45 0	42 0 a 45 0	42 0 a 45 0	42 0 a 45 0
——, Scotch	0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0
Malt	2 0 a 52 0	42 0 a 52 0	42 0 a 52 0	42 0 a 52 0
Pollard	) 0 a 28 0	16 0 a 18 0	16 0 a 18 0	16 0 a 16 0
Bran	7 0 a 8 0	7 0 a 8 0	7 0 a 6 0	7 0 a 8 0
Mustard, Brown, per bushel	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0
——, White	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0
Tares	4 0 a 5 0	4 0 a 5 0	4 0 a 5 0	4 0 a 5 0
Turnips, Round	6 0 a 20 0	14 0 a 17 0	14 0 a 17 0	22 0 a 24 0
Hemp, per quarter	5 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0
Cinque Foil	0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Clover, English, Red, per cwt.	5 0 a 63 0	25 0 a 63 0	25 0 a 63 0	25 0 a 63 0
——, White	0 a 95 0	46 0 a 95 0	46 0 a 95 0	46 0 a 95 0
Trefoil	2 0 a 31 0	12 0 a 31 0	12 0 a 31 0	12 0 a 31 0
Rape Seed, per last	2 0 a 34 0	30 0 a 34 0	30 0 a 34 0	30 0 a 32 0
Linseed Cakes, per 1000	0 0 a 0 0	10 0 a 0 0	0 a 0 0	10 0 a 0 0
Onions, per bushel	0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 : 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Potatoes, Kidneys, per ton	0 a 0 0	0 a 0 0	0 a (	0 0 a
——, Champions	0 a 0 0	0 a 0 0	0 a 0	0 0 a
Beef — Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	8 a 3 8	3 8	8 a 3	8 a
Mutton — Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	6 a 3 6	6 a 3 0	6 a 3	2 a
Lamb — Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	4 a 5 4	0 a 5 (	0 a 5	8 a
Veal — Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	4 a 5 4	0 a 5 (	0 a 5	8 a 8
Pork — Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	8 a 4 8	8 a 4 8	8 a 4	8 a 8
Butter, Dublin, per cwt.	0 a 0 0	0 a 0 (	0 a 0	0 a 0 0
——, Carlow	4 0 a 0 0	82 0 a 84 (	82 0 a 84	80 0 a 82 0
——, Dutch	8 0 a 82 0	81 0 a 0 (	84 0 a 0	84 0 a 0 0
——, York, per firkin	42 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 50 (	48 0 a 50	48 0 a 0 0
——, Cambridge	44 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 0 (	50 0 a 0	40 0 a 0 0
——, Dorset	46 0 a 76 0	50 0 a 0 (	50 0 a 0	40 0 a 0
Cheese, Cheshire, Old	46 0 a 76 0	50 0 a 76 (	50 0 a 76	50 0 a 80
——, Ditto, New	42 0 a 60 0	48 0 a 56 (	48 0 a 58	52 0 a 66
——, Gloucester, doubled	44 0 a 70 0	63 0 a 68	65 0 a 68	64 0 a 74
——, Ditto, single	48 0 a 40 0	52 0 a 56	52 0 a 50	56 0 a 64
——, Dutch	38 0 a 40 0	44 0 a 0	38 0 a 40	44 0 a 0 0
Hams, Westphalia	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, York	0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0	) 0 a 0 0
Bacon, Wiltshire, per stone	0	3 6 a 0	3 6 a 0	3 0 a 0 0
——, Irish	2 a 3 4	3 2 a 0	3 2 a 0	3 0 a 0 0
——, York, per cwt.	0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0 0
Lard	0 a 48 0	44 0 a 50	44 0 a 50	46 0 a 59
Tallow, per cwt.	2 10 0	2 8 0	2 8 0	2 8 0
Candles, Store, per doz.	10 6	10 6	10 6	10 6
Ditto, Moulds	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0
Soap, Yellow, per cwt.	78 0	78 0	78 0	78
Ditto, Mottled	88 0	88 0	88 0	88
Ditto, Curded	92 0	92 0	92 0	92 0
Starch	3 14 a 0 0	3 14 a 0	3 14 a 0 0	3 14 a 0 0
Coals, Newcastle	31 6 a 41 6	36 6 a 42	30 0 a 42 3	30 0 a 42
Ditto, Sunderland	33 6 a 42 0	34 6 a 42	34 0 a 43	34 0 a 43
Hops, in bags, Kent	2 0 a 3 15	2 0 a	2 0 a 3	2 0 a 3 1
Hops, in bags, Sussex	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a	2 0 a 3	2 0 a 3
Hay — St. James's averaged	3 12 0	3 12	3 12	3 12 0
Clover — St. James's averaged	4 10 0	4 10	4 10	4 10 0
Straw — St. James's averaged	1 8 0	1 8	1 8	1 8 0
Hay — Smithfield averaged	3 17 0	3 17	3 17	3 17 0
Clover — Smithfield averaged	3 17 6	3 17	3 17	3 17
Straw — Smithfield averaged	1 8		1 8	1 8
Hay — Whitechapel averaged	4 1		4 1	4 1
Clover — Whitechapel averaged			4 10	4 10
Straw — Whitechapel averaged			1 9	1 9

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, from the Returns received in the Week

	Ending June 23. s.	d.	Ending June 30. s.	d.	Ending July 7 s.	d.	Ending July 26. s.	d.
WHEAT	56	8		5	54	11	54	11
RYE	00	0		0	00	0	00	0
BARLEY	24	10		0	24	3	24	3
OATS	19	7		6	21	6	21	6
BEANS	30	4		0	29	7	29	7
PEAS	32	5		0	32	7	32	7
OATMEAL	00	0		0	00	0	00	0

Published by Authority of Parliament, WILLIAM DOWDING, Receiver of Corn Returns

AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN OR MUSCOVADO SUGAR,

Exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the Importation thereof into Great Britain, Computed from the Returns made in the Week ending

June 27, is 34s. 8¾d. per cwt. \| July 4, is 33s. 3¾d. per cwt. \| July 11, is 32s. 8¾d. per cwt. \| July 18, is 32s. 8d. per cwt.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, Cornhill.

1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.	1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.	1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.
June 27	30.03	59	N	Fair	July 7	29.71	64	NW	Fair	July 17	30.07	65	NW	Fair
28	30.12	57	NNE	Ditto	8	29.87	61	NW	Ditto	18	30.23	69	SE	Ditto
29	30.07	62	N	Ditto	9	30.01	63	NW	Ditto	19	29.98	68	S	Ditto
30	29.93	67	SW	Ditto	10	30.05	65	NW	Ditto	20	29.80	65	SW	Ditto
July 1	[illegible]	70	SW	Rain	11	29.98	63	W	Ditto	21	29.71	69	SW	Showery
2	29.70	61	NE	Ditto	12	29.91	61	E	Ditto	22	29.51	64	S	Ditto
3	29.76	59	NE	Ditto	13	29.94	63	SE	Ditto	23	29.55	67	SW	Ditto
4	29.89	58	N	Fair	14	29.77	64	W	Ditto	24	29.69	68	SW	Ditto
5	30.04	69	NW	Ditto	15	29.61	62	SW	Rain	25	29.51	66	W	Rain
6	29.90	65	SW	Clou.	16	29.93	64	N	Fair					

Price of Shares in Canals, Docks, Bridges, Roads, Water-Works, Fire and Life Insurance Companies, Institutions, Mines, &c. July 21st, 1821.

	Shares of	Present Price per Sha.		Div. received per Ann.	
	£.	£.		£.	
Birmingham Canal (divided)	25	560		24	
Chesterfield	100	120		8	
Coventry	100	970		44	
Derby	100	135		6	
Erewash	100	1000		58	
Grand Junction	100	215		9	
Grand Surrey	100	60		3	
Grand Union	100	23		—	
Do. Loan	—	93		5	
Grantham	150	130		7	
Leeds and Liverpool	100	315		12	
Leicester	—	290		14	
Loughborough		2000		170	
Melton Mowbray	100	—		12	
Mersey and Irwell		—		30	
Monmouthshire	100	153		10	
Nutbrook	100	105		6	2
Oxford	100	640		32	
Shrewsbury	125	165		9	
Shropshire	100	140		7	10
Somerset Coal	50	107	10	7	
Ditto Lock Fund		74		4	
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	100	700		40	
Stourbridge	145	210		9	
Thames and Severn, New		24	10	—	
Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk	200	1810		75	
Warwick and Birmingham	100	224		12	
Warwick and Napton	100	210		11	
Bristol Dock	146	15		—	
Commercial Dock	100	68		3	
East India	100	168		10	

	Shares of	Present Price per Sha.		Div. received per Ann.	
	£.	£.		£.	
London	100	—		4	
West India	100	176		10	
Southwark Bridge	100	17		—	
Vauxhall	100	18		—	
Waterloo	100	5	5	—	
Commercial Road	100	105		5	
Ditto East India Branch	100	100		5	
East London Water-Works	100	87		—	
Grand Junction	50	56		2	10
Liverpool Bootle	220	75		—	
London Bridge	—	50		2	10
Albion Insurance	500	42		2	10
Atlas	50	5		6	
Bath	—	575		40	
Birmingham Fire	1000	300		25	
County	100	39		2	10
Eagle	50	2 12	6		5
Globe	100	122		6	
Imperial	500	90		4	10
London Fire	25	24		1	4
London Ship	25	20		1	
Royal Exchange	—	—		10	
Union	200	35		1	4
Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.)	50	58	10	4	
City Gas Light Company	100	104		8	
London Institution	75 gs.	33		—	
Surrey	30 gs.	7		—	
Auction Mart	50	21		1	5
British Copper Company	100	52		2	10
Margate Pier	—	—		10	

Rate of Government Life Annuities, payable at the Bank of England.

When 3 per cent. Stock is 76 and under 77.

	receives for 100*l.* stock			average-rate 100*l.* money		
single life of 35	5	4	0	6	15	11
40	5	10	0	7	3	9
45	5	18	0	7	14	3
50	6	9	0	8	8	7
55	7	2	0	9	5	7
60	7	19	0	10	7	10
65	9	4	0	12	0	6
70	11	2	0	14	10	2
75 and upwards	14	1	0	18	7	4

All the intermediate ages will receive in proportion.

Reduction National Debt and Government Life Annuity Office, Bank-street, Cornhill.

COURSE *of the* EXCHANGE, *from June 26, to July 24, 1821, both inclusive.*

Amsterdam, c. f.	10—18
Ditto at sight	12—15
Rotterdam	12—19
Antwerp	12—12 a 12—11
Hamburgh	38—10 a 38—8
Altona	38—11 a 38—9
Paris, 3 day's sight	25—85 a 25—70
Ditto	26—20 a 26—0
Bourdeaux	26—20 a 26—0
Frankfort on the Main, ex money	159
Petersburg, 3 Us. per rble	9 a 8 7-8ths
Vienna, Ef. 2 m. flo.	10—28 a 10—25
Trieste ditto	10—28 a 10—25
Madrid	36
Cadiz	35¾
Bilboa	35¼
Barcelona	35
Seville	35¼
Gibraltar	30½
Genoa	44 a 43¾
Venice Italian Liv.	27—60
Malta	45
Naples	40 a 39¾
Palermo per oz.	116d.
Lisbon	49½ a 50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	49
Bahia	59
Dublin	9½
Cork	9

PRICES *of* BULLION, *at per Ounce.*

Portugal Gold, in coin	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Foreign Gold in Bars	3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Doubloons	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Dollars	0*l.* 4*s.* 9½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Silver in Bars, Standard	4*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Louis, each	—

The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices.

JAMES WETENHALL, Sworn Broker.

Printed by Joyce Gold, 103, Shoe-lane, London.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS FROM JUNE 25, TO JULY 25, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1821. Days.	Bank Stock.	3perCt Reduc	3perCt Consol	3½pCt. Consol	4perCt Consol	5perCt. Navy.	Long Anns.	Irish 5 per Ct.	Imp. 3perCt	Omnium.	India Stock.	So.Sea Stock	NwSo. Sea An	OldSo. Sea An	4 per cent. Ind. Bon.	2 per Day Ex Bills.	Cons. for Acct.
June 25	—	76 ⅛	—	85¾ ⅞	94 ⅛	—				—					46 pr.	1dis 2pr.	77¼ ⅜
26	—	76¼ ⅛	—	86 ⅛	94 ½	—	19 1/16 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	46 pr	1dis 2pr	77⅜ ⅜
27	—	76⅛ ¼	—	86 ⅛	94 ⅛	—	19 1/16 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	46 44pr.	2dis 1pr.	77⅛ ½
28	29¾	76¼ 5⅞	—	85¾ ⅞	93⅞ 4⅛	—	19 1/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	45s 47pr.	1pr. 2dis	77⅜ ⅛
29	Holiday.																
30	—	76⅜	—	86	94 ½	—	19⅛ 1/16		—	—	—	—	—	—	50s 48pr.	1dis 4pr.	77⅜ ⅛
July 2	—	76¼ ⅛	—	—	94⅛ ¼	—	19 1/16 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	76	51s 53pr.	3pr. par.	77½ ⅜
3	230 229½	76⅛ ¼	—	86 ⅛	94¼ 4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	53s 51pr.	2s 5pr.	77¼ ½
4	—	76⅜ ⅝	—	86 ¼	94⅛ ½	—	19 3/16 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	53s 55pr.	3s 4pr.	77⅝ ⅜
5	230½ 231½	76½ 7	—	87	94½ 5	—	19 3/16 ¼	—	75⅛	—	—	—	—	—		5s 4pr.	77⅞ 8⅛
6	—	77 6⅝	—	—	95 4⅞	—	19 ¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56spr	5s 1pr.	78 7⅜
7	233 231	77 ⅜	—	—	95⅛ ½	—	19 5/16 ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57spr.	2s 4pr.	78 ⅛
9	234	77½ ¾	—	—	95¼ ¾	—	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57s 59pr.	4s 6pr.	78¼ ⅝
10	232¾	77½ ¼	—	87¼ ⅜	95⅜ ⅞	—	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	58s 55pr.	4s 6pr.	78⅛ ⅛
11	232½	77¼ 6⅞	—	86⅞ 7⅛	95½ ¾	—	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	55s 56pr.	4s 5pr	78⅛ 7¾
12	232¾ 233	77⅛ 6⅞	—	87⅛	95½ ¾	—	19 7/16 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	55s 56pr.	4s 6pr.	78 7¾
13	232½ 233¼	77⅛ ¼	—	87⅛ ¼	95⅜ ⅞	—	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56s 57pr.	4s 6pr.	78⅛ 7⅞
14	232	77⅛ 6⅞	—	—	95¼ ½	—	19 11/16 ⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56spr.	5s 4pr.	78 7¾
16	232 ¼	77 6⅞	—	86⅞	95⅜ ⅛	—	19⅝ ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57s 55pr.	4s 6pr.	77⅞ ⅞
17	232 ½	77⅛ 6⅞	—	87 ⅛	95⅛ ⅛	—	19 9/16 ⅝	—	—	—	223¾ 4¼	—	—	—	56s 57pr.	5s 4pr.	77¼ 78
18	233	77⅛ ⅛	—	87¼ ⅛	95⅜ ¾	—	19⅝ 11/16	—	76	—	234¼ 235	—	—	—	56s 58pr.	5s 4pr.	77⅞ 8⅛
19	Holiday.																
20	233	77¼ ¾	76⅝ 7⅛	87⅛ ¼	95⅝ ⅞	109 ⅛	19⅝ 11/16	—	76¼	—	235½ 235	—	—	—	56s 58pr.	4s 6pr.	77⅛ ½
21	235	77¾ ¼	77 6½	87 ¾	95⅞ 6	109⅜ ½	19 11/16 13/16	—	—	—	235 ½	—	—	—	58s 60pr.	6s 3pr.	77½ 6¾
23	233½ 231½	76¼ 5⅞	76⅛ 5⅛	85 ⅞	94⅞ 5⅛	109 8⅞	19½ ⅝	—	75½ ¼	—	234	84	—	—	60s 58pr.	4s 6pr.	76⅞ 5½
24	232½ 231½	76⅛ ⅜	75½ 6	86⅛ ½	94¼ 5⅛	108⅝ 9	19⅝ ½	109¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	57s 59pr.	4s 6pr.	75¼ 6⅛
25																	

All Exchequer Bills dated in the month of June 1820, and prior thereto, have been advertised to be paid off.

N. B. *The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices*, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1718, and now published, *every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by*

JAMES WETENHALL, Stock-Broker, No. 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London;

On application to whom, the original documents for near a century past may be referred to.



Published for the Proprietors of the European Magazine, by the Executors of the [illegible]

Napoleon Buonaparte

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AUGUST, 1821.

With a Portrait of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CONTENTS.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND SOLD AT THE LATE JAMES ASPERNE'S,

BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,

32, CORNHILL:

(Where Communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed, Post paid.)

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE EDITOR'S CONVERSAZIONE.

THE splendours of a Royal Coronation have within three short weeks been succeeded by a Royal Decease; and it is this month our melancholy task to announce the death of that illustrious Lady, whose name has too long suffered degradation as the watch-word of a mob, and the excuse of a Faction. In the sepulchre of her MAJESTY, however, will, we most ardently hope, all those party feelings be for ever buried; and painful as our duty has been to pursue that only course, which honour pointed out to us, and shrinking not from the firm and conscientious avowal of it's rectitude, yet we revert no longer to the past: the grave has now closed over both the virtues and the frailties of it's Royal Victim; and with a deep feeling of the weakness which pervades all humanity, we would close the barriers of the tomb upon every thing which should be forgotten, and trace upon it's monumental covering,--REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

The EDITOR presents best respects to Δ, and *S. W. X. Z.*; and particularly begs, that neither of those Gentlemen will forget him.

In reply to the numerous enquiries after *Arthur M. Templeton, Esq.* we have much pleasure in announcing his entire forgiveness of our publication of his Confidential Letter in our Number for June last; and of our having also so far wrought upon his feelings, as to have received his promise of becoming a future Correspondent.

We shall be ready to receive proposals from any wholesale Trunkmaker, to supply him with our overplus, and rejected Essays, and Rhymes, on the 10th inst.- The biddings to state the prices per hundred weight, or square foot; the goods to be taken away by the purchaser, and the letters to be accompanied by security for the regular and punctual performance of the contract. A small discount will be allowed for ready money.

Jacob Dangerfeldt is like our new Groom,—he will not suit.

The Tour round the Southern Coast of England was sent to press for this Number, but is unfortunately again delayed; it shall, however, certainly appear on the 1st of October.

Were we to insert the communication of *Nobody*, it would only be read by his own family.

Arietta will, we hope, believe our gratitude for her polite kindness to be as sincere, as Lady can desire, or Gentleman can make tender of.

Our kind readers of those poetical contributions which enrich the pages of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, are entreated to take notice, that it is our firm resolution for the future to insert those compositions in whatever part of our pages may suit us best; consulting only our own will and pleasure, as to place and situation; chusing for ourselves alone, " as one picketh pears."—Having inflexibly determined to give insertion to no rhymes, which require the epithet of POETRY in capitals above, to distinguish their meaning; like the Sign Painter, who found it requisite to write over his labours,—*This is a black Cow!*—In plainer terms, we hope, in future, to have more poetry, with less boasting of it.

Edwin shall receive attention as soon as possible; in the mean time, he will have the goodness to complete the series.

We have no leisure to guess Riddles; and there are so many Enigmas in real life, that our ingenuity is fully occupied, without any extra exertion.

Is *Pangloss* any relative of the celebrated Doctor?—He resembles his namesake in one respect, for he is certainly an A.S.S.

We are much obliged by the kind letter of *M. A. R.* and shall hope for the fulfilment of it's obliging promise with as little delay as possible.

The press of temporary matter has compelled us to omit our *Miscellanea* for the last two Numbers, it shall, however, be resumed in the next; and our obliging friends will, we are sure, kindly accept this unanswerable apology for the postponement of their valuable communications.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1821.

MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY JAMES THOMSON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

An iron Crown his anxious forehead bore;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Nor check'd his course for piety, or shame;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth, nor honour, deck'd his name;
Who, placed by Fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE inveterate and implacable enemy of England;—He, whose mighty energies, and powerful armaments, were, for a series of years, directed, not against her defeat merely, but her overthrow; not marshalled for her conquest, but her annihilation;—Napoleon Buonaparte is no more!—and his death is an event, which belongs as much to the moralist as the politician. He has, indeed, long since ceased to influence, except in a very remote degree, the destinies of the world. For six years he has been politically dead; and he was doomed to outlive even the admiration of most of his adherents. He continued to exist, not to excite alarm and wonder, but to manifest the most signal example of the retributive justice of Heaven; and to add one other impressive illustration to the records which ambitious men have furnished of the vanity of human wishes.

To trace the wild and irregular grandeur of his career, to mark the splendour of his rise, and the gloom of his declension; would be to record those extraordinary events which have rendered the last thirty years the most important epoch in the history of the world. The memory of these occurrences still comes upon us like the remembrance of a fearful vision.—It is a dream of bloodshed, and of tumult, and of strife; of mocking pageantry, and of fearful woe.

When we look back upon Buonaparte crossing the Alps, and there see him in all the pride of youth, and all the flush of victory, leading his confiding troops to put down thrones, and lay waste kingdoms;—and when we turn to the miserable exile, pining with despondency, and wasting with disease, lying down to die like the obscurest amongst us, with scarce a recollection of his glory about him; we almost forget the tremendous interval between his elevation and his fall. Yet this was the man that carried revolutionary France in triumph throughout Europe, this was he who raised himself to the Consular Chair, this was he who sat on the throne of Charlemagne, and wore his iron crown upon his brow; this was he who held Queens captive, and gave Princesses in dower; who conquered at Jena and Austerlitz; who defied alike the frosts of Heaven, and the soldiers of the earth; and at length fell before their united fury;—this was he, that the power of England drove out of Spain,—who twice abdicated the throne to which the Revolution

had raised him;—and whose power finally crumbled into dust on the day of Waterloo.

The character of Buonaparte was extraordinary in it's native elements; but the age in which he lived stamped upon it it's boldest features. He was, indeed, the living symbol of the French Revolution; he was the representative of all it's ferocity and it's crimes; concentrating in himself all it's mighty but ignoble daring, all it's impious defiance of God, and all it's horrid cruelty towards man.

Of an individual who has filled so large a space in the history of the world, it is difficult, so shortly after his decease, to form a just estimate. His enmity against our country was so deadly and unrelenting; so much was he bent on the destruction and annihilation of the British name, that it is not without some difficulty we can bring ourselves either to think, or to speak, of his conduct with the calmness which we ought. We may, however, observe, that he was the leading spirit of the age in which he lived. Endowed by nature with a genius equalled by his ambition, and so far favoured by circumstances as for many years to meet with no difficulty which he could not surmount, no force which he could not overpower, and no glory which he could not eclipse; it is, perhaps, not astonishing that he should have forgotten that he belonged to a race whose powers are limited, and should have deemed himself resistless and omnipotent. To this infatuation he owed the reverses which clouded his latter years, and made him terminate a career of triumph in exile and imprisonment. Placed by fortuitous circumstances in a situation where he might have been the minister of unbounded good, instead of proving himself a benefactor, he became a curse. Earth was too little for his ambition; and he coveted a larger field for the exercise of his talents, and the gratification of his rapacity. But when his pretensions exceeded the bounds of human daring,—when he attempted to contend not only with men and their strength, but with the untried powers of the elements;—when amidst the smoking ruins of Moscow, he challenged the slumbering energies of a polar winter, he was smitten in his pride; and the vigour of the giant was changed to infant weakness. How he fell, and rose again only to fall with deadlier violence, it is unnecessary here to relate. The prisoner of St. Helena was, however, still to some a terror; while he breathed, no Continental Monarch could feel his diadem steady on his brow. The Magician who trampled upon Crowns and States had lost his wand; but one moment might have restored it. That danger is now passed, the spirit of towering ambition is for ever quelled; and he has at length rendered up an account of his mortal deeds to that God, before whom, all human glory is but pollution, and all pride, abomination.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE was born on the 15th of August, 1769, at Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica; and was the eldest son of Carlo Buonaparte, a lawyer, of Italian extraction, by his wife, Letitia Ransolini; General Paoli being his godfather, and General Marbœuf his patron; he was early introduced to the Royal Military School of France, to be educated as an Engineer, and first distinguished himself as such at the siege of Toulon, when that place was in the possession of the English. He afterwards became connected with the Director Barrere, by whose interest he was appointed to the command of the French Army of Italy, in which capacity he ran a long career of victory; and ultimately effected a peace with Austria. Shortly after this, Buonaparte projected the memorable expedition to Egypt; but on experiencing reverses in that quarter, returned to France; and availing himself of the distracted state of the country, the war with Austria having been renewed in his absence, he contrived to overthrow the Government of the Executive Directory, and, under the Constitution which succeeded, was appointed First Consul, or Chief of the Republic, for a limited term: but afterwards for life, in consequence of his having, by extraordinary exertions in the field, again compelled Austria to accept of peace. His ambition, however, aspired to the Throne; and in 1804, he assumed the proud title of Emperor of the French, and was crowned by the Pope. Having divorced himself from the Empress Josephine; on the 1st of April, 1810, Buonaparte was again married to the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria; by whom

he had one child, born March 20, 1811, and baptised Napoleon. We stop not to crowd our hasty narrative with a detail of his successes and his defeats; they are the materials of future history, and their enumeration only would exceed our limits. Suffice it then to say, that, after a long course of victory, Buonaparte experienced his first serious reverses in Spain, from the brilliant courage of the British army, under the command of our illustrious Wellington; when soon afterwards the fatal campaign in Russia terminated his power, and he was compelled to abdicate the French Throne in the year 1814. His abdication was followed by banishment to the Island of Elba, where every attention consistent with security was provided; but, treacherous to his engagements, Napoleon left it upon the 26th of February, 1815, at night, on board a brig, with a few hundred followers; and landed on the 1st of March, at five in the afternoon, in the Gulph of Juan. Being well received, he proceeded onwards, entered Paris triumphantly on the 20th, and immediately resumed the reins of Government. The King had sent an army to oppose him, headed by Marshal Ney, who betrayed his Sovereign, and joined his enemy. The success of Buonaparte did not, however, long remain without a severe check. The fortified line of the Netherlands towards France, which was occupied by strong garrisons, chiefly in British pay, were greatly reinforced by the troops of the Duke of Wellington, and a Prussian army under Prince Blucher; and to oppose whom, Napoleon left Paris, on the 12th of June, 1815, and gained several partial advantages, till the 18th, when he was totally defeated near Waterloo, and fled back to Paris; where he declared his political life to be terminated, and withdrew himself in privacy. The conquering armies arrived at Paris on the 3d of July, and on the 8th Louis re-entered the capital, followed by the Allied Sovereigns. Napoleon then reached Rochfort, where he endeavoured to escape by sea; but finding the attempt vain, surrendered himself to the Bellerophon British man of war, which sailed immediately for England, and soon anchored in Torbay. He there remained on board, until the Northumberland was prepared for his reception, which carried him to St. Helena, the destined place of his exile and death: where, in the fifty-second year of his age, he breathed his last, on Saturday, the 5th of May, 1821, after a lingering illness which had confined him to his bed for upwards of forty days. He had desired, that after his death his body should be opened, as he suspected he was dying of the same disease that killed his father, a cancer in the stomach; which, upon opening the corpse, was found to be correct, as a cancer had actually taken place. He, however, refused medicine as useless, and, a month previous to his death, said, that he should never rise from his bed again. The pain that it gave him, he described as if a knife had been run into his body, and broke short off, the wound closing externally afterwards. He was perfectly indifferent to all the ceremonies that were performed by the Catholic Priest; if he did receive the holy water, it was given at a time when he was in a state of insensibility; and the only circumstance that could be construed into a religious feeling was very doubtful. A few hours previous to his decease, he is said to have gradually drawn his hands from his sides, and to have clasped them in a convulsive manner over his breast. He then released them, and they fell into their former position. During the latter part of his illness, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the portrait of his son, which was hung up at the foot of his bed; and his attachment to the child seems to have been very great. The last words of Buonaparte were uttered in a state of delirium, but still shewed what was working in his mind:—"*Mon fils!*" were the first, and afterwards he murmured what seemed to the hearers to be, "*Tête,—armée.*" He shortly afterwards said "*France,*" and never spoke again. His face, for fourteen hours after his death, was one of the most interesting that could be imagined, but from the extreme heat of the climate, the decay was so rapid, that shortly afterwards the features collapsed; and at the time that he was laid in state, after having been opened, the countenance had undergone a total alteration. The wounds on his body were,—A small scar on the head, received from the pike of an English serjeant at Toulon; one above the knee, by a spent

ball, received at Ratisbon; and one near the ancle, a deep musket ball graze, that he received in Italy. A great deal of trouble was taken by Doctors Mitchell and Burton to have a cast of his face; but unfortunately the quality of the Island gypsum was such as rendered all their attempts fruitless. A short time previous to his death, he scratched an N. with a penknife on a snuff-box, which he presented to Dr. Arnott for his attendance on him, and also left him five hundred Napoleons.

Though he is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, nor was there any intimation to the by-standers that his end was so near.

Such were the last moments of Buonaparte; and the same might have been recorded of the most unpretending man that ever existed,—of the philosopher, or of the civilian,—of the merchant, or of the manufacturer,—and of all those, whose names, and whose exploits, never occupied tongue, or pen, beyond the little circle of their acquaintance. How has he disappointed all the presages of the wise, and all the hopes of the brave, and all the predictions of the moral! He was to have died by an awful visitation of Providence,—he was to have finished his career in battle,—he was to have furnished, by some public punishment, a terrible example to all succeeding Tyrants! He has disproved all these prophecies,—he survived his renown and his glory,—he preferred a miserable exile on a barren rock to the death of a soldier in the field; and like Anthony, at the Battle of Actium, he fled before the termination of the conflict,—and died in his bed!

For his fame as a soldier, Buonaparte should have been killed in the Italian campaign; for his honour as a patriot, he should have fallen before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. As the founder of a new dynasty, he would have perished most gloriously at Friedland, or at Eylau; to avoid positive disgrace, he should have died at Leipsic; but much of the contempt of mankind had still been spared to him, had he fallen among the victims whom he sacrificed to tyranny at Waterloo.

His was, indeed, the almost unmitigated character of a Despot. Never had man so ample an opportunity of being the benefactor of his fellows;—no one could have carved out to himself so clear and broad a path to a real and blessed immortality. But he "was like no brother;"—His ambition had all the awful merit of originality,—and let us hope that the historian of future times may not be able to furnish any parallel. The blood of his bad deeds is not yet dry,—the recollection and horror of them are yet too fresh and green in our memory,—we are too near to the scene of his exploits to decide upon him with a cool and impartial judgment;—but were we called upon to anticipate the opinion of posterity, we should say, that whilst he concentred some few of the brilliant qualities of the most celebrated of antiquity, he combined all their vices. With all Alexander's eagerness for conquest, he had none of his magnanimity;—with all Charles the XIIth's mania for expeditions, he had none of his coolness. He united the popularity of Marius to the prodigality of Sylla, and too often combined the ferocity of both. In his foreign politics he was alternately insolent and mean,—and he never hesitated to commit the most atrocious crimes, when they enabled him to accomplish his object. In his internal administration he was neither more generous nor more just; and we hazard the opinion, that the celebrity of this extraordinary man is destined to decrease from age to age; and that when he shall be despoiled of all external lustre, it will be acknowledged that he was more famous by the audacity of his enterprizes, the extent of his resources, and the valour of his troops, than by his own ability and foresight. It will be seen, too, that he has bequeathed no one durable monument, no useful institution, no one blessing to mankind, that can compensate for the unprecedented calamities which he brought upon the world.

After laying in state in full military costume, as we have already noticed in our last Number, Buonaparte was buried on Wednesday, May the 9th, beneath some Willow Trees, in a spot which he had pointed out, about a mile and a half from Longwood House. A procession of the military staff, and all the naval officers, followed the corpse, which was received, on emerging from the grounds, by a line of

troops, including artillery and marines, which followed to the place of interment, and halted, occupying the road winding along the valley side, above it; while the procession descended by a road made for the occasion on foot, the body was then borne by twenty-four grenadiers to the grave, where it was deposited, with the priest's blessing, in a chamber within a large stone vault, fourteen feet deep. The chamber was then closed with a large slab, and it's edges being filled in to the sides of the vault, the whole level surface was covered with a liquid body of Roman cement.

The corpse was deposited under three discharges of eleven pieces of artillery, and the minute guns of the Vigo; after which, the vault was filled up with stone, and a plain flat slab laid over it, with a centinel constantly on duty.

The funeral procession was attended by the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, and his Lady, Rear-admiral Lambert, commanding on the station, Bertrand and Madame Bertrand, the Medical Officers, and most of the principal residents of St. Helena; all anxious to witness the sepulchral consignment of the mortal reliques of Napoleon Buonaparte.

The hurried detail to which we have been restricted, has allowed us but to sketch an outline, which posterity will finish. The man, whom even too many of our own countrymen decked forth with irresistible might, and infallible sagacity, and inexhaustible resource; whose crimes were all excused, and whose villanies were all justified; slumbers at length in peace in his exile tomb, and moulders in obscurity.

Our enemy is now beyond the power of disturbing us, and we ought to recollect that he is also beyond the power of defending himself. But we must also remember, that his guilty selfishness, and bloody perfidy, were not the mere weaknesses, or infirmities of human nature. His barbarities, his murders, his massacre of prisoners, and poisoning of invalids, were each sufficient to transmit the name of any one to future execration; and to brand his memory with infamy. Buonaparte was a foe, whom no oaths could bind, no treaties could compel; whose faith was that which the purpose of the moment called for; and who was consistent only in his injustice and his cruelty; whose life was a career of unmitigated despotism: and his death the only fitting rescue from that despotism's punishment.

His evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain;—
His triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or, deepen every stain;
If he had died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise
To shame the world again:—
But who would soar the solar height
To set in such a starless night?"

DRUIDICAL AND CORNISH ANTIQUITIES.

THERE is no study which requires more labour, or deeper research, than to investigate the origin of nations; whilst there are some faint records, such as rude monuments of sculpture, stone or earthen barrows, the monuments of the illustrious dead, or any other ancient relics, left us, serving as marks to find out our way: yet fable and credulity throw on these obscure traces such confusion, as often to compel the enquirer to abandon what is true for what is false, and to adopt fiction for history. Still such is the vanity of mankind, that they will not be satisfied without tracing their descent from some hero or giant, whose infancy was nourished by the milk of a bear, or who sprung into matured existence from the rays of the meridian sun. The fabled origin of Romulus and Remus might be compared to the Incas of Peru; and neither is superior to the project of Psammetichus, who committed two children of mean birth to the care of a shepherd, to be fed on milk, and to be secluded from mankind, in order to ascertain, by the first word they should utter, the origin of the Egyptians; which happened to be *βεκκος*: This arbitrary sound, the King

soon found to be the Phrygian word for bread. βεκκος—ἔζιδκε φρυγας καλεοντας τον ἄρτον—from whence he concluded the Egyptians were descended from the Phrygians; a compliment to that nation certainly in no way calculated to disturb the peace of his own people, and as satisfactory, as that of others who pretend to have a plainer and more certain way of tracing up their origin to it's right source. The mixed origin of our nation leaves it doubtful from whom we are descended. Britons, Gauls, Romans, Saxons, Angles, and Danes, are confusedly blended together in the indistinguishable ties of consanguinity; and if the private descents of families are no longer to be traced to their origin, neither can that of the nation. This, however, we know, the first people that were found here by the Romans were Britons: and it is with them, that our history first builds on any thing resembling a solid foundation. After the Romans withdrew their protection, the invading Saxons drove the Britons, whom they did not exterminate, before them into Wales and Cornwall: where, ever since, vast numbers of their descendants exist, proud of being the most ancient inhabitants of this island.—The well known custom of Britons to assume the names of birds, animals, and places, still points out their genuine descendants, no less than the three familiar prefixes of Cornish names of Tre, Pol, and Pen; of which it is said,—

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
You shall know the Cornishmen."

Hence, in the first instance, we have Godolfin, alias Godolgan, or White Eagle; Chiwarton, the Green Castle on the Hill; Reskimer, the Great Dog's race; Carminow, a little City; Coseworth, the high Grove; Keigwin, the white Dog; and many others, that might be pointed out.

The government of our country, now matured by the wisdom of many generations, is founded upon the imperishable basis of liberty; which, though in past times infringed by the unprincipled aggressions of tyrants, has so firmly struck root in our soil, that she now strikes to the ground all who would lop her branches with too bold and daring a hand. She has flourished, and will continue to flourish, because the love of liberty is congenial to the hearts of Britons, who know how to venerate the blessing, and to enjoy with moderation the security and happiness it dispenses.

As our history descended through the Saxon Heptarchy, and the different dynasties that succeeded in rapid succession; some kings were endowed with considerable talents for government, others excelled in arms, and others in legislation; whilst others have united both civil and martial attainments. Many of those again have patronized the Christian religion, seeing the social edifice must be erected on a sound foundation. The accomplished Alfred may be deemed the Father of English legislation; nor was he less eminent as a soldier, for he expelled the Danes, and taught his subjects to resist their inroads. Roman statesmen complimented themselves with their ascendancy over the mere warrior; *Cedant arma togæ*; and if the skill of the general sinks in the presence of the legislator, his government and wise laws proved that he could profit by his victories so as to render them subservient to the happiness of his people. Many writers suppose that he instituted the trial by jury; it is certain he facilitated a due administration of the laws, by dividing the country into hundreds, and making them answerable for the peaceable conduct of their respective inhabitants. Besides establishing a seminary of learning, he assembled the Wittenagemote, the origin of the British Parliament, to meet twice in the year, or oftener, if need be, to treat of the Government of God's people: and by so doing, he laid the frame of civil government in this nation, that has now existed with some interruptions for nine hundred years; a period which has doubly exceeded the time allotted to the existence of the laws of Lycurgus, Solon, and Numa. The states in which the laws of the two former prevailed, did not exist half that period; whilst those of the latter were so amalgamated with the opposite enactments of the Patricians and Plebeians, in the course of a century and half, that two or three only passed under his name after that period. Athelstan was a great Patron of the Church; the episcopal edifice of this diocese being indebted to him for it's erection, while it is also said he planted the Christian religion in the most west-

ern parts of Cornwall, and built the church of St. Burien, and endowed it for a dean and three prebends; rightly concluding, that by encreasing the religious feelings of the people, he encreased the obligation to civil obedience.

The feudal system of the Conqueror, which in some measure changed the civil polity of the country, did not however, destroy the frame of government bequeathed to it by Alfred: the petty tyranny of the barons, which was at one time so galling to the subject, and alarming to the crown; after the lapse of a few ages, was subdued by the institutions of our Great Saxon Legislator, and sunk before the power of Parliament establishing the government of the laws. The history of successive dynasties resembles those of other countries; for one wise monarch, there has succeeded a weak, and then a profligate descendant; till the Almighty, in mercy to the children of men, has raised up, in another House, a wise Prince; or has purified the old stock from it's follies, by affliction or other heavy dispensations of his wrath. In general, however, there is no cure for folly, and the fiery furnace of affliction, burning with sevenfold fury, is scarcely sufficient to defecate their sensuality and vice. Some of the Cornish historians have assigned a very high period to the History of Cornwall, where there are no authentic records to support it. The Cornish deem themselves on very good grounds, as we have already seen, to be ancient Britons: and King Arthur, whose castle at Tintagel remains as a monument of his fame, was probably their last King: after his time it was governed by Dukes, and then by Earls, under our national Kings; till the time of Edward the Third, who bestowed the title of Duke of Cornwall on the Black Prince. Since which, it's Dukes have held no authority but such as is purely manorial; their castles being dismantled, their palace and exchequer being razed to the ground, and their prison only remaining in use, as the prison for the Stannary debtors. We have now old British and Norman families living together, and forgetting their former antipathies, with the exception of some who bear the characteristics of their origin, their love of feudal power, pertinacity for their own rights, and a disposition to invade those of others. But three only, out of all the twenty families of Norman origin, who lived in Cornwall in the days of Carew, now remain in a state of respectability; and the others are totally extinct. The Arundells, who were once wealthy, powerful, and numerous, and who had ten mansions in this county, have not now one legitimate descendant to rescue their name from oblivion; they have suffered no less than the Stuart family from their stubborn adherence to Popery; but that which precludes them from an heir must be assigned to a superior Cause, "who setteth up one, and putteth down another."—What a revolution does two hundred years, for it is two hundred years since Carew wrote, make in the frame of society: the most wealthy and honourable disappear, and others, like mushrooms, rise up to take their stations! The same period sees families in the greatest respectability, and depressed in the lowest classes of the community: —so changeable are the affairs of this world. Man should learn a lesson of wisdom from this, and rectify that spirit of pride and ambition, which distinction and wealth sometimes inspire; for looking down the stream of time but a few years, he sees his descendants following some mechanic art, or pursuing labour in the field for their daily bread. And it is this which gives so much force and truth to Lord Bolingbroke's celebrated aphorism, "That history is Philosophy teaching by example." For he does not imply, that it is taught in those crimson records of blood, of battles, and murders, which history paints to our view in such disgusting colours, but that the unsettled state we read of in human affairs, the ups and downs in life: the capricious folly of favouritism, the uncertain tenure of empires, the miserable fate of bad and profligate kings, the praise and glory of wise ones, the honourable rewards of virtue, and the end and misery of vice. This is the philosophy, that makes men wise, and teaches them to put no dependence on empire, or on power, but to build their hopes of happiness on the sounder foundations of honour, of virtue, and of wisdom.

The most ancient description of people, of whom we possess any authentic records, who inhabited Cornwall from the earliest periods, are the

Druids: — who have left undoubted remains of their religious ceremonies: and altars, logan stones, circles, and sacrificing rocks, contribute to support the accounts which Cæsar and other Roman authors have given of those people, as found in England in their time. They describe them as having great influence with the people amongst whom they lived: so great was their ascendancy in this respect, that Suetonius Paulinus, according to Tacitus, resorted to the cruel policy of putting them to death, such effect their songs and predictions having to rouse the courage of the people to repel their invaders. Their priests, according to Cæsar, had a judicial power annexed to their priestly office; and this was often exercised in settling differences between sovereigns, when going to war, or engaged in it. They presided over religious ceremonies, and directed the public sacrifices, as well as those of individuals. They superintended the education of youth; if any crime was committed, or murder perpetrated, or any dispute arose as to succession to property, or as to the limits of their estates; they settled the differences of the one, and the punishments due to the other: and those who did not abide by their decisions were excommunicated: which seems to have been the greatest punishment they could inflict. One presided over the Druids, who enjoyed the chief authority amongst them. If he died, the most worthy of the Order was appointed his successor. If there were several of the same respectability, the succession was then decided by election, and sometimes they appealed to arms to decide it. At a certain time of the year, they took up their residence in the centre of France, it is supposed at Chartrain, where they had a consecrated station. To this place, all who had disputes resorted, in order to have them settled. The Druids received their education in England, and thence carried it with them into France; whither those chiefly went, who were desirous of a more intimate knowledge of their discipline.

The great object of their literature and education was to store the memory, as they trusted rather to tradition than to written records: the latter indeed they utterly neglected; and by these means, they secured the fruits of their learning to their own body, which raised them reputation among the people. If Cæsar is to be depended upon, they had in his time attained to some metaphysical knowledge. He informs us, that they believed in the immortality of the soul, and it's transmigration, which was confined to the circle of their own species: and in this they greatly excelled the Pythagorean system, which did not preclude the human soul from inhabiting the bodies of brutes. This doctrine, Cæsar supposes, excited their valour, and made them fearless of death. They engaged in discussions on the heavenly bodies, and their motion; they pursued them on natural philosophy, on the magnitude of the universe and of the earth, and on the power and sovereignty of the immortal Gods; which they were careful to teach their youth. In their religious rites they immolated human victims: but what is most surprising, and must strike every Christian mind, is, their notion of a vicarious atonement—"*pro vitâ hominis, nisi vitæ hominis reddatur, non posse aliter Deorum immortalium numen placari arbitrantur.*" Cæsar de Bello Gallico, Lib. vi.—Whence this notion, it may be demanded, but from the source of all truth? but the wonder is, how derived; it is probable they received it with their notion of the metempsychosis from the east; whence all the ideas of religion travelled as from a common centre, however corrupted. Their horrible sacrifice of human victims in a wicker basket, made somewhat like a human form, though it chiefly selected those who were guilty of crimes, is no excuse for such a bloody and horrible ceremonial. They doubtless argued, the more victims, the better were the Gods appeased and pleased: and as this demanded the surrender of no personal vice, they encreased more readily the number of victims to secure them in their impunity: a deception which has, more or less, prevailed with all false worshippers. Places where the Druids raised altars to their cruel deities still continue; to prove, in some respect, the accuracy of the Roman writers, who have given us such perfect accounts of their principles and religious rites. Dr. Borlase, the polar star of Cornish historians, has discussed this sub-

ject with sufficient accuracy, both with regard to the situation of the places where the Druids performed their worship, and the manner of doing it; as to remove much difficulty from all enquirers, who might be tempted to investigate the subject after him. Places consecrated to druidical worship were generally elevated, and surrounded by trees, especially oak: and in these situations, rocks of the largest dimensions, exclusively granite, are so oddly marked and disposed, as to leave no doubt to the unprejudiced mind, that they were so placed by the united labour of many hands, and for superstitious and religious uses.—The first of those, which demand notice, as they are most prominent in the Cornish scenery, are the Cromlehs; which are numerous, and have a very picturesque appearance. They consist of one oblong flat stone, seven or eight feet long, and four or five feet wide, standing on three legs in a triangular position; the cap as well as the legs being composed of unwrought and unhewn granite: and much ingenuity must have been required, to give them that firm position, which has rendered them capable of resisting the shock of two thousand years; as it would puzzle very able workmen now, working without tools, to construct fabrics so firm and durable. At Karnmenelas there is a Cromleh resting on a more solid foundation, not supported by legs, as the one above, but on several horizontal stones of the same dimensions of the cap, placed ingeniously on each other; which makes it evident, that they were not always of the same construction. It's station is well chosen, being on a very high hill, and making a beautiful break, to all who approach it, in the arched vault of heaven. It is not easy to settle their particular use; though some of our modern antiquaries would determine it with the greatest precision, as if they had witnessed their erection, and seen each applied to it's particular use. There is, however, every reason to conclude that they were not monumental; barrows having been exclusively appropriated to receive the ashes of the illustrious dead; and this idea derives every confirmation, from the excavations our Resurrection antiquaries have made in them; and who have found their contents to produce the bones of men and animals, mingled with ashes, pieces of sword-blades, belts, and other mouldering remains; while there has never occurred an instance, where the like discoveries have been made near Cromlehs. Barrows, indeed, not only contained the ashes of the dead, but in some respect commemorated their fame; for it was only chiefs of the highest distinction who were honoured with such sepulchral rites: and these memorials have been faithful to their trust; for whilst marble has crumbled into dust, and verdigris has eaten out the brazen inscription; barrows are found on our extended heaths, to relieve the monotonous evenness of the scene, and to point out where lie the ashes of many a British chief. Some, with greater probability, suppose, that Cromlehs were designed to be the seals of covenants and conventions between rival chiefs, and neighbouring states; as was the vow ratified, on a more solemn occasion, by Jacob with his God at Bethel, by his setting up a pillar there: the same was also observed by the Children of Israel, when they passed Jordan, by taking twelve stones of that river to commemorate the miracle performed on that occasion. The Druids also had places of public meetings, both for civil and religious purposes: as it is allowed on all hands, that Stonehenge was a place of this description, though some assert that it was likewise used for astronomical observations; which may be equally true: for as the Druids met for celebrating their religious rites, they might, at such meetings, also inculcate the knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and administer justice: and all these, it is possible, might have been transacted at their great national meetings; whilst they might have inferior courts of judicature established in the different divisions of the kingdom for the administration of local justice. That they had temples of this inferior description, we shall soon see. Abury, it is possible, might have been the great metropolitan national temple of the Druids, whilst temples of inferior description might have been established in different parts of the country, in Wales, Cornwall, &c. subject to the jurisdiction of the metropolitan temple. The shrine at Abury formed the outline for all the inferior temples; but whether all the inferences that Dr. Stukely has drawn from it's form be probable, I leave to others to deter-

mine; yet the circle is invariably found in every druidical place of worship. The Doctor discovers in the temple of Abury the Egyptian hierogram; the snake and the circle; and quickly decides the circle to denote the supreme fountain of all being, the Father; the serpent, that divine emanation from him, which was called the Son; the wings imported that other divine emanation from them, which was called the Spirit, the *anima mundi:* yet this is ranging wild in the field of conjecture; for it may be demanded, in the first place, how the Egyptian hierogram could be so known to the Druids in this remote island, as to form the outline of the temple of Abury? and, in the next, how it could bear any analogy to the Christian mystery of the Trinity? Whatever notion the Druids might have obtained of the sacrificial worship of the early patriarchs, yet it is not very probable they could have dived so deeply into the Christian mysteries, as in any respect to have anticipated them. Though the Rock worship of the Druids required many arrangements in the disposition of the large granite rocks we see, in the reputed places of their worship, that we cannot now account for; yet there are some whose uses are obvious, according to the received notions of our learned in British antiquities: and the first is the Logan-stone. These are of various descriptions; some very large, and scarcely moveable, and others of considerable rocking power, but not so large in bulk: in the parish of St. Levan, there is one of the former description, which hangs in aërial grandeur on the highest of a cluster of pyramids which overlooks the sea in fearful equipoise; and though measuring 1200 cubic feet, rocks perceptibly with the exertions of a single man: some are of much smaller dimensions, which exhibit considerable skill and power in their erection. Others of these are morticed on single stones, some on double: and in many cases the rocking power is given by the insertion of smaller stones, to preserve the equipoise, on the large rocks on which they stand. Generally, the rocking power is the effect of art,—though the one at St. Levan must have been formed at the Creation, or derived it's equipoise by the subsiding of the waters at the Flood. Their use seems obvious, and of a divining power, like the Oracles of Delphi, replying to such questions by it's solemn vibrations. A God was supposed to have inhabited the stone, and the assent given by it's vibration; whilst it's remaining in a quiescent state was considered a negative. At Karnbrê, where is a druidical circle remaining, the Logan-stone is near the penetralia, if not within it; though it's equipoise has lately been destroyed by the crumbling of the small stone which was inserted to give it it's rocking power. Different Logan-stones also possess different vibrating powers; in some it is scarcely visible, in others it is very strong. There is one near the high hill of Routor, called Loudon, that vibrates nearly one twentieth of it's circle: and it is in vain to assert, that the effect it produces on the mind is trifling: for myself, I can truly say, I was exceedingly struck with the majesty and innate dignity of this immense rock, vibrating like a pendulum to the efforts of an individual concealed behind it, who gave it motion. Judge, then, the effect, on any solemn assembly of an ignorant people, credulous to behold some manifestation of the Divinity incased in his rocky mansion, and we must believe it overwhelming: the fire descending on Elijah's sacrifice could scarcely produce an effect more energetic or decisive. Perhaps the finest druidical remain in the kingdom is the sacrificing Rock at Karnbrê; it's artificial bason, with it's notched brims, running in a slanting position into each other, gave current to the blood of the slaughtered victims, pouring as a libation into the druidical circle beneath, to propitiate their cruel Gods. The Rock Basons, indeed, no less than the Logan-stone, are evidently the effect of rude art: the inclination of the above Rock bason, or sacrificing Rock, is regular and easy; and this inclination is given by the insertion of blocks of granite of different thickness placed between it, and other rocks that form the base: the rock itself is a circle of nearly sixteen or eighteen feet diameter; and those which form the base are of the same dimensions.

There are writers who put no faith in our druidical remains, but suppose all to be alluvial and casual, while they attribute the arrangement perceptible in our circles, sacrificing Rocks, Logan-stones, &c. entirely to nature;

—this is carrying prejudice very far. Wherever we see art, and the hand of man applied to structures, we must trace the design to some end; the art exemplified in our druidical remains are rude, and cannot be assigned to any other origin than that of the Druids, who were doubtless the priesthood of the primæval inhabitants of this country. The ancient worshippers of God deemed the canopy of heaven* a nobler temple than the most costly edifices made with hands: and they, like those, chose some open space for the celebration of their worship, where a hillock or a rock served as the altar: the known disposition of the earlier idolaters to materialize spirit, could form no notion of the deity but under some visible form; the altar which held the victim to appease the wrath of their Gods, was deemed, in time, by their perverted reason, to be the very God the sacrifice was meant to propitiate; and as that altar was a rock, other rocks of particular conformations were supposed to be endued with a divine power likewise; thus, from a false zeal to prove their religion by the number of their rock Gods, they multiplied the number and variety of their Rocks almost without end. Karnbrê,* the former seat of druidism in Cornwall, retains, even at the present day, a native dignity and grandeur, that no time or change in men nor manners can wear away: at the eastern end, the remains of an ancient building, which is called the Castle, attract the eye of the visitor from their high antiquity, and are, most probably, of British origin: though now united to a building of a modern date. This castle stands on the airy foundation of two large rocks, a rude arch is thrown over a considerable hollow to connect the wall: it is furnished with loopholes and battlements*; whether to serve as means of defence or ornament, is not now clear; but a suggestion presents itself to the mind, that it might have been the residence of the Archdruid, or Archdruidess; when they attended the solemnities of their religion there. This I deliver, however, only as a conjecture, that certainly demands better authority: they had usually residences near their circular temples, and it is more than probable, that when they visited the druidical stations, they might have been accommodated with a habitation of this description. According to Pliny—"The oak was held in great veneration by the Druids. The misseltoe was cut with a gold scythe, the sixth day of the moon, with great formality, the priest being clothed in white: it had several properties ascribed to it; such as fertility to man and beast, and was held as a specific against poison." Nat. Hist. 16 Lib. ch. 44.—A gold crescent was worn on the breast at the performance of this ceremonial; one of which I have been so fortunate as to see; it contained considerable alloy, and wound itself together, like the main spring of a watch, and required considerable force to extend it; but when opened, it had the form of a moon about six days old; it's two extreme points terminated in the form of an heart; and round it's border there was a little flower work, rudely scratched. It was found by a labourer in the parish of Gwithian, in Cornwall, in throwing sand out of a ditch, and was brought to my father to ascertain it's metallic quality and use; but he being no antiquary, recommended the person to Mr. Pryce, of Penzance, who gave five guineas for it, and thereby secured to himself one of the most precious relics of druidism. The scene of a druidical temple is given by Lucan, in the third book of his Pharsalia; where it is drawn in all the disgusting horrors of a bloody larder, garnished with the limbs of human victims; and quite calculated, as he represents it, to scare away timorous birds, and even beasts of prey from their lairs; on this grove the winds would not blow, and the fountains were rendered turbid; the assembled horrors might have terrified less superstitious soldiers than Cæsar's, whose arm was obliged to set the example to the veterans to fell the surrounding oaks. I shall give the description in his own words, and thus conclude my very imperfect account of the Druids.

"Omnis et humanis lustrata cruoribus arbor.
Siqua fidem meruit superos mirata vetustas,
Illis et volucres metuunt insistere ramis,
Et lustris recubare feræ: nec ventus in illas
Incubuit silvas, excussaque nubibus atris
Fulgura: non ullis frondem præbentibus auris,
Arboribus suus horror inest, tum plurima nigris

"Frontibus unda cadit, simulacraque mœsta Deorum
Arte carent, cæsisque extant informia truncis."
LUCAN *Phars.* Lib. 3. v. 405.

The Cornish are an active race of men, and, like those of most other counties, plume themselves on excelling in some games above their neighbours, and peculiar to themselves. In the refined states of Greece, games were instituted, as a training for war. Their Pentathlon consisted of the five exercises of leaping, running, quoiting, darting, and wrestling—

Αλμα, Ποδωκείην, Δίσκον, Ακοντα, Παλην. —

Though some have substituted the combat of the Cæstus, instead of the Ακοντα—or darting. The Grecian games first gave the Romans the desire of imitating them; as nations subdued by the Romans, in their turn became emulous of imitating them in the athletic sports: these, it is very likely, much modified, have continued in this country to the present day: and appear now in our hurlings, wrestlings, boxings, quoits, and other games, which resemble them. But the total change in the present system of warfare renders any particular application of such skill, in the above exercises, now unnecessary. Hurling, which was once much practised in Cornwall, with the exception of two or three parishes, is now seldom heard of. It required great activity, and to carry a good heel; i. e. to run fast, in the provincial dialect, was deemed a first requisite; and occasionally to use the cudgel skilfully was of great use; as it generally ended in a battle. And I have reason to believe, this was the chief cause of putting an end to this ancient amusement, for it sometimes concluded with murder. The sport was this;—a wooden ball cased in silver was provided, which was taken, by the head man of the parish, or some other person previously appointed, to some central place in the parish, and there thrown up; two parties, one calling themselves the higher side, and the other the lower side, had two goals in their respective divisions, and the party that carried the ball to their goal first were declared to be the victors. As soon as the ball was thrown up, each party made a rush to seize it; the person who caught it ran off to his goal with all his speed: the pursuit commenced as warmly by the opposite party, and in the chace many stratagems were used, and ambuscades formed. The swift runner had oft the string of his inexpressibles severed, as he ascended an hedge, which totally disabled him; at other times, the carrier of the ball was furnished with ashes, which he adroitly threw into the eyes of the pursuer, whose fleetness he dreaded; though if overtaken, and the ball was not immediately surrendered, he was handsomely cudgelled. But not permitting matters to come to this crisis, especially if he felt himself unequal to engage with his adversary, he threw it to one of his own party; who on catching it, immediately went off, and the pursuit was changed; this sometimes produced scramblings and fighting, bloody noses and broken heads. At this period, the ball being up, according to the phrase of the play, all was hubbub; the pursuit was carried on by horse and foot, through bye-lanes, over gates, hedges, and ditches; sometimes a brake, sometimes a gripe, and now and then a bushy hedge, concealed a select few, to prevent the progress of him who had outstripped the chace, and was carrying off the prize: and here he was obliged to retrace his steps, or to yield up the ball. It was in general a difficult, and sometimes a dangerous, contest; and it was for this cause solely that it has been dropped, with a few exceptions, for nearly a century. When a boy, I have listened with mute astonishment and admiration, to hear the Nestors in hurling recount with delight their former prowess and manœuvres. Wrestling, however, still continues a favourite diversion in Cornwall; there is great courtesy and good temper manifested in this athletic sport: and it is much more humane than the pancratium of the Greeks, or the Devonshire shin-breaking contest, which they call wrestling. To preserve fair play, gentlemen attend, to see that all is properly conducted: and added to this, umpires are fixed upon to settle all disputes that may arise between the combatants. A ring is formed about thirty feet in diameter, around which the spectators stand: the sport begins by a combatant throwing his hat into the ring; another, who offers himself as his antagonist, does the same: these are

furnished with strong canvass jackets, which they wear instead of their own coats: to shew they are in good temper. they shake hands, and then the sport begins, by taking each other by the collar, and such other holds, as will enable either to throw his adversary; it being required, that in the fall, which is to be on the back, both shoulders should touch the ground. Here extraordinary feats of activity and exertion are witnessed, which soon end in the fall of one of the combatants; but where the contest is well matched, the rule demands that they be limited to five or ten minutes: every person who throws three adversaries is deemed a stander; of these, the number is previously settled to twelve or sixteen,—as may be customary: and as soon as one is made a stander, he retires from the contest till the remainder are also made: when their number is complete, then the standers begin to play: two are fixed on by the umpires, who renew the contest; when this is decided, two others are selected, till the standers are reduced to three, who receive the prizes, which consist of five, three, and two guineas; gold-laced hats, garments, or other prizes, as settled previously by the giver of the wrestling. In this county there is neither backsword-playing, nor cudgelling, nor does boxing prevail as a science; the heroes of the fancy have not yet found their way into Cornwall: altercations are sometimes settled by the *argumentum fistum*, but the victory is oftener obtained by natural strength than by art. Skittles amongst the lower classes, and cricket and bowls among the gentry, are the amusements that most generally prevail; and are of much benefit to society, even in a political and social point of view; as the more men meet, the more they are civilized; but where sports are dropped, men divide, or are estranged from each other, and are led away in the labyrinths of perverted politics, or enthusiastic gloom; so that, the more innocent amusements abound, the happier and more peaceable people are in their manners and conduct. It is much to the praise of the Cornish, that the cruel sports of cock-fighting and bull-baiting are seldom known, and crimes of a sanguinary nature do not often happen; and where they do, it is much oftener the effect of a sudden impulse of passion, than of deep and premeditated malice. VIATOR.

M. DENON IN ENGLAND.

"WELL!" said Monsieur Teapottus—"have you found any thing yet in that sublime romance which will save you the trouble of inventing a description of Englishwomen?"

"Not yet," I replied, laying down the third volume—"though having been written so lately, and by an Englishman, I make no doubt his portraits are not sketched without some original."

Teapottus shut his snuff-box and his newspaper—"Look, my dear Denon, at the plain truth of the matter. If you could find here, or any where else, a creature who would devote her beauty, her talents, and her life, to a 'worshipped one,' she knows not who, and she cares not why;—one who only dances, sings, or talks, that she may whisper to herself, 'I heard his sigh, but he has heard the applause:'—one, in short, who if she was shewn all the terrors of Dante's Inferno, would only ask if her lover was to be there——"

"I should say, M. Teapottus, if such a one exists, a Frenchman may hope to discover her."

"And I should say—she would be fitter to live with Immalees, and Medoras, and Imogens, among peacocks and tamarind-trees, corsairs and assassins, than in a decent front-parlour with her husband's frills in her work-bag, or sitting quietly near the tea-urn with the baker's weekly bill in her hand. What would become of your soup, your coffee, and your sea-coal fire, while she was gazing at the stars—'those flowers of heaven which only open at night'—and the moon, 'whose beams are like the silver branches of those flowers?'"

"Ah! my dear Teapottus—let me put that down in my note-book."

"Whisper it to the barmaid of *les Milles Colonnes*, and it will pay for a dozen cups of coffee, but Englishwomen have no such language.—You saw a woman at Lord Boscobel's funeral last night standing a-

lent near the grave, and looking with dry eyes on the earth that fell upon his coffin,—you saw another kissing rose-leaves, and dropping them over it,—raining tears, and tearing her long hair like handfuls of golden thread—which was the mourner?"

"My good friend, the mourner we love to describe is a lovely and a graceful one;—the other kind makes no figure on paper, nor is there any way of describing her."

"You are right—real grief suits neither speech nor picture. Listen to a truth, not a romance. Lord Boscobel married in his youth a fair young Juliet at Gretna-green, and they lived forty years together. She had no daughter, but she adopted the offspring of his disgraced sister, kept the secret of their illegitimate birth, and gave them an abundant education. Two days after his death she learned that he had secretly, but more formally, married some wandering girl, whose son is now his heir, while she stands alone, beggared, widowed, and, as it were, unwedded."

"Well!—the villain is in his grave, and she has her nieces to foster and console her."

"The new-made heir calls them his adopted sisters, and they gave their benefactress,—a black stuff gown. They, or perhaps their maids, were the mourners you admired last night, but the bereaved and dishonoured widow who shed no tears, gave her forgiveness both to the living and the dead, while she stood unnoticed near that grave."

I put my romance in the fire, and Teapottus rose from his arm-chair. —"Denon, these are the scenes which I, a blue demon as you call me, ought to rejoice in: these are the events which send emigrants and settlers to our colony in the place you and I dare not name.—But you must fill your note-book with sketches, and this town shall supply you with one or two before we leave it. Follow me."

If I had not known my companion's real office and character, I should have been surprised at his quick descent into the half shrewd, half careless stare, and sturdy lounge, of a West-country yeoman, such as his apparel suited. We walked together up the town. There was about the centre a low house of dull grey stone, with a projecting balcony of heavy carved work shadowing three narrow casements filled with small squares of glass sunk in lead. A passage or archway, opened to the wind at both ends, gave us admittance to a door placed sideways. This door was consecrated to visitors of superior appearance to our's, for my guide had muffled me in a huge frieze coat like his own. We went down a paved walk to the wicket of a kitchen which formed the fourth side of an oblong square enclosing a six-cornered bed of flowers, a few cropped myrtles in tubs, and a leaden cistern. The broad deep window of the mansion's best room looked into this square, and two or three slits or loopholes gave light to a long stone passage, contrived, with the folly of ancient architecture, to cool the meats in their way from the kitchen."

"This," said Teapottus, "may serve for your etching of an old village-house; and here comes a relic of a race almost extinct,—a gossip from pure benevolence, prying into all secrets with a genuine hope of doing good.—Such an one as Will Wimble should have married."

The relic he promised was, or seemed to be, one of a flourishing race. She had a portly person, clothed in a chintz like a peacock's train, with a rich flounce of yellow lace set round an apron of stiff muslin. She wore a large pair of turquoise-earrings, studded with paste brilliants and shaped like chamber-bells, one of which was in her hand to summon her maid when needful. Teapottus stroked his hat, and told her he was a Wiltshire cousin of the Boscobel family come to the "grand burying."—The good woman shook her bell, and sent a sharp-eyed handmaiden to call Mrs. Alice, for the title of Lady Boscobel was her's no more. But by instinct, or by force of habit, all who approached or named her were heard to say lady or mistress, and knew her only by that appellation.

Mrs. Alice was of the English order of fine forms, and her face exhibited an outline of almost Grecian beauty, improved by the exquisite transparency of complexion peculiar to England. Her coif seemed of the closest and plainest kind worn by widows in this country, and her black dress shewed no part of her person except her hands, whose exceeding slenderness and whiteness might have been re-

ceived as pledges of a lady's birth and habits. Her room was such as Rembrandt would have chosen, lined with quaint carvings of dark oak, and lighted only by one casement, which threw a partial but rich summer-light on the angle in which the lady sat; sheltered under the cove of a very ancient chair, not much unlike a throne. It was impossible to see the forehead on which that summer-light rested, fair, open, and unwrinkled by the progress of thirty years, in pain and now in poverty, without reverence. I had an ample opportunity to contemplate it through one of the little square glasses which ancient housewives chose to have inserted into almost every wall, till Teapottus plucked my shoulder. "Finish your portrait of that rare original at our tavern,—there is another of as true English growth waiting for you in the hall, and the time of my conference with the Lady of Boscobel will be enough for your portrait-painting there."

The old gentlewoman, whose office seemed to be something between comptroller of the kitchen and lady of the bed-chamber, came towards us with a broad smile on her rosy round face. "Dame," said Teapottus, taking his westland dialect again—"Oi'se coom abute a bit of business wi' ould mistress yonder, soa I brot my nevoy to look a't ould castle and market-cross. Yo see t'ould lord had a mortal luve of money, and mightily liked a bit brot now and then in th' way of interest; soa I signed a bit o' paper, just for luve of him, promising to pay sum, ond oi'se thinking t'ould mistress wad give't me again for luve of him too."—There is no describing the excellent mixture of roguish ease and conscious cleverness which Teapottus threw into the true Yorkshire round of his bronzed face; and if my reader comes from the West-riding, which is the Gascony of England, I need not attempt to describe it.

Dame Wimble, for I cannot find a better name than he thought fit for her, placed me in the warm angle of a wooden settee half under the arch of the kitchen-chimney, and spread before me, on a table too white to need a napkin, a superb cheese garnished with flakes of thin curling oaten-cake, and butter that scented of cowslips. The very shy touch of her finger on the huge jug of ale, and the fifth or sixth glance at her well plaited cap and frill, reflected by a stooping mirror twelve inches square in a cherry-tree frame dark and polished as ebony, announced her pretensions to elegance; and I bowed to every speech she made in recommendation of the feast. In all ages and in all countries, the courtesy of the young and the graceful has it's irresistible charm; and the good dame began to intercede for my influence on my supposed uncle in favour of her mistress. "Every body knows, Master Nathan," said she, "and every body may see by the education Tony Gill has given you, that he has money enough for a gentleman; and I must say he had better have kept you in England, if he must pay for your frisk to France by robbing my lady, who has been robbed enough, as you may guess, by——, but I say nothing;—I only say, if I was a lawyer like you, I would take care nobody should have more than one wife at a time, for then every body would have a husband."

"Madam," said I, not doubting that, like most ancient dames, she remembered all the ballads and traditions of her country, and might furnish me with some—"I ask leave to refresh your memory. Your good and great King Arthur, pupil of the prophet Merlin, appears to have had a wife with more than one husband, as I have read in the Auchinleck manuscript. Merlin himself only laughed when he saw such incidents; and he is said to have laughed all the way from Wales to London."

"There is not one word of truth in the Laird of Auchinleck," interrupted the Dame, tossing back the pinners of her mob-cap;—"I knew him when he was a ragged boy, riding in the cart to buy lean calves; and as to that Mr. Merlin he is so fond of, he kept a workshop in London, and made a show of his whispering statues, and moving stools. That chair my lady sits on is of his making."

I was rather surprised, and made a memorandum of this in my note-book, as a supplement to my extracts from the memoir of Merlin, consisting of 40,000 lines, written in the reign of Henry VI. by Thomas de Lonelich; and from others preserved in the library of Lincoln's Inn and Lincoln Cathedral.

"But, my good madam," I rejoined, "this Merlin, whose machinery you have seen in London, was no less rich than ancient; for the great historian of France, Froissart, and William of Malmesbury, and Geoffery of Monmouth, tell us of the cloth of gold and the ivory saddles and the jewels—"

"I saw them all at the museum," quoth the dame—"and a goldfinch feeding it's little ones with pearls in a nest of silver moss. And, moreover, there was a wicked glass which he contrived to tell secrets—I never durst look at it."

"You were quite right, my good lady, for I have read, though not of his goldfinch, of many strange and impertinent hints he gave to King Vortigern respecting his lady; which, considering the misfortune of his own mother and the caco-demon his father, might have been spared."

"I don't think any such thing," answered the old lady, haughtily—"and if Mr. King Vortigern says so, he speaks evil of an honest woman who was my kin. Merlin's mother was a very decent gentlewoman, and his father was a carpenter, and not of the trade you say."

I have always heard that old ladies are the repositories of provincial traditions, therefore I inserted this assertion in my note-book, as it does not disagree with the poem in the Auchinleck MS. which states, that he "pegged windows and doors, by roof and ground:"—and hoping to gain farther hints to enrich my memoir of Anglo-Saxon romances, I added, "Much as I lament my Lady Boscobel's mishap, I find King Arthur's wife took no offence at his second bride Guenever; and Guenever's father Leodigan, being in danger of the giant Caudocaulicon when his wife's second husband made an apology, told him to say no more about it."

"Why no," said the dame, "considering that a giant was hunting them, it was no time to talk: but I should like to know where this good-natured king and queen lived; for if such a thing had happened in my time, aye, or a hundred years ago, the neighbours would have talked of it."

"Madam," said I, consulting my pocket-abridgement of the Fabliaux and Romances of the fourteenth Century, "Carlisle was the favourite seat of Arthur, as Froissart thinks; and his oven and round table are between that and Penrith. Ettrick forest was the Sylva Caledonia beloved by Merlin, and Drummelziar his burial-place. Galloway was given to one of Arthur's knights, and the tomb of Dame Ganore, or Guenever, his beautiful left-handed wife, may be seen at Meigle in Angus, between Coupar and Forfar.

The dame poured herself out a full glass of ale—"I thought as much, Master Nathan;—These left-handed wives all go to Scotland, but I never heard Galloway belonged to any thing but drovers and black nowts. Pray what kind of a person might he be who bought Galloway of King Arthur?"

"He was called Gawain the Brave; but there were thirty-nine who followed Arthur in pairs—and these were, Sir Antour, Sir Ulfin, Sir Bretel, Sir Kay, Sir Lucan, Sir Ditto, son of the Mayor of London, Sir Grifles, Sir Mairoes Sir Drians of the forest, Sir Belias, Sir Flandran, Sir Leomas, Sir Amours the Brown, Sir Aucales the Red, Sir Bleobel, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Canode, Sir Aladan the Crisp, Sir Colatides, Sir Lampades, Sir ——"

The dame ran to the casement near the street, down which a troop of fine Galloway cattle were pacing; and her cry, "There they all go!" put the rest of the knights' names out of my memory.

"Then, madam," I continued, "the lays of the Bretons, new called Marie's lays, because collected by her, and still in one manuscript—let me see—'Harl. MSS. No. 798,' are tokens that your lady's mischance is not against the ancient custom of Britons, or of our Brittany. For she tells us of a Bisclaveret, that is, a nobleman condemned to be a wolf three days in the week, whose wife was not divorced from her second husband, though the first seized the king's stirrup with his fore-paw to supplicate justice; and in another lay, called Eliduc, she celebrates a charming wife named Guildeluec, who, when she saw her rival in a trance like death, put into her lips a rose leaf to revive her."

"I always thought Queen Mary a wicked woman," interposed my dame, "and she deserved to be burned herself for telling such monstrous tales: not but I know many husbands who are wolves more than three days in a week, but I'll ne-

ver believe your Eliduc, and I dare swear it was hemlock, and not rose-leaves, she meant."

"Marie was a French poetess, madam, and there may be a mistake in the translation: but what I am going to mention is a solemn fact recorded in France. There was a fair lady called Vivian——"

"That is my lady's family name," said my companion.

"And this English beauty lived near a lake, where she brought up a boy called Launcelot, who loved the lady of his friend and patron. This kind patron grew jealous, and would have dismissed his wife; but Launcelot's honour was singularly nice, and he did not choose a mistress whose reputation was impeached even for his sake. Therefore he required her husband to receive her back, and reinstate her in her domestic place, to which he himself conducted her with an extraordinary parade. The good husband had a strange vision soon after. He dreamed he stood on a huge wheel, the upper part of which was set with gold and jewels, but the lower in a pitfall of scorpions. The omen was realized;—his nominal nephew, or reputed son, strove to rob him of his lands, and killed him in the first affray. The dead man's body was found in a splendid bier, brought, no one knew how, to a holy place—His first friend Launcelot came to his help too late, and the penitent wife hid herself from her lover and the world for ever."

"Master Nathan," replied the dame, taking a pinch of snuff, and carefully wiping the dust from the puffs of her stiff neck-kerchief—"If you found this tale in Merlin's Museum, it is a shame and a sin to prorogate it. I know more of Launcelot Vivian than any body in this province, and I certify to you there is not one word of truth in the matter of the wheel: it was a lottery-wheel, and he certainly dreamt it would ruin him.—On my conscience I know nothing about the rest. To be sure his lady loved her glass, but she was never called *Ginever*—and nobody thinks much about such little matters now."

"Nor I neither, madam," I replied,—"for Geoffrey of Monmouth has some of them in his chronicle, and Giraldus Cambrensis mentions a strange token of his inaccuracy. There was in the neighbourhood of Chester a young gentleman always surrounded by demons when he looked on false books. While he read Geoffry's chronicle, they sat on his head, on his back, and on the volume he held in his lap, which, added to the heaviness of the book itself, says he, was quite intolerable."

"I think one of them has been sitting on my spectacles all the time you have been talking," answered Dame Wimble, "for my eyes feel wonderfully sleepy."

At this hint I looked at the clock, and then at the chimney-corner, where Teapottus had perched himself while I was reading my note-book, and fallen fast asleep. I blamed her ale for counteracting the joint power of wit and beauty; and the good dame shewed us a backway out of her tenement, to prevent, as she said, the neighbourly talk of the town.

* * * * * * *

"You will have a rich page in your journal to-day," said Teapottus, bursting into my chamber—"I expected what would follow your legends of Merlin, and King Arthur, and Launcelot of the Lake, last night. Come, prepare, this is the hour Mrs. Alice appointed for my presentation to a full divan of kinsmen and kinswomen, and you must act your part as a learned traveller, or the business of the scene will be lost to the world—that is, to your readers. Dame Wimble has acted her part too as we shall find."

Teapottus had awakened me from a deep reverie on the possibility of King Arthur's Round Table Knights having a lottery; but I put my commentary in my pocket, and followed my cicerone to the ancient house in the village. The parlour of black oak was already filled with a groupe more worthy Teniers than Rembrandt, who, if he could have looked upon the scene, would only have sketched the head of Mrs. Alice as she sat erect in the recess of her ebony chair. One directly opposite was occupied by a young woman, whose face would have been perfectly beautiful, if it had possessed that unteachable and indescribable something, that glance of social and friendly welcome so seldom seen in the first interview with an Englishwoman. But she had an air at once rustic, studied, and wayward; a pompous negligence in the arrangement

of her dress which seemed designed to insult, yet to intimate that an insult was not worth the trouble. Her rich velvet mantle lay folded about her feet; her costly shawl was rolled into a cushion for the dog she fondled in her lap, and the rare species of the animal hinted the expensive delicacy of her taste in toys. This fair creature's luxuriant beauty and elegance was contrasted by my friend, alias Tony Gill, in his sturdy frieze coat, his large bare head rising like a dome, but his mouth and eye slily contracted into a mockery of demureness; I cannot tell how far my own figure completed the groupe.

The Lady Alice held in her hand an old-fashioned jewel-casket, which she unlocked and opened, turning her eyes towards the young Countess of Boscobel, the wife of the new-made heir. "These," she said, "are heirlooms, and the rightful property of those who enjoy the earldom, but I chose to give them thus publicly into your own hand, that I might add one request. This honest farmer,—Tony rose, and bowed with a comical glance, as if denying the compliment;—this friendly person, a kinsman of the late lord, desires remission of a small debt due from him,—and I think if he had lived, it would have been granted. What I cannot now bestow myself, I wish him to see was not unasked from one better able to intercede for him."

"And I might have deputed my lord's attorney to receive those trifles," replied the young peeress, "if I had not desired to tell Mrs. Alice Vivian thus publicly, that Lord Boscobel's memory deserves more respect in this house than to be the subject of kitchen legends. This person might have found better ways of asking a favour, and need not expect any, unless he fully denies the tale he has circulated about the Vivian family—especially our uncle Launcelot."

"Madam," said I, understanding the hint of my friend's eye, and placing myself in the midst of the circle—"If what all Europe has heard is false, I am sorry for it. If Chrestien de Troyes and Geoffry de Ligny have slandered Sir Launcelot, they are to blame. But if they were only mistaken, so have Ritson and Pinkerton been; if they have reported the tales of your province amiss, so did Bishop Percy when it suited him. Moreover, I see no slander in reporting matters which no man's family regards if they are false, or can hide if they are true; for I find nobody who objects to any gentleman or lady's acquaintance even if they had such a mother as Merlin's, or such a nurse as Sir Launcelot's; of whom if I have spoken in error, here is my authority."

The whole circle, not excepting Mrs. Alice, gazed with astonishment while I deposited on the table the huge chronicles of Gildas and Nennius, the lays of our King Thibaut of Navarre, and my own extracts from the Auchinleck MS. with the annotations of Sir W. S.—All these, carefully transcribed on broad vellum paper, with the signatures and comments of sundry learned men now living, especially of celebrated Scotch civilians, had a most imposing appearance; and the young Countess of Boscobel, glancing her eye on the last page, and reading there a formal attestation that all therein contained was irresistibly verified, enquired what price would purchase the suppression of this scandal.—"It is not in my power, madam," I replied, "to suppress it;—these papers were entrusted to me by M. Chateaubriand, Minister of France, and by M. Denon, whose name, I think, needs no addition, to be committed to the English press."—And their signatures, which I displayed with the superb seal of the National Institute, an armed Minerva, acted on the young Countess like a Gorgon's head. Teapottus seized this moment to open his huge coat, and plucking out a three-clasped volume, venerably tarnished and decayed as if it had been dug from Herculaneum, added, "And I found this vast book where St. Kentegern's church was burnt years ago;—they say 'twill fetch a rare sum at Doctors' Commons; but my Lady Alice shall read it first. Give it him, mistress, if he wants a bribe; for two thousand pounds have been bidden for it."

It was the parish-register of the church where the Lady Alice's marriage had been confirmed by English ritual. A painter or a writer would be a fool if he attempted to describe her look,—the brightness of it was worth twice two thousand pounds. Teapottus dragged me out, but I heard the uncountessed lady's hys-

teric scream of rage, and saw my dear extracts trampled to pieces.—"Be satisfied," said Teapottus, "you have been well paid for your loss by seeing *an English woman.*—These are the heroines this country produces,—women without pretension, without the poetry of enthusiasm and romance; but capable of bearing a wrench from all they love, from honour, distinction, and affluence, without desponding. An Englishman, if injured or unfortunate, is apt to do both too little and too much. He neglects the graces that would make his fortitude amiable, and affects a churlish indifference more unmanly than grief. But a woman, such as we have seen, is most gracious to her enemies, and strongest in her affliction."

"But, O Teapottus!" I exclaimed, "she never lost, as I have done, two folio MSS. of metrical romances collected for the National Institute!"

"Be under no chagrin," he answered—"not one of your legends will perish. Dame Wimble has circulated them through the whole parish, and the baker is at this moment listening, while two calves' heads grow cold, to the knife-grinder's memoir of Launcelot Vivian's amours. The stewards of the race-ball are debating whether they ought to invite the kinsman of such a treasonous and immoral person, though he is called by courtesy Earl of Boscobel. They have not heard, perhaps, that to-day's discovery will cost him his estates: and while he had them, they never remembered the right owner."

"Ah, mon Dieu!—milord Boscobel will be chagrined at this affair, and I shall not taste his cook's patè, seasoned with pimento and lemonjuice!"

"You know nothing of Englishmen," said Teapottus—"to shew how little he cares for his estates or his creditors, he will buy two new carriages, and invite you to dinner."

"But since we have nothing particular to eat to-day, may we not feast ourselves on the contents of that precious book found in the catacombs of the Central Regions of the Earth; which, as I have told the National Institute, are a thousand times larger than M. Belzoni's Egyptian tomb?"

"There you fibbed," said Teapottus; "but that is no matter, as you are travelling. I dug up one book, as I said, under the ruins of St. Kentegern; and there are in it records of more deaths than in all the chronicles of Charlemagne's twelve peers, more amours than ever were told of Launcelot de Luc himself, or Ferumbras, or Sir Eglamour of Artois; and the names of "knave-children" whose adventures would puzzle all the advocates in Edinburgh, and fill a larger MS. than those of Auchinleck in their library. All your poets, even if they fibbed as largely as those prodigious MSS. would find subjects for a thousand romances, if they knew, the histories of all, whose names and dates are in that volume."

"Ah, my dear Teapottus! Entrust it to me, and it shall be lodged in our Museum!—What is it called?"

"*A Parish-Register*—and any other found in any little English village would serve as well."

A French gentleman, especially a sçavant, never answers an inconvenient jest. I took up a new novel, and Teapottus amused himself with a philosophical experiment to make his rushlights grow longer, by soaking the ends in salt and water till bed-time. V.

THE MIDNIGHT EMBRACE.

A LEGENDARY SONG,

Communicated by the Baron REICHART VON VERSMACHER, *of Crakkenberg.*

FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN OF

Albrecht von Wurdendoff, oder das Umarmen der Mitternacht.

Translated by a Student in the University of Göttingen.

LORD LINDORF came when the moon was bright
To Adela's lowly dwelling;
And he cried—"Oh waken thy looks of light,
The lamps of the heavens excelling!

For all are to me but a murky sky,
Till I gaze on thy matchless face,
And the hours move dreary and heavily by,
Till at midnight we embrace."

Too deep, too deep into Adela's heart
Sank the vows of her lordly lover;
And when he arose from her side to part,
And the sun broke his cloudy cover:—
" O Lindorf!—love!"—was her anxious cry,
" Thou light of this lonely place,
Return when the moon shall be riding high,
And at midnight we'll embrace."

" This night, my fair—in my father's hall
The feast will be gaily flaunting;
Where the dancers bound,—and the gallants call,
Young Lindorf must not be wanting:
But within three days I'll return to thee
By my hopes of immortal grace;
Or else, may thy spirit appear to me,
And at midnight my form embrace!"

The night came on, and the feast rose high,
While beauty the scene adorning,
Made Lindorf's vows and promises fly
Like the dew of a summer's morning:
When the sun breaks forth, and it melts in air,
And leaves on the earth no trace;
For he gave his heart to a brighter fair,
And another he did embrace.

But when the hour of midnight came,
The lamps blazed dim before him;
And a deathly chilliness wrapt his frame,
Like a cold damp shroud cast o'er him
Yet he broke the spell, and when rising day
Appear'd with a cloudless face,
His heart from Adela still would stray,
And forgotten was her embrace.

To Loda, the Countess of Retzenvel,
With courtlier beauties shining,
The tale of his passion did Lindorf tell,
While low at her feet reclining:
Delighted so bright an alliance to gain
With one of such princely race,
That eve saw them link'd in the nuptial chain,
And at midnight did both embrace.

Day follow'd day most heavily,
And Adela sank in sorrow;
Still fondly hoped that her tears would dry,
To smiles on the coming morrow;—
But hope declined, and at length despair
Frown'd dark on her dwelling-place,
Till death look'd down on the weeping fair,
And clasp'd her in his embrace.

High was the feast, and many a guest
View'd Lindorf's rank and treasure;
But there was a worm that gnaw'd his breast,
And a blight upon all his pleasure.
And oft would he wildly gaze, as if round
Some phantom there seem'd to pace;
And shudder as if in it's arms he was wound,
With a deathlike cold embrace!

The midnight came once more:—and the gate
  With the loudest blows was heaving,
But none did appear to the liveried state
  Which came for the guests' receiving!
Till Lindorf cried—"By the Heavens above
  I command thee disclose thy face."
And a voice replied, "Then behold me, love!
  'Tis midnight,—and we'll embrace!"

Then Adela stood unto each one's view
  With grave-clothes white cast o'er her;
Her features look'd of a pallid hue,
  And Lindorf fell down before her!
She raised him, and kiss'd his life away,
  While horror had blanch'd each face,
Then sank through the earth with her lover's clay
  In a last,—and a cold embrace!

THE CORONATION.

The tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to,—All was Royal.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE long summer's day of rejoicing, and pageantry, and splendour, furnished by his Majesty's Coronation, was depicted in our last Number, with all the minuteness and fidelity, which the occasion so peculiarly demanded; and which the time allotted to our task permitted us to furnish. The expedition, however, requisite to our necessarily hasty compilation, having reluctantly compelled us to despatch it "with all it's imperfections on it's head," we have now to add a few more pages for the supply of those parts which were incomplete, and the correction of those inaccuracies which were unavoidably incident to the hurry with which it was prepared; subjoining also some supplementary particulars to close the narrative.—By an error of the press, our preceding account stated his Majesty to have been crowned at a quarter before one, though from the hours named for the preceding parts of the Ceremonial, the inaccuracy was too palpable to mislead; we, however, have now to correct it, by stating, that the Crown was placed on the King's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury precisely at a quarter before two, when a signal was made by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt to an Officer stationed on the Tower of the Abbey, whence it was communicated to St. James's Park, and also by an artilleryman on the centres of the four Bridges to the Tower; at both which places, salutes were instantly fired.

It will be manifestly evident, that the great improvements which have taken place in the avenues and streets of Westminster, the openings made round St. Margaret's Church and the Abbey, and, above all, the permanent removal of the courts and buildings which disfigured the upper end of the magnificent Hall, and the restoration of windows in it's roof, contributed to render the present spectacle much more splendid than it ever could have been on any former occasion. Since even in 1761 the fine approach by Parliament-street had no existence, and the narrow inconvenient passage by King-street was the principal *entrée* to the superb pageant.

In noticing the Coronation Galleries, and other accommodations for the numerous spectators, by which the scene of action was surrounded, we regret to have to record the very serious losses which, in most instances, attended their proprietors' speculations. It seemed to have been entirely forgotten, that the space thus lotted out for visitors in 1821, exceeded, by nearly three-fourths, that which was similarly apportioned in 1761: yet the prices demanded for seats were equally high, and in some instances higher; though the numbers which were thus provided for, very

far exceeded 150,000. A still stronger impediment to the fulfilment of these money-making hopes, and the filling of the galleries, was the reiterated threat of her late Majesty, that she *would* be present. Well aware of the customary *cortege* which so constantly attended the Queen's public excursions; tumult was feared by the timid, and dread was excited in the cautious. The natural consequence of which was, that tens of thousands were alarmed from attending; and that circumstance alone was productive of much loss and disappointment to individuals. It is, however, but due respect to the memory of the late Illustrious Individual thus alluded to, to refrain from pursuing this subject farther. Towards the return of the Procession, the booths were indeed nearly filled, but it was with visitants who paid but a very small proportion of the prices originally demanded.

The splendid effect of the various parts of the inauguration we have already attempted to describe, and shall therefore now glance only at those scenes which require enlargement, or were then but imperfectly alluded to.

The aspect of the Hall, when his Majesty ascended the Royal seat, was wonderfully impressive. He looked "every inch a king," and the antique fashion of the ringlets which descended to his shoulders harmonized most admirably with the regal dress and decorations. In the body of the Hall below, the splendid train was marshalled. On the right and left, the galleries, to the lowest seat, were filled with richly-attired individuals of both sexes; the most sumptuous boxes being those on each side of the raised platform, where the Princesses of the Blood Royal, and the Representatives of Foreign Courts, were placed; and that immediately adjoining the platform on the left, allotted to the Peeresses of England. In the latter of which was, the Countess of Mornington, the Cornelia of our times, and mother of three Peers among the dazzling crowd which waited the advance of the greatest Monarch in the world. What sensations must have been her's,—it were happy for a matron to die even before they could become food for remembrance. The hero of his country and age, the immortal Wellington, was performing the distinguished duties of Lord High Constable under the eye of his honoured parent; the Marquess of Wellesley, who had filled the greatest offices in the kingdom, was near his greater brother; and not far removed was the third son, the newly-created Baron Maryborough, whose long and eminent services well entitled him to that reward. The Duchess of Wellington was by the side of her husband's mother, and the third generation of this illustrious race was one of the interesting youths who bore the train of the King! Grand as was the whole, this family groupe offered irresistible attractions to every spectator.

It is not one of the least pleasing recollections of our late revered Sovereign, that he was exceedingly fond of children; and we rejoiced to observe, in the conduct of his Successor, several striking proofs of his entertaining that same amiable feeling; which is a sure sign of a good heart. When his young Pages were introduced, it is impossible to convey an idea of the urbane and cordial manner in which he shook hands with them, and the expression of benignity with which he spoke to all.

Every thing being prepared, the Procession moved from the Hall; the throwing open the folding doors greatly augmented the effect, and presented a vista into the full light of day, of surpassing splendour. The waving of plumes, the lustre of magnificent apparel, the glistening of jewels, and the regulated motion within, were not more imposing than the military eclat and the multitude of living countenances, tier above tier, with every eye directed to the glories issuing from the portal, which the sight caught in the popular assembly without.

The grandeur of the ceremony in the Abbey seemed to exceed even the Hall. It was more solemn, and the *coup d'œil* was more sublime, particularly at the moment when, as the crown was placed on his Majesty's head, all the Nobles put on their coronets, and shouts and acclamations of "God save the King! —God bless the King!" burst from every heart and mouth, and rang through the vaulted roof and aisles of this magnificent cathedral. These were soon echoed from without, and the union of the loud cannon, and tens of thousands of human voices, rent the air, until the senses were almost overwhelmed with the powerful emotions

which such a scene could not fail to excite.

When homage was done to the King on his throne, another affecting and gratifying picture was presented. The fraternal love and warm sincerity evident when the Duke of York vowed his fealty; the condescension and humane consideration with which the King himself assisted such Peers, as old age or infirmity disabled from performing that sacred duty with the personal alacrity their souls prompted; the frankness and candour with which he met the services of those who are generally ranged on the side of Opposition; these, and many other noble traits in succession, suggested the happiest hopes, and encreased in every British bosom the glow of patriotism and admiration of the King.

The pomp having returned to Westminster Hall, the Royal Banquet ensued.

This feast, combining so much of modern luxury, with so much of olden customs and chivalry, was, perhaps, the liveliest and most generally relished portion of the ceremony. As the Procession deepened in the Hall, our worthy Citizens, with characteristic fidelity, made a rush towards their appointed table. They made a *pas de charge* that would not have disgraced the nimblest light company in the line, and it was truly grievous to see the heralds compel that worshipful body to retrograde into their former stations.

While his Majesty retired for about two hours, previous to the Banquet, it was ludicrous to observe the gradual mode in which etiquette was broken through, and the viands on the table ultimately despatched. At first, a Duke took a mouthful of bread, or one grape off a bunch, just to relieve the exhaustion of a long day's fasting and toil. Bolder grown, or more tired, an Earl might be seen a few minutes after swallowing a half glass of wine, and tasting even a pine. A noble Secretary of State, in Garter robes, seated just below the Bishops, who had seen these dignitaries take a slight refreshment, at last helped himself, saying, that if he sinned against rule, he hoped their Lordships could give him absolution. By-and-by, the rules once transgressed, Peers Spiritual and Temporal, Privy Councillors, Knights Grand Crosses, and Aldermen, fell too most zealously; and while the King was absent, the cold meats and the confectionary were all consumed. A resplendent baron of beef, which was placed near the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, might have been a relief to a besieged city; as it was, however, the City besieged it, after the fashion of the closest blockade.

During this time, many of the visitors descended from the galleries, and walked in the Hall, gladly receiving scraps to carry to their famishing friends. At length, however, the King's return was announced, and the centre of the Hall was, with difficulty, cleared. The Lord Great Chamberlain, whose exertions were pre-eminently entitled to praise, had enough to do, both with his taper white wand and manual efforts, even partly to accomplish this troublesome business.

The Duke of Cumberland was the only one of the King's brothers not present. The Prime Minister, too, the Earl of Liverpool, was absent, we presume in consequence of the loss of his lady.

Taken into one view, either as it regarded hereditary dignity, or wealth, or distinguished valour, or exalted talent; the assembly was of a description to fill the mind with unbounded admiration. The universe could not equal it for grandeur and intelligence; and the whole was rendered tenfold more grateful by the thought, that mighty as that King was, devotedly as were the duties performed to him, potent as were these lords, unconquerable as were these captains of sea and land, glorious in human accomplishment and genius as were the surrounding throng of faithful subjects, there was neither King, nor lord, who dared hurt the finger of the lowest of the throng who in this land of liberty pressed forward to cry, "God save George the Fourth!"

Nor were causes for exultation found only in the spots which we have been picturing. All London, with as little exception as could be expected from human passions, seemed one jubilee. And it is curious to tell, that every village within ten miles was crowded with holiday-makers, who, either from apprehension of tumult, or dislike of bustle, sought their recreation in a jaunt to the country. But whether in

London or in it's environs, all was pleasure and rejoicing. The people, in the widest sense of the word, were amused and happy;—the balloon, the fireworks, the illuminations, the distribution of provisions, and the gratuitous opening of the theatres by royal command, made them participators in the common joy, and conduced to this auspicious result. Good order and harmless merriment reigned conspicuously throughout; and proved both the expediency and propriety of contriving that the populace should be sharers in every public show and festival.

Among the external traits, there were some of a whimsical kind. One man earned a handsome sum by the employment of two ladders, enabling the multitude to overcome the Park wall, instead of encountering the pressure at the gates. He had a great run of business; but was beaten hollow by a clever old lady at the pump of St. Martin's church; who struck out an entirely novel mode of traffic, by placing herself at the spring with a towel or two, and as the "fat and greasy citizens" rolled on, refreshing them by slopping a wet cloth in their faces. This reviver cost only one halfpenny; and it was truly laughable to see the application of the oft-rinsed towel to the melting faces of broiling crowdsters. It was night ere the abluent dame retired upon a fortune, gained, like an admiral's honours, by the waters.

In our former narrative, we alluded to the scene of confusion which was presented at the moment of his Majesty's departure from Westminster Hall, when, after the service of the second course, all those parties who had been extended in double lines down the Hall closed, *en masse*, towards the foot of the steps leading to the royal platform. At the same time other branches of the crowd advanced along the passages in front of the cellarets; and as the period for his Majesty's departure approached, those formidable bodies encroached still nearer. Among those thus marshalling as it were for a scramble, were several of the Peers' attendants, together with numerous ladies and gentlemen, who, having previously quitted their seats in the galleries for a promenade, instead of returning to their former places, upon the general order for clearance, had only gone behind the dining-tables, and into the passages communicating with the kitchens. At length his Majesty rose, and having passed through the avenue behind the Throne, accompanied by the Great Officers of State and his Royal Brothers, the gathering crowd of spoilers, by a simultaneous rush, in a moment surrounded the royal table. For a few seconds delicacy appeared to suspend the projected attack: but at last a rude hand having been thrust through the first ranks, and a golden fork having been seized, this operated as a signal to all, and was followed by a general snatch. The Lord Great Chamberlain, being alarmed by the confusion, returned to the Hall, and, by the greatest personal exertion, succeeded in preventing the extension of the supposed licensed plunder. The remaining part of the plate was then removed to Cotton Garden; and all apprehensions on this score having subsided, the marauders were left to the undisturbed exercise of their Coronation privileges in the body of the Hall, and thither they forthwith transferred their attentions. The individuals in the galleries, who had hitherto remained passive spectators to the operations beneath, and many of whom had, from some unfortunate omission in the regulations prescribed by the Lord Great Chamberlain, remained the whole of the day without refreshment, poured down the different stairs and passages to the festive board, which, having been vacated by the Peers, and other guests, who had long before satiated their appetites, was attacked with a vigour, only in proportion to the actual exhaustion of the assailants. A raging thirst was the first want to be satisfied, and in a very few moments every bottle on the board was emptied of it's contents. A fresh supply was, however, soon obtained from the cellarets; and all reasonable calls of this sort were readily complied with. From liquids the company proceeded to solids, and there the work of destruction was equally fierce: sweetmeats, pastry, and confectionary of all sorts, vanished with the rapidity of lightning. Groupes of beautiful women were scattered at the tables, and every effort was made to afford them that refreshment of which they stood so much in need: others,

however, still pursued the work of plunder; and arms were every where seen stretched forth breaking and destroying the table ornaments, which were of themselves too cumbrous to remove, for the purpose of obtaining some trophy commemorative of the occasion. As the parties thus engaged satisfied their respective desires, they retreated by the north door to the platform, along which they were seen seeking their respective modes of conveyance, anxious to escape the scene of desolation they had left behind. This, however, was no easy task, and many hours elapsed before they were all enabled to quit the spot.

New difficulties now arose from the time which necessarily elapsed before the carriages could arrive. All the rooms and passages around the House of Lords were filled with persons of the highest distinction, of both sexes, manifesting the greatest impatience to escape from a place which had now lost all it's attractions, and which presented no object to cheer their drooping spirits. The unusually early hour at which they had risen in the morning, added to the labours and privations through which they had gone during the day, had reduced them to a complete state of exhaustion; and all the ordinary punctilios of society were of necessity forgotten. Peers and Peeresses, Judges and Privy Councillors, Knights of all orders, and Commoners of all degrees, were alike worn out by fatigue, and lay promiscuously, some on sofas, some on chairs, and a still greater number on the matted floors of the rooms and passages in which they happened to have sought refuge. Many, while in this situation, were overtaken by sleep, and in this happy state of forgetfulness, scenes were presented extremely at variance with the splendid and dignified spectacle which had been but a few hours before exhibited in the presence of the Sovereign, and in which these very individuals had borne so prominent a part. It was three o'clock in the morning before the whole of the company had departed, and at that hour several of the ladies were so completely worn out, that it became necessary to carry them to their carriages.

Early on the following morning, printed notices were put up, by order of Lord Gwydir, announcing that it would be impossible to open the Hall for public inspection until the ensuing day; but thence, until Wednesday, the 1st of August, all ranks were indiscriminately admitted; and the crowds which were daily collected exceeded all calculation. They were admitted by the great north door, and passing completely through the Hall, retired by a side door and passage leading into Old Palace-yard.

The admission of the public to the Abbey did not commence till Wednesday, July 25th, and then it took place by tickets. The utter impossibility of pursuing this system, however, was soon discovered, for on Wednesday and Thursday alone, not less than twenty thousand letters and notes of all descriptions were received. To answer, or even to open these, was found altogether impracticable, and therefore it was resolved to throw the Abbey open to the indiscriminate admission of the public. This was accordingly done for the same period as the Hall, and the exhibition equally crowded.

We have now to supply some deficiencies in our last Number, by the insertion of particulars for which we had not then space or leisure.

The *Lord High Constable of Scotland* was the Marquess of Huntly.

His Majesty's *Trainbearers* were; the Marquess of Douro, the Earls of Brecknock, Rocksavage, Surrey, Uxbridge, and Rawdon; with Viscounts Ingestrie and Cranbourn.

The four *Knights of the Garter* who held the Pall of Cloth of Gold over his Majesty's head during the Anointing, were the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess Camden, the Earl of Winchilsea, and the Marquess of Londonderry.

The Duke of Norfolk, as *Lord of the Manor of Worksop*, supported his Majesty's right arm while bearing his sceptre, and, as occasion required, bore the sceptre after his Majesty was invested. It was curious to observe this Nobleman allowed to perform a service so near his Majesty's person, and yet excluded by his religion from discharging his proud hereditary office of Earl Marshal of England.

It being customary for the King, on his coronation, to honour with Knighthood the senior Gentleman of the Honourable Band of Pensioners,

and one of the Officers; after the performance of the several services, his Majesty accordingly knighted Frederick Bulmer, of the Strand, the Senior Gentleman; and C. B. Pocock, the Standard-bearer. The fees for which were ordered to be paid by the Treasury.

The timber-work of the Abbey, Westminster Hall, the Platform, and the Barriers, was done by Messrs. Copeland, and the quantity of wood used was 60,000 square feet, or 1500 loads.

The timber used in erecting theatres and stages indirectly connected with the Coronation, was estimated at 80,000 square feet.

The matting used was 14,000 yards.

The upholstery work was by Messrs. Bailey and Saunders, Mount-street.

Iron-work, Messrs. Simpson and Son, Pimlico.

Lustres and lighting, Mr. Parry, Bond-street.

Knives and forks, Mr. Underwood, Haymarket.

Earthen Ware, Messrs. Spode and Copeland, Portugal-street.

Glass, Mr. Hutchinson, St. James's-street.

Prince's Metal and Pewter, Sir George Alderson, Oxford-street.

Table Cloths, Mr. Sloper, Pall-mall.

Liqueur Merchant, Mr. Johnston, Pall-mall.

Gothic Painters, Messrs. Greenwood, Latilla, and Drummond.

The following is a copy of the Declaration, signed by his Majesty, in the presence of the Houses of Lords and Commons, on Thursday, April 27, 1820; and usually attached to the Coronation Oath.

"I, GEORGE the Fourth, by the Grace of GOD, KING of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of GOD, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe, that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the Elements of Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, at or after the Consecration thereof, by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other Saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of GOD, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this Declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by the English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation, whatsoever; and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am, or may be acquitted before GOD or man, or absolved of this Declaration, or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with, or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

We have now only to add, that every official department connected with the Ceremonial of the Coronation received his Majesty's warmest acknowledgments for their attention and services; and our most appropriate conclusion to this minute detail will be the following descriptive letter, said to have been written by Sir Walter Scott. Certain it is, that Sir Walter, and a part of his family, were present; and judging from it's internal evidence, we have ourselves not the slightest doubt of it's being from the pen of that justly celebrated character.

"SIR,

"I refer you to the Daily Papers for the details of the great national assembly which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw, with surprise amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all it's parts, and more calculated to make the deepest impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, amongst so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties, and characters, upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could de-

range the general tone of solemn feeling suited to the occasion.

"You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day. I mean the attempt of the misguided Lady, who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. That matter is a fire of straw which has now burnt to the very embers, and those who try to blow it into life again will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular, that being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate Personage should not have procured a Peer's ticket, which, I presume, would have insured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

"The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the aisles of that venerable and august pile,—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music,—those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished, and the cross gallery most appropriately occupied by the Westminster schoolboys, in their white surplices, many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives. Imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor,—the altars surrounded by the Fathers of the Church,—the King encircled by the Nobility of the land and the Councillors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger;—add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage; and coronets, and caps of honour, and the sun, which brightened and gladdened as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which catched, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a group of battle-axes or partizans, and then rested full on some fair form, 'the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,' whose circlet of diamonds glistened under it's influence. Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui bono* men, and therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to it's real animal wants and necessities, we shall indeed be satisfied with 'food, clothes, and fire;' but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect, that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expense of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

"Leaving these gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who, being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh, sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expense which attends it, than on the generous feelings which it ought to awaken. The expense, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal, to the persons of rank attendant upon the Coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth, and consideration for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holiday to the monotony of a life of labour.

"But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows betwixt the King and his assembled people, whilst he, on the one hand, called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges, while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted

him for their liege Sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by the solemn, yet strange mixture of the words of Scripture, with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the Prelate who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their Monarch the Prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence? It was peculiarly delightful to see the King receive from the Royal Brethren, but in particular from the Duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their Sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence in the embrace interchanged between the Duke of York and his Majesty, that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the Royal Brethren when they were thus pressed to each other's bosoms; --it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British bosom. The King seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial, even so much so as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, generally speaking, the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when any thing occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his Nobles, he looked 'every inch a King;' and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

"It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the Duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished Whig Nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion; giving an open testimony that the differences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome Constitution of the country.

"If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the Order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the Order of Edward III. the costume of which was worn by his Lordship and Prince Leopold only. The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquess of Anglesea showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of 'noble horsemanship.' Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former Noblemen, but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the Hall.

"The Champion was performed, as of right, by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world in a King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of Knights and Squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste, but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or highland target, a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered or *heater-shield*, which in time of the tilt was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivelsbaye looked and behaved extremely well.

"Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise,—I mean the fancy dress of the Privy Councillors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual, than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonised in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage, and I must say that the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland shewed to as great advantage in his robes of Privy Councillor, as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion. The common Court dress used by the Privy Councillors at the last Coronation must have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament, from the unwieldy splendour of the Heralds, who glowed like huge masses of cloth of gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the Peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the Peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

"The box assigned to the foreign Ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy, in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the Courts of Europe, save our's, and is said to be worth £100,000 or some such trifle; and which costs the Prince £100 or £200 every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too fine for good taste, at least it would have appeared so any were else. Beside the Prince sat a good-humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears, his daughter-in-law, I believe, who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol Stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwou'd, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right-hand along the seats which were occupied by the Peeresses and their daughters, which the Prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls, as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal head-dress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

"I must not omit that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us a nation *en frac* and without the usual ceremonials of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasions demanded it, and that in a degree of splendour which they averred they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

"The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, was performed by pages drest very elegantly in Henri Quatre coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also Marshal's men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took these menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the Peers, Knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe's lines with a little alteration—

'Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,
Smile on his father, and receive his plate.'

It must be owned, however, that they proved but indifferent valets, and were

very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, 'not to man yourself with your kin.' The Peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the Aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and such similar errors necessarily befel others in the confusion of the evening. But these slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

"I did not see the procession between the Abbey and Hall. In the morning a few voices called, 'Queen, Queen,' as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the Sovereign appeared. But these were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations, in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never Monarch received a more general welcome from his assembled subjects.

"You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the Parks, the River, in the Theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen nor heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revellers in every different point. It is computed that about 500,000 people shared in the festival in one way or another; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you, that excepting a few windows broken by a small body guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the Great Lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony, and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day, namely, loyalty and good humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported as having taken place. And so concluded the Coronation of George IV. whom God long preserve. Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold down to the present day. AN EYE WITNESS."

WIT AND REASON.

AND now shall I tell you how Poets have said,
Plain Sense prospers best by no Genius led?
The tale may be old, but the moral is clear,
And those who have *both*, will be pleased with it here.

Wit once was a Traveller, and wonder'd, they say,
To find on a sudden a brook in his way;
While grave Common Sense with his staff in his hand
First measured how far he was off the dry land.

Wit look'd at the stars, and gave thanks for their light—
Plain Reason sought fuel to warm them all night:
Wit gather'd the sweetbriars dropping fresh dew,
But Reason chose dry wood his fire to renew.

"How wide is this brook?—Shall we cross it or no?"
"There's no bridge," replied Reason, "above or below."
Joy's light flowery wand for a plank was unfit,
So away swam the sprigs, and the garlands of Wit.

But Reason sat down; as in legends we're told
A wise Basket-facturer once did of old;
And plaiting and twisting the slenderest sprays,
Soon wrought a bridge worthy an architect's praise.

Though hurricanes blew, and the flood rush'd along,
The light pliant wicker work ever proved strong;
And no bridge over life can so well bear the weather
As Fancy's light joys knit by Reason together.

V.

DOMESTIC TALES,——FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued from Page 25.)

ELVINA left her pillow at an early hour, and having roused Margaret, they attired themselves with elegant simplicity, and both descended to the drawing room.

Soon after eight o'clock, two carriages drove up to the door. General Macdonald, with Margaret and Elvina, entered the first; while Mrs. Macdonald, St. Barbe, and his friend, Mr. Raynsford, who was engaged to officiate in his professional capacity, occupied the second; which setting off at a rapid rate, in a few minutes arrived at St. Margaret's church.

The chaplain took his station within the altar: while the rest of the party ranged themselves in a semicircle before him. On the priest's left hand stood the military veteran; his rigid, erect, athletic figure, and stern and weather-beaten countenance, forming a singular and striking contrast to the timid Elvina, who, shrinking and trembling, held on his arm for support, like a lily drooping beneath a rugged oak. The humid brilliancy of her azure eye, the hectic flush, that at intervals crimsoned her else pallid cheek, her shadowy form enveloped in a robe of snowy whiteness; and her long transparent veil falling gracefully over her shoulders, gave her the appearance of some ethereal being, descended from the realms of light.

The book was opened,—the ceremony commenced,—the mutual vow was plighted,--St. Barbe took Elvina's wan and fleshless hand to place on it the link which should bind her to him for ever,—it was cold as marble;—an ashy paleness overspread her distorted features,—a chill dew stood upon her brow,--she griped Basil's arm with a convulsive energy, and at the moment that would have seen her a bride,—she fell to the ground a corpse!

Every one present, paralyzed with horror, remained for nearly an instant, mute and motionless. General Macdonald was the first to recover from the electric shock; and having assisted in raising the lifeless form, she was immediately conveyed to the —— Hotel, when the usual methods of restoring suspended animation were instantly resorted to. All was dismay and consternation! Margaret, whose intensity of feeling rendered her incapable of yielding any aid in the painful service, with her hands pressed tightly on her burning forehead, in a state bordering on phrenzy, traversed an apartment, adjoining the room where the experiments were going forward. Often mistaking the confusion of voices that at intervals broke upon her ear, for murmurs of delight produced by the apparent signs of returning life, she would hurry to the spot whence the sounds proceeded, to be foremost to meet the first glance of returning recollection. But an expressive shrug, or a dubious motion of the head, quickly convinced her of the fallacy of her hopes. After three hours of indefatigable exertion, every means of resuscitation that medical skill could devise, or affection's ingenuity suggest, having proved utterly ineffectual, Dr. S.—— pronounced the vital spark to be extinct for ever; and declined using any farther efforts, as unavailing. This was the signal for universal despair; and all, one by one, slowly and silently withdrew from their hopeless work.

It was now that Margaret madly and violently rushed to where the body of Elvina lay, crying, " Cruel monsters! why do you stand there idle, staring at each other?" then placing her hand on it's bosom, into which a degree of artificial heat had been infused, she shrieked out, in an ecstacy of joy,—

" She is not dead! I knew she was not! I said she was not!—feel here!—she's warm, quite warm. Away, you ignorant fools, and leave the task to me. I will revive her, I can make her well," continued she, laughing hysterically, and snatching up a cordial that stood near, she applied it to the colourless lip, " Here Elvina, my angel Elvina! drink this my love! oh, do drink it now for Margaret's sake, who loves you so dearly—do, sweetest, only taste it!" and, with the utmost gentleness, she attempted to compel the powerless functions to swallow what she offered. But, when she saw the jaw remain wide gaping, as herself had placed it, she shrunk back appalled with terror, dashed the goblet from her hand, and exclaim-

ing, in a tone that vibrated on the heart of every one present, "Oh! she is gone for ever!" sank down beside the senseless clay, herself possessing scarcely more of life and animation.

As soon as the parties concerned could in any degree detach their minds from a contemplation of the dreadful catastrophe, a difficulty arose, how to dispose of the distracted Margaret. In the present agonized condition of her feelings, it would have been worse than barbarous to have taken her back to their late lodgings in the Borough, where every object must remind her so painfully of her cruel loss; a similar objection presented itself with regard to Harrow; it was impossible at that time to seek any new abode; yet it was indispensably necessary that she should be removed from the present scene as speedily as might be. The original arrangement had been, that after the solemnization of the nuptials, the whole party should have spent the day at Basil's seat in Kent; but young St. Barbe now avowed his resolve to remain in London, to pay the last sad obsequies to his departed bride. At length, however, an agreement was made, in which Macdonald reluctantly acquiesced, that Margaret and her mother should be committed to the care of the Rev. Mr. Raynsford, to proceed directly to Birchenwood, with instructions to take possession of the house there, till such time as Macdonald and St. Barbe should join them.

Her father then advanced to lead Margaret to the carriage, to which she offered no resistance; but suffered herself to be conducted onward without uttering a word. When they drew near to the door of the Hotel, however, she turned to her mother, saying, with an air of solemn import, that, "she had forgotten something!" and turning back, she swiftly retraced her passage to the chamber where the corpse was deposited. She entered with a soft light step; and proceeded with the gentleness of one who is fearful of disturbing the slumber of sickness which had been long anxiously sought in vain, to imprint a kiss, alternately on the lips, on the forehead, on the hands, and on the bosom of the unconscious clay. This duty performed, she gave an hand to each of her parents, and with an appearance of terrible calmness, almost amounting to satisfaction, yet which was even more distressing to witness, than the vehement expression of acute anguish; she entered the vehicle, followed by her mother and Raynsford; whom she beheld take his seat by her side, without displaying the smallest degree of surprize or emotion.

The country through which they passed abounded with rich and luxuriant landscape. It appeared as if nature had assumed her gayest dress in honour of the hymenial holiday. The meadows wore a hue of the freshest green; each flower seemed emulous to outvie another in fragrance; the birds, in chorus, chaunted their sweetest songs; while Phœbus shot forth his brightest ray to consummate the exhilirating scene. But the beauties of nature spread themselves before Margaret's listless view unheeded. How direful was the contrast exhibited in her own heart! All around was gay, brilliant, and happy; while all within was cold, and dark, and desolate!

Having arrived at the termination of the journey, during which an almost unbroken silence had been preserved, the travellers were conducted into a capacious apartment, fitted up in an antique style, and which had formerly been the dining room of this ancient and hospitable mansion. Margaret surveyed the dark wainscot walls with a look of vacant enquiry, that seemed to question how and why she came there. On being shewn into a chamber, which her mother had ordered to be prepared, her first care was to exclude the noontide ray, that her visual and mental gloom might accord together. And here she constantly immured herself; nor could persuasion or entreaty prevail on her to quit her dismal seclusion. Day after day glided on, and still she sat there, apparently insensible of all that was passing around her. Yet she shed no tear, she heaved no sigh, she uttered no complaining. Sorrow had, as it were, frozen up her heart. There was an apathy in her grief which defied consolation. It was not the impetuous rush of an overwhelming cataract, but as the stillness of some pestilential lake, that carries death in it's very stagnancy. Her mother, however, well knowing that

there is a season when sorrow must be indulged, and when lamentation wants an echo rather than a counsellor, prudently forbore to obtrude premature condolence on her sacred sufferings; but left the lenient hand of time to bind up the wound which fate had inflicted.

The apartment which Margaret occupied overlooked a spacious area, in front of the house; and on the fifth day of her abode at Birchenwood, as she was in the act of closing one of the window shutters, that had been accidentally left open, her attention was attracted by the appearance of two horsemen, who evidently directed their course toward the house. In a few minutes more they reached the gate; they alighted, entered the court-yard, and their near approach enabled Margaret to recognize their persons.

Mrs. Macdonald, at Raynsford's suggestion, delayed to assume the sable garb of mourning, till such time as her daughter's mind might have become familiarized to the calamitous event that called for it, a precaution which Macdonald and the widowed bridegroom had neglected to adopt. When, therefore, Margaret beheld her father and St. Barbe drest in deep black, the illusion under which she had existed was in a moment dispelled; she awoke from the stupor of despair, and uttering a piercing shriek, the tears gushed in torrents from her eyes.

General Macdonald hated to be obliged. An obligation, conferred by an enemy, was, to his proud spirit, intolerably galling and degrading; and though, in the exigency of the moment, he had allowed his wife and daughter to become St. Barbe's inmates, he now resolved to remove from under the roof of one who had been so inimical to his peace, as speedily as possible, notwithstanding the earnest importunities of his youthful host, to finish the summer at Birchenwood. But Macdonald urged in reply, his desire to convey Margaret to some more enlivened spot, where the novelty and variety of the scene might tend to divert her melancholy: and Tunbridge Wells, from the proximity of it's situation to their present abode, was fixed on for this purpose.

It was now just in the height of the season. The wells were full of company. And Margaret was compelled, by the kind assiduity of her parents, to enter into all the usual gaities and amusements of a watering place. But her thoughts were wandering in the mansions of the dead; her heart was with Elvina. Elvina had shared in her youthful joys,—Elvina had been her partner in affliction,—Elvina had looked up to her for protection and support, and she experienced a proud gratification in being enabled to afford it. She had quitted a home of peace and honour, to dwell with the object of her affection, in humble obscurity,—she had toiled for her subsistence,—she had tended her in the hour of sickness,—had raised her from the bed of death;—for her sake she had encountered the malicious tongue of slander, had been on the brink of an ignominious confinement. She had corrected the warmth of her own temper, to meet Elvina's petulance with meekness,—she had taught her lofty spirit to be humble, to rescue Elvina from utter degradation. But Elvina was no more!—she had been borne from the altar to the grave,—the note of the Epithalamium was changed into the dirge of death,—and the funeral shroud was her evening clothing, who had gone forth in the morning in bridal array. Alas! the shaft of the destroyer had been doubly barbed; and it seemed as if by the operation of a mysterious sympathy, that, as Elvina's material substance crumbled into dust, so Margaret's life essence gradually wasted away.

The autumn was now far advanced; the mornings were become chilly, and the evenings grew long. The watering-places daily lost a portion of their summer visitors; and General Macdonald began to think of quitting Tunbridge, since Margaret's dejection appeared to have encreased, rather than diminished; and her parents agreed to try what effect a winter at Bath might have, in relieving the morbid depression of spirits; which, notwithstanding her attempts to disguise, it was but too evident that she still laboured under. Previously to this excursion, however, Macdonald's presence was required in London, in order to negotiate some pecuniary concerns, whither his wife and daughter accompanied him. There

Margaret's first wish was to see Mrs. Graham; and as her humble but useful friend, now resided in a house cheerfully situated at the west end of the metropolis, entirely in an opposite direction from that one which had been Elvina's asylum, when no other doors was open to her; Macdonald did not object to Margaret's making her desired visit; and rather than contradict her of late wayward humour, she was permitted to set out alone.

It happened that, on this day, St. Barbe had been to visit his brother at the lodge; and on taking his departure somewhat late in the evening, as he slowly descended the steps of his once happy mansion, in a doleful mood, it occurred to his recollection, that this was the anniversary of Elvina's nativity. And he resolved, ere he quitted Harrow, to pay his devotions at the tomb of his lost love, and bedew her ashes with the tears of penitence. With this intent, he took the road that led to the churchyard, where he alighted, and fastening his steed to a style that was near, hastily pushed open the wicket, which, as it swung back again, and closed upon him with a rebound, inspired a feeling of superstitious terror, which, though he condemned, he could scarcely divest himself of.

A huge mass of congregated clouds had hitherto extended over the whole face of heaven; but this now, riven asunder by the blast, one portion rolling away, stretched itself along the boundary of the horizon, while the other, broken into fragments, and scattered over the pale blue firmament, looked like islands in an azure ocean. Not a single star was visible. And the queen of night, as if sad from being solitary, shed but a weak and watery lustre on the grey mementos of mortality, which the hand of affection or ostentation had reared.

As St. Barbe was proceeding along the narrow and devious pathway, the old church clock tolled slowly and sonorously on his startled ear,—he stopped to count the strokes,—four hours were yet wanting of midnight; he lingered till it's vibrations had died away into silence, then darting forward, in another minute he stood by the side of Elvina's grave. The long wet grass clung around his feet,—a chillness crept through his frame,—a thousand gloomy ideas crowded on his mind,—the spectre of her who lay mouldering beneath the sod, seemed to flit before him, and overcome by the intensity of his emotion, he leaned against a tree in a state of partial insensibility; from which he was aroused by hearing, as he fancied, a heavy deep-drawn sigh; he listened, but all was still; and concluding that he had been deceived by the hollow murmurs of the wind, was on the point of retiring from a spot that forced on him such painful reminiscencies, when the same sound being repeated, convinced him that he had a companion in his dismal solitude. He looked around, and at a short distance descried a tall sable figure reclining on a white marble urn;—he advanced, and by the paly moonbeam that fell on her face, distinguished the features of Margaret Macdonald! he discovered himself to her as cautiously as he could, and almost forcibly drew her from the spot; then hastening to the nearest inn, ordered a post-chaise, nor did he part from the disconsolate mourner, till he set her down at Mrs. Graham's door, it having been previously agreed that she was not to return home till the morrow.

When Margaret had partaken of some slight refreshment, Mrs. Graham perceiving her spirits to be sank even below their usual tone, recommended early repose; and having attended Miss Macdonald to the apartment assigned her, lighted the lamp that hung suspended by her bedside, bade her good night, and retired to her own room, which was immediately contiguous to that of her guest, the door of communication being left open between them.

Not long after midnight, Mrs. Graham was awakened by hearing a loud hysteric sobbing, evidently proceeding from Margaret's chamber. She instantly arose to learn the cause of so singular a disturbance, and to her astonishment, beheld Margaret stretched on a seat, gasping for breath, and at the same time, pressing a written paper with both hands to her heart.

Margaret, after striving in vain for nearly two hours, to compose herself to sleep, had arisen, and throwing on a wrapper, sought to beguile the tedium of the night in reading. Having looked round the room for a book,

without finding one, she opened a drawer; when the first object that met her view, was a prayer-book, which she well remembered to have belonged to Elvina. The pages were blistered with tears, and the leaves were folded down at the 51st Psalm; as Margaret turned it over, a paper, that had been concealed within it, dropped to the ground; she caught it up, hurried to the lamp, and eagerly read:—

"Friend of the friendless! harbinger of peace! ah! why dost thou so long delay thy coming? Think not that I will shrink from thy approach! oh, no! I'll woo thy grisly form, and leap to thy embrace. But who, when I am laid within the darksome tomb, shall chaunt a requiem for my sinful soul? Who shall be left to make lamentation for me? Not he, who inflicted the mortal stab; not they, whose violated hospitality drove me from their door; and even thou, my heaven-born Margaret! though the fond tear should glisten in thine eye, the cry of 'Ingrate,' sounded in thine ear, shall freeze the pitying dew before it falls, and thou wilt blush to weep a thing which bears that name.

"Oh! it was on that night, that night of horror, when all was mirth, festivity, and joy, that sin assumed the glittering garb of pleasure, to lure me to destruction. Bewitching Music lent her thrilling sounds, to aid the black design; deceitful Flattery spread her silken net to snare me. Dazzled, bewildered, enervated by the ball-room's blaze, I sought the cool refreshing arbour. Here, in a melting, soul-subduing strain, such as the arch-deceiver used, to tempt the mother of mankind to sin, the loved one pleaded his unholy passion! I listened, I maddened! * * * * * * *

"Ah! then I heard the shout of the infernal fiends! — I saw Perdition's gulph yawn wide before me! the recording angel wrote my name accursed in the Book of Life!—Conscience sickened, — Reason sighed, — Virtue shuddered;—and if the blessed, from their bright abode, look down with pity on a guilty world, then did a father groan in more than mortal anguish,—a mother's sainted spirit wept her fallen child!

"Since that ill-fated hour, Peace has fled my bosom, for Innocence no longer made her dwelling there. Remorse, as a canker-worm, feeds upon my heart; and, as a fire, consumes my life-blood. Stream on, ye bitter briny fountains! Oh! may ye wash the scarlet stain away! Oh! may ye quench the fever of my soul; for He is faithful who promised, that the tears of penitence shall never flow in vain before the footstool of Eternal Mercy.

"Beware, ah maiden! whosoe'er thou art, beware the wily tempter, fell Seduction! He, the prime minister of the prince of hell,—the eldest born of Satan. His eye will sparkle with the fire of love;—beware!—it is the meteorous flash that lights the path to ruin. His voice will be attuned to silvery sweetness;—beware! —it is a syren melody. He will present thee with a cup of pleasure;—beware!—for in the luscious dregs there lurks insidious poison.—Trust not the destroying gaze;—list not to the delusive sound;— drink not on your soul the deadly draught. Avoid him,—come not near him,—his breath is pestilential,—there is venom on his lip!

"And thou, frail daughter of Eve! whom the serpent hath beguiled, lift up thy drooping head, and look on high. Had'st thou but trusted in the shield of faith!—hadst thou been armed with the breast-plate of righteousness, thou hadst been able to stand in the evil day!—the infectious blast had swept by thee unhurt, the sting of corruption had not possessed the power to harm thee. Oh! seek ye your salvation, while yet it may be found; —repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out:—return to the Lord, for he will have mercy on you; and to your God, for he will abundantly pardon."

This incoherent ebullition of a distempered imagination, in which Elvina had, as it were, laid bare her soul, wrung Margaret's heart to the very core; and excited such a fearful excess of agitation, as Mrs. Graham found herself for several hours unable to calm.

From this period, Margaret's disorder gained upon her daily. She grew hectic; had a continual cough; and shewed various indubitable symptoms of consumption. The most eminent medical advice was called in, and Margaret was ordered immediately to the South of France, as

the only means left of saving her life.

On arriving at Dover, however, she became alarmingly worse, and the passage was delayed, in consequence, for more than a fortnight. But, at the expiration of that time, she was so far convalescent, that the day of departure was fixed on.

It was on the evening prior to the morning of embarkation, that Mrs. Macdonald and Margaret were seated in a parlour at the Ship hotel; the General being absent in giving directions concerning their movements for the morrow.

"How well my dear child looks to night!" said Mrs. Macdonald, as she gazed affectionately on Margaret's countenance.

"Ay, dear mother, and I feel as well," replied Margaret, cheerfully. "I hope we shall have fine weather for our voyage to-morrow; I quite look forward to it with pleasure."

A short silence ensued.

"Is not this the 25th of November, mother?" asked Margaret, with a sigh. "It was on this very day, ten years ago, that my father brought home Elvina to Harrow."

Mrs. Macdonald would not appear to have heard what was said; and, in order to divert the current of her daughter's contemplations, made some slight remark on their projected tour. Margaret did not reply. The clock struck *ten*. She kissed her mother's cheek; reclined her head on her shoulder; and, without a groan, without a struggle, her pure and noble spirit wing'd it's flight,—

"To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

THE MIDNIGHT MINSTREL.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? SHAKSPEARE.

O'ER Bagdad's royal halls 'tis darkest night,
Though shine their windows with unwonted light;
For ruddy flames in silver cressets blaze,
And gild those chambers with their thousand rays:
The Caliph wakes in fear, and it were vain
To tempt his vision by foes again;
Though all his senses, wearied and opprest,
In sweet oblivion fain would seek for rest:—
Forth from his couch the trembling monarch flies,
"Slaves! guard your Lord,—by traitor swords he dies,
Strike the alarum!—See that rebel's frown
Hurl him from off the—Ha! 'tis fled,—look down
And save me, ALLAH!—'twas a dream,—but this
So fierce a dream, that half our Prophet's bliss
Were dearly bought with such an hour of pain,
As tore my heart-strings, and as rack'd my brain.
CALPAC, I would, but dare not sleep, then call
The fair Circassian minstrel, young KETAL;
Her tales and music to my soul endear'd,
Oft have my tumults calm'd, my sorrow cheer'd;
And haply now, her soft touch'd lute and lay
May chase these visions and these fears away."
He spake,—she comes—that young and blooming dame,
Whose sparkling eyes beam'd forth the vivid flame
Of youthful inspiration, fix'd and high,
Like the loose notes preluding harmony;
Whilst her fair hands before her azure vest
Were cross'd in modest form upon her breast.
"Ketal," the Caliph cries—"When Judah's king,
Vex'd by dark fiends, heard David touch the string,

The Demons fled at his enchanting strain,
And left the Prince restored to peace again.
To night as on the royal couch reclined,
Mine eyelids closed, my heart to heaven resign'd,
Dark visions broke my rest; around me rose
Fair Bagdad's towers begirt with thousand foes;
Methought I wander'd where this palace stands,
When seized and bound by lawless traitor hands,
Through swords and chains with reckless force I broke,
Thus fled my visions,—thus from sleep I woke!
Such were my dreams; thy powers, like rising morn
Oft' have these midnight spells in sunder torn:
Oh! let them now with influence soft unite
My heart to calm, my bosom to delight."
– Ketal her lute draws forth, and every string
Tunes to according notes, then to the King
These words pronounces;—"Caliph, fain would I
To soothe thy wildly waken'd tumults try;
For this will I reveal those ancient lays
Of him, the matchless prince of former days;
Whose wond'rous wisdom link'd with tenderest age
Will ever live on sweet Ferdusi's page,
Who well hath told how Balkis came to prove
His power, his wealth, his knowledge, and *her* love:
Then drown thy terrors in the glowing scene
Of Israel's Monarch, and the Genii Queen!"

SALOMON AND BALKIS.

A HEBREW HISTORY.—CANTO FIRST.

Through the wide east the sun hath never shone
On fairer climes, nor view'd a brighter throne
Than where Jerusalem's high palace stands,
And Science writes in gold her thousand hands:
Where royal Salomon the sceptre sways,
A sage in wisdom,—though a youth in days.
On the blue mountains from a glittering train
The rays of heaven flash'd bright to heaven again,
All gold and gems their standards waved on high,
And sweetest perfumes rose to Judah's sky;
Borne by the gales which seem'd to linger there
To court their spices, and their songs to bear.
Onward they came, to where the city's gaze
Beheld their vestments shine, their beauties blaze;
For maids more lovely than the earth might own
In sparkling dress stood round the centre throne,
Which high o'er all uprear'd it's diamond crest
Where Balkis' name in sapphires was imprest.
Nor did there want to guard that fair array
In nightly campings, and in march by day,
Large bands of valiant soldiery;—there were shown
Those weapons used by eastern tribes alone;
The sling, the dart, the swift-wing'd poison'd reed,
From whose barb'd point should ever victim bleed,
All healing arts alike in vain are found
To draw the venom, or to close the wound.—
Such their offensive arms; each warrior wore
That silvery mail in Asia known of yore,
Which shone o'er all the train in varied glows,
Gleam'd in it's van, and sparkled round it's close.
Behind the throne, on snow-white camels braced,
The priceless offerings for the King were placed;

Enough to have tempted Kedar's lawless hordes,
Who trust both life and soul upon their swords,
Could they have borne one little part away
Of what to Israel's monarch went that day;
But more than mortal must have led them on,
Such guards to brave, such treasures to have won.
On march'd the Train, where Salem's gate receives
Sons of all nations through it's ivory leaves,
And enter'd in 'midst shouts which rose in air,
While psaltery, harp, and minstrelsy were there,
When to their songs attentive crowds gave ear,
As to the royal dome their steps drew near.

" From a land where the day never dies,
Where the sun never sinks into night,
Where time hath no measure to mark how it flies,
And no end to it's race of delight;
To Salomon!—glorious, mighty, and wise,
Comes Balkis,—the lovely and bright.

Though mountains and desarts divide
This land and the place where we dwell,
Yet the fame of his wisdom was borne on the tide,
And his name even infants could tell;
And to gaze on his splendours, Jerusalem's pride!
Comes Balkis,—whose look is a spell."

Short space it took to say the greetings o'er
With kindred spirits, though unknown before;
But, powers of heaven!—what beauties shone around
When Balkis raised her veil, what charming sound
Flow'd from her lips, when thus the Queen display'd
Her cause of mission, and her purpose said.—
" Most blest of mortals, taught by heaven to reign,
Lord of the land and sovereign of the main!
From Saba's bright and fertile climes I come
To hear thy wisdom and behold thy home;
And what though countless distance lie between
The shores I rule, and Salem's radiant scene,
Yet unknown tongues thy matchless works declare,
And thy great name is hail'd with wonder there."
The youthful King, whose gentle heart was still
Control'd by woman's eyes and wisdom's will,
With panting breast his answer thus return'd,
Whilst the soft flames of love within him burn'd.
" Fair Queen of Beauty! whose amazing charms
Might tempt a prophet to thine heavenly arms;
Praise is more sweet pronounced by lips like thine,
As gold grows sacred at the temple's shrine;
Yet let not others' words thine heart deceive,
Hear for thyself,—and for thyself believe:
When the bright sun again shall grace the day,
And shed it's splendours down the azure way,
Thine utmost proof my wisdom shall abide,
Or if it fail, it shall not fail untried.
Mine honour'd Queen! this day, when sacred vows
My tongue hath pour'd within JEHOVAH's house,
Feasting and music shall to joy invite,
And tuneful minstrelsy thine ears delight;
Whilst all the splendours Salem's courts can boast
Their charms shall rival to enchant thee most."
Oh say what angel's tongue,—what Prophet's pen,
Unless from death the Psalmist waked again,

Could e'er relate the glory of those hours
When Balkis sat in Israel's royal bowers?
Where wine and song in festive course went round,
And Hebrew dancers trod with mystic bound;
Where golden flaggons purple fountains shed,
And blushing roses sweeter perfumes spread,
Than those which burn'd on flaming vases near,
Like love that preys on what it holds most dear.
Amazed and charm'd, the Queen her glances cast
Round the wide halls, and o'er the rich repast,
Where massive chargers costly viands bore,
Gather'd from woods and deserts, sea and shore;
Peacocks from Tharshish,—Kids of Bether's hill
Where scented gales the air with sweetness fill,
Which o'er En Gedi's groves of camphire play,
And waft their fragrant gums where'er they stray:
Quails from the mountains, and the water's pride,
Dolphins, which shone most vivid when they died,
Whose every scale with varied fire was bright,
Like insect-lamps on China's streams at night;
So rainbows spread their tints through stormy skies,
And fair from clouds and showers their beauties rise.
Spikenard, and myrrhe, and calamus, were pour'd
In rich profusion round the royal board,
Syria's pomegranates,—honey from the rocks,—
Iran's soft dates, and firstlings from the flocks,
While spicy wines of Liban's vintage flow'd,
And weak old age the strength of manhood show'd.
But that was mortal food, all else seem'd meet
For angel-bowers and heaven's eternal seat;
The red bdellium fed the lamps' fair blaze.
And spread it's sweetest fragrance with the rays;
The ivory throne, where golden lions shine
With Asia's spoils and Ophir's radiant mine;
The royal crown, the sceptre's varied glow
Rubies above and emeralds mild below;
All, all was bright, no mortal's regal bliss
Could ever boast of glory such as this.
Now varying notes proclaim'd the feast was o'er,
And cloths of gold and ermine deck'd the floor;
With downy couches was the chamber spread,
And crimson sophas round the hall were laid,
Where the glad guests reclined till midnight's hour
Closed on the joys of that enchanted bower;
As saints on flowery beds delighted hear
The songs of seraphs charm the ravish'd ear.
The royal harp was brought,—that voice and hand
Which rule the kingdom with a mild command,
Well taught by him whom none could e'er excel,
Whose skill was magic and whose voice a spell,
The Minstrel's part to act did not disdain,
While blent was deepest lore with sweetest strain;
And thus were Wisdom's rules on every breast
With softest notes, and tenderest tones imprest.

MELODIES *of* SALOMON.

" Ere the fountain of life flow no longer,
And the body be laid in the sod;
Ere the strong one shall bow to a stronger,
In thy youthtime,—Oh! think on thy God.

For a day shall approach when thy pleasure
In life shall no longer be found:
When this world shall no more be thy treasure,
And thou—shalt return to the ground.

The bright eyes of youth shall be shaded,
The warm heart of love shall grow cold,
The glances of passion be faded,
And beauty the worm shall enfold:

Oh! then, ere that Death send the token
Which calls where thy fathers have trod,
Ere thy heart and thy life-cord be broken,
In thy childhood, Oh! think on thy God!"

So ceased the Monarch, but his hand was still
Hung o'er that harp he tuned with royal skill;
The trembling strings yet seem'd with answering tongue
The verse extending, as if yet he sung;
Till thus he tried fair Balkis' heart to move:—
Could aught resist him when he sang of love?

"My life!—my soul! if near thy face
My raptured look should stray,
Thy dovelike eyes and angel grace
Would melt my heart away;
Without thee all is midnight space,
When thou art there,—'tis day.

Like milk-white hinds, whose bright eyes glow
As stars that deck the skies,
While all the soul their glances show,
So shine thy dazzling eyes;
Fairest of all on earth below,
To thee my vows arise.

More sweet thy breath than rich perfumes
From soft Arabia's air;
Not Shiraz' silk and golden looms
Can match thy beauteous hair;
My soul is wrapt in darkest glooms
If thou be absent there."

The wide assembly all delighted show'd,
How bright with love's ecstatic fires they glow'd;
And she, whose beauty highest honours claim'd,
Alike was flush'd, and by it's power inflamed;
The Monarch triumph'd;—she had ne'er before
Felt aught of passion, but by wisdom's lore;
Her heart was firmly shielded,- yet that hour
She lived a captive to a mortal's power!—
The Sovereign waved his hand, and backward flew
The azure curtains, which conceal'd from view,
Behind their rich enfoldings, the fair scene
Of Judea's beauteous vallies, which between
Her fertile mountains lay;—where flocks that stray'd
Drank the clear stream, or cropt the verdant blade;
While the glad shepherds on the turf reclined,
Pour'd forth their artless anthems on the wind:
One holy theme pervading all their lays,
Their Maker's glory, and their Sovereign's praise.

Nearer the front, appear'd one female there
Costly in vestment, and of features rare,
Yet drown'd in tears,—until her hand was flung
Across her psaltery,—when 'twas thus she sung,
And answering tones in choral response rung.

The Deserted Bride *of* Arabia.

Bride. " I sought my love on the mountain;
I look'd for his steps in the dale;
He was not reclined by the fountain,
His flocks did not feed in the vale.
Tell me, virgins!—Shepherds say,
By the fawns which round you stray,
By each fond endearing tie,
Hath my bridegroom pass'd you by?

Shepherds. Sorrowing fair one of Araby's land,
Until we thy bridegroom know,
If he be distant, or near at hand,
Not our utmost skill can show.

Bride. Oh! he is bright as the morning;
Like the midnight his raven hair,
His head as a plume adorning;
Like pearl are his features fair.
The garden tulip is not so bright;
The snow on the mountains is not so white;
The ruddiness pure of his features shows
Like the loveliest blossoms of Sharon's rose;
And stately and lofty as Lebanon's tree,
The Prince of Arabia's lovers is he.
Tell me, virgins!—Shepherds, say,
By the fawns which round you stray,
By each fond endearing tie,
Hath my bridegroom pass'd you by?

Shepherds. Fair one! quiet thine anxious breast;
Beneath yon cedars' shade reclining,
He whom thou lovest is laid to rest,
Like the hart when the noonday sun is shining.

Bride. Oh! blessed be ye!—I shall weep no more:
But I charge ye all, by the White Gazelle,
Till my beloved's sweet sleep be o'er,
Break not his dreams, nor his rest dispel.
Happiness all my songs shall tune,
For my love shall arise like the perfect moon,
When her fourteenth night,
In the Heavens is bright,
And she scatters around her a world of light.

Chorus. Beauteous fair one of Araby's clime,
Still may thy joy as bright be glowing;
May thy beloved be blest through time,
And ever thy fountain of bliss be flowing."

So pass'd those hours, which angels might regale,
Till night o'er Salem spread her darkest veil.

M.

NOTES.

Will ever live on sweet Ferdusi's page. D'Herbelot relates, that "the Orientals have a famous book, which contains the history of Salomon in verse; composed by the illustrious Persian poet named Ferdoussi."

Who well hath told how Balkis came to prove. Balkis, or Candaule, as Josephus calls her, was the Queen of Sheba, Saba, or Sabæa, who came to visit Solomon. According to D'Herbelot, she was the daughter of Cathan, King of Mareb, capital of the country of Saba; though the Arabians have a different tradition, as well as a romantic history of her love and marriage to Salomon, and of the bird Huppe, their messenger.

Saba's bright immortal climes. The country of Saba is generally supposed to be the province of Aljemin, on the borders of the Red Sea, which is situate in Arabia Felix. Some writers, however, suppose it to have been the island of Meroe, in Ethiopia.

Peacocks from Tharshish. A city seated on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, at which the ships of Salomon touched in their voyages to and from Ophir. Some translators have supposed, that the word peacock signified a precious stone, so named from the beauty of the colours: the bird, however, was esteemed a great delicacy at the period now alluded to.

———Bether's hill,
Where scented gales the air with sweetness fill.

St. Jerome, in the Vulgate, translates Bether to signify Perfume; but Calmet writes, that it was a city near Jerusalem, called Upper Betharon; which, according to the Rabbins, contained four hundred colleges, each of which had four hundred professors, every one of whom taught four hundred scholars. Notwithstanding so strong an army was within it, the city was taken in the revolt of Barchochebas against the Emperor Adrian; he was killed, and the students who defended it, were also put to death.

O'er En Gedi's groves of camphire play. A city near the lake of Sodom, which signifies the City of Palms, so called from the many palm trees growing in that province. It was also celebrated for it's balm and cypress trees, yielding odoriferous gums.

Spikenard, and myrrhe, and calamus, were pour'd. The first two of these spices were gums, common in Palestine; and the third was a sort of fragrant reed, or cane, which grew in Syria, near the mountain of Liban. It has a knotty root, red beneath and white above, with long straight leaves.

Syria's pomegranates, honey from the rocks. The Moussoulmans have a tradition, that five persons can be contained in the gourd of a pomegranate grown in the Holy Land. The wild bees of Palestine, which produce the most exquisite honey, deposit it in rocks and hollow trees. The present inhabitants of that country use honey in all their sauces.

Iran's soft dates. Iran, or Tour n, is the country of the Turks and Persians. The eastern historians use the word when they would signify all the nations contained in Upper Asia, excepting China and the East Indies.

While perfumed wines from Liban's vineyards flow'd. A mountain between Syria and Palestine, shaped like a horse-shoe, where grew some of the most celebrated vines in Canaan. The wine produced from these was always perfumed with odoriferous drugs.

The red bdellium spread the lamps fair blaze,
And shed it's sweetest perfume with the rays.

A sweet smelling gum, which was produced in Media, Babylon, Bactria, and many other places in the East. It is found of three colours; red, yellow, and black; and when burned, is like incense or scented ointment. K.

THE BOOK WORM.

No. VIII.

"If that olde bokes were awaie,
Ylorne were of remembrance the key;
Wel ought us then honouren and beleve
These bokes."——CHAUCER.

"Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Prime Minister and Favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Containing an Instructive Account of his Ambition, Designs, Intrigues, Excessive Power; his Engrossing the Queen, with the Dangerous Consequence of that Practice, &c."

THE author of Waverley has shed such a charm around every subject which is connected with those historical facts on which he has built his elegant novels, that no apology need be made for ministering to the universal

curiosity with any circumstances which may illustrate his narratives.—Upon this do we rely in the selection of the present article, which for this reason, (and for this perhaps alone) may be said to deserve such a distinction. Not that with our voracious appetite we, the Bookworm, can be supposed always to choose from the stores of the days that are past such works only as in a literary point of view merit attention;—for we beg to announce that we are as often contented to feed on books whose only savour is their antiquity, and which derive the *gusto* recommending them particularly to our palate from their being unknown to, or neglected by, all the world beside, as to luxuriate upon those rare morsels which have given a tone to the letters of their day. We cannot, of course, hope to impart exactly a similar taste to all our readers; yet we shall not distrust their love of variety, and shall believe that we gratify their appetites by sometimes turning from the search after those gems of poetry and fancy, which lie scattered in the desert of our forgotten literature; to pluck a weed, or to contemplate some hoary ruin, whose worth consists in the recollections which are associated with it, rather than in any intrinsic value which it possesses.—The subject of our present notice is a private memoir of many of the passages relating to the life of Dudley, Earl of Leicester,—the hero of Kenilworth:—whose fate it seems to have been, like that of most other great men, to have been hated and reviled by those ungrateful persons who owed to him their safety, and perhaps their existence. His character is particularly interesting;—that he was guilty of crimes cannot be doubted, but the enormities which are commonly attributed to him, are the mere effect of envy, which feeds upon and destroys the excellence which gave it birth.

——— Che, per tenor fatale,
Sempre accompagna la virtude, e il merto,
E con essi commun ebbe il natale.

This is at least evident; that he must have been a man of very superior mind, who could achieve so brilliant a fame, and arrive at so important distinctions as he possessed, when the unfavourable circumstances of his birth and fortunes are considered, and when it is recollected that he was surrounded with rivals as powerful and numerous as they were jealous.

The book before us purports to have been printed from a manuscript which was written during the lifetime of the Earl of Essex. So many literary frauds of this description have been practised, that we are apt to distrust every thing which comes in such a questionable shape; but the internal evidence here is strong enough to remove all doubts on this head. It does not pursue the Earl's history to his death, which if it had been the work of a later period it would have done, for the author never would have lost so good an opportunity as that would have afforded him, "to point his moral and adorn his tale;"—besides, no purpose could have been answered by such a work being published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it had no claim to public notice, but the singular and interesting nature of it's contents.

It purports to be the relation of a conversation between some private gentlemen upon the domestic policy of the kingdom. The Earl of Leicester is mentioned, and to him are attributed all the evils of the state. There exists upon this point a wonderful unanimity between the interlocutors, who seem to vie with each other in relating the atrocities of this calumniated nobleman. The relator thus introduces his story:—

"Not long before Christmas I was requested, by a letter from a very worshipful grave gentleman, (whose son was my pupil in Cambridge,) to repair with my pupil to a certain house of his near London, and there to pass over the holydays in his company. * * *. This request was grateful unto me, both in respect of the time, and also of the matter. * * When I came to the aforesaid house by London, I found there, among other friends, an ancient man that professed the law, and was come from London to keep his Christmas in that place, with whom at divers former times I had been well acquainted, for that he had haunted much the company of the said gentleman my friend, and was much trusted and used by him in matters of his profession, and not a little beloved also for his good conversation."

The host, the lawyer, and the relator, "retiring themselves one day

after dinner, for their recreation," begin a conversation which turns upon politics, and thence by a natural transition to the Earl of Leicester, who was at that time the first man in this country. The host, after making some severe allusions to the treasons of the immediate progenitors of the Earl, and for which they had suffered death, expresses a wish that the Earl himself were brought to a public trial, "and then," says he, "I would not doubt, but if these two ancestors of his were found worthy to loose their heads for treason, this man would not be found unworthy to make the third in kindred, whose treacheries do far surpass them both.

"After the gentleman had said this, the lawyer stood still, somewhat smiling to himself, and looking round about him as though he had been half afraid, and then said, My masters, do you read over, or study the statutes that come forth? Have you not heard of the proviso made in the last parliament for punishment of those who speak so broad of such men as my Lord of Leicester is?

"Yes (said the gentleman) I have heard how that my Lord of Leicester was very careful and diligent to have such a law pass against talkers, hoping belike that his lordship under that general restraint might lie the more quietly in harbor from the tempest of mens tongues, which sailed busily at that time of divers of his lordship's actions and affairs, which perhaps himself would have wished to have passed with more secresy; as of his discontentment and preparation to rebellion upon Monsieurs first coming into England: as of his disgrace and checks received in court: of the fresh death of the noble Earl of Essex, and of this man's hasty snatching up of the Widdow, whom he sent up and down the country from house to house by privy ways, thereby to avoid the sight and knowledge of the Queen, and albeit he had not only used her at his good liking before for satisfying of his own lust, but also married and re-married her for contentation of her friends, yet denied he the same by solemn oath unto her Majesty, and received the holy communion thereupon (so good a conscience he hath), and consequently, most sharp revenge towards all subjects which should dare to speak thereof: And so for the concealment both of this, and other his doings which he desireth not to have publick; no marvail though his Lordship were so diligent a procurer of that law for silence."

One of the most important charges against him is the part which he took in preventing the Queen's marriage with Monsieur, and which these politicians would make appear a national misfortune. Succeeding times have done justice to his policy in this respect. His motives we cannot penetrate, but there is this circumstance in his favour, that they were misrepresented by the factious of that time, who with the blindness which prevails upon similar subjects in our own day, could see nothing but treason and an unworthy object in the honest endeavours of a minister to preserve his country from foreign domination. By the numerous censures which are heaped upon the Earl in this respect, his adversaries prove at least that he was always consistent in his view of the subject, and that he possessed sufficient talent to ensure success to his negotiations. The lawyer in a tone of loud lamentation expresses his grief, that owing to "the continual thwarting which hath been used against her Majesty's marriage, she was not likely to leave unto the realm that precious jewel so much desired, by which he means the royal heirs of her own body.

"Thwarting, call you the defeating of all her Majesties most honourable offers of marriage, (said the gentleman) truly in my opinion, you should have used another word to express the nature of so wicked a fact, whereby alone, if there were no other, this unfortunate man hath done more hurt to this common-wealth, than if he had murthered many thousands of her subjects, or betrayed whole armys to the professed enemy. I can remember well my self four treatises to this purpose, undermined by his means.

"The first with the Sweden King, the second with the Arch-Duke of Austria, the third with Henry King of France, that now reigneth; and the fourth with the brother and heir of that kingdom: for I let pass many other secret motions made by great potentates to her Majesty, for the

same purpose, but those four are openly known to have been all disturbed by this *Davus*, as they were earnestly pursued by the other."

Nothing can be more probable than that the gallant homage which was paid by men to the sex in those days, and which of course was more remarkable and direct when a Queen was the object of it, should have given rise to the opinion, that Leicester would have gladly become the husband of her Majesty. But no man who looks at the political state of the country can rationally believe, that the phalanx of statesmen and soldiers who surrounded the throne, and who were at once the grace and the defence of the nation, would have suffered any one among them to wear the honours which they were willing to sacrifice every thing to preserve. Besides, the Queen expressed, in the most public manner, and at a very early period of her reign, her positive intention to live single; and shortly after the passage above cited, the lawyer himself says, forgetting that his argument cuts both ways—"Neither was it credible that her Majesty, who refused so many noble kings and princes as Europe hath not the like, would make choice of so mean a piece as Robin Dudley is;—noble only in two descents, and both of them stained with the block, for which also himself was pardoned but the other day, being condemned thereunto by law for his deserts, as yet appeareth in public records."

It is by no means, however, to his political character, or to his offences against the state, that the animadversions of these delators are confined. He is represented as a most lustful murderous tyrant in his private life; compared to Heliogabalus, and Caligula, and Sardanapalus, and Nero; making away with all persons who stand between him and his object, without hesitation or remorse. That which relates to his unhappy first wife, about whose death it cannot be denied there hangs a considerable mystery, is introduced as follows:—

"His Lordship hath a special fortune, that when he desireth any womans favour, then what person soever standeth in his way, hath the luck to die quickly, for the finishing of his desire.

"As for example, when his Lordship was in full hope to marry her Majesty, and his own wife stood in his light, as he supposed, he did but send her to the house of his servant Foster of Cumver, by Oxford, where shortly after she had the chance to fall from a pair of stairs, and so to break her neck; but yet without hurting of her hood, that stood upon her head. But Sir Richard Varney, who by commandment remained with her that day alone, with one man, and had sent away per force all her servants from her, to a market, two miles off, he, I say, with his man, can tell you she dyed: which man being afterwards taken for a felony in the marshes of Wales, and offering the matter of the said murther, was made away privily in the prison: and Sir Richard himself dying about the same time in London, cryed piteously, and blasphemed God, and said to a gentleman of worship, of my acquaintance, not long before his death, that all the devils in Hell did tear him in pieces. The wife also of Bald. Butler, kinsman to my Lord, gave out the whole fact a little before her death."

Then follow many tales of his atrocities, his poisoning the Lord Sheffield, the Earl of Essex, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the Lady Lennox, and the Earl of Sussex; and such crimes are laid to his charge, as if they had been true, would have raised the whole world in arms against him;—such crimes as never could be committed in England, or in any country which had even the shadow of an administration of justice.

The following extract will shew that this book must have been the source from which the author of Kenilworth drew many of the incidents of his novel, for those circumstances upon which he has contrived to make great interest depend, are here distinctly set down, and do not appear in any other of the memoirs relating to the subject.—The lawyer remarks that it is not the Earl's custom to poison his wives;—

"Whereat," he says, "I somewhat marvil, especially his first wife, whom he chose rather to make away by open violence, than by some Italian comfortive.

"Hereof (said the gentleman) may be divers reasons alledged: first, that

he was not at that time so skilful in those Italian wares, nor had about him so skilful physicians or surgeons for the purpose, nor yet in truth do I think that his mind was settled then in mischief, as it hath been since; for you know that men are not desperate the first day, but do enter into wickedness by degrees, and that with doubt or staggering of conscience at the beginning: and so he might at that time be desirous to have his wife made away, for that she letted his designment, but not yet so stony hearted, as to appoint out the particular manner of her death, but rather to leave that to the discretion of the murtherer. Secondly, it is not unlike also, that he prescribed unto Sir Richard Varney at his going thither, that he should first attempt to kill her by poison, and if that took not place, than by another way to dispatch her howsoever. And this I prove by the report of old Doctor Baily, who then lived in Oxford (another manner of man than he that now liveth about my Lord of the same name) and was Professor of the Physick Lecture in the same University.

"This learned grave man reported for a certain, that there was a practice in Cumver amongst the conspirators to have poisoned the poor lady a little before she was killed, which was attempted in this order; they seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that knew by her handling, that her death was not far off), began to perswade her, that her disease was abundance of melancholly, and other humors, and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refused to do, as suspecting still the worst: they sent one day (unawares to her) for Doctor Bailey, and desired him to perswade her to take some little potion at his hands, and they would send to fetch the same at Oxford upon his prescription, meaning also to have added somewhat of their own for her comfort (as the doctor upon just causes suspected, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the good lady had of physick) and therefore he flatly denied their request, misdoubting (as he after reported) least, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might after have been hanged for a cover to their sin.

"Marry, the doctor remained well assured, that this way taking no place, she should not long escape violence, as after ensued.

"And this was so beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford, by these, and other means; as for that she was found murthered (as all men said) by the coroners inquest: and for that she being hastily and obscurely buried at Cumver, which was condemned, above (as not advisedly done) my Lord, to make plain to the world, the great love he bare to her in her life, and what a grief the loss of so vertuous a lady was to his tender heart, would needs have her taken up again and re-buried in the University Church at Oxford with great pomp and solemnity: that Doctor Babington, my Lord's Chaplain, making the publick funeral sermon at her second burial, tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that vertuous Lady so pitifully murthered, instead of so piteously slain. A third cause of this manner of the Ladies death, may be the disposition of my Lord's nature, which is bold and violent, where it feareth no resistance (as all cowardly natures are by kind) and where any difficulty or danger appeareth, there more ready to attempt all by art, subtilty, treason, or treachery: and so for that he doubted no great resistance in the poor Lady to withstand the hands of them which should offer to break her neck, he durst the bolder attempt the same openly."

The author then goes on to state in the same jaundiced manner various particulars of the Earl's life, which have the effect of placing him in a light very different from that which he has hitherto been regarded in by the historians. There are besides some curious and interesting remarks upon the claims to the throne at that time, and the remote pretensions which Leicester entertained; but neither our limits nor our present purpose will allow us to go into them more fully. The book is worth considerable attention, as it explains the private factions feelings which prevailed at that day, and which cannot be gathered by any other means; but we have no doubt that many of it's statements are untrue, and that all of them are exaggerated and misrepresented.

DECEASE, AND FUNERAL

OF

Her late Majesty,

Queen Caroline.

NO FARTHER SEEK HER MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
NOR DRAW HER FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE;
THERE, THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,
THE MERCY OF HER FATHER AND HER GOD!

Gray.

THE angry contentions in which the country has been so long involved, from the opposition of those, by whom her late MAJESTY's conduct was either censured, or espoused, are now suddenly and unexpectedly terminated by the decease of their illustrious subject. With the most anxious desire to avoid entering the stormy sphere of politics, there are still many occasions, on which it becomes a public duty to declare our sentiments, and at those times the honest convictions of our mind have been openly, and explicitly expressed. What those convictions were upon that unfortunate subject, which has been so long, and so often, agitated, it is unnecessary now to repeat; we feel still conscious of their truth, and still assured of their integrity; nor shall we, upon any future necessity, which Heaven avert! ever hesitate to express our opinions as openly, and as fearlessly, as we have done upon the late regretted occasion. But her MAJESTY is now released from all earthly suffering, and turmoil, and inquietude, and far beyond the praise, or censure, of friends or enemies. That the respect due to the QUEEN's elevated station during life, could not be universally accompanied by the more endearing and ennobling ties of attachment and esteem, we have ever most deeply and most sincerely lamented; but at such a moment as the present, and over her scarce closed grave, to recall any of the bitter feelings which have unfortunately been connected with that Illustrious Lady's name during the last fourteen months, is indeed far from our inclination. We cannot think of any human being, in the awful situation in which her MAJESTY so lately lay, but with sentiments of pity, and with a deep sense of the infirmities of our common nature. The QUEEN is now for ever taken from this mortal scene of vicissitude; and we trust, that with her life, will perish all the dissensions of which she was either the cause, or the pretence. We trust never to see revived the memory of those unhappy occurrences, over which it is so peculiarly desirable to draw the veil of future oblivion. Let all classes, and let all parties, now unite in one general feeling of loyalty and affection; and should any evil-disposed individuals, to serve

their own selfish interests, or to gratify their own malignant passions, attempt to plant the banner of discord on the QUEEN's sepulchre, let us with one voice reprobate the unworthy artifice; and treading lightly over the ashes of the deceased, stand firm and united in the common cause of KING, and Country.

Her late Majesty,* CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH, daughter of his Serene Highness Charles, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, and of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, sister of our late venerable Sovereign, GEORGE THE THIRD, was born May 17th, 1768; first landed in England, at Greenwich, on Sunday morning, April 5th, 1795; and was married to our present KING, then Prince of Wales, on the following Wednesday, April 8th; their only child, the late Princess CHARLOTTE, was born at Carlton House, on Thursday, January 7th, 1796, and died at Claremont, on Thursday, November 6th, 1817. Thus much only is it necessary now to recapitulate; the events which have occupied her MAJESTY's intervening years have been fraught with a sad and melancholy interest, which has encreased as they advanced, and deepened as they proceeded. But our pages have been already too much and too frequently filled with the regretted story; and it has now become equally our duty, as it is our wish, never more to refer to it. We pass by, therefore, unnoticed and unremarked upon, the QUEEN's departure from England in 1814; her various travels on the Continent, and her return to London in 1820; and proceed at once to the unexpected and fatal issue, which has disappointed all the hopes and prophecies of her friends; and from the bar of an earthly judgment, has removed it's victim to a tribunal, where the most virtuous, and the best, may well tremble to appear;—where no angry discussions amongst her surviving fellow-mortals, can in the slightest degree affect a decision which must be just, but which, we humbly hope, and pray, will also be merciful! In these sentiments we sincerely join with the most cordial friends of the late QUEEN, and now close, we trust, for ever, all discussion upon those occurrences, respecting which, from an imperious sense of duty, we have differed so widely;—occurrences, of which every honourable mind deprecated the publicity, before it took place, and lamented it afterwards. Her MAJESTY's expiring wish to be interred in her native country, will, we hope, remove the last possible source of dissension respecting her; for whatever obsequies might have been performed here, the rites would to some have appeared maimed and imperfect, whilst by others they must have been thought uncalled for, and superfluous.

The earliest symptoms of the QUEEN's indisposition were experienced on Saturday and Sunday, July 28th and 29th, on which days she complained of slight illness. On Monday evening, the 30th, her MAJESTY visited Drury Lane Theatre, in company with Lord and Lady Hood, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Austin, and felt very much indisposed, but could not be persuaded to retire until the play was over, and continued extremely unwell during the night. During Tuesday there was little change in her MAJESTY; though the symptoms of her complaint,—obstruction in the bowels;—were somewhat alleviated on Wednesday.

On Thursday, August 2d, the QUEEN underwent the operation of bleeding, from which she experienced a temporary relief. The remainder of that day and the whole of the night were passed comparatively free from pain: but the symptoms of her disorder continued the same

* For a Portrait and Memoir, *vide* EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, Vol. 63, April 1813, page 275.

during the whole of Friday, when a warm bath was ordered, in which her MAJESTY remained for about a quarter of an hour. This produced some cessation of suffering, but had not the effect of reducing the general symptoms of her disorder, her MAJESTY being unable to retain any thing on her stomach for more that a few minutes, and the medicines administered failing to produce the desired effect. In the course of the evening, Dr. Ainslie was sent for; Drs. Maton, Warren, and Holland, having been in constant attendance since the first dangerous symptoms. The first Bulletins issued were as follow:—

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug. 2, 1821, half-past ten, P. M.
"Her Majesty has an obstruction of the bowels, attended with inflammation. The symptoms, though mitigated, are not removed.
(Signed) "W. G. MATON. HENRY HOLLAND."
PELHAM WARREN.

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug. 3, nine o'clock, A. M.
"The Queen has passed a tolerably quiet night, but the symptoms of her Majesty's illness remain nearly the same as yesterday evening."
(Signed as before.)

On Friday, her MAJESTY was also again blooded four times, and lost in the whole sixty-six ounces of blood; when her general condition was felt to be so alarming, that two proctors of Doctors' Commons were sent for to Hammersmith to witness some deeds which were executed by nine o'clock; and Messrs. Brougham, Denham, and Wylde, who had prepared to set off for their respective circuits, continued at Brandenburgh House; where at ten at night the following bulletin was issued:—

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug. 3.
"There is no improvement in her Majesty's symptoms since the morning.
(Signed) "H. AINSLIE. W. G. MATON.
PELHAM WARREN. HENRY HOLLAND."

The QUEEN was aware of her danger on Friday afternoon, but is said to have behaved with the utmost patience and fortitude, submitting to every proposed means of relief, though saying that she believed it useless; and an official notice of her MAJESTY's illness and danger was then sent to the Home Office, and was officially acknowledged.

The following bulletins were subsequently issued:—

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug 4, nine o'clock, A. M.
"Her Majesty has passed an indifferent night, but has had some tranquil sleep this morning. The general symptoms remain nearly the same as yesterday."
(Signed as before.)

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, August 4, 1821, 10 o'clock, P. M.
"No material change has taken place in her Majesty's symptoms since the morning." (Signed as before.)

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE. 5th of August, Sunday morning, nine o'clock.
"Her Majesty has passed the last night better than the preceding one; but no important amendment has taken place."
(Signed as before.)

"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, August 6, 10 o'clock, A. M.
"The Queen has had some relief during the night, and the state of her Majesty is more favourable to-day."
(Signed as before.)

About two o'clock on Monday, Dr. Baillie arrived from Gloucestershire, in something less than ten hours, and on his arrival pronounced the pulsation of her MAJESTY to be highly favourable. A consultation

immediately took place, when the Doctors' opinion was understood to have been pronounced with some confidence in the hope of a recovery; and no farther bulletin was issued until ten o'clock at night.

"Her Majesty's symptoms still continue favourable.
(Signed) "M. BAILLIE. PELHAM WARREN.
H. AINSLIE. HENRY HOLLAND."
W. G. MATON.
"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug. 6th, 1821, 10 o'clock, P. M."

The following caution was also circulated from Brandenburgh House:

"Several unauthorized Bulletins, purporting to have been signed by the Physicians, having appeared in the newspapers, it should be understood, that none are authorized but such as have the names of the Physicians actually annexed to them.
"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, August 6, 1821." "HOOD."

In the early part of Tuesday, however, the following Bulletin was issued, which seemed but a prelude to a more unfavourable change:—

"The Queen has passed the night without sleep, but her Majesty's symptoms are not worse than yesterday.
"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug. 7, Nine o'Clock." (Signed as usual.)

A short time afterwards, the symptoms of recovery gave way to others of a different kind. Drs. Ainslie and Warren, who had sat up the whole night with her MAJESTY, had retired for necessary repose; when the other Physicians present entered into consultation, and, at four o'clock in the afternoon, issued what may be called an alarming bulletin—

"In the course of the morning, her Majesty has suddenly become much worse."
(Signed) "M. BAILLIE. H. HOLLAND."
W. G. MATON.
"BRANDENBURGH House, Aug. 7, Four o'clock, P. M.

From this period, her MAJESTY's end rapidly approached. To enquiries at a later hour no other answer was given, than that no new Bulletin would be issued unless some alteration should take place. At length, about eleven, an unusual bustle took place at the house. Several persons were despatched in different directions, and conjecture readily supplied the cause. In about twenty minutes afterwards, a servant brought to the gate the fatal Bulletin, which was immediately read aloud by a gentleman to the individuals present, who received with silent sorrow the news of this distressful issue of their hopes and fears.

"Her Majesty departed this life at twenty-five minutes past ten this night!
(Signed) "M. BAILLIE. PELHAM WARREN.
H. AINSLIE. HENRY HOLLAND."
W. G. MATON.
"BRANDENBURGH HOUSE, Aug. 7, Eleven, P. M."

Immediately upon the disease assuming a serious complexion, it is understood, that her MAJESTY not only despaired of recovering, but appeared scarcely desirous of getting over it, and on Monday, the 6th, gave up all hope, and declared she could not survive the day. About noon on Tuesday she complained of violent pains in the abdomen, which were shortly followed by convulsions, when a strong opiate was administered, which allayed her pain for the moment, and for an hour or two produced a disposition to dose. About three o'clock, however, the pains returned,

attended with still more alarming symptoms. Every means that skill and attention could devise were employed by the Physicians, but they were too late. After four o'clock, her MAJESTY became rapidly worse, and her respiration was difficult; about eight, she sank into a state of entire stupor, and having lain thus for two hours and twenty-five minutes, at length breathed her last!

The persons present at the moment of her MAJESTY's death, were Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Anne Hamilton; Alderman Wood and his son, the Rev. John Wood; Drs. Baillie, Ainslie, Maton, Warren, and Holland; Mr. Wylde, Dr. Lushington, and Mr. Austin.

Soon after the last Bulletin was issued, all the medical gentlemen departed, except Dr. Holland, who remained at Brandenburgh House, as did also Lady Anne Hamilton; and her Majesty's seal was immediately placed upon all her papers and effects on the premises.

Her MAJESTY's will, and three codicils bearing date August the 3d, 5th, and 7th, appointed Dr. Lushington and Mr. Wylde her sole trustees and executors, who have consequently acted as such.

Her MAJESTY's entire claims under the will of her mother, the late Duchess of Brunswick, the amount produced by the sale of Cambridge House, and all her property real and personal, she leaves to Mr. William Austin, on his attaining the age of twenty-one, and also makes him her residuary legatee.—Her papers, documents, &c. &c. of every description to be at the disposal of her executors.

She directs a sealed box, which she described, to be transmitted to Mr. Obichini, a merchant of Coleman-street, to whom she owed £4,300.

She bequeaths £500 each to Lord and Lady Hood;—a picture of herself to Lady Ann Hamilton, another to the Cardinal Albano, one to the Marquess Antaldi, and one to Mr. William Austin.

She also leaves to Dr. Lushington her coach and a picture; - to Hieronimus her landaulet and her linen;—and to Mariette Brune her wearing-apparel.

She directs that her body shall not be opened,—nor laid in state,—and that she should be buried by the side of her father and brother at Brunswick. The body to be sent off in three days, and the following inscription to be engraved on her coffin—"To the Memory of Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England."

It is somewhat singular, that neither Alderman Wood, Mr. Brougham, nor Mr. Denman, are even alluded to, in either of these testamentary documents.

A note from Lord Hood to the Lord Mayor, announcing the QUEEN's decease, was placarded at the Mansion House as early as one o'clock on the Wednesday morning; when the following Supplement to the Gazette of Tuesday was also published, edged with black:—

"WHITEHALL, Aug 8, 1821.

"Yesterday evening, at twenty-five minutes after ten o'clock, the Queen departed this life, after a short but painful illness, at Brandenburgh House, at Hammersmith."

The bells of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and most of the churches in the metropolis, were tolled during the day; and a great number of shops were half closed. Similar arrangements, we understand, also partially took place in different parts of the country; and official orders were issued from the Lord Chamberlain's department for the closing of all the theatres on the Wednesday evening, and also on the night following the removal of the Royal Corpse.

On Thursday, August 9th, her MAJESTY's remains were enveloped in a cere cloth, and linen night dress selected by herself, and placed in a cedar shell made according to her express direction previous to her dissolution; this shell was subsequently soldered up in lead, and placed within two coffins on the evening of the Saturday following.

The outside state coffin was of fine mahogany, covered with crimson silk velvet, and lined with white satin. The nails were gilt, and the handles surrounded by panels, with scrolled angles, on which were engraved a Crown, with her Majesty's initials and palm leaves. The centre plate was about twelve inches long, and eight inches wide, of brass, gilt, and burnished, bearing the following inscription, which is precisely according to every former official precedent.

DEPOSITUM,
SERENISSIMÆ PRINCIPISSA,
CAROLINÆ AMELIÆ ELIZABETHÆ,
DEI GRATIA REGINA CONSORTIS
AUGUSTISSIMI ET POTENTISSIMI MONARCHÆ
GEORGII QUARTI,
DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REGIS FIDEI DEFENSORIS,
REGIS HANOVERÆ AC BRUNSVICI ET LUNEBERGI DUCIS,
OBIIT VII. DIE MENSIS AUGUSTI, ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXI.
ÆTATIS SUÆ LIV.

It is with much pain that we record any circumstances at all tending to disturb the solemn repose which should attend so awful a ceremonial, as the consignment of mortality to it's last abode, yet in apparent opposition to her MAJESTY's declared wish of being removed within three days from her decease, much correspondence took place between the QUEEN's friends and the Earl of Liverpool, to induce his Lordship's delay of the Funeral; the departure of which was consequently extended to Tuesday August 14. An apartment in Brandenburgh House was fitted up with the usual mourning habiliments for the private laying in state of the Royal corpse during the night previous, the gates were, however, forced in the course of the evening, and a considerable number of persons gained admittance to witness the mournful spectacle. Preparations were in the mean time made by the Committee at the Freemasons' Tavern, who escorted her MAJESTY to the City, on the 29th of November last, and the several Benefit Societies, &c. &c. who had so frequently addressed her, to attend in the line of procession, and places of rendezvous for the various horsemen and pedestrians were publicly announced. An official notice was also issued by the Lord Mayor, suggesting the discontinuance of all business on the day of the Funeral. With the earliest approach of the mournful morning, thousands thronged towards every route by which it was possible her MAJESTY's remains could proceed either through, or round London to Essex; and their patient perseverance seemed scarcely to be damped even by the deluging rain which continued to fall from daylight.

About five o'clock in the morning, Mr. Bailey, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, the official conductor of her MAJESTY's funeral procession, arrived at Brandenburgh-house, where Dr. Lushington, Mr. Wylde, Mr. Brougham, Alderman Wood, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Thomas, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, Dr. Holland, Lieuts. Flynn and Hownam, and Count Vassali, were already assembled in the State apartment. At six o'clock a squadron of the Oxford Blues, under the command of Captain Bouverie, arrived from the Regent's Park, and formed into line in front of the house. The crowd expressed some displeasure on the entrance of the soldiers, but they took no notice of it. The gates of Brandenburgh-house were closed, and kept by a number of patrole, who prevented the entrance of all persons unconnected with the solemn ceremony. The flag at Hammersmith church was hoisted half-staff high at five o'clock, when the bell commenced tolling, and minute guns were fired from the bank of the Thames opposite.

At half-past seven o'clock orders were issued by Mr. Bailey for every person to be in readiness to depart with the procession, and he gave

directions to the Lord Great Chamberlain's officers to deliver up the body to the persons in waiting to carry it to the hearse.

Sir George Nayler, Clarenceux King of Arms, in his state dress, stood at the foot of her MAJESTY's coffin; on his right was Mr. Woods, Bluemantle Pursuivant, holding the directions from his MAJESTY's Government to remove the body. On each side of the entrance of the state apartment stood the officers of the Lord Chamberlain, when, on the body of her MAJESTY being demanded of the executors, Doctor Lushington most vehemently opposed it's removal, until Mr. Bailey having firmly asserted his authority, the procession was arranged as follows:—

Twelve Horse Guards, Blue, two and two.

First Mourning coach and six, contained the servants of her Majesty's Chamberlain, and Longes the Black.

Second Mourning coach and six, contained Mr. Wylde's male and female servants, and a servant of Sir George Nayler.

Third Mourning coach and six, contained James Thomas, Esq. of the Lord Chamberlain's office, with a gentlemen of the same department.

Two soldiers on horseback.

His Majesty's eight Deputy Marshals, two and two, in state, on horseback.

Twelve pages on horseback, two and two, with black cloaks and hatbands,

Her late Majesty's State Carriage, with six horses,

Containing Sir George Nayler, in his state dress, as Clarenceux King of Arms, accompanied by Mr. Woods. Sir George carried the Crown and Cushion to the door, and having got into the carriage they were placed on his lap by the Pursuivant, who afterwards took a seat by his side, with their backs towards the horses. The cushion was black velvet edged with gold fringe, and a gold tassel at each corner, with an imperial crown borne upon it. Two of her Majesty's state servants were behind the carriage

Squadron of horse, two and two, attended by their Commanding Officers.

Pages.	THE ROYAL HEARSE, drawn by Eight Black Horses.	Pages.

The Royal Arms affixed on each side, each horse decorated with an Escocheon, and on the Hearse Door an Imperial Crown with the letters C. R. The body was carried from the state apartment and placed in the Hearse precisely at a quarter before eight o'clock. The horses in the Hearse and in all the Coaches were decorated with large Black Feathers.

Twenty Soldiers, with a Trumpeter, two and two.

Fourth mourning coach and six, in which was Lord Hood, her Majesty's Chamberlain, alone.

Fifth Mourning Coach and six, contained Lady Hood and Lady Hamilton.

Sixth Mourning coach and six, contained Dr. Lushington and his Lady.

When the seventh mourning coach prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Wylde, stopped at the door of Brandenburgh House, a message was sent, that he wished to see Mr. Bailey; when, upon his entering the apartment, Mr. Wylde presented him with a written Protest against the removal of her MAJESTY's body; and in very warm language, declared, that it was taken against the will of the Executors, and called upon Mr. Bailey to inform him as to the route and the destination of the procession.

Mr. Bailey very justly complained that every indelicate impediment was thrown in the way of those persons, whose official duty it was to remove the body. He then took out of his pocket a paper, and read from it the route of the procession:—

"The Funeral cavalcade to pass from the gate of Brandenburgh House, through Hammersmith, to turn round by Kensington Gravel-pits, near the Church, into the Uxbridge-road, to Bayswater, from thence to Tyburn Turnpike, down the Edgware-road, along the New Road to Islington, down the City road, along Old-street, Mile-End, to Romford, &c. A squadron of the Oxford Blues, from Brandenburgh House to Romford, to attend the procession, a squadron of the 4th light Dragoons, from Romford to Chelmsford, another squadron of the same Regiment, from Chelmsford to Colchester. another escort from Colchester to Harwich, where a guard of honour is in waiting"

Mr. Wylde declared that he would not go by the route mentioned by Mr. Bailey, nor should the body be taken except by force; and at the first stage, he should exercise his legal right, as Executor, to have the corpse removed without squadrons of soldiers. Mr. Bailey said that his orders were imperative, and nothing should prevent him from doing his duty; he would take upon himself the peril of removing the body.

In the carriage which was assigned to Mr. Wylde, Mr. Bailey then placed several of the inferior members of her Majesty's Household.

Eighth mourning coach and six, contained Mr. Alderman Wood and Count Vassali.
Ninth mourning coach and six, contained Captain Hesse and Mr. Wilson, her late Majesty's Equerries; the Rev. J. P. Wood, her Majesty's Chaplain; and Mr. William Austin.
Tenth mourning coach and six, contained Lieutenants Hownam and Flynn, with two other Gentlemen of the Household.
Eleventh mourning coach and six, contained Hieronymus, her Majesty's Steward, Mariette Brune, and Ladies Hood and Hamilton's female servants.
Twelfth mourning coach and six, contained her Majesty's three Pages.
Thirteenth mourning coach, contained Mr. Bailey and two other Gentlemen, accompanying the Royal Remains to Brunswick.
A carriage with a servant, contained luggage belonging to the different persons in the cavalcade.
The carriages of Lord Hood and several different Gentlemen, Friends of her late Majesty, followed; and the whole Procession was flanked by Funeral Pages.
The Committees of Hammersmith and London, two and two.

The preparations being at length completed, the carriages fell into rank; Sir George Nayler first removing the Crown and other emblems of royalty, the coffin was placed in the hearse; and by a quarter past eight the Procession approached the church, the Charity-children of Hammersmith preceding, and strewing flowers, until their supply was exhausted, when they were ranged on each side of the road, the rain still falling in torrents.

The Procession thus moved through immense crowds as far as Kensington, when in advancing to the left, through the Gravel-pits to the Oxford-road, an unexpected obstacle was found to this arrangement; two waggons being drawn across the street, and a large load of dung being deliberately shot down into the centre of the carriage-way.

From half-past nine, therefore, until a quarter-past eleven, the Funeral thus remained obstructed and stationary; during which time an express was sent to the Earl of Liverpool for orders, while the mob proceeded to break up the Gravel-pit-road, in the direction which the Procession was to take.

The attempt to pass down Church-street was then abandoned, and the troops moved towards London. This was instantly cheered by the mob, and a loud cry was set up of "The City!" A strong detachment of Life Guards now appeared, with Sir Robert Baker, the Police Magistrate, at their head. These were received with groans and hootings by the populace, who though they had before abused the Oxford Blues, now suddenly changed their tone, and cried out, "Blues for ever," and "No Reds." All the soldiers, however, bore the abuse with most exemplary patience and steadiness, and seemed only intent on the quiet and humane discharge of their duty.

When the Procession reached Kensington Gate, Sir Robert Baker directed it to enter the Park, which the mob tumultuously shut, and resisted all attempts to force it open. The military had at one moment got it half unclosed, but the mob assailing them very furiously with mud and stones, Sir Robert Baker thought proper to yield the contest, and the funeral moved on toward Hyde Park Corner, the crowd now testifying the greatest exultation, and still crying "City!"

At twelve o'clock a strong sensation was excited in the Strand,

by a man on horseback, riding at a most furious pace, exclaiming, "The Funeral will come this way!" In consequence of which intimation, crowds began to assemble towards Pall Mall, through which the Royal Remains were expected to arrive; and a small detachment of the Life Guards placed there was loudly assailed by the mob, which they, however, bore with the greatest good temper. The Funeral having reached Hyde Park Corner, found the approach leading into Park-lane barricadoed with market-carts. A short conversation then took place, the result of which was, that it proceeded a few paces forward; when the mob gave a loud and deep shout, and mud and missiles flew at the soldiery from all directions. A party of Dragoons was immediately sent round to Park-lane, with strict orders to remove the carts; in which service, we regret to say, many of them, as well as the mob, were badly wounded; the former with stones, and the latter with the swords of the soldiery. The line of waggons, however, was so very compact, that removal was found impossible; and after considerable stoppage, it was agreed to open Hyde Park Gate, and orders were given to admit the whole cavalcade; which was at length effected, after considerable resistance, and pelting on the part of the *mourning* rabble.

No sooner were the Park gates thrown open, than the hearse and part of the Procession proceeded at a trot; and the remainder of the carriages hurried after to regain their places. The military also pushed on, and passed through Cumberland Gate; which the mob hastened to shut, when the soldiers turned back, and a new contest ensued. Mud and stones were poured plentifully against the cavalry; and in the violent conflict which took place at this spot, the Riot Act having been read, the soldiers were compelled, in self-defence, to use their sabres, and some of them fired off their pistols: while, on the other hand, the mob threw down near twenty feet of the Park wall to furnish themselves with brickbats, and cut several of the soldiers' horses with case-knives. Many individuals were hurt on both sides, and we are truly sorry to add, that two lives were lost. Fortunately for humanity, however, a picquet of Foot Guards arrived at this moment; and the mob dispersed in different directions, leaving the passage clear.

In the confusion, part of the carriages went through Tyburn-turnpike, and the rest proceeded rapidly down Cumberland-street; but the whole were re-united in the New Road, along which they proceeded without opposition till they had nearly reached Tottenham-court-road, when they again found their progress impeded by a strong barrier of hackney-coaches and carts overturned and lashed together.

It may seem astonishing that these repeated barricadoes had not been anticipated by sending forward detachments of cavalry to clear the way. This precaution, however, was not adopted; and a large mob collecting at the place of stoppage with their former cry of "*City!*" Sir Robert Baker seemed to consider, that enough had been done in resisting the popular determination, and the point was conceded. The Procession accordingly turned down Tottenham-court-road, and passing through Drury-lane, at length entered the city at Temple-bar, the mob shouting "Victory!"

The Procession now made it's way, in most miserable plight, from the rain and dirt, along Fleet-street, St. Paul's Church-yard, Leadenhall-street, and Whitechapel. It's arrangement had also by this time become much confused, regularity appeared to be entirely forgotten, and, with the exception of the official cortege, we never beheld any public retinue so utterly despicable in appearance, nor so ill associated to the occasion. Solemnity, sorrow, and even decorum, were all equally dispensed with; and those, who had thus volunteered their escort, and the mob who witnessed it, seemed alike to forget that they were attending the obsequies of their lamented QUEEN. The Life Guards having returned, the Lord Mayor met the procession on Ludgate-hill,

preceded by the City Marshals and a few Officers. Sheriff Williams was in his Lordship's carriage, and Sheriff Waithman followed in the cavalcade. It was also joined by a few small bodies of itinerant journeymen of different descriptions, carrying banners. The Procession arrived at Mile-end at about five o'clock, and thence proceeded towards Bow, when very many of the pedestrians returned, completely wearied out. At Mile-end the Procession was joined by a deputation of seamen on foot, who proceeded as far as Stratford, when many more of the pedestrians and horsemen also returned. A deputation from Stratford were preceded by a purple banner; and, on the arrival of the cavalcade at Ilford, at half-past six, where the bells tolled and the flags were hoisted half staff high, as at all other places through which the Procession passed, the number of persons on horseback very much decreased, and was not augmented by any local deputation. From thence to Romford nothing occurred worthy of remark, except the continual desertion of curricles, and gigs, which had accompanied the Royal Corpse from the City.

The road from London to Ilford presented a scene which testified the customary eager curiosity of the people; but nothing was visible manifesting any other feeling than that which is usually excited by the loss of a fellow-creature; suddenly and unexpectedly removed by the inevitable stroke of death.

The Procession having proceeded at a more quick pace towards Romford, it arrived there at half-past seven; and about half a mile from the town, was met by about fifty persons, dressed in decent mourning, who preceded it's arrival at the White Hart Inn, where her Majesty's suite, &c. had ordered dinner.

During this time, the Corpse was stationed opposite the Church, and guarded by a party of the 4th Dragoons, until eleven o'clock; when orders were given to another squadron to escort the body to Chelmsford, while those who took charge of the Corpse on it's arrival, lined the road; and the cavalcade, unaccompanied by her Majesty's suite, immediately moved onwards.

The moon now shone cloudless through a most serene sky, and the immense funeral *cortege* was visible at a considerable distance, by the blaze of the numerous torches which lighted it to Ingatestone, where the dawn of day rendered them no longer necessary. The whole distance to Chelmsford was not accomplished until half-past four in the morning; and the cheerless distance was unbroken by the slightest interruption; for no expression either of anxiety or grief escaped from the silent groupes, roused half-naked from their beds, on the line of march. The clangour of the trumpets produced a sudden awakening of the slumbering inhabitants of Chelmsford, as their melancholy flourish struck the expectant ear of those who waited to receive the mortal remains of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. The church was lighted; and the pulpit hung with black velvet, emblazoned with the Royal arms. The chancel was also similarly decorated; and on either side were three smaller escocheons; in the intervals between which, silver sconces shed a chastened light over that part of the edifice, where all that remained of her, whose conduct had so lately agitated society to it's centre, was to repose for a few short hours. The escort which accompanied the body was here again relieved by the 4th Dragoons; and the cavalcade, halting at the great entrance, was received by the Rector and Curate, in full costume, with the churchwardens, clerk, and beadles. The massive coffin was then slowly removed to the chancel; and a solemn dirge performed on the organ, as the Corpse was deposited at the foot of the altar; day-light beaming long before the ceremony was concluded.

About twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the Funeral Procession again started for Colchester, whence it was intended to proceed the same evening for Harwich; which being, however, found impossible, the

conductors determined to halt there for the night. The Royal Body was consequently removed to St. Peter's Church, between eight and nine o'clock, and a guard placed over the Corpse. Whilst the body was so deposited; at midnight, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Wylde, Lord Hood, Signor Vassali, and Alderman Wood, followed it into the Chancel, where the executors ordered a person to mount the coffin, and screw upon it a new plate, brought for the purpose, with the inscription mentioned in the QUEEN's will.

Sir George Nayler immediately declared such a proceeding highly indecent and improper; and advised Mr. Thomas to remove it. The executors insisting that it should remain, a warm discussion arose. The church was, however, finally cleared; the offensive plate was removed, and the executors contented themselves with delivering a written Protest against this violation of their commands.

Soon after daybreak, the Procession again began it's march; and at eleven o'clock arrived at Windmill Hill, about a mile and a half on the London side of Harwich, moving at an excessively slow pace through the town to the water's edge. A Guard of Honour of the 6th Veteran Battalion were drawn up in the Naval Yard, and the Procession was met by Major Marston, at the head of four companies of the 86th. The troops reversing their arms, and the band playing *The Dead March in Saul.* On arriving at the esplanade, the band halted, and the troops divided and lined both sides of the jetty down to the sea, which was now near flood tide. The coffin was then taken out of the Royal hearse, and the Rector of Harwich, in full clerical habits, proceeded through the files of soldiery to the water's brink. The corners of the esplanade were occupied by the executors, and Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume, &c. with Sir George Nayler, bearing the QUEEN's Crown, immediately preceded her MAJESTY's remains. The first minute gun was then fired from Languard Fort, and the report and it's echoes rolled heavily over the intervening sea. The military which lined the approach to the boats lowered their ensigns to the ground; and the shrill wailing of the trumpets was heard in the distance. At a quarter after twelve, the coffin was lowered from the Platform by silken ropes into the chief galley of the Glasgow frigate, under the superintendance of Colonel Gosset, of the Engineers; the Mourners, Lord and Lady Hood, &c. &c. with the domestics, following immediately after the Corpse. The chief barge of the Pioneer schooner, which subsequently received the body, then hoisted the Royal standard; the sailors, habited in white shirts and trowsers with black neckcloths, rose in their places, with their faces turned to the Royal Corpse, on which the Crown was laid by the King of Arms, and it was towed by an eight oared man of war's barge a-head through the surge, accompanied by the other boats of the squadron, which was to escort the Royal Remains. On the coffin being received on board the Pioneer, the Royal flag was hoisted half mast high, and a favouring gale rapidly brought her alongside the Glasgow, to which vessel her late MAJESTY's remains were immediately transferred.

The Royal Corpse was then laid in state upon a bier in the principal cabin of the Glasgow, which had been fitted up to receive it: the sides, &c. being hung with black, and a canopy raised over the coffin, on each side of which were wax lights constantly kept burning, the armorial ensigns placed over the head, and the Crown and Cushion upon the Pall. It is a singular coincidence, that Captain Doyle, who had thus the charge of conveying the QUEEN's Remains in the Glasgow frigate, was the Midshipman who gave her MAJESTY the hand rope in coming up the side of the Jupiter, on her first embarkation for England, March 28th, 1795. The Royal Suite and official attendants being also received on board the several vessels composing the Funereal Squadron, on Friday, August 17th, they sailed, with a fair breeze, for Cuxhaven; and all that was

mortal of her, whom in death, as in life, had created so powerful an agitation, was conveyed for ever from that land, where, twenty-six years since, the thunder of it's artillery announced to her the heartfelt welcome of it's people; and now the awful echo of it's minute guns proclaimed their last and their eternal Farewell. The distance which the mournful Procession has to journey on the Continent, renders it impossible for us to conclude this account in our present pages; and the remaining particulars of the voyage and of the Royal interment are therefore necessarily delayed until our next Number.

The preceding narrative, however, demands some closing reflections, but they must be few and brief upon such a subject; and we have indeed hurried on the melancholy detail, for we dared not trust ourselves with enlargement, and were anxious to give only the various facts as they occurred, unchanged in their appearance by any colouring of our's. Her late MAJESTY is now no longer personally blended with the arts and acts of those, with whom Royalty was disgraced by associating; the QUEEN is now "gone to her account;" and while consigning her "dust to dust," with all the respect due to her high place, and all the sympathy claimed by her many sorrows; we would forget her errors, in the bitter atonement of her sufferings, and deeply appreciate the awful lesson of her sudden death.—But the proceedings at her MAJESTY's Funeral excite far other feelings, and claim far different remarks; and we conceive it would have been scarcely possible to have selected any modes of procedure more disrespectful to the deceased, more calculated to repress all feeling of solemnity, and more in opposition to the dying instructions of their departed QUEEN, than those adopted by the *cortege* which paraded our metropolis on the 14th of August. Banners, and music, and shouting, accompanied the progress of the Royal Hearse; and all of awe, and respect, and reverence, which usually attend the procession even of the humblest to the grave, were terrified from offering homage, where tumult and disorder usurped the place of stillness and tranquillity, and the Funeral Ceremonial called forth all the asperities of party malevolence, and factious opposition. Deeply do we regret, that the march of the dead to her last resting place should have been so ill suited to the sad occasion; and that those, who ought to have been her MAJESTY's mourning followers, should have interrupted it's melancholy progress with riotous outrage, and broken in upon it's awful solemnity with sacrilegious turbulence.—The pages which record the sacred obsequies of a QUEEN, ought not to have been sullied with the disgraceful details of conduct so insulting to the dead, and so mischievous to the living: and whatever diversity of feeling might have previously existed, it was at that awful moment equally due to the memory of the departed, and the solemnity of the occasion, to have committed her MAJESTY's ashes to the grave in peace; and to have remembered, that her death was an event which proclaimed to all,—"BE YE ALSO READY!"

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1821.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Mountain Bard: consisting of Legendary Ballads and Tales. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The third edition greatly enlarged; to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author's Life, written by himself. Edinburgh, 1821, 12mo. pp. 349.

EDUCATION, study, society, habits, and all those connective arts and encouragements that induce to the formation of our conduct, and influence our behaviour, may improve, and more extensively illustrate, the great and uncontroulable powers of nature and genius, those inborn and original gifts of a superior power; but they cannot create them. They may expand and beautify the blossom, but cannot form the seed. That will sometimes spring, and break into life, in cold and rayless climes, where even the glorious sun himself has not his wonted attributes of life and light,—but the sod and the soil cannot prevent it;—Nature will have it's way, and the assistance or opposition of art can only hasten or retard; certainly neither produce, nor destroy. Even granted that it is more effective that they should embrace each other, yet the former will prevail, even though the latter may not smile upon her. The garment that she wears may not be so decorous to every day habits and prejudices, but still it must be, in a measure, captivating, from the associations of feeling it will naturally inspire.

We have been led into these brief, and, we conceive and believe, correct observations, by the perusal of the very singular work whose title appears as the text of our present article, and which it is our willing service now to review.

Mr. Hogg, or to assume his more poetical title, "The Ettrick Shepherd," affords us the most convincing example of the brilliant success of the unassisted and unopposable efforts and effects of natural genius. Birth and chance made him one of humanity's humblest children,—nature one of it's most endowed ornaments. A shepherd, amongst Scotia's highlands and vallies, very often without even the shepherd's protection of his coat and crook, he still became a poet. He saw in the wilds and in the hovels, that were his companions, in the heavens and the elements that smiled or loured around him,—in the habits and the simplicity, the customs and the legends of his beloved and honoured country, objects worthy of his veneration and his love. Genius told him they were the signal-lights that would direct him to a safe and honourable haven,—the star of hope, that would work his bark amidst the dark night of his travel,—the inspiration and the inducement that would lead to a bright hereafter; and he now ranks among that Augustan phalanx of endowed, and admired characters, the legitimate, the unrivalled poets of the age in which it is our lot and satisfaction to exist.

As a singular and curious example of what we have been advancing, the piece of auto-biography, which forms a considerable part of the present volume, is deserving of, and affords considerable interest; but there is still much in it that creates a contrary feeling: much that is coarsely and inelegantly told, and a great deal that had been much better unsaid, for some of the conversations recorded are exceedingly gross, and had certainly have much better remained unwritten. We do not prove our assertions by quotation, for the wider the follies and failings of genius are promulgated, the

more danger will accrue to, and the more will the community suffer. We venture, however, to give an outline of the memoir which he has here furnished us of himself, presuming that none of our readers will differ from our opinion of considering it an interesting subject, and rather interestingly related. Mr. Hogg is indeed a phenomenon of the rarest kind among the Scottish authors. Of his vanity and egotism he makes no secret; but proud of his advance from the humblest rank of life by his own exertions, he speaks so entirely without disguise of his pretensions, that it has much the appearance of presumption. But the critic must be fastidious who would visit this offence with harshness; for James Hogg went to service as a herd-boy at the age of seven years, and has had no education but what he has acquired by his own diligence, and improved by his own zeal. Self-taught, and self-raised, is it surprising that he should be a little self-satisfied, and self-praised? It is not only natural, but allowable, that extraordinary men should have a licence beyond the common; and, we say it in a whisper, we are not sure that modesty in such is always a virtue.

James Hogg, born in 1772, is the second of four sons of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw. His progenitors have been shepherds in Ettrick for time immemorial; and when we speak of antiquity in families of this class in Scotland, we can assert, that the descent of many of them more resembles that of the patriarch and shepherd kings of old, than the brief annals of the poor. There are races of mere yeomen in this quarter of the country, who have held the same farms for centuries; and often has the name of the Lord been changed, while that of the vassal continued for generations from father to son the same. Hogg's father seems to have forsaken the simplicity of his ancestors' ways, and turned drover. This led to his ruin,—his stock was seized and sold, and he, with his helpless family, was turned out of doors, without a shelter, or a farthing in the world. James was then in his sixth year; a happy age for misfortune; though he tells us, that he remembers well the distress of his parents.

A Mr. Brydon took compassion upon them, and engaged the father as his shepherd. James had gone to school for a short time, and learnt to spell something of the shorter Catechism, and Solomon's Proverbs; and at another opportunity, got so far as into the class which read the bible, and to *try* writing; but at the age of 7, as we have mentioned, was compelled by the "downfall of his house" to hire himself as a cow-herd, having had, in all, about half a year's instruction. "This employment (says he), the worst and lowest known in our country, I was engaged in for several years under sundry masters, till at length I got into the more honourable one of keeping sheep. There is one circumstance, which has led some to imagine that my abilities as a servant had not been exquisite; namely, that when I was fifteen years of age I had served a dozen masters,—which circumstance I, myself, am rather willing to attribute to my having gone to service so young, that I was yearly growing stronger, and consequently adequate to a harder task and an encrease of wages: for I do not remember of ever having served a master who refused giving me a verbal recommendation to the next, especially for my inoffensive behaviour. This character, which I, some way or other, got at my very first outset, has, in some degree, attended me ever since, and has certainly been of utility to me; yet, though Solomon avers that 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' I declare that I have never been so much benefited by mine, but that I would have chosen the latter by many degrees. From some of my masters I received very hard usage; in particular, while with one shepherd, I was often nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. All this while I neither read nor wrote; nor had I access to any book save the Bible. I was greatly taken with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for them unto this day. Every little pittance that I earned of wages was carried directly to my parents, who supplied me with what clothes I had. These were often scarcely worthy of the appellation. In particular, I remember of being exceedingly scarce of shirts: time after time I had but two, which grew often so bad that I was obliged to quit wearing them altogether; for when I put them on, they hung down in long

tassels as far as my heels. At these times I certainly made a very grotesque figure; for, on quitting the shirt, I could never induce my trews, or lower vestments, to keep up to their proper sphere. There were no braces in those days. When fourteen years of age, I saved five shillings of my wages, with which I bought an old violin. This occupied all my leisure hours, and has been my favourite amusement ever since. I had commonly no spare time from labour during the day; but when I was not over-fatigued, I generally spent an hour or two every night in sawing over my favourite old Scottish tunes,—my bed being always in stables and cow-houses, I disturbed nobody but myself."

At length, while serving as a shepherd, of all menial lives the most favourable to the developement of natural genius, in his 18th year, he first got "a perusal of the life and adventures of Sir William Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd," the effect of which, he tells us, was, that "though immoderately fond of them, yet (what you will think remarkable in one who hath since dabbled so much in verses) I could not help regretting deeply that they were not in prose, that every body might have understood them; or, I thought if they had been in the same kind of metre with the Psalms, I could have borne with them. The truth is, I made exceedingly slow progress in reading them. The little reading that I had learned, I had nearly lost, and the Scottish dialect quite confounded me; so that, before I had got to the end of a line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one; and if I came to a triplet, a thing of which I had no conception, I commonly read to the foot of the page without perceiving that I had lost the rhyme altogether. I thought the author had been straitened for rhymes, and had just made a part of it do as well as he could without them. Thus, after I had got through both works, I found myself much in the same predicament with the man of Eskdalemuir, who had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbour. On returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. 'I dinna ken, man,' replied he; 'I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!' The late Mrs. Laidlaw of Willenslee took some notice of me, and frequently gave me books to read while tending the ewes; these were chiefly theological. The only one, that I remember any thing of, is 'Bishop Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth.' Happy it was for me that I did not understand it! for the little of it that I did understand had nearly overturned my brain altogether. All the day I was pondering on the grand millenium, and the reign of the saints; and all the night dreaming of new heavens and a new earth,—the stars in horror and the world in flames! Mrs. Laidlaw also gave me sometimes the newspapers, which I pored on with great earnestness,—beginning at the date, and reading straight on, through advertisements of houses and lands, balm of Gilead, and every thing; and, after all, was often no wiser than when I began. To give you some farther idea of the progress I had made in literature,—I was about this time obliged to write a letter to my elder brother, and, having never drawn a pen for such a number of years, I had actually forgot how to make sundry of the letters of the alphabet: these I had either to print, or to patch up the words in the best way I could without them."

This was in 1790; and in 1793, when twenty-one years of age, and having had in the interim access to more valuable books, he began to attempt verse. His debut was made in a poetical epistle to an acquaintance of his, a student of divinity. Having broken the ice, James Hogg went on to write minor pieces of poetry, among which he mentions as the first "really his own," an address to the Duke of Buccleugh, in beha'f o' mysel' and ither poor fock; and afterwards songs and eclogues; all of which, he says, produced in his first year, were miserably bad. Ballads and pastorals succeeded to these, and these were in turn followed by nothing less than a Comedy, called *The Scotch Gentleman*, and founded on a trial of some persons prosecuted for fishing at an improper season, in which the author was a witness. This whimsical design was executed under as whimsical circumstances; and Mr. Hogg says—

"On reading it to an Ettrick audience, which I have several times done, it never

failed to produce the most extraordinary convulsions of laughter. The whole of the third act is taken up with the examination of the fishers; and many of the questions asked, and answers given in court, are literally copied. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but, in place of it, I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork affixed by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, I had *nothing* to do but to sit down and write my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose; I cannot make out one sentence by study, without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise. I never write two copies of the same thing.

"My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper, and then I write it down as fast as the A, B, C. When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being, as you very well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice."

From this period there is little worthy of record, till 1800, when our shepherd bard wrote two acts of a Tragedy; but dropped the task in dudgeon, on it's demerits being pointed out by a friend. In 1801, he published the pastoral of *Willie an' Keatie*, founded on some peasant amour of his, with other pieces; a transaction which he regrets as one of the most unadvised of his life. *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in 1802, inspired him with other projects; and, we presume, led to the compositions which constitute the "*Mountain Bard*," the chief portion of which appeared soon after that time.

The author next goes on to relate incidents of a more private nature,—his resolution to settle in the Highlands, his disappointments, his being reduced once more to take to the shepherd's crook and servitude as a means of subsistence, and his being encouraged in his literary labours, by Mr. (now Sir) Walter Scott. He got two prizes from the Highland Society, for Essays on the Rearing and Management of Sheep, and £86 from Mr. Constable, the bookseller, for the same performances. To this sum, the proceeds of the Mountain Bard, published partly by subscription, being added, the whole amounted to about £300; which enormous fortune turned the poet's brain. He took large farms, which required infinitely greater capital, and struggled on for three years with encreasing difficulties: his creditors then took all, and he "came off and left them." We cannot say that we approve of his sentiments or behaviour on this occasion; as he says,

"None of these matters had the least effect in depressing my spirits,- I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate. On returning again to Ettrick Forest, I found the countenances of all my friends altered, and even those whom I had loved, and trusted most, disowned me, and told me so to my face; but I laughed at and despised these persons, resolving to shew them, by and by, that they were in the wrong. Having appeared as a poet, and a speculative farmer beside, no one would now employ me as a shepherd. I even applied to some of my old masters, but they refused me, and for a whole winter I found myself without employment, and without money, in my native country; therefore, in February 1810, in utter desperation, I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be done, to push my fortune as a literary man. It is true, I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolved to use it only as a staff, never as a crutch; and would have kept that resolve, had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, booksellers, editors of magazines, &c. for employment. Any of these were willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going not a farthing; and this suited me very ill."

Mr. Constable, however, at length published *The Border Minstrel*, a collection of Songs, of which two-thirds were Hogg's; but it brought no profit. A weekly literary newspaper was the next speculation, and the account of it is characteristic enough to be quoted. The author speaking of himself, states,—

"All this time I had never been once in any polished society,—had read next to none,—was now in the 38th year of my age, and knew no more of human life or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something; but, on finding myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as being obnoxious to all genius. My plan was, to begin a literary weekly paper, a work for which I certainly was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me.—No; not one of them would print it without a bookseller's name to it as publisher. 'D—n them,' said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, 'the folks here are all combined in a body.' Mr. Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me, he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr. Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for £10 worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentlemen, whom he named, should contribute. At length, I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicolson-street, whom I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms; and on the 1st of September, 1810, my first number made its appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price fourpence.

"A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he delivered gratis. They showed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis; 'so they are,' said he; 'I take nothing for the delivery; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please.'

"This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence, was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making, since my arrival in Edinburgh in February last. On the publication of the two first numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but, on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidity and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read."

The result was, that *The Spy* was given up at the end of a year, with some loss upon it to most concerned, and little gain to any one. Mr. Hogg next figured as Secretary to the Forum, a debating Society, which he thinks improved his faculties much, though it did nothing for his purse; and upon this subject he wrote a musical farce, but it has never seen the light. His principal work, *The Queen's Wake*, was soon after conceived and produced. The copy, with 200 self-procured subscribers, he sold to Mr. Constable, with liberty to print 1000, for £100; but was unluckily induced to swerve from his agreement, and give the publication on higher terms to an inferior bookseller. The consequence was ultimately injurious to his interests, though the poem, which came forth in 1813, was very successful, going through several editions. Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller, having behaved in a friendly manner to Hogg when the bankruptcy of his publisher deranged his interests; thus was laid the foundations of an intimacy, which led to the Ettrick Shepherd's becoming an active contributor to the Magazine, established by that gentleman.

Mr. Hogg now became so well known to the public, that we are released from the task of going minutely over his course. *The Hunting of Badlewe*, an unsuccessful tragedy, followed the Queen's Wake, and to this succeeded *Mador of the Moor*, of which it's author asserts—

"There is no doubt whatever, that my highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme are contained in some of the descriptions of nature in that poem, and in the Ode to Superstition which follows it."

A long account of negociations with booksellers furnishes no novelty. Some rejected, and others took the risks offered: some who rejected did it bluntly, others in a manner which is blamed as insincerity; and some, who speculated highest, never paid. All this is the business of every day, and of every publisher. They are in a trade, on the emoluments of which they have to depend; and it is but a fair tribute to their character as a

body of men, to declare that literary talent is as deeply indebted to their general liberality for encouragement, as reason can justify, and often far more so than merely prudential motives would warrant. Mr Hogg's next poem, the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, pre-doomed by the blue stockings in Edinburgh and London, was rather well received. His next adventure was to collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a handsome volume. "I either (he states) applied personally, or by letter, to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Moirhead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others, all of whom sent me very ingenious and beautiful poems. Wordsworth afterwards reclaimed his; and although Lord Byron and Rogers both promised, neither of them ever performed. I believe they intended it, but some other concerns of deeper moment had put it out of their heads. Mr Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. What occasioned it, I do not know, as I accounted myself certain of his support from the beginning, and had never asked any thing of him all my life that he refused. It was in vain that I represented, that I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it. He remained firm in his denial, which I thought very hard; so I left him in high dudgeon, sent him a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him again for many a day. I could not even endure to see him at a distance, I felt so degraded by the refusal; and I was, at that time, more disgusted with all mankind than I had ever been before, or have ever been since. I began, with a heavy heart, to look over the pieces I had received, and lost all hope of my project succeeding. They were, indeed, all very well; but I did not see that they possessed such merit as would give celebrity to any work; and after considering them well, I fancied that I could write a better poem than any that had been sent, or would be sent to me, and this so completely in the style of each poet, that it should not be known but for his own production. It was this conceit that suggested to me the idea of *The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain.*" This plan was completed in little more than three weeks, and the publication sold tolerably well. In the periodical way, he confesses himself to have been the writer of the celebrated *Chaldee Manuscript*, which caused such party virulence in Edinburgh. Having transmitted it to Mr. Blackwood, he adds,—

"On first reading it, he never thought of publishing it, but some of the rascals to whom he showed it, after laughing at it, by their own accounts, till they were sick, persuaded him, nay, almost forced him to insert it; for some of them went so far as to tell him, that if he did not admit that inimitable article, they would never speak to him again so long as they lived. Needless, however, it is now to deny, that they interlarded it with a good deal of deviltry of their own, which I had never thought of; and one who had a principal hand in these alterations has never yet been named as an aggressor. I declare, I never once dreamed of giving any body offence by that droll article."

Such is a sketch of the Ettrick Shepherd's autobiography.

In the year 1801, it appears, then, our author launched his first public essay in the walk of poesy; but the reception it met with, and the return, as a whole, that it deserved, was not such an one as tended very much to flatter his vanity, or to amend his circumstances. Indeed he himself confesses that the pieces in the volume "were bad stuff," and when the parent has such a weak opinion of his own bantling, it is surely that less prejudiced eyes see with different feelings. Shortly after this the work appeared which forms the body of the production at present before us. We mean the tales and old traditional ballads which were published under the title of *The Mountain Bard*, for the present is only as it professes to be an enlargement and continuation of that publication. We quote the passage which relates to its first being presented to the world:—

"Mr Scott had encouraged the publication of the work in some letters that he sent me; consequently I went to Edinburgh to see about it. He went with me to Mr Constable, who received me very kindly, but told me frankly, that my poetry would not sell. I said, *I thought it as good as any body's I had seen.* He said, that might be, but that nobody's poetry would sell, it was the worst that came to market, and that he found; but as I appeared to be a gay queer chiel, if I could procure him 200 subscribers, he

would publish my work for me, and give me as much for it as he could I did not like the subscribers much but having no alternative, I accepted the conditions Before the work was ready for publication, I had got upwards of 500 subscribers, and Mr Constable, who by that time, had conceived a better opinion of the work, gave me half guinea copies for all my subscribers, and a letter for a small sum over and above I have forgot how much, but upon the whole he acted with great liberality He gave me likewise that same year £86 for that celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep, and I was now richer than I had ever been before.'

Notwithstanding this was what might be termed a good start for our enthusiast the course he afterwards ran was by no means easy or unencumbered by difficulties and dangers, and if his character, and strength had not been firm set, and lasting, he would never have reached the prize of competitive success which he at present deservedly enjoys From the time of the publication of the Mountain Bard down to that more propitious period when his most fortunate and happily conceived work, the Queen's Wake, made its appearance he continued to write and publish to speculate and adventure both in prose and verse Few, however, of his chances turned out adequate prizes and we do not believe that many of them yet live in grateful odour among the reading portion of mortals The following he gives as the origin of this fanciful and amusing work —

" During the time that the Forum was going on, the poetry of Walter Scott and Lord Byron had made a great noise I had published some pieces in the *Spy*, that Grieve,' (a sincere friend, adviser, and patron of Hogg's) " thought exceedingly good, and nothing would serve him but that I should take the field once more as a poet, and try my fate with others I promised, and having some ballads or metrical tales by me, which I did not like to lose, I planned *The Queen's Wake*, in order that I might take these all in and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed I was very anxious to read it to some person of taste but no one would either read it, or listen to me reading it, save Grieve, who assured me it would do'

And his friend was right It did succeed for there are jewels of poetry in it that would not disgrace the splendid wreath that encircles the brow of the most fortunate and graced poet of any age or country Mr Hogg subsequently gave to the world the poems of *Mador of the Moor*, *Ode to Superstition* *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, and *The Poetic Mirror*,—works of considerable, but of unequal merit They were unfortunate only inasmuch as they did not at all rival the beauties and effects of their great precursor, they were lights in the hemisphere of genius and originality, but they were subordinate ones, they were the stars and the satellites only, not the first glory or constellation of the system. The extract we now think it necessary to make, is one which reflects considerable credit on the narrator himself, and argues very strongly for the goodness of heart and generous feelings of Scotland's first and honoured Bard The liberality and charity evinced by this great and we believe good character, is the more striking, from Hogg having, as we have noticed, previously misjudged, and openly quarrelled with and abused him, in an intemperate letter which he addressed to this his illustrious patron and supporter.

" This brings me to an anecdote which I must relate, though with little credit to myself one that I never reflect on but with feelings of respect, admiration, and gratitude I formerly mentioned that I had quarrelled with Mr Walter Scott It is true that I had all the quarrel on my own side, no matter for that, I was highly offended, exceedingly angry, and shunned all communication with him for a twelvemonth He heard that I was ill, and that my trouble had assumed a dangerous aspect Every day, on his return from the Parliament House, he called at Messrs Grieve and Scott's, to inquire after my health, with much friendly solicitude And this, too, after I had renounced his friendship, and told him that I held both it and his literary talents in contempt One day, in particular, he took Mr Grieve aside, and asked him if I had proper attendants and an able physician, Mr G assured him that I was carefully attended to, and had the skill of a professional gentleman, in whom I had the most implicit confidence ' I would fain have called,' said he, ' but I knew not how I would be received I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health And, in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for

I shall see it paid. Poor Hogg! I would not for all that I am worth in the world, that any thing serious should befal him.'

"As Mr. Grieve had been enjoined, he never mentioned this circumstance to me. I accidentally, however, came to the knowledge of it some months afterwards. I then questioned him as to the truth of it, when he told me it all, very much affected. I went straight home, and wrote an apology to Mr. Scott, which was heartily received, and he invited me to breakfast next morning, adding, that he was longing much to see me. The same day, as we were walking round St. Andrew's Square, I endeavoured to make the cause of our difference the subject of our conversation, but he eluded it. I tried it again some days afterwards, seated in his study, but he again parried it with equal dexterity; so that I have been left to conjecture what could have been his motive in refusing so peremptorily the trifle that I had asked of him. I know him too well to have the least suspicion that there could be any selfish or unfriendly feeling in the determination that he adopted; and I can account for it in no other way, than by supposing that he thought it mean in me to attempt either to acquire gain or name, by the efforts of other men; and that it was much more honourable, to use a proverb of his own, 'that every herring should hang by its own head.'"

Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr. Hogg has published two volumes of *Dramatic Tales*, — *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, a novel after the style of the celebrated Scotch novels, *Winter Evening Tales*, *Sacred Melodies*, *The Border Garland*, and, more recently, two volumes of *Jacobite Relics*. Of those the Brownie of Bodsbeck is deservedly the most known, and is indeed a very interesting production. The old Covenanters, their endurance of misfortune, and their shifts for life and their faith, are faithfully delineated. The renowned John Balfour, of Burley, and the Claverhouse of Old Mortality, are also, though in different dresses, actors in the scene. But as we are not called upon to review the several, and separate, works of our author, we continue the brief narrative we have attempted, of his rise in life and fame, by repeating, that he has of late ventured upon another style of authorship, that of being a considerable contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. Indeed, in addition to what we before noticed, he informs us, "that he had the honour of being the beginner and almost sole instigator of that celebrated work." We recollect in some of the earlier numbers of this really clever and facetious periodical, reading some exquisite little pieces of poetry, which we fathered upon the Shepherd, but we were not before aware how much of the frailties and triumphs which the work in question has discovered were to be placed upon his shoulders. We are almost sceptical now, and cannot but help fancying, but that like many of the Blackwood articles, he is adventuring a hoax upon us, for we surmise, that the labour he has fixed upon himself has too much of the atlantean about it for his abilities to walk under.

We believe we have now enumerated all the productions of Mr. Hogg's genius which merit the record of other pages than his own. He still, we believe, continues to write, and does not allow himself to sit down idle, or to satisfy himself with the fruits and honours which his numerous publications of fifteen volumes in seven years have already procured him. It is, however, a pleasing reflection to us, as real admirors of natural genius, as it must be a delightful one to him, to know and feel, that the enterprizes which nature under great disadvantages led him to adopt, have not been forlorn hopes; and that the perseverance and laudable ambition of his youthful days have not been exerted in vain; that the promises of boyhood have blossomed into rich performances of maturer life, have exchanged the wind-surrounded and weather-beaten hovel for a mansion and a fireside; and that the deserted and solitary and almost unclad shepherd boy, has found friends, companions, and admirers, which none of his mountain visions could have whispered to his heart.

We had intended giving extracts from some of the poetical pieces in this volume; but find we cannot, without injury to the whole, produce a part, and, therefore, can only assure our readers, that they will find many very pleasing and characteristic poems in *The Mountain Bard*, which will repay them for the search we recommend may be made for them. Speaking, in conclusion, of the entire publication, we again repeat that it is not without faults, and that many of it's passages are very amenable to severe reproof,

But still some of them may possibly be accounted for from the peculiarity of the circumstances, or the characters of the people, who are supposed to call them forth. We believe Mr. Hogg, from an ingenuous mind and a desire to give the whole truth, forgot that it is not to be spoken at all times, and that he made what he conceives to be necessity a plea for every thing else. With these reservations, however, we give our vote of content to *The Mountain Bard*, and our recommendation and introduction of it to our readers, sincerely wishing that the "Ayes may have it." Δ

Don Juan, Cantos III., IV., and V. 8vo. pp. 218. London, 1821.

Published apparently without a publisher; sent into the world with the same mystery as the two former Cantos; and given forth anonymously, though every one is aware that Lord Byron is the author; we have at length another portion of *Don Juan*, and are furnished with another motive to deplore the abasement of the mighty powers of the first poet of our age, and the sacrifice of talents, which perhaps scarcely ever were, or ever will be, exceeded. The noble Poet's readers must not, however, estimate those talents from the specimen before us, as there are in it very many halt lines, unpoetical inaccuracies, and unallowable rhymes; and though much is surpassingly beautiful, some is very mediocre, and some is every thing, that it ought not to be. Prohibited as we are from quoting at random, we must therefore endeavour briefly to describe the story, and quote where we may. The second Canto left *Don Juan* and *Haidée* entirely happy :—

"On the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was solitude, and they were wed;
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise."

The third Canto commences,—

"Hail, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping,
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
Or know who rested there; a foe to rest
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears."

The noble Bard then tells us that "*Haidée* and *Juan* were not married," and cautions the reader who dislikes such doings, to shut the book, alleging that,—

"There's doubtless something in domestic doings,
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death, or of the Lady."

The lovers' happiness, however, is interrupted by the return of *Haidée's* father, *Lambro*, the pirate, who, instead of being dead, had only

"Pursued o'er the high-seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a Sea-attorney."

Made a great many rich captures, and numerous prisoners, of whom,—

"Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard unsaleable, (being old);

The rest,—save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,
Were link'd alike; as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli."

This excellent gentleman now returns home; and his impressions on approaching his own abode are good, and as amusing as any part of the work:—

" Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill;—
With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'er-leap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting post.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires,—
A female family's a serious matter;
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires,
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler."

Lambro is, of course, rather surprised at his return to find a sumptuous banquet, and to learn that his daughter, having heard that he was dead, had taken full possession of the premises. His feelings and his affection are finely pourtrayed: though in every instance the finest sentiment is rapidly succeeded by the broadest humour:—

" He enter'd in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying;
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
And round it's once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

He enter'd in the house,—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome; *there* he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen;
A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with blindness.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging,
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The ocean, when it's yeasty war is waging,
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by it's own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

It is a hard, although a common case,
To find our children running restive,—they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay;
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company,—the gout and stone.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing,
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her);
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).

'A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven shilling pieces.'

The long and labour'd account of the splendid rooms and the more splendid banquet are succeeded by the following description of *Haidée*.—

"Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person, if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some *Zephyr* caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife,—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel!

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom) but in vain,
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touch'd with henna, but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.'

The establishment of Don Juan was very complete, for he had in his suite, besides dwarfs and dancing-girls, a regular poet laureate, who, we are informed, "In Greece would sing some sort of hymn like this to ye."—

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea,
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush,—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no,—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!"

"Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling,—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers."

We have next a long digression of satirical severity on some contemporary poets, and one or two endeavours to persuade his readers, that Lord Byron is not so bad as people generally think him.

"Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line;
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning, when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it was to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic;
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
Perhaps no better than they have treated me
Who have imputed such designs as show
Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see;
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here."

This entire canto, however, contains little of the narrative of *Don Juan*: in the fourth the author enters more largely on the subject; and the happiness of the youthful pair appears complete:—

"They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years,—the river
Damm'd from its fountain,—the child from the knee
And breast maternal, wean'd at once for ever,
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart."

This happiness was doomed to be but of short duration; for while the frightful dreams of *Haidée* are foreboding evil, *Lambro* enters the apartment, and, after a stout resistance, bears away his daughter and *Don Juan* is carried captive to his galliots.

The fate of *Haidée* is, however, still more melancholy; on being torn from her *Juan*, and seeing him cut down, she bursts a blood vessel, and refusing all medical aid, dies the victim of love and disappointment.

"Thus lived,—thus died she; nevermore on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful,—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea shore, whereon she loved to dwell."

Juan's new companions were a troop of "amusing vagabonds," his fellow prisoners; a company of opera singers captured by the pirate off Liverno, who are very humourously described by a Signor *Raucocanti*, the buffo of the party. At Constantinople, where this valuable freight is to be disposed of, *Juan* is sold for a slave, and purchased for one of the Sultan's wives; but he still too deeply deplores his lost home, to love another; he is, however, on the point of becoming faithless, when *Gulleyaz* receives notice of her Lord's approach, and *Juan*, who had been disguised as one of her female attendants, takes his place amongst them, when in this perplexity,—the curtain falls!—

"Thus far our chronicle; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter; but 'tis time,
According to the ancient epic laws,
To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth Canto meet with due applause,
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps,
You'll pardon to my Muse a few short naps!"

So finishes Canto Five: and if the right honourable author continues to purify his verses as he proceeds, perhaps Canto Twenty-five may possibly be written in a style sufficiently devoid of objectionable language, and improper allusions, to allow of it's being read aloud, and introduced to the ladies. Much, however, very much yet remains to be accomplished, for it is very certain, that the present volume is far from being what it should be. The Cantos before us realize none of the legitimate objects of Poetry,—nor will any one rise the better from their perusal. Though there is an evident improvement when compared with their predecessors, yet there is still the same display of voluptuous enjoyment; and the same sarcastic trifling with the higher feelings of our nature; but there is not the same revolting indecency,—the same defiance of the laws of God, and the institutions of society; and the same heartless and hopeless profligacy. We hope and argue from this, that with all his pride, the author is not insensible to the voice of public indignation. He has felt the just severity of the critical lash, and the following flippant acknowledgment has, we think, more of real humility in it than appears at first sight:—

"Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth;
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needle's eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two Cantos into families.
'Tis all the same to me, I'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollet, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;
I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks, which now it shan't."

Our readers have now probably, for the present, at least, had enough both of the author and his hero; and we bid both farewell, in the hope of finding them much improved, the next time we have the pleasure of meeting them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Sold at the late James Asperne's, 32, *Cornhill.*

REGAL HERALDRY. The Armorial Insignia of the Kings and Queens of England, from coeval authorities. By Thomas Willement, heraldic artist to his Majesty King George the Fourth. Quarto, 2*l*. 2*s*. The work contains thirty-seven interesting heraldic plates, many of which are emblazoned in colours; there are also seven emblematical head-pieces. The whole of the engravings are etchings by the author.

The Aged Pastor, a Biographical Sketch of the Rev. H. Field, late minister of the Congregational Church at Blandford, by Richard Keynes, 8vo.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Third Part of the Physiognomical Portraits will be published on the 15th of September, and will contain ten beautiful engravings, each by a different artist, accompanied by concise Biographical Notices, in English and French. The Portraits will consist of Albert, Prince Aremberg; Oliver Cromwell; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Desiderius Erasmus; Diego Philip de Guzman; Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; John Pym; Sir Richard Steele; Charles Edward Stuart; and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. A reprint of No. 1, upon the improved plan, will be delivered to the Subscribers, *gratis*, with the above.

Mrs. Sidney Stanhope, author of Mont Brazil Abbey, The Bandit's Bride, &c.&c. has in the press an historical romance, in 4 vols. called The Festival of Mora, which will be published in the month of September.

A Series of twelve Illustrations for Crabbe's Poems, and another Series of six for Moore's Lalla Rookh, will be published in a few days. They are from designs by Corbould, and were originally engraved for a periodical publication. Only a few proof impressions on French paper were taken off for sale, as distinct illustrations of the Poems to which they refer.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the affections usually denominated Bilious, comprising an impartial estimate of the merits of the Nitro-Muriatic Bath. By George Darling, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

A new edition of Mr. Cuthbert Johnson's Essay on the Uses of Salt in Agriculture and Horticulture, is in the press, and will appear in the course of a few days. It will be improved by the results of the Experiments of Messrs. Curwen and Cartwright, and numerous other Practical Farmers; and, by favour of the Board of Agriculture, will also be enriched with those of Mr. Sinclair, of Woburn Abbey.

Preparing for the press, A Gradus ad Heleconem, or Greek Gradus, to answer to the Gradus ad Parnassum, by the Rev. J. W. Niblock, Master of the Grammar School, Hitchin, Herts.

Speedily will be published, in one handsome volume 8vo, Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic; to which are added, Practical Details for the Information of Emigrants of every Class, and some Recollections of the United States of America. By John Howison, Esq.

A New Translation of Faustus, from the German of Goethe, will be published in a few days, in 8vo. with a portrait of the author; and in 4to. with a series of twenty-seven outlines to illustrate the above-mentioned Tragedy. Engraved by H. Moses, after the originals of Retsch.

Preparing for publication, A Bibliographical Dictionary of English Literature, from the year 1700 to the end of the year 1820, containing the title of every principal Work, which has appeared in Great Britain during that period, together with the date of publication, it's price, and the publisher's name, as far as they can possibly be ascertained; alphabetically arranged under the names of their respective authors, and under the subject matter of each anonymous publication. By I. H. Glover.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 8vo, History of the Literature of Spain and Portugal, by Frederick Boutenoek, translated from the German.

Mr. Frederick Nash is making a Drawing of the Ceremony of the Coronation in Westminster Abbey, which is to be immediately engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Charles Turner; size, 12 inches by 14.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"Veluti in Speculum."

DRURY LANE.

JUNE 30. This evening will be memorable for her late Majesty's last visit to the Theatre, during which she was seized with the severe, and fatal indisposition, that in eight days consigned her to the tomb. We disturb not now the ashes of the dead, we break not the sacred repose and silence of the sepulchre by reverting to the past, over which memory would gladly draw her darkest veil; and thus consign to "dumb forgetfulness," what should have been never known.

"Though now unqueen'd, inter her like a Queen,
And pay respect to that which she hath been!"

Mr. Kean, whose squabbles with the American managers have been as much protruded upon the public as if they afforded grounds for another American war, again re-appeared to-night as Richard, and looked, and acted exactly, as he did "i' the olden times." His performance was scarcely a shade altered; or, if altered, certainly for the worse, including in it's course, unintelligible drawls, great effects, and electrifying passages, but as a whole, wanting truth, and without consistency.

Aug. 1. To-night after Reynolds's Comedy of "*The Dramatist*," was introduced a new representation of the late splendours of Westminster Hall and Abbey. This certainly seemed a bold attempt, after the indulgence of public curiosity in the striking anticipation at Covent Garden; and the display of solid grandeur and various beauty, the living pomp and countless multitudes of the actual Coronation. The Manager's courage, however, found deserved favour with fortune, for giving an exhibition of great accuracy, splendid interest, and real magnificence. Without entering into invidious contrasts, it is obvious that in accuracy the Drury Lane display has enjoyed an important advantage from it's following the Coronation in point of time; and in fact those who were luckless enough to have failed of seeing that noble ceremony. may lay "the flattering unction" to their curiosity, that they may here witness nearly all from which they were previously shut out by barriers and Bow-street officers. The rising of the curtain displayed an excellent panoramic view of the platform, exactly according with the original construction, the Grenadiers presenting arms to the procession, the balconies crowded to the summit, and above them all, the grey towers of the Abbey, and St. Margaret's laurel wreathed steeple. Distant music then announced the Procession, which advanced to the encreasing sounds of trumpet and drum, and was true in all but numbers; the same succession of Prelate, and Judge, and Knight, and Herald, and Peer, and Prince; with the same various richness of costume. Even the numbers were maintained with more closeness than could have been expected, for a very extended cavalcade passed along the platform; and the approach of the Royal Canopy actually excited something of the feeling produced by the genuine presence of royalty. The audience generally rose, and Elliston, who bore the honours of the night, was vastly applauded. He was dressed in what seemed the exact regal costume, and, so far as embroidered habit and plumed hat, and princely bearing, looked extremely kingly. His train was borne by pages, very handsomely attired, and the procession closed with a respectable cohort of yeomen. The display of the Crowning followed,—very showy, very correct, and perfectly equal to satisfy reasonable curiosity. The architecture of the Abbey was well copied, and the gothic glory of that superb pile correctly introduced. This scene included the whole of the *Sacrarium*, the altar, the pulpit, the platform and throne, St. Edward's Chair, and every other portion of the gorgeous paraphernalia, and was terminated by the music gallery and organ. The effect of which, glowing in all the brilliancy of gold, and velvet, and feathers, and diamonds, and Coronets, was as near the original, as any representation could be. The ceremonial was also as strictly adhered to as the costume, and the rites proceeded until the moment of the Peers' homage.

The closing of the King's inauguration allowed the eye and ear to rest for a while on a little interlude, in which Knight, as a peasant, come to town to see the wonders of the day, sang a tolerable string of loyal rhymes, which were encored. This was followed by songs from Miss Cubitt and T. Cooke, when the scene opened on Westminster Hall. An admirable view, the roof perfect, the lights blazing, the galleries picturesque, and the throne, the tables, and the train below as exact as it was possible to make it, in an area of this extent. A railed platform had previously been laid across the pit from the centre box to the orchestra, of which a small pavillion under the box formed the entrance, where the Bishops and King advanced in the inauguration scene, and across this bridge marched Trumpeters, Yeomen, Pages, Heralds, and Esquires in mail. The Herald proclaimed his Monarch's right, and his master's challenge with becoming

spirit, and on the third blast of the trumpet, forth rode the champion in his steel panoply, followed by the Earl Marshal, and the Lord High Constable in full glory, with plumes on their horses' heads, and coronets on their own, the gauntlet was thrown down, and returned; and when the procession advanced nearer to the Throne, the ceremony was repeated. The golden cup was then presented, and the Champion's health of George the Fourth was succeeded by peals of applause which shook the Theatre; when the warrior withdrew *selon le regle*, with his face to the Throne, managing his charger in a most enviable style of horsemanship. The curtain then fell upon the most correct and splendid spectacle which we have ever witnessed, but was very speedily raised to gratify the unanimous demand for "God *save the King!*" which was sung and chorussed with all the enthusiasm and effect, which the occasion so particularly called forth. The house was full, and has continued nightly crowded ever since. Mr. Elliston's spirit and liberality most amply deserve this patronage, and it will, we very sincerely hope, be as profitable to him, as it is gratifying to the public.—Crowning his Coronation with substantial success.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
July 26. Othello—Spectre Bridegroom.
27. New Way to Pay Old Debts—Giovanni in London.
28. No Performance.
30. Richard III—Spectre Bridegroom.
31. Dramatists—Ditto.
Aug. 1 Ditto—Coronation—Spectre Bridegroom.
2. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
3. Ellen Rosenburg—Ditto—Ditto.
4. Inkle and Yarico—Ditto—Ditto
6. Ways and Means—Ditto—Ditto.
7. Mountaineers—Ditto—Ditto.
8. Closed on account of her Majesty's decease.
9. Liar—Coronation—Giovanni in London.
10. Jew—Ditto—Spectre Bridegroom
11. Children in the Wood—Ditto—Giovanni in London.

1821.
13. Cheque on my Banker—Coronation—Spectre Bridegroom.
14. Closed on account of her Majesty's Funeral.
15. Cheque on my Banker — Coronation—Spoiled Child.
16. Jew—Ditto—Giovanni in London.
17. Liar—Ditto—Spectre Bridegroom.
18. Cheque on my Banker—Ditto—How to Die for Love.
20. Ditto—Ditto—Weathercock.
21. Mountaineers—Ditto—How to Die for Love
22. Cheque on my Banker — Ditto — Mayor of Garrat.
23. Ditto—Ditto—Spectre Bridegroom.
24 Ditto—Ditto—Midnight Hour.
25. Jew—Ditto—Day after the Wedding.
27. Magpie—Ditto—Mayor of Garratt.

COVENT GARDEN.

Aug. 7. After announcements, and re-announcements, promises and delays, to-night this Theatre actually closed it's doors for the *Winter* season; to the no small gratulation of it's *Summer* competitors, who have been for some time past looking and longing for "a consummation, so devoutly to be wished."

The dexterity with which this house constantly avails itself of popular attractions, was never more strikingly displayed than by the magnificent revival of the Second part of "*Henry the Fourth*,", in which the Coronation of *Henry the Fifth* allowing an immediate application to the topic of the day, was prepared with great splendour, and those thousands who were destined to be disappointed of seeing the national celebration, solaced themselves with a fair similitude of the future pomps within the walls of Covent Garden. The Play was well arranged and well performed. Macready's *Henry the Fourth* was a touching and powerful representation of a regal spirit sinking under disease, yet retaining to the last it's sense of authority. The famous soliloquy on Sleep, and the reproof to his son on removing the Diadem, were excellent, and Kemble's *Prince Harry* was gallant and graceful. His answer to the King's upbraidings was admirable, and his final assumption of Royalty, had the bearing and stateliness of Sovereignty. Fawcett as *Falstaff*, we have before said, was very fat and pleasant, but Farren's *Justice Shallow* was the best portrait of the lackbrain Magistrate within our memory. Nothing could be happier than his imitation of the nervelessness of a feeble mind, made still feebler by the exhaustion of the body. His pointless jokes, and empty recollections, and affected frolic, were in the most pregnant spirit of vapidity. The Coronation then developed it's glories, and for twenty seven successive evenings, drew crowds of admiring gazers. Every thing below the sun, however, must at sometime have an end, and to-night

King Kemble abdicated his royalty; when, upon the dropping of the curtain, after the play, Mr. Fawcett, the Stage Manager, came forward and thus addressed the audience.

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" I present myself to perform an unpleasant part of my duty, that of taking leave of you, but I derive consolation from the hope, that the separation will be of short duration. A retrospective glance at our campaign affords matter for gratitude and exultation, for you have generously patronized us by your approval, and our most gracious Monarch has twice honoured us by the sanction of his name and presence. Most of our new productions have been successful, for the lovers of music, Opera, in the early part of the season, took the lead and held a conspicuous place. To please our juvenile friends at Christmas and Easter, our Harlequin Pantomime and Melo drama were happy in the extreme. Amongst plays of a classical and refined cast, three new and successful Tragedies, in one season, is a proof that modern authors are not neglected by *us*, or unrewarded by *you*. But to conclude our labours on the 7th of August, with one of the great works of our immortal Bard, got up in such a manner as to occasion it's repetition 27 times, to the most crowded and splendid audiences ever congregated within the walls of a Theatre, furnishes materials for dramatic history, and affords me the pleasing opportunity of now offering you the most sincere and grateful thanks of our Proprietors. Until the 27th of September next, we close; and I can with truth declare, no day in the interim will be passed without an effort to re open with, if possible, encreased effect. The performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, and the humble individual who has now the honour to address you, beg to add their thanks, and we all, for the present, most respectfully bid you Farewell."

We subjoin, as usual, a list of the new productions of the season.

New Pieces, Season 1820 21.

A Race for a Wife. Farce	*Failed.*
Wallace, Tragedy	*Successful.*
The Iroquois, or, the Canadian Basket Maker, Melo Drama	*Failed*
Warlock of the Glen, Melo Drama	*Successful.*
Harlequin and Friar Bacon, or, the Brazen head, Pantomime	*Successful.*
Mirandola, Tragedy	*Successful.*
A Figure of Fun, or, an Evening at Richmond, Farce	*Failed.*
Don John; or, the two Violettas, Musical Play, altered from the *Chances*	*Successful.*
Henriette; or, the Farm of Senange, Melo Drama	*Failed.*
Kenilworth, Melo Drama	*Failed.*
London Stars, or, 'twas time to Counterfeit, Interlude	*Successful.*
Undine, or, the Spirit of the Waters, Melo Drama	*Successful.*
The Grand Tour, or, Stopped at Rochester, Farce	*Successful.*
Damon and Pythias, Tragedy	*Successful.*

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
July 26. Every one has his fault—Critick.
27 King Henry the Fourth—Poor Soldier.
28 Ditto—John of Paris
30 Ditto—Tom Thumb
31 Ditto—St Patrick's Day
Aug. 1. Ditto—Katherine and Petruchio.

1821.
Aug. 2 King Henry the Fourth—X Y Z
3 Ditto—Portrait of Cervantes.
4. Ditto—Poor Soldier
6 Ditto—Bombastes Furioso—Deaf Lover.
7 Ditto—Poor Soldier.
8 Closed for the Season.

HAYMARKET.

Aug. 4. Although " various novelties " had been for some time daily announced; until this evening, the season gave us nothing but revivals, and the character of the Haymarket's gaieties was rapidly declining. To-night, however, was exhibited a new Comedy by Mr. T. Dibdin, entitled " *Rise and Fall*," a name by no means inappropriate to the alternate vigour and feebleness of it's conception, and of which the following were the incidents: *Sir Omnium Traffic*, (Williams,) a rich and adventurous speculator, arrives with his niece, *Miss Traffic*, (Mrs. Tayleure,) at his splendid villa, decorated in the highest style of mercantile magnificence, and are requested to patronize the intended union of *Rose*, (Mrs. Chatterley,) their head gardener's daughter with *Sensitive*, (Jones) a well educated young man, in reduced circumstances, through the misfortunes of a deceased parent. The wealthy baronet and his niece treat the solicitation with hauteur, and

object to a marriage not arranged under their auspices, when they receive the news of a continental failure involving them in sudden poverty, and the necessity of selling their estates. On the other hand, the village schoolmaster, *Sensitive*, becomes as unexpectedly the possessor of an immense income, which enables him to purchase the Baronet's domain; and a number of whimsical incidents are elicited from the *rise* of one family, and the *fall* of the other; *Sensitive*, in spite of every temptation laid out for him, remains true to the humble *Rose*, and promises to assist his friend, *Trampley*, (Terry,) a very eccentric literary wanderer, in the service of the periodical press, with five hundred pounds, when a codicil is discovered to the will of his benefactor, which restricts him from marrying for three years, or from lending any sum above five pounds. While perplexed with these unlooked-for drawbacks, it is discovered that the testator is yet living, having been shipwrecked and supposed lost, but providentially preserved on his passage from the Indies. and the failure of *Sir Omnium*'s agent turns out a fabrication, to cure him of a dangerous partiality for hazardous speculating. *Sensitive*, however, is equally well provided for during his patron's life, marries his dear *Rose*, and all parties are rendered comfortable.

Having so far detailed the fable, we have but little to say, by way of general remark. The dialogue is quick, often sparkling, and the sentiment, if not always elevated, but seldom mean. The only character which boasted originality was Terry, as a sort of half artist and newspaper reporter, and he obtained, as he indeed always deserves, considerable applause. De Camp was a tolerable French valet, (*Girouette*,) and Oxberry made a great deal of the very insignificant part of *Voluble*, an attorney; his dress was certainly laughable, though we know not in what age or country it was the costume of a lawyer. Mrs. Chatterley looked and played prettily; and Jones was as voluble and crazy a schoolmaster as the most fastidious could wish for. The Comedy's success was unequivocal, and it was announced for repetition every evening, till further notice, amidst loud and continued acclamation.

The Prologue and Epilogue were well spoken by Mr. Terry and Mrs. Chatterley.

Aug. 25. Amongst the revivals at this Theatre, we are bound to notice, in terms of the highest approbation, O'Keefe's farcical Opera of "*Fontainbleau*," which, we think, has seldom been better represented. The leading characters are all admirably personified, and in selecting Mrs. Tayleure's *Dolly Bull* as one of the most prominent, we are very happy to bear testimony to that lady's general excellence. This evening also introduced a new and pleasant interlude, entitled "*Matchmaking*," in which the embarassment frequently arising from such kind exertions, was given with great effect and considerable humour. Our limits only allow us to add, that the trifle was entirely successful.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.

July 26. Guy Mannering—Lovers' Quarrels—Tom Thumb
27. Rule a wife and have a wife—Bombastes Furioso—Village Lawyer.
28. A Roland for an Oliver—Exchange no Robbery—Agreeable Surprise
30. Guy Mannering—Wedding Day—Tom Thumb
31. High Life below Stairs—Exchange no Robbery—No Song no Supper.

Aug. 1. Heir at Law—Lovers' Quarrels—Fortune's Frolick
2. Lock and Key—Exchange no Robbery—High Life below Stairs
3. Tom Thumb—Rule a Wife and have a Wife—No Song No Supper.
4. Rise and Fall—Seeing is believing—Agreeable surprise
6. Rise and Fall—Spoil'd Child—Roland for an Oliver.
7. Ditto—Wedding Day—Mogul Tale.
8. Closed on account of her Majesty's decease
9. Rise and Fall—Sylvester Daggerwood—Fortune's Frolic.

1821.

10 Rise and Fall—Seeing is Believing—Citizen
11 Ditto—Mogul Tale—High Life below Stairs
13. Green Man—Lovers' Quarrels—Rise and Fall
14. Closed on account of her Majesty's Funeral.
15. Rise and Fall—Mogul Tale—Love Laughs at Locksmiths
16. Ditto—Bombastes Furioso—Teazing made Easy.
17. Guy Mannering—Too late for Dinner
18. Rise and Fall—A Day after the Wedding—Midnight Hour.
20. Ditto—Sylvester Daggerwood—Exchange no Robbery.
21. Fontainbleau—Lovers' Quarrels—Midnight Hour.
22. Rise and Fall—A Day after the Wedding—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
23. Fontainbleau—Teazing made Easy.
24 Rule a Wife and have a Wife—A Day after the Wedding—Too late for Dinner.
25. Fontainbleau—Matchmaking—Mogul Tale.
27 [illegible]—Ditto—Fortune's Frolick.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

July 30. A new dramatic version of *Guy Mannering*, entitled "*The Witch of Dernclcugh*," adapted from the French by Mr. Planché, was brought out here this evening. The introduction of the smugglers, and the various events at Portanferry, together with restoring to *Colonel Mannering* his paternity over the fair *Julia*, instead of being her brother, as in Mr. Terry's Play; have given an entirely new character to the piece, which was completely successful. T. P. Cooke's *Dirk Hatteraick* was most admirable, perfect in look, accent, and action; Miss Kelly's *Meg Merrilies* excellent in parts, but very far from being wholly so. Pearman and Broadhurst sang well as *Henry Bertram*, and *Charles Hazlewood*, and Miss Carr looked lovely as *Julia Mannering*. The remaining characters had but little to do, and except W. Bennett as *Gilbert Glossin*, who was very successful,—Rowbotham as *Colonel Mannnering*, and Wilkinson as *Dominie Sampson*, we may dismiss them sans ceremonie. The new scenery was picturesque, the skirmishes well managed, and the tout ensemble highly creditable to the establishment.

Aug. 7. To-night was presented a new *petite* piece of three quarters of an hour's length, entitled, "*Two Wives; or, a hint to Husbands.*" It is, we understand from the French, and has at least the levity of Gallic authorship; as the plot is merely a contrivance to show off the versatility of a favourite actor, and all the characters were deservedly sacrificed, to the glory of our comic friend Harley. His original part is that of a footman, more than sufficiently loquacious, and of course the great vexation of his master, *Sir William Prune*, (W. Bennett,) and his turbelowed buckramed Lady (Mrs. Grove). But *Flank*, the footman's services are speedily required, for the Knight has a daughter unhappily married, and his object is to procure a separation. The daughter and her husband, *Mr. Trimmer*, (Rowbotham,) come on a visit to the old people, and *Flank* offers his services to break the chain; which he commences by disguising himself as an old officer, *Captain Bounce* who comes with intelligence that *Trimmer's* former wife, supposed to have been drowned, is still alive. The village attorney, *Johnson*, is summoned to the consultation on this momentous discovery, and *Flank*, having abjured his uniform for a black coat, enters big with law, and menaces of hanging for bigamy. *Trimmer* is in despair, both at losing his new wife, of whom, with all his harshness, he is fond, and at meeting his old one. He offers the attorney a sum of money to hush up the affair, and get rid of the claimant. A peasant *Clod* makes his appearance with the attorney's statement of proceedings, and while all is anxiety on the husband's part, and all amusement on that of his wife and her family, who are acquainted with the deception, *Mr. Trimmer* promises penitence, and the parties are all happy together. The daughter was acted by a Mrs. Balls, a second appearance; tall, slight, and youthful.—She has a very good voice, which fright put rather out of tune; but further habit of the stage will, we hope, make her an agreeable performer. This Interlude was extremely slight, but it was well played; and by Harley's help, it was sometimes extremely laughable.

Aug. 16. "*The Miller's Maid*," a new Melo-drama, was performed here to-night. The plot of which is an enlargement of a tale of the same title in Bloomfield's Poems, of a stray child taken in by the charity of a *Miller*, and educated as his own. A youth in his service falls in love with this adopted daughter; but, at the formidable moment of matrimony, it is surmised that the lovers are brother and sister; this distress is finally done away, by doing away with the relationship, and they are married: all which features are introduced with laudable fidelity into the Melo-drame. But it's simplicity would be fatal to the requisite sorrows and raptures of the stage: and the outline is therefore filled up with bustling jealousy, and declamatory benevolence. *George*, (T. P. Cooke,) is the favoured lover, but he finds a rival in *Giles* (Emery). A neighbouring Squire has also an eye for beauty, and a cunning gamekeeper who is in the habit of procuring it. The *Miller* (Bartley) is vehemently generous of his sentiments on a variety of topics; the old soldier who comes as father, (Rowbotham,) sings and sobs with military vigour; and a hairbrained simpleton, *Matty* (Harley) inflamed with the glory of being able to read, and wishing to learn to write,

molests every one with indefatigable fabling and foolery. *Phœbe*, who was most excellently played by Miss Kelly, in her choice of *George* puts deadly thoughts into *Giles's* head, and he joins in a scheme to carry her off. But in the crisis his conscience smites him, he repels his accomplice, and after a compunctious struggle with his passion, gives up the *Miller's maid* to the favoured suitor, who has just ascertained through the old soldier that there is no relationship between himself and his mistress. This melodrame had the fault of inordinate length, but it was interesting, and successful. Harley played the rustic enthusiast with an unwearied spirit; Emery was most warmly received, but his love-making is not so good as his rusticity. Cooke makes a far better daring smuggler than a pacific miller; Bartley's *floury* jacket and *flowery* eloquence were true to history; and Miss Kelly was, as she always is, true to nature.

PERFORMANCES

1821.
July 26. Promissory Note—Love's Dream—Two Pence.
27. Belles without Beaux—Ditto—Ditto.
28. Bachelors' Wives—Ditto—Ditto.
30. The Witch of Derncleugh—Two Pence.
31. Ditto—Ditto.
Aug. 1. Ditto—Amateurs and Actors.
2. Ditto—Two Pence.
3. Ditto—Walk for a Wager.
4. Ditto—Two Pence.
6. Ditto—No Song No Supper.
7. Free and Easy—Two Wives—Love's Dream.
8. Closed on account of her Majesty's decease.
9. Belles without Beaux—Two Wives—Love's Dream.
Aug. 10. Amateurs and Actors—My Uncle—Two Wives—Fire and Water.
11. Boarding House—Two Wives—Vampire.
13. Witch of Derncleugh—Two Wives.
14. Closed on account of her Majesty's Funeral.
15. Ditto.
16. Miller's Maid—Two Wives—Vampire.
17. Ditto—Belles without Beaux—Two Wives.
18. Ditto—Two Wives—Love's Dream.
20. Ditto—Ditto—Is He Jealous?
21. Ditto—Ditto—Love's Dream.
22. Ditto—Ditto—Free and Easy.
23. Witch of Derncleugh—Adopted Child.
24. Miller's Maid—Two Wives—Love's Dream.
25. Ditto—Two Wives—Belles without Beaux.
27. My Aunt—Adopted Child—Two Wives—Vampire.

SURREY THEATRE.

The past month having been almost solely occupied by benefits, we have consequently no remarks to offer upon the few novelties which it has exhibited, and which have been, of course, entirely temporary. We are not sufficiently in the secret to explain why the benefits occur at this very unusual period, but we most sincerely hope, that the circumstance betokens no termination to the amusement which the public have so long and so constantly enjoyed at the Surrey Theatre.

CIVIC REGISTER.

1821.
Right Honourable John Thomas Thorp, Lord Mayor.
Robert Waithman, Esq. Ald.……… } Sheriffs.
James Williams, Esq.……………… }

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, JULY 26.

This day a Court of Common Council was held "for the purpose of taking into consideration the evidence adduced before a Commitee of the House of Commons, relative to the London-bridge; together with a report of the Committee thereon; and to adopt such Resolutions with respect to that evidence and that Report as may be deemed expedient."

The Lord Mayor took the Chair at a few minutes after twelve o'clock, when Mr. Oldham moved that a Committe be appointed to consider of the best mode of expressing the congratulations and respect of the City of London to his Majesty, on the event of his Coronation, which was agreed to.

Mr. Westwood presented a petition from the inhabitants of Newgate-street and it's vicinity, complaining of the inconveniences occasioned by the carts which supplied Newgate-market, and praying that the vegetable part of the market might be removed elsewhere: which was referred to a Committee.

The Lord Mayor having read the requisition, Mr. Oldham moved several Resolutions in favour of an alteration of the present bridge, by enlarging the water way and removing the London-bridge Water-works.

Mr Alderman Wood impressed upon the Court the necessity of building a new bridge

Mr Favell opposed the resolutions and concluded by proposing as an amendment a string of resolutions in favour of a new bridge

Mr Slade supported the amendment and Mr Alderman Waithman and Mr Dixon spoke in favour of the original resolutions when it was agreed to postpone the subject for further consideration

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL,

MONDAY JULY 30

The discussion relating to the rebuilding of London bridge was this day resumed, when after a long debate Mr Oldham's resolutions in favour of repairing only, were carried by a large majority

WARD OF CHEAP

THIS DAY, AUG 2

A Wardmote was this day holden before the Rt Hon the Lord Mayor &c &c in the Parish Church of St Lawrence Jewry, for the choice of a new Alderman in place of Richard Rothwell, Esq deceased, when William Thompson, Esq M P, was elected without opposition, a series of Resolutions expressive of the deepest respect and attachment to the memory of the late Alderman were carried unanimously, as well as a vote of Thanks to the Lord Mayor, and the wardmote was dissolved.

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL

MONDAY, AUGUST 13

A Special Court having been summoned for this day, to adopt some measures relative to the death of her late Majesty, the Lord Mayor took the Chair at half past twelve, and most of the Members attended in mourning

Sheriff Waithman and Mr Favell then moved the following Resolutions, which were carried unanimously —

"That this Court feels it a melancholy and irresistible duty to express its deepest concern and affliction at the premature and ever to be lamented Death of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Caroline The eminent virtues she possessed the amiable and unaffected condescension of her manners the habitual kindness and benevolence of her disposition and the vigour and intelligence of mind she displayed on the most trying occasions her regard for the Rights and Liberties of the People and the warmth of affection she evinced for the British Nation would of themselves have called for expressions of gratitude to her Memory and sorrow for her loss

"But when this Court calls to mind the painful and distressing vicissitudes of her eventful life, from the period she first landed in this Country under the most flattering and auspicious circumstances and contemplates the domestic afflictions and the series of persecutions which, in unrelenting succession, she has undergone —it cannot but record its highest admiration of the temper the unshaken firmness and magnanimity with which he met and defeated, if not destroyed, the malice of her persecutors — until at to the last moment of her life she displayed the same fortitude with Christian resignation forgiving all her enemies, and when under the weight of her complicated wrongs and sufferings sinking into the arms of Death, she hailed him as a friend, in the hope of exchanging those scenes of sorrow and trouble for a Crown of Glory and Immortality

"Resolved unanimously —That this Court is anxious to do honour to the Remains of her late Majesty, Queen Caroline, and, in the event of the Royal Corpse passing through this City they feel it their duty to attend the Funeral Procession at Temple Bar, and through the City"

The Committee who attended her late Majesty's visit to St Paul's in November last, were instructed to carry the latter Resolution into effect, and to sit immediately for that purpose, and the Sheriffs were also ordered to wait upon Lord Liverpool to ascertain the route of the Funeral Procession, when they received information of it's not being intended to pass through the City

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

TUESDAY, JULY 24

THIS Gazette notifies that the King has been pleased to nominate and appoint Charles, Marquess of Queensberry, Archibald, Earl of Cassilis James, Earl of Lauderdale, and Robert Viscount Melville, to be Extra Knights of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, and the said Earls of Cassilis and Lauderdale, and Viscount Melville were invested with the ensigns of the said Order

SATURDAY, JULY 28

His Majesty has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to the following gentlemen respectively, and to the heirs male of their bodies lawfully begotten

Sir Edward Kerrison, of Wyke House, Sussex, Knt Major general in the army

Sir Harry Niven Lumsden, of Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Knt

Thomas Francis Fremantle, of Swanbourne, Buckingham, Esq

John Dugdale Astley, of Everleigh, W s, Esq

Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, Ayr, Esq

Robert Shaw, of Bushy Park, Dublin, Esq

Arthur Chichester of Greencastle, in the county of Donegall Esq

C Pocock, of Hart in the county palatine of Durham, and of Twickenham, Middlesex, Esq

William George Hylton Jolliffe, of Merstham Surrey, Esq

Robert Townsend Farquhar, Esq Governor and Commander of the Island of Mauritius

Thomas Trayton Fuller Elliott Drake, of Nutwell Court, Devon, Major in the Army

John Eardley Eardley Wilmot of Berkswell Hall, in the County of Warwick Esq

Robert Dundas, of Beechwood, in the County of Mid Lothian, Esq

James Carmichael Smyth, of Nutwood, in the County of Surrey, Esq Colonel in the Army

David Erskine, of Cambo, in the County of Fife Esq

William Young, of Bailieborough Castle in the County of Cavan, Esq

John D'Oyly, of Kandy, in the Island of Ceylon, Esq

David William Smith, of Upper Canada, and of Preston in the County of Northumberland Esq

Astley Paston Cooper, of Gadesbridge, in the County of Hertford, Esq Surgeon to his Majesty

Thomas Phillips of Middle hill, in the County of Worcester, Esq

John Dean Paul, of Rodborough, Gloucester, and of the Strand, London, Esq

Coutts Trotter, of West ville, in the County of Lincoln, Esq

Claude Scott, of Lytchet minster, in the County of Dorset, Esq

George Blackman, of Harley-street, London, Esq

Members returned to serve in Parliament

Borough of Cockermouth — William Wilson Carus Wilson, of Casterton Hall, Westmorland, in the room of the Right Hon John Beckett, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds

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TUESDAY, JULY 31.

This Gazette contained the ceremonial of the investiture of Major general Sir Charles Philip Belson Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath with the Star of a Knight Commander of the said Order

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A Supplement to this Gazette was published on the following Friday, containing the whole of the Ceremony of the Coronation of his Most Excellent Majesty, King George the Fourth

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SATURDAY AUGUST 4

This Gazette notified that the King has presented the Rev R Croket M A to the rectory of Nelton, alias Nelston, in the County of Leicester, vacant by the death of the Rev Lambton Loraine, and has presented the Reverend Charles Richard Sumner, M A to the vicarage of St Helen, in Abingdon, and the Chapels of Radley and Drayton, in the County of Berks, vacant by the death of the Rev Laurence Cannford

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7

This Gazette notifies that Charles Webb Dance, Esq Major and Lieutenant colonel of the 2d regiment of Life Guards, has received the honour of Knighthood

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, AUGUST 7

WHITEHALL, AUGUST 8

Yesterday evening, at twenty five minutes after ten o clock, the Queen departed this life after a short but painful illness, at Brandenburgh House, at Hammersmith

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SATURDAY, AUG 11

Member returned to serve in Parliament.

King's County —The Hon Wm Parsons, commonly called Lord Oxmantown, in the room of William Parsons, Esq who has accepted the office of a Judge of the Insolvent Court in Ireland

TUESDAY, AUG 14

This Gazette contained orders for the Court's going into Mourning on the 15th instant, for her late Majesty Queen Caroline

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE, by a Circular has informed the Members thereof, that the Persons undernamed; viz.

George Sawyer, No. 48, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, lately mentioned, has recently attempted to negociate a bill drawn by him on, and appearing to be accepted by,

Thomas Hawkins, No. 10, John-street, Adelphi;

James, *alias* John Parker, sometimes described of High-street, Oxford, where no such person is to be found, and

Haw and Weatherall, No. 1, Bush-lane, Cannon-street; both of whom refer to

Richard Holt, No. 2, Broken Wharf, Upper Thames-street.

Mrs. Cooke, of No. 13, Lower Grosvenor-place, is ordering goods, and refers to

Richard Coster, of No. 4, Staining-lane, and No. 3, Bridgewater-square, frequently mentioned; and that

William Wood and Co. Dry-salters, No. 31, Dowgate-hill, in which firm

——— Hartwell is a partner, are connected with

Court and Palmer, *alias* Court, Waters, and Co. *alias* Waters and Co. lately of No. 12, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, but since of 25½, Camomile-street, Bishopsgate.

The Secretary also communicates to the Members, that a woman calling herself,

Mrs. Henry, No. 9, County-terrace, Kent-road, has been lately offering a cheque for £20, and that the above address, and the address of the person to whom she referred, both turn out to be false; also that

Court and Palmer, *alias* Court, Waters, and Co. 12, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, lately mentioned, now carry on business under the altered firm of

Waters and Co. at 25½, Camomile-street, Bishopsgate.

The Secretary is also desired to caution the Members against delivering goods to the bearers of notes, where neither the hand-writing or the bearer is known;—several orders having been recently brought appearing to be signed by tradesmen, particularly scale-makers, which on enquiry are found to be forged.

His Majesty's visit to Ireland.—Tuesday morning, July 31, his Majesty left his palace in Pall-Mall, on his way to Ireland, in his plain travelling carriage, attended by Lord Graves as Lord in Waiting, and escorted by a party of the 14th Light Dragoons. The King proceeded as far as Kingston with his own horses, and arrived at Portsmouth at half-past five in the afternoon.

Precisely at a quarter before six, his Majesty embarked on board his yacht; when the Royal standard was instantly hoisted, the ships and batteries saluted, and the Captains repaired on board to pay their respects. His Majesty then ordered dinner, after which the awnings were put up, and the deck made into a drawing room, where his Majesty took coffee; and the Royal Marine band played during the evening.

On Wednesday, August 1st, the Royal yacht left the harbour for Cowes, amid a royal salute from the Platform Battery and Fort Monckton. The squadron also firing, as his Majesty passed through them; the bells of the town ringing, and the beach crowded with spectators.

On Saturday night, August 4th, his Majesty passed Plymouth, and on Sunday cleared the Land's End; on Monday night the Royal Squadron arrived at Holyhead, where the King landed at five o'clock the following afternoon, and after receiving an address of congratulation, immediately proceeded to the Marquess of Anglesea's seat, about 27 miles distant. His Majesty having re-embarked on Wednesday, would have instantly sailed for Dublin, but was prevented by the wind being directly foul; and on Thursday, August 9th, while at anchor in Holyhead harbour, received the Earl of Liverpool's despatches, announcing the Queen's death, which were replied to by the Marquess of Londonderry, the messenger performing the journey to and from Holyhead in less than 73 hours. Subsequently to the arrival of this intelligence, his Majesty kept entirely private; and the wind continuing contrary, and the weather squally; on Sunday morning, August 12th, disembarked from the Royal Yacht, on board the Lightning Steam Packet, accompanied by a numerous suite, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of this, his Majesty's birth-day, safely landed at Howth, where he was received by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and conducted, as privately as possible, to the Lodge, in Phœnix Park, Dublin. Thousands were however assembled, to greet their King; and the loyal enthusiasm was equally honourable to sovereign and subjects. On Wednesday, August 15, his Majesty held a private Levee, and on the following Friday, made his public entrée into Dublin, amidst the joyful acclamations of the immense numbers, who were assembled to welcome the first Monarch of the House of Brunswick who ever visited Ireland. The rapture is described as un-

bounded, and undamped by any drawback to the general rejoicing. The King proceeded through the City to the Castle, and was escorted and received by the principal state and municipal authorities. Several addresses were then presented to his Majesty on the Throne, and the evening closed with the most general and splendid illumination ever witnessed in that part of the united kingdom. His Majesty has since attended a series of public entertainments given in honour of the Royal visit; and Catholics and Protestants have vied with each in uniting to promote the universal object of evincing their loyalty, their love, and their devotion to Ireland's Sovereign.

Earl of Moira Packet—*Liverpool, Aug.* 9.—The Earl of Moira Packet for Dublin, sailed from here last night, about six o'clock, with the wind directly contrary, and blowing strong. The vessel was beating out, when, about eight o'clock, she struck, went on shore on the Wharf Bank, and lay quite upright until about five o'clock this morning, when the destructive waves made a complete breach over the vessel, and the death of the unfortunate crew and passengers appeared inevitable. The number of passengers was upwards of 100, many of the highest respectability.

The Hoylake life-boat arrived, at six o'clock, full of passengers, saved from the wreck. The number lost cannot be accurately stated; it is reported at from 50 to 60.

The master and all hands, with the exception of the steward, were drowned; almost all the passengers below deck perished; many of the others took refuge in the rigging, where they remained all night; and from 50 to 60 were taken up this morning by the Hoylake life-boat. One of the passengers, a lady, died almost as soon as she was rescued from the wreck; and a horse belonging to the Earl of Portarlington contrived to get ashore. The vessel struck within half a mile of the land!

The Coroner's Inquest on the body of George Francis, who died of a wound received in the riot at the Queen's Funeral, terminated their enquiries on Friday, August 24th, and gave in a verdict of—"*Wilful Murder by a Life Guard's man unknown to the Jurors.*"

Sunday, August 26th, the bodies of Richard Honey and George Francis, the unfortunate sufferers at the late Funereal disturbance, were conveyed by public procession for interment at Hammersmith. We are sorry to add, that the numerous mob were very unruly on their return past the Knightsbridge Barracks, where the Riot Act was read, but fortunately no very serious mischief ensued before the mob was compelled to separate.

The following is Mr. Green's account of his second Aerial Voyage, which took place on Wednesday, August 1st, from the Belvidere Tavern, Pentonville:—

"At about half past three o'clock the Balloon was removed by my orders to the most favourable situation in the ground, to avoid the car striking against some very elevated buildings adjoining. Fortunately, however, there was sufficient power of gas to carry the Balloon more than fifteen feet above the top of the building. The weather the whole of the day was very unfavourable for the ascent, owing to the haziness of the atmosphere.

"Having fastened the mooring ropes which held the Balloon to the earth, I mounted the car, and standing upright therein with a flag in each hand I gave the signal for ascending, and, having made my obedience to the ladies and gentlemen who were around me, the Balloon then ascended to the atmosphere in the most majestic manner. The delight felt by the thousands who witnessed the grand spectacle was manifested by the most tremendous shouts of applause, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs.

"The Balloon took at first a north easterly direction. It passed over Hoxton, Hackney, and made towards the Essex coast.

"Precisely seven minutes after the Balloon left the Belvidere gardens it entered a very dense cloud, and immediately the earth was obscured completely from my view, though I still heard the shouts of the populace at Hackney and in the neighbourhood.—On the Balloon entering the cloud it was twenty-three minutes to four o'clock, and the barometer stood at 24. 2-10ths. I understand that the Balloon remained in the sight of the spectators at the Belvidere precisely seven minutes.

"On passing through the clouds I felt very chilly, and was covered with dew or mist, precisely the same as if I had been in a very thick fog; except that it did not at all affect the stomach, as fogs generally do. When the Balloon was at it's greatest altitude the thermometer stood at 65.

"The density of the clouds was so very extraordinary, that at one period I could scarcely distinguish the flag that was on the opposite side of the car.

"At a quarter to four, having risen very rapidly after going through the cloud, the glass stood at 21-10ths. This was the utmost height the Balloon reached, and the light and heat was quite oppressive to me, the former more than the latter; and although the clouds were rolling beneath me, representing to my view a

sea of white down, yet above me the sun shone with extreme brilliancy.

"At 15 minutes before four o'clock I opened the valve to it's utmost extremity, and I descended most rapidly. Having passed through the clouds I heard the shouts of persons on the earth, and saw some riding and others running in a direction which the Balloon was taking. At 10 minutes before 4 o'clock the Balloon descended (having been 20 minutes precisely on it's voyage, in which period of time it had travelled about 14 miles) in a six-acre field belonging to Mr. Grout, a farmer at Tanyard Farm, Barking-side, two miles from Ilford, in Essex.

"A number of the peasantry assised in securing the Balloon, but while in the hurry of detaching it from the net that covered the Balloon, the wind blew strong and it escaped from their grasp, and again ascended to the atmosphere, to the height of several thousand feet; but fortunately the valve was open, and it decended again within about a mile and half from whence it rose, without sustaining any injury.

(Signed) Charles Green."

"19, *Goswell-street.*"

Act of Grace.—We have great pleasure in communicating the following Copy of a letter to the several Revenue Boards in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for the release of certain prisoners, in consequence of his Majesty's Coronation, which, must be highly gratifying to the parties concerned:—

"*Treasury Chambers, 26th July, 1821.*

"Gentlemen,"

"I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, to acquaint you, that, in consequence of his Majesty's Coronation, my Lords are pleased to sanction the release of all prisoners confined for Penalties for breaches of the Laws of the Revenue under your management, who may have been confined for any period exceeding *six* months; and I am desired that you will forthwith take the necessary measures for that purpose, unless there should be any special case of improper conduct in goal, or of very flagrant character, when my Lords desire the same may be submitted for their consideration and directions.

"My Lords are also pleased to extend this Act of Grace, under the same exceptions, to all prisoners who have not yet been in confinement six months, when they shall have completed this term of imprisonment; and they desire, that instructions be given in their several cases, so that they may be released on the day on which the *six* months shall expire.

"I am farther to acquaint you, that my Lords are in like manner pleased to sanction the release of all prisoners confined for debts, due to the Revenue under your management, less in amount than £100, who may have been confined, or when they shall have been confined, *three* months; and they are pleased to authorise you to discharge the books of your Department from the amount due from such persons, and desire you will take measures accordingly, unless there should be special circumstances attending any particular case, as before-mentioned, when my Lords desire you will lose no time in submitting the same for further directions.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

(Signed) "S. R. Lushington."

The general trade of the west of Scotland is going favourably on. The cotton millers are brisker just now than they have been for a considerable time. The manufactures carried on in the country towns are doing well: the wool manufacturers in Stewarton and Kilmarnock are in good spirits.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JULY.

The cold rains, and want of sun, through the greatest part of the month, have kept the Wheat crops so backward, that the general harvest will be later than has been known for many years. From the present appearance in the principal corn districts, however, a fair average crop may be looked for. The red gum has shown itself in some part of the eastern counties, but not to any great extent. Some Rye has been cut on warm soils. The Barleys and Oats are much improved, and Beans and Peas are likely to prove abundant. The small seed crops of Rape, Mustard, and carraway, rise indifferently. Hay, a partial crop; that cut early is better in quality though less in quantity, than that late mown. Potatoes are a great crop. The Hop Plantations have been much benefited by the stormy showers that have been so prevalent. In the Grazing line, business seems almost at a stand, from a general reluctance in the Drovers to sell, and in the Graziers to buy, on the terms required. The few sales of Beasts that have been made at the summer fairs were at considerably reduced prices. Store Sheep and Lambs are worth more money, from the promising appearance of the young Coleseeds. The coolness of the weather has been favourable to the Turnips, more regular plants of which have seldom been known. The Wool-market is brisk for all kinds at a small advance in price. Smithfield has had a large supply of Beef, Mutton, and Lamb; but the demand being large towards the end of the month, advanced prices were obtained for prime articles.

BIRTHS.

AUG. 2. At Walton Hall, Lincashire, the lady of Henry Haghton, Esq. of a son and heir.

3. At Hutton Hall, the lady of Colonel C. Bruce, of a son.

In Great Russell-street, the lady of Richard J. Vance, Esq. Surgeon to the Forces, of a son.

At Redgemont House, Bedford, the lady of Thomas Potter Macqueen, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

4. At Cumberland House, Weymouth, the Hon. Lady Charlotte Sturt, of a daughter.

Mrs. Matthews, of Lavender Hill, of a daughter.

6. At Belton House, Lincoln, the Countess Brownlow, of a daughter.

13. The lady of Lieutenant-colonel Archibald Ross, of a son.

17. At Brightlingsea, Essex, the lady of George Beazley, Esq. of a daughter.

18. At Kensington, the lady of John Stuart, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq. Barrister-at-law, of a son.

20. Mrs. Charles, of New-street, Bishopsgate, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

LATELY, H. W. Stephen, Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Frances Bentinck.

JULY 31. The Rev. Thomas Carter, M.A. to Harriet, daughter of the late Richard Winfield, Esq.

AUG. 2. The Hon. Edward Harvey Hawke, of Womersley Park, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart. of Byram, in the same county.

The Rev. Richard Boyse, of Little Hadham, Herts, to Winifred Berners, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Berners Pleshaw, of Norfolk.

Jonathan Hayne, Esq. of Middleton Terrace, to Ann, daughter of the Rev. T. W. Ward, of Shornbrook, Bedford.

4. Alexander James Scott, Esq. of Tonbridge-place, Euston-square, to Julia, daughter of Joseph Deacon, of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

William Fergus, Esq. to Miss Cairns, daughter of Dr. James Cairns, of the Royal Navy.

6. Sir R. D. Henegan, K.C.H. K.C. to Marianna Wolff Innes, daughter of the late Colonel James Innes, of Madras.

7. Sir Frederick Watson, K.T.S. to Sophia Ann Thoyts, daughter of the late William Thoyts, Esq. of Suthamhead House, Berkshire.

9. Benjamin Rouse, Esq. of New Bridge-street, to Elizabeth Ann, daughter of William Gaskell, Esq. of Chalfont, Bucks.

The Right Hon. Lord Charles Somerset, Governor and Commander of the Forces at the Cape of Good Hope, to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Poulett, daughter of the late and sister to the present Earl Poulett.

10. Lieutenant-colonel Charlewood, of the Grenadier Guards, to Agnes Margaretta, Lady Campbell, widow of the late Lieutenant-colonel Sir James Campbell, Bart.

11. John Bishop, Esq. of Doctors'-commons, to Miss Caroline Gordon.

Edward Jones, Esq. of Enfield, to Miss Pallett, of Judd-street, Brunswick-square.

16. Thomas Rawley, jun. Esq. to Jane, daughter of Henry Wyatt, Esq. of Hornsey.

20. Harry Scott Gibb, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Ramsay Eliza, daughter of the late Colonel Cowper.

Edmund Lomax, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Hester, daughter of George Smith, Esq. one of his Majesty's Chief Justices of the Mauritius.

21. At Walthamstow, Joseph Collyer, Esq. of Queen's-square, to Anne, youngest daughter of Robert Burchall, Esq. of Walthamstow.

DEATHS.

LATELY, in James-street, Westminster, James Deacon, Esq. aged 81.

Lately, at Cheltenham, Mrs. Andrews, widow of the late D. Andrews, Esq. of Swathling, Herts.

JULY 31. At Ludlow, Arthur, son of Edward Roger, Esq. M.P.

Lately, at his house, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, in the 55th year of his age, the Right Hon. Lord Suffield. The title and estate descend to the Hon. E. Harbord, his Lordship's brother; by whose elevation to the Peerage, the seat for the borough of Shaftesbury is vacated.

AUG. 1. Mrs. Inchbald, at the Boarding House, Kensington. She was very handsome in her youth, and retained much of

her beauty and elegance till her death. She was about 66 years of age, but appeared to be much younger. Though beautiful in person, and in the early part of her life exposed to the hardships and vicissitudes of the theatrical profession in a provincial career, her conduct was unimpeached and unimpeachable.

At Belmont, near Havant, Catherine Ann Prevost, widow of Lieutenant-general Sir George Prevost, Bart.

At Clifton, Edward Cumberbatch, Esq. of the island of Barbadoes.

2. At Roehampton, in the 64th year of his age, Joseph Alcock, Esq. late one of the Chief Clerks of his Majesty's Treasury.

At Amesbury, Wilts, Robert Bloxham, Esq. M.D. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Counties of Surrey and Hants.

4. Sophia Elizabeth Fitzherbert, daughter of R. Fitzherbert, Esq. of Bristol.

7. At Stockwell, Archer Willson, Esq. aged 74.

Robert Gatcombe, of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, aged 30.

At Clay Hill, Epsom, Miss Mary Pincock, daughter of John Pincock, Esq. formerly of Chorley, Lancashire.

8. At Weymouth, Marianne, daughter of John Charles Girandat, Esq. of Allestree Hall, Derbyshire, in the 14th year of her age.

9. In Dover-street, the Dowager-countess of Mexborough.

In the wreck of the Earl Moira, off Liverpool, Priscilla, wife of Mr. William Yates, of Fleet-street, aged 46.

10. At Hampton Court, the Hon. Dorothy Charlotte Montague.

At Ashley Park, Surrey, Sir H. Fletcher, Bart.

11. In Caroline-place, Mecklinburgh-square, Captain John Robinson Francklin, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

12. William Gray, Esq. late of the New-road.

16. Lydia, wife of Mr. George Lamb, of Camberwell-grove, aged 62.

18. At Woodford Wells, Mis Elizabeth Lambert, aged 74.

19. At Hammersmith, Ann, wife of Thomas Smith, Esq. of New-bridge-street.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM TUESDAY, JULY 24, TO TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1821.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES,

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at GUILDHALL, unless otherwise expressed. The Country and London Attornies' Names are between Brackets.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BROWNE, JOHN, sen. Leeds, woollen-cloth-merchant. *Aug.* 18.

HOLDING, WM. Devonshire-st. Queen-sq. wine-merchant, *Aug.* 11.

HEBDIN, WM. Leeds, woollen-cloth-merchant, *Aug.* 18.

HEBDIN, ARTHUR OATES, Parliament-st. woollen-cloth-merchant. *Aug.* 18.

MAYMON, EPHRAIM, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. *Aug.* 18.

PLATTS, HEN. Broad-way, Deptford, tobacconist, *Aug.* 21.

RICHARDSON, JAS. Manchester, builder, *Aug.* 11.

STABB, THOS. and Co. Tourquay, Devon, merchants, *July* 28.

STABB, THOS. and Co. Torquay, Devon, merchants, *Aug.* 14.

BANKRUPTS.

ADCOCK, DAN. Melton-Mowbray, Leicestershire, Sept. 8, George and Talbot, Melton Mowbray. [Bishop, Melton-Mowbray; and Alexander and Co. New-inn.] *July* 28.

ATKINSON, PET. Rathbone-pl. Oxford-st. haberdasher, Sept. 8. [Fisher and Co. Furnival's-inn, Holborn.] *July* 28.

ATKINSON, GEO. Bishop-Wearmouth, dealer, Sept. 7 and 18, Bridge Inn, Bishop-Wearmouth. [Blakiston, Symond's-inn, Chancery-la.; and Laws, Sunderland.] *Aug.* 7.

BODDY, WM. Hillingdon, Middlesex, farmer, Sept. 8. [Webb, Bartlett's bu.; and Walford, Uxbridge.] *July* 28.

BULLMAN, ISAAC and THOS. Milnthorp, Westmoreland, mercers, Sept. 11, Cross Keys, Milnthorp. [Clapham, Burton-in-Kendal; and Beverley, Garden-co. Temple.] *July* 31.

BANKS, WM. Clapham, York, woollen-draper, Sept. 11, White Horse, Huddersfield. [Stocke and Co. New Boswell-co. Lincoln's-inn; and Pea , Huddersfield.] *July* 31.

BAGGELEY, ROB. and Co. Lane-Delph, Stafford, manufacturers of china, Sept. 22, Crown and Anchor, Lane-End, Stafford. [Tooke and Co. Holborn-co. Gray's-inn; and Clarke, Lane-End, Stafford.] *Aug.* 11.

BOYD, ARCH. White-horse-st. Commercial-road, master-mariner, Sept. 22 [Lewis, Crutched-friars.] *Aug.* 11.

BARTHROP, WM. sen. Lincoln, woolstapler, Sept. 25, Saracen's Head, Lincoln. [Mayhew and Co. Chancery-la.; and Moore, Lincoln.] *Aug.* 14.

BURNETT, HEN. Dodd's pl. Bethnal-green, wholesale oilman, Sept. 1 and 29. [Thomson, George-st. Minories.] *Aug.* 18.

BAIMAN, HEN. Deptford, victualler. Sept. 8 and Oct. 2. [Hounsfield, Throgmorton-st.] *Aug.* 21.

BADCOCK, JOHN, Uptonpyne, Devon, miller, Sept. 5, 6, and Oct. 2, Subscription Rooms, Exeter. [Brutton, Broad-st.; and Brutton, Castle-st. Exeter.] *Aug.* 21.
CLOUTMAN, JOHN, Curtain-road, Shoreditch, carpenter, Sept. 8. [Mayhew and Co. Chancery-la.] *July* 28.
CLARKE, HEN. Buckden, Huntingdon, grocer, Sept. 11, George, Huntingdon [Maule, Huntingdon; and Egan and Co. Essex-st. Strand.] *July* 31.
COUCHMAN, STEPHEN, Canterbury, grocer, Sept. 22. [Pownall and Co Old Jewry.] *Aug.* 11.
CONNER, CHAS. FRAN. Peckham, soap-maker, Sept. 22. [Hunter, Great James-st. Bedford-row] *Aug.* 11.
CLAY, THOS. Worksop, Nottingham, grocer, Sept. 22, Scrooby Inn, Nottingham. [Hannam and Son, Redford, Nottingham.] *Aug.* 11.
CRACKLEN, JOHN, jun. Enfield-wash, farmer, Sept. 22. [James, Bucklersbury.] *Aug.* 11.
DANBY, MAURICE, Commercial-road, master-mariner, Sept. 8. [Pownall and Co. Old Jewry.] *July* 28.
DAVIES, WM. Runcorn, Chester, flour dealer, Sept. 25, Nag's Head, Warrington, Lancaster. [Rowlinson, Warrington; and Chester, Staple-inn.] *Aug.* 14.
ENGLISH, FRAN. Birmingham, draper, Sept. 25, Albion, Birmingham. [Baxter and Co. Gray's-inn-pl., and Capper, Birmingham.] *Aug.* 14.
FLINDT, GUSTAVUS, London-wall, merchant, Sept. 4 and 29. [Kaye and Co New Bank-bu.] *Aug.* 18.
GRATRIX, SAM. and Co. Manchester, calico-printers, Sept. 8, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Edge, St. Ann's-st. Manchester; and Milne and Co. Temple.] *July* 28.
GARTON, STEP. Wood st. Cheapside, silk manufacturer, Sept. 15. [Fisher and Co. Furnival's-inn, Holborn.] *Aug* 4.
GOADBY, THOS. Warwick, plumber, Sept. 22, Albion, Birmingham. [Simcox, Birmingham; and Bourdillon and Co. Bread-st, Cheapside.] *Aug.* 11.
HAGGART, JAS. Poplar, victualler, Sept. 8. [Duncan, Holborn-co. Gray's-inn.] *July* 28.
HORTON, WM. Worcester, timber-merchant, Sept. 8, White Hart, Digbeth, Warwick. [Meyrick and Co. Red-lion-sq.; and Short, Solihull.] *July* 28.
HOILE, ISAAC, Beech-st. button and trimming seller, Sept. 8. [Platt, Green-lettuce-la. Cannon-st.] *July* 28.
HART, JER. Edwardstone, Suffolk, maltster, Sept. 11, Lion, Hadleigh [Last, Hadleigh; and Hayward, Essex-co. Temple] *July* 31.
HEAGUE, JOHN, Chalford, Gloucester, grocer, Sept. 11, Rummer, Bristol. [Goulden, Clutton, Bristol; and Hurd and Co. Temple] *July* 31.
HODSON, FRAN. MARCELLUS, Manchester, drysalter, Sept. 1 and 29. [Pownall and Co. Old Jewry.] *Aug.* 18.
HOLDING, WM. Devonshire-st. Queen-sq. wine-merchant, Sept. 4 and Oct. 2. [Williams, Gray's-inn-pl.] *Aug.* 21.
HESLINGTON, JOHN, jun York, grocer, Sept. 5, 6, and Oct. 2, Old Sand hill, York. [Dickinson, Freeman's-co. Cornhill; and Harle, York.] *Aug.* 21.
JAGGER, JOSH. East Stonehouse, Devon, stone-mason, Sept. 4, Royal Hotel, Plymouth. [Wright, King's-bench-walk, Temple; and Squire, Plymouth.] *July* 24.
KIRK, WM. Sutton, York, jobber, Sept. 4, White Horse, Malton. [Wilson, Greville-st. Hatton-garden; and Allen, Malton.] *July* 24.
KEECH, WM. Axminster, Devon, grocer, Sept. 18, George, Axminster. [Knight, Axminster; and Alexander and Co. New-inn.] *Aug.* 7.
LESINGHAM, THOS. Worcester, hosier, Sept. 4. Bell, Worcester. [Platt, New Boswell co.; and Platt, Worcester. *July* 24.
LAWRENCE, GEO. Stratford, Essex, silk-manufacturer, Sept. 8. [Sweet and Co. Basinghall-st] *July* 28.
LEE, JOHN, Noble-st. jeweller, Sept. 8. [Tucker and Co. Bartlett's-bu. Holborn.] *July* 28.
LYNCH, JOHN, Liverpool, merchant, Sept. 22, George, Liverpool. [Crump, Liverpool; and Battye, Chancery-la.] *Aug.* 11.
LANGSTAFF, WILLINGHAM, Liverpool, merchant, Sept. 5, 6, and 29, Albion, Liverpool. [Blackstock and Co. Temple; and Deane, Liverpool.] *Aug.* 18.
MONK, AUG. FRED. Tollesbury, Essex, cattle-dealer, Sept. 4, Three Cups, Colchester. [Lawrence, Maldon.] *July* 24.
MEREDITH, JOS. Manchester, paper-dealer, Sept. 1 and 29, Garrick's Head, Manchester. [Cape, Manchester; and Clare and Co. Frederick's pl. Old Jewry.] *Aug.* 18.
NUTMAN, JOHN, West Drayton, vintner, Sept. 11. [Kearsey and Co. Bishopsgate Within.] *July* 31.
NOBLE, JOHN, Salford, Lancaster, common brewer, Sept. 1 and 25, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Chew Swan-st. Manchester; and Adlington and Co. Bedford row.] *Aug.* 14.
POPAY, GEO. STRINGER, Southtown, Suffolk, brick-maker, Sept. 18, Nelson's Hotel, Great Yarmouth. [Francis, New Boswell-co.; and Worship, Great Yarmouth.] *Aug.* 7.
PICKLES, JOS. Keighley, York, corn-dealer, Sept. 22, Court House, Leeds. [Constable and Co. Symond's-inn, Chancery-la.; and Dawson, Keighley.] *Aug.* 11.
PIGOT, WM. Ratcliffe-highway, grocer, Sept. 25. [Heard, Hooper's-sq. Leman-st. Goodman's-fields.] *Aug.* 14.
PORTHOUSE, THOS. Wigton, Cumberland, dyer, Sept. 1 and 29. [Swain and Co. Frederick's-pl. Old Jewry.] *Aug.* 18.
PETERS, EDW. Bristol, grocer, Sept. 6, 7, and Oct. 2, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Evans, Hatton-garden; and Haberfield, Bristol.] *Aug.* 21.
ROBERTS, JOS. Kingston-upon-Hull, black-beer brewer, Sept. 4, Dog and Duck, Kingston-upon-Hull. [Shaw, Ely-pl. Holborn; and Browne, Kingston upon-Hull.] *July* 24.
REDWARD, CHAS. BENJ. Portsea, scrivener, Sept. 18. [Williams, Baptist-head-cham. Chancery-la.] *Aug.* 7.
ROOM, JAS. sen. Bristol, merchant, Sept. 18, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-inn fields; and Gregory, Bristol.] *Aug.* 7.
ROBERTS, MASH, Manchester, grocer, Sept. 22, Star, Manchester. [Norris, John st. Bedford-row; and Rymer, Manchester.] *Aug.* 11.
SNOWDON, JOHN BROWTHWICK, Lynn, Norfolk, linen draper, Sept. 4, Court House, Leeds. [Makinson, Temple; and Foden, Leeds.] *July* 24.
SMITH, HEN. Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer, Sept. 4, New Inn, Blackburn. [Wigglesworth, Gray's-inn; and Wilkinson, Blackburn.] *July* 24.
STAINFORTH, WM. Little Eastcheap, wine merchant, Sept. 4. [Wadeson and Son, Austin-friars.] *July* 24.
SMITH, HEN. WM. Bird's-bu. Islington, tea-dealer, Sept. 8. [Baddeley, Leman-st. Goodman's-fields.] *July* 28.
SANDBACH, JANE, Bird's-bu. Islington, slater, Sept. 8. [Baddeley, Leman-st. Goodman's-fields.] *July* 28.
SMITH, JOHN, Earl's court, Bedwardine, Worcester, dealer in hops, Sept. 11, Falcon, Bromyard. [Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn; and Bray and Co Bromyard.] *July* 31.
SCARROW, THOS. jun. and J. Carlisle, wine-merchants, Sept. 11, Crown and Mitre, Carlisle. [Clennell, Staple-inn; and Saul, Carlisle.] *July* 31.
STABB, THOS. Torquay, Devon; Preston, J. ditto; and Prowse, J. S. Botolph-la. merchants, Sept. 15. [Wainewright and Co. Furnival's-inn, Holborn.] *Aug.* 4.
SCHMAECK, AUG. Bury-co. St. Mary-axe, merchant, Sept. 22. [Thomas, Fen-co. Fenchurch-st] *Aug.* 11.
STANTON, JOHN, Worcester, coal-merchant, Sept. 22. [Burt, St. Bennet's-pl. Gracechurch-st.] *Aug.* 11.
TREADWAY, THOS. Sloane-sq. Chelsea, china-man, Sept. 4. [Atkinson and Co. Chancery-la] *July* 24.
VICE, JOHN, Valentine row, Black-friars'-road, oilman, Sept. 8. [Clutton and Co. High-st. Southwark.] *July* 28.
WELLS, DYMOKE, Friskney, Lincoln, merchant, Sept. 8, George, Kingston-upon-Hull. [Knowles, New-inn; and Scholefield, Hull.] *July* 28.
WILLIAMS, RICH. Llangefni, Anglesea, draper, Sept. 11, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Jackson, Manchester; and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row.] *July* 31.

WEBSTER, JOS. Derby, tailor, Sept. 11, King's Head, Derby. [Bush, Bradford, Wilts; Jessopp and Co. Derby; and King and Co. Gray's-inn-sq.] *July* 31.
WHITE, JOHN, Tarporley, Chester, innkeeper, Sept. 15, Pied Bull, Chester. [Kelsall, Chester; and Milne and Co. Temple.] *Aug.* 4.
WELSH, WM. Liverpool, dry-salter, Sept. 3, 4, and 15, George, Liverpool. [Dennison, Liverpool; and Taylor and Co. King's bench-walk, Temple.] *Aug.* 4.
WILKS, THOS. Liverpool, bell-hanger, Sept. 4, 5, and 25, George, Dale-st. Liverpool. [Ravenhill and Co. Prince's-st. Bank; and Wilson, Liverpool.] *Aug.* 4.
WARWICK, ROB. Warwick Hall, Cumberland, banker, Sept. 5, 6, and 25, Crown and Mitre, Carlisle. [Mounsey and Co. Carlisle; and Mounsey and Co, Staple inn.] *Aug.* 14.
WILDASH, THOS. ROPER, Aylesford, Kent, farmer, Sept. 25. [Jefferys, Faversham; and Lowe and Co. Southampton-bu. Chancery-la.] *Aug.* 14.
WEST, JOHN ROB. Louth Lincoln, coach maker, Sept. 20, 21, and 29, Mason's Arms, Louth. [Edmunds, Symond's-inn, Chancery-la.; and Philips, Louth.] *Aug.* 18.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, JULY 24, TO TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1821.

ATKINSON, G. and F. Kirbymoorside, York, Aug. 17.
Allum, R. Chatham, Kent, Aug. 21.
Atkinson, S Newcastle upon-Tyne, Sept. 25.
Archer, A. Great Chapel-st. Soho, Sept. 4.
Abbott, W, Windham-pl. Aug. 25.
Ballmer, J. City chain. Bishopsgate-st. July 31.
Baillie, M. Broad-street-bu. Aug. 25.
Browne, J. Bridgewater, Somerset, Aug. 20.
Bulkley, G. W. Queen-st. Hanover-sq. Aug 14.
Browne, J. R. New road, St. Pancras, July 28.
Beadey, J. Wotton under Edge, Gloucester. Sept. 11.
Bruggenkate, G. A. T. Little Eastcheap, Sept. 8.
Brown, T. Longdon, Stafford, Sept. 8.
Beruecker, C. Birmingham, Warwick, Sept. 11.
Powles, M. Ross. Hereford, Aug. 31.
Berthoud, H. Soho-sq. Nov. 3.
Bowdon, G. Barlbrough, Derby, Aug. 27.
Billinge, J. Bristol, Sept. 12.
Cowl, W. Weston Colville, Cambridge, Sept. 17.
Collens, R. Maidstone, Aug. 28.
Cole, D. Wolverhampton, Stafford, Sept. 7.
Crowe, E. Wymondham, Norfolk, Sept. 7.
Cater, S. Watling st. Aug. 25.
Clay, R. Stamford, Lincoln, Aug. 25.
Clark, W. South Shields Sept. 26.
Dowley, T. and J. Willow-st. Bank-side, Aug. 14.
Dubois, J. F. and J. Alderman's-walk, Aug. 14.
Dunn, W. Hoxton, Aug. 25.
Dowley, J. Willow-st. Bank-side, Aug. ..
Dubois, J. F. and J. Alderman's-walk, Aug. 18.
Devey, W. and F. Albion Coal Wharf, Surrey, Sept. 4.
Dowley, J. Willow-st Bank side, Aug. 14.
Day, R. H. Tovil, Kent, Sept. 18.
Edwards, J. Vine st. Spital-fields, Aug. 25.
Farrington, J. Liverpool, Aug. 18.
Friend, H. Southwark, Aug 14.
Foulerton, J. Upper Bedford-pl. Bloomsbury-sq. Nov. 10.
Franke, R. sen. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham, Sept. 3.
Fox, R. jun. Norwich, Aug. 31.
Forster, R. Old Broad st. Sept. 1.
Fielding, J. Pudge-row, Aug. 25.
Fuller, H. Bethnal-green-road, Aug. 25.
Fisher, J. Milby, York, Aug. 21.
Gibbons, T. jun. Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, Aug. 27.
Garbutt, T. Manchester, Sept. 24.
Gerard, J. G Basinghall st. Sept. 4.
Griffiths, M. and Co. Bristol, Sept. 12.
Gunston, T. J. Liverpool, Aug. 31.
Hoffman, J. Mile end road, Sept. 11.
Harris, T. Worcester, Sept. 10.
Hancock, J. Limehouse hole-stairs, Sept. 4.
Hudson, J. B. Hackney grove, Sept. 1.
Humphreys, S. Charlotte-st. Portland pl. Aug. 14.
Hobbs, J. Titchfield, Southampton, Aug. 30.
Holt, R. Lymm, Chester, Aug 21.
Hubbard, T. jun. Coventry, Aug. 27.
Harman, G. Norwich, Sept. 20.
Johnston, J. Leamington, Warwick, Sept. 1.
Jones, T. Ware, Hertford, Aug. 14.
Johnson, T, jun. Wakefield, York. Sept. 1.
Johnson, J. Llandaff, Glamorgan, Sept. 7.
Jackson, S. Romsey, Southampton, Aug. 22.
Keating, A. Strand, Aug. 25.
King, R Mincing-la. Aug. 14.
Keaty, A. Colonnade, Pall-mall, Aug. 4.
Kerr, W. Sherborne-la. Aug. 14.
Lee, J. King-st. Cheapside, Aug. 11.
Lyon, J. Marsham-st. Westminster, Aug. 14.
Lyon, J. Marsham st. Aug. 28.
Lee, W. Croydon, Surrey, Nov. 3.
Lark, H. and Co. Essex-st. Strand, Aug. 25.
Lamb, J Birmingham. Aug. 28.
Millard, J. Cheapside, Aug. 25.
Mulligan, T. Bath, Aug 28.
Molineux, M Birmingham, Sept. 12.
Marsh, C. Wolverhampton, Stafford, Sept. 7.
Martin, P. Little Harrowby, Northampton, Aug. 30.
Massie, J. Derby, mercer, Aug. 3?.
Moore, J. and Co. Room, York, Aug. 28.
Motley, T. Strand, Aug. 4.
Nichols, S. and M. New Woodstock, Oxford, Aug. 21.
Percival, G. G Walcot, Somerset, Aug. 27.
Parkes, B Halford, Aug. 28.
Pitt, J. Cirencester, Gloucester, Aug. 31.
Philpots, R. Banbury, Oxford, Aug. 25.
Powell, T. and Co. Liverpool, Aug. 22.
Paine, T. Banbury, Oxford, Aug 29.
Percival, G. G. Walcot, Somerset, Sept. 19.
Rogers, J. and C. Plymouth, Sept. 14.
Ridding, F. Birmingham, Sept. 8.
Rootsey, G. Tooley st. Aug 18.
Richardson, A. York-st. St Mary-le-Bone, and Welsh, T. Cleveland-st. Aug. 14.
Robinson, T. Manchester, Aug 27.
Rice, J. New Shoreham, Sussex, Aug. 27.
Rucker, S. Old South Sea House, Broad-st. Aug. 25.
Royde, G. Newgate-st. Aug. 7.
Schlesinger, M B. Church co. Lombard st. Aug. 11.
Simpson, R. Crown-co Threadneedle-st. July 28.
Sawtell, G. Bristol, Sept. 26
Shirley, J. and B Worship-st. Sept. 5.
Saunders, J. Duke st. St. James's, Sept. 4.
Stanley, W Warwick, Aug. 28.
Savery, F. Bristol, Aug. 28.
Snuggs, J. W. A. Lime st. Aug. 18.
Statham, P. and Co. Pall-mall, Aug. 25.
Thompson, T. Lancaster, Aug. 31
Tayler, R Commercial pl. Commercial-road, Aug. 18.
Townsend, J. Ludgate-hill, Aug. 14.
Treharne, E. White Hall, Carmarthen, Sept. 3.
Tuckey, W. H. High-st. Southwark, Aug. 25.
Tyrrell, J. Maidstone, Kent, Aug. 11.
Thomas, H. Kingston-upon Hull, Aug. 24.
Turner, T. Stock-exchange, Sept. 11.
Walker, W. Ramsgate, Kent, Aug. 21.
Wood, J. Nottingham, Aug. 17.
Woodall, J. Picket how, Cumberland, Sept. 14.
Wrightson, W. Leeds, Sept. 10.
Whitechurch, J. Worship-st. Finsbury sq. Sept. 4.
Webster, J. and Co. Tower-st. Sept. 8.
Williams, T. S. and Co. Cheltenham, Sept. 28.
Woolliven, T. Andover, Southampton, Sept. 5.
Ward, J Milton-Abbott, Devon, Aug. 29.
Ward, T. Towcester, Northampton, Sept. 1.
Wall, C. Coventry, Aug. 27.
Wroath D. Truro, Cornwall, Aug. 22.
Wells, G. Hadleigh, Suffolk, Sept. 20.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CERTIFICATES,

FROM TUESDAY, JULY 24, TO TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1821.

AIREY, J. Liverpool, Aug. 21.
A'Dean, H. Hertford, Aug. 28.
Aubrey, G. E. Manchester, Sept
Aubrey, R. jun. Manchester, Sept. 4.
Bumpus, J. Holborn, Aug. 18.
Bliss, N. Water-la. Aug 21.
Booth, G. sen. Bromley Park, Stafford, Sept. 1.
Bury, E Liverpool, Sept. 1.
Bradley, G. S. Bristol, Sept. 8.
Board, W. Bristol, Sept. 11.
Crawe, E. Wymondham, Norfolk, Aug. 21.
Cox, H. Lambeth, Aug. 25.
Cope, B Bridgenorth, Salop, Aug. 25.
Campbell, W. H. Wood-st. Cheapside, Aug. 25.
Cross, R Bridlington, York, Sept. 1.
Cox, R. A. and Co. Little Britain, Sept. 11.
Crumbie, B. York, Sept. 11.
Durham, W. Oxnead, Norfolk, Aug. 18.
Drape, I. Whitehaven, Cumberland, Aug. 25.
De Quiros, J. M. Size-la. Bucklersbury, Aug. 25.
Dewsbury, P. Altrincham, Chester, Sept. 4.
Eddleston, R. and E. Blackburn, Lancaster, Aug. 25.
Elgar, R. Burnham Westgate, Norfolk, Sept. 11.
Franklin, F. Leamington Priors, Warwick, Aug. 26.
Farley, T. Ratcliffe-highway, Sept.
Gordon, J. Liverpool, Aug. 18.
Girdlestone, M. Norwich, Aug. 21.
Hulkes, T. E. Rochester, Aug. 14.
Harvey, J. P. Ipswich, Aug. 18.
Hunton, G. Cateaton-st. Aug. 18.
Hilton, C. Over Darwen, Lancaster, Aug. 21.
Hitchon, J. H. Kidderminster, Worcester, Aug. 25.
Hafford, J. Leicester, Aug. 25.
Hardwick, J. Clare-st. Clare-market, Aug. 28.
Hilton, J. St. Martin's-le-Grand, Sept. 8.
Hill, T. jun. Kidderminster, Sept. 8.
Jackson, G. Birmingham, Sept. 4.
Lyon, J. Marsham-st. Aug. 18.
Lloyd, R. Liverpool, Aug. 25.
Lott, W. L. Llandilo, Carmarthen, Sept. 1.
Lee, W. Croydon, Surrey, Sept. 8.
M'Corquodale, H. Liverpool, Aug. 18.
Mallorie, W. Leeds, York, Aug. 25.
Mynett, G. jun. and Co. Stroud, Gloucester, Sept. 1.
Molineux, M. Birmingham, Sept. 8.
Nicholls, P. Birmingham, Sept. 1.
Partridge, J. Stourport, Worcester, Aug. 14.
Pritchard, J. H. Carleon, Monmouth, Aug. 25.
Parker, W. Newark upon-Trent, Nottingham, Aug. 25
Phelps, W. Camomile-st. Bishopsgate, Sept. 8.
Richie, R. and Co. Deptford, Aug. 18.
Rider, J. sen. and jun. New Malton, York, Aug. 18.
Renaud, E. Birmingham, Sept. 8.
Silva, J. R. Liverpool, Aug. 18.
Spencer, W. Bristol, Aug. 18.
Scarf, F. Leeds, Aug. 21.
Stafford, J. Leicester, Aug. 21.
Sealy, H. W. Stamford, Sept. 1.
Sawyer, T. Ramsgate, Sept. 11.
Thatcher, T. M. Hungerford Wharf, Strand, Aug. 14.
Tarlton, J. Liverpool, Aug. 25.
Taylor, W. Watling-st. Aug. 28.
Thackray, T. add Co. Greenwich, Sept. 1.
Thomas, J. Oswestry, Salop, Sept. 1.
Weston, M. London-wall, Aug. 18.
Williams, J. P. Lambeth-road, Aug. 21.
Walton, R. E. and Co. Vauxhall-road, Aug. 25.
Webb, T. Warwick, Aug. 25.
Willan, J. jun. Ville of Monswick, Worcester, Aug. 28.
Wedgwood, J. Basford, Stafford, Aug. 28.
Wolfindin, T. New Malton, York, Sept. 4.
Warneford, J. York, Sept. 4.
Wood, W. Wimpole-st. Sept. 4.
Wise, J. Wellingborough, Northampton, Sept. 11.
Youden, J. Dover, Sept. 4.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATIONS,

FROM TUESDAY, JULY 24, TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1821.

ADAM, W. and Co. Belfield, bleachers.
Blackley, T. and A. Edinburgh, fleshers.
Bowie, H. and Sons, Paisley, manufacturers.
Chirrey, J. and Co. Glasgow, merchant tailors.
Dow and Fenwick, Perth, merchants
Railton, A. Edinburgh, spirit-merchant.
Rols, H. Glasgow, merchant.
Scott, R. Glasgow, shoemaker.
Sprunt, J. Perth, merchant.
Smellie, R. Glasgow, spirit-dealer.
Taylor, R. and Son, Glasgow, grocers.
Thomson, A. West Wemyss, ship-own

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP.

FROM TUESDAY, JULY 24, TO TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1821.

ALPE, J. and Barlow, A. Gracechurch st. wholesale hosiers.
Anderson, W. and Brett, W. Nag's-head-co. Gracechurch-st. vellum-binders.
Ashcroft, E. and Jones, E. Liverpool, plaster of Paris manufacturers.
Atherton, W. and Baines, H. Everton, near Liverpool, brewers.
Auther, B. Auther, G. and Auther, S. Bruton-st. Bond-st. milliners.
Amies, J. and Mules, J. Stamford st. Black friars'-road, linen drapers.
Blakeway, R. and Creswell, C. Bank-side, coal and iron merchants.
Bevington, T. Bevington, J. Roby, J. Haynes, G. and Haynes, G. jun. Swansea, potters.
Burgess, G. and Hodgson, E. Liverpool, quill-dressers.
Beachcroft, M. and Soppitt, J. Queenhithe, wholesale-grocers.
Boucher, W. R. and Guy, J. Leadenhall-st. glass-sellers.
Barker, J. Barker, J. Barker, J. and Myntt, J. Lane End, Staffordshire, earthen ware manufacturers.
Bailey, J. and Geary, H. Uxbridge, corn-dealers.
Brittan, J. and Brittan, F. Dudley, Worcester, linen-drapers.
Burrell, J. Burrell, I. Forbes, T. and Hebron, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, iron founders.
Broadbridge, T. and Broadbridge, G. Stoke Newington, plumbers.
Blair, A. and Stevenson, T. Tipton, Stafford, soap-manufacturers.
Badger, J. and Woodhead, J. Sheffield, cut-nail-manufacturers.
Buck, G. and Woodcock, R. Deptford, tea-dealers.
Chisman, T. Hill, T. and Chisman, T. London, ship and insurance agents.
Crease, A. and Crease, H. Great Newport-st. Long-acre, washable paper-hanging-manufacturers.
Copland, S. and Edge, J. Birmingham, builders.
Cayme, S. and Palmer, J. Yeovil, Somerset, flax-spinners.
Coates, J. and Roberts, J. Shadwell, rag merchants.
Craig, D. and Craig, J. Manchester, tailors.
Cooke, I. Comer, W. and Hodgson, I. Liverpool, cotton-brokers.
Cole, J. and Lowther, J. T. Loman's-pond, Southwark, colour-manufacturers.
Dixon, T. and Law, J. Tottenham-court-road, cheesemongers.
Des' Anges, I. F. and Des' Anges, L. H. Wheeler-st Spital fields, dyers.
Dennistoun, R. Brown, J. jun. Connal, J. and Alston, W. Glasgow, brewers.
Dobson, W. Newcastle upon-Tyne, wholesale button dealer, and Lishman, A. Carville, Northumberland, tailor.
Dobson, T. and Dobson, J. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturers.
Dwerrihouse, S. Henderson, P. and Carter, J. Davies-st. Berkeley-sq. watch-makers.

Donkin, B. and Gill, T. Upper Russell-st. Bermondsey, tanners.
Darwin, J. and Tingle, T. Sheffield, steel-manufacturers.
Davenport, N. and Stringer, T. Macclesfield, silk-throwsters.
Doe, A. and Doe, G. Newbury, Berks, cabinet-makers.
Davidson, G. M. Francis, E. and Vincent, T. Dowgate-hill, wholesale-grocers.
Evans, G. Carrier, H. and Wilson, I. Ilkestone, Derby, potters.
Ellis, E. and Ellis, E. Hertford, timber-merchants.
Flight, B. and Flight, T. Adelphi-wharf, Strand, coal-merchants.
Fraser, J. and Chater, J. Long acre, ironmongers.
Fleming, H. and Tyler, S. Deptford, dress-makers.
Griffiths, S. and Major, G. T. St. John's-st. furnishing ironmongers.
Graham, W. sen. Graham, W. jun. Graham, J. and Graham, R. Glasgow, merchants.
Gregory, J. and Burder, J. Skinner-st. Snow-hill, grocers.
Good, W. and Jennings, S. Ordnance Wharf, Rotherhithe, patent-tanners.
Green, J. and Greenwood, J. Halifax, York, joiners.
Green, T. and Farmery, R. Boroughbridge, coal-merchants.
Gill, J. and Goss, G. Tavistock, millwrights.
Gibb, H. and Gibb, W. Alnwick, Northumberland, curriers.
Gisborne, T. jun. and Brittlebank, J. Ashborne and Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derby, bankers.
Hill, S. Hill, R. and Hill, B. Serle-st. London, and of Chester, wine-merchants.
Harvey, R. Haines, J. and Richardson, T. Bridge-foot, High-st. Southwark, hop and seed merchants.
Holland, T. and Holland, H. Sudbrook, and Fretherne, Gloucester, canal-cutters.
Hippisley, H. and Scrace, H. Wester Shepton, Somerset.
Hardwich, J. jun. and Hardwich, J. Westbury, Somerset, common brewers.
Hay, W. and Clark, W. Lerwick.
Hackett, B. and Lee, J. Leicester, cheese-factors.
Hilton, J. and Empson, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, house-painters.
Harper, S. C. and Banbury, D. Cheltenham, auctioneers.
Hill, W. and Hill, R. Stourport, Worcester, drapers.
Hodson, J. Cardwell, J. and Kearsley, J. H. Wigan, Lancaster, linen manufacturers.
Hague, J. Hague, T. Strickland, A. Aiten, W. and Barnby, J. Malton and Driffield, York, bankers.
Haywood, I. Hurst, C. Hurry, W. C. and Hurry, G. Paul's-wharf, Upper Thames-st. bottle-merchants.
Hillback, J. W. and Rangecroft, W. George-st. Wentworth-st. Spital-fields, sugar refiners.
Hockley, T. and Bassington, G. H. Kingsland-green, nurserymen.
Howitt, R. White, R. and Howitt, W. Leeds, wholesale grocers.
Hargrave, E. Barton-upon-Humber, Lincoln, and Hargrave J. Huddersfield, York, millers.
Johnson, T. and Stevens, W. Chesterfield, Derby, gingham-manufacturers.
James, W. and James, W. H. Coventry, coal-masters.
Kane, J. H. and Harrow, J. Loughborough, and Kegworth, Leicester, linen and woollen drapers.
Knight, C. and Freeman, L. Basinghall-st. attornies.
Law, G. and Holt, R. Rochdale, Lancaster, merchants.
Longbottom, J. jun. Watson, T. and Woolcombe, W. jun. Ratcliffe-cross, shipwrights.
Lambird, E. and Taylor, T. Penge-wharf, Surrey, coal-merchants.
Lewis, T. and Geddes, G. Liverpool, commission-merchants.
Lear, F. and Lear, R. Bitton, Gloucester, chandlers.
May, A. and Edwards, W. M. Union-st. Hackney-road, coal-merchants.
Martin, J. Hartley, J. and Starkie, T. Liverpool, starch-manufacturers.
Mills, J. and Wilson, J. Derby, chemists and druggists.
Morris, D. Marshall, D. and Cattaral, W. Liverpool, oil-merchants.
M'Neile, J. Dickson, G. F. Montgomery, R. Price, R. E. and Pizey, J. R. London.
Noble, R. and Simpson, W. St. Mary at Hill, wine, brandy, and hop-merchants.
Ogg, C. M. and Cryer, H. Manchester, cabinet-makers.
Oliver, E. and Mitcheson, W. Wapping wall, anchor and ship smiths.
Otley, J. and Atkinson, J. Wakefield, York, wool-factors.
Pratt, F. Weston, S. Hassall, T. and Garrerd. T. Lane Delph, Stafford Potteries, china-manufacturers.
Philpott, F. and Hoar, H. Dunsfold, Surrey, timber-dealers.
Parkes, Z. Parkes, M. and Grainger, J. Dudley, Worcester, glass-manufacturers.
Peill, W. Cubitt, J. T. and Mann, L. jun. Liverpool, tobacco-manufacturers.
Pope, G. Corton Denham, and Pope, J. Yeovil-marsh, Somerset, farmers.
Routh, J. Routh, W. E. Chabot, J. and Thompson, T. London.
Ritchie, R. and Dixon, W. S. Liverpool.
Rand, J. Y. and Abbott, P. H. Darby-st. Rosemary-la. brewers.
Roberts, O. O. and Owen, S. Llanrwst, Denbigh, surgeons.
Rigg, S. and Cooke, G. Kelvedon, Essex, attornies.
Ring, R. F. and Wilkey, J. M. Bristol, tobacco-pipe-makers.
Skaife, J. Pawson, J. jun. Ingleson, R. Ingleson, G. and Grange, J. Pately-bridge, York, flax-spinners.
Smith, J. and Marshall, M. Crooked-la. wine and brandy merchants.
Saumarez, R. Dixon, P. and Saumarez, F. W. Newington, surgeons and apothecaries.
Strong, J. and Stafford, D. Nottingham, blacking-manufacturers.
Slater, J. Willis, J. H. and Slater, J. Bradshaw, near Bolton, bleachers.
Scougall, G. and Henderson, A. Russia-brokers.
Simpson, F. and Paley, W. F. Leeds, York, tobacco-manufacturers.
Scaife, A. Scaife, J. and Scaife, A. P. New Bond-st. tailors.
Snell, R. sen. Robins, J. and Snell, R. jun. Regent's Canal Bason, City-road, wharfingers.
Smethurst, R. and Smethurst, J. Bury, Lancaster, hatters.
Stuart, J. and Stuart, R. Manchester, cotton-dealers.
Seddon, H. and Bullock, W. Liverpool, painters.
Seaward, E. and Willson, M. Little Queen-st. Westminster, dress-makers.
Sykes, J. Beaumont, B. and Sykes, R. Red-cross-st. tobacco-manufacturers.
Stirling, W. Stirling, G. Stirling, J. and Morrison, W. Glasgow, merchants.
Stansfeld, T. London, and Turner, J. Halifax, York, merchants.
Smith, J. and Smith, J. Liverpool, printers.
Tomkin, W. and Tomkin, G. Yalding, Kent, grocers.
Topping, T. and Dawson, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, printers.
Tolley, G. and Tolley, S. Kidlington and Enslow Wharf, Oxford, corn-dealers.
Treacher, J. Treacher, B. Treacher, J. and Treacher, E. Paternoster-row, tallow-factors.
Treacher, B. Treacher, J. and Treacher, E. Denmark-st. St. Giles's, soap-manufacturers.
Varley, S. and Andrew, M. Sheffield, scythe-strickle makers.
Webb, T. Tyndall, T. and Rawlings, J. Birmingham, attorneys at-law.
Willman, J. and Coles, W. Fenchurch-st. tea-dealers.
Whitmore, M. A. and Padfield, R. Bristol, woollen-drapers.
Wood, J. and Varley, J. Lingards, York, scribbling-millers.
Wagg, W. and Charlton, J. Fore-st. warehousemen.
Whitehouse, J. and Tristram, J. Cotam Colliery, Stafford, coal-masters.
Wilkin, W. and Sepplings, T. Soham, Cambridge, attornies.
White, J. and Mitchell, J. Mincing-la. brokers.
Wallis, B. and Shores, J. Blackwall, boat builders.
Wilson, H. and Wilson, W. Aldermanbury, warehousemen.
Watson, W. Bateson, M. Bateson, J. and Giles, T. Leeds, dyers.
Youlton, W. and Waters, J. Bristol, coal-merchants.

NEW PATENTS.

WILLIAM CHURCH, of Threadneedle-street, London, Gentleman; for an improved apparatus for printing. Dated July 3, 1821.

JAMES SIMPSON, of the Strand, Middlesex, Surgical Instrument Maker; for an improvement in the manufacture of snuffers. Dated July 3, 1821.

WILLIAM COLES, of New street-square, in the parish of St. Bride, London, Mechanic, for braces, or instruments, for the relief of hernia, or ruptures. Dated July 5, 1821.

ROBERT DICKENSON, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Middlesex, Esquire; for certain improvements in the construction of vessels, or crafts, of every description, whereby such vessels, or crafts, may be rendered more durable than those heretofore constructed for the purposes of navigation. Dated July 14, 1821.

CHARLES NEWMAN, of Brighton, Sussex, Coach-master; for an improvement in the construction of the body and carriage of a stage, or other coach, by placing a certain proportion of the outside passengers in the centre of the carriage, and a proportion of the luggage under the same, producing thereby safety to the coach, and convenience to the passengers. Dated July 17, 1821.

SAMUEL COOPER, Engineer, and WILLIAM MILLER, Gentleman, both of Margate, Kent; for certain improvements in printing machines. Dated July 17, 1821.

LONDON MARKETS. Aug. 17th, 1821.

COTTON.—The purchases of Cotton since our last consists of 100 Bengal, 5⅞d. a 6⅝d. in bond.—400 Surat, 6⅝d. a 8d. in bond.—20 Sea Island. 16d. in bond.—130 Upland, 8¾d. a 9¼d. in bond.—100 Bahia, 12d. a 12¼d. duty paid.—18 Mina Nova, 10¾d. duty paid.—75 Berbice, 11⅛d. a 11⅜d. duty paid.—100 Grenada, a 10½d. a 11¼d. duty paid.—The arrivals, from the 10th to the 16th inst. inclusive:—Charleston, 557.—Smyrna, 467.—Jamaica, 17.—Grenada, 261.—Demerara. 24.—The letters from Liverpool this morning state that market exceedingly heavy. The demand for Cottons here has been limited, yet the holders are firm, and will submit to no depression to facilitate sales.

SUGAR.—The show of new Sugars at market is general and extensive, yet the greater portion consists of the inferior brown: good and fine Sugars, are in consequence in request, and command high prices: the other qualities are without variation. The quantity of Muscovades delivered every week from the warehouses for home consumption continues on the most extensive scale, averaging 4000 casks weekly—The public sale of Barbadoes Sugar to-day, 108 hhds. 13 tierces, sold 1s. a 2s. lower than any previous prices, 58s. 6d. a 72s. 6d.—The refined market remains in the late languid state, yet the trade do not evince the same eagerness to effect sales; they hold with more confidence, and will not submit to any further decline. The reduction in the prices has in some measure attracted the attention of the buyers, but it is difficult to purchase at our reduced quotations.—In Foreign or East-India Sugars very little has been done by private contract. By public sale on Wednesday, 120 chests yellow Havannah, good quality sold at 32s.; middling white withdrawn at 45s.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Wednesday went off with more spirit than for some time preceding. St Domingo sold at a small advance, good quality realising 111s. 6d. and 112s.; the Jamaica descriptions went a shade lower, but there was apparently more demand. No public sales were brought forward yesterday; it was however reported, that a parcel of St. Domingo was sold by private contract at 111s. 6d.—There were three public sales this forenoon: Jamaica, St. Lucia, and Dominica Coffee sold again at prices 1s. a 2s. lower; the Foreign Coffee maintained the previous currency. The Reduction in the prices of Coffee appears to attract the attention of the buyers; there is some appearance of a reviving demand.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—There have been several considerable purchases of Rum by private contract, at low rates. On Tuesday, the public sales of 276 puncheons strong Demerara Rums went at low prices.—The low rates at which the sale went, has again reduced the market prices.—Brandies are held with more firmness, and may be quoted at a small improvement.—Geneva remains nominally the same.

TALLOW.—Foreign Tallows continue heavy at our quotations. The Town market is to-day stated at 47s., which is 1s. lower than last week.

FROM THE 23D OF JULY, TO THE 20TH OF AUGUST 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

	July 23 to 30.	July 30 to Aug 6	Aug. 6 to 13.	Aug. 13 to 20
BREAD, per quartern	0 9½	0 10	0 10	0 10
Flour, Fine, per sack	50 0 a 0 0	53 0 a 0 0	53 0 a 0 0	53 0 a 0 0
——, Seconds	42 0 a 45 0	42 0 a 45 0	42 0 a 45 0	42 0 a 45 0
——, Scotch	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0
Malt	42 0 a 52 0	42 0 a 52 0	42 0 a 52 0	42 0 a 52 0
Pollard	16 0 a 18 0	16 0 a 18 0	15 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0
Bran	7 0 a 8 0	7 0 a 8 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0
Mustard, Brown, per bushel	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0
——, White	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0
Tares	4 0 a 5 0	5 0 a 8 0	5 0 a 8 0	5 0 a 8 0
Turnips, Round	24 0 a 30 0	28 0 a 34 0	28 0 a 34 0	28 0 a 34 0
Hemp, per quarter	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0
Cinque Foil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Clover, English, Red, per cwt.	25 0 a 63 0	25 0 a 63 0	25 0 a 63 0	25 0 a 63 0
——, White	46 0 a 95 0	46 0 a 95 0	46 0 a 95 0	46 0 a 95 0
Trefoil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Rape Seed, per last	28 0 a 30 0	27 0 a 28 0	26 0 a 27 0	26 0 a 27 0
Linseed Cakes, per 1000	10 0 a 0 0	10 0 a 0 0	10 0 a 0 0	10 0 a 0 0
Onions, per bushel	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Potatoes, Kidneys, per ton	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, Champions	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Beef (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	2 10 a 3 10	2 8 a 3 8	2 6 a 3 6	2 6 a 3 6
Mutton	2 4 a 3 4	2 2 a 3 2	2 4 a 3 4	2 4 a 3 4
Lamb	3 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 4	3 4 a 4 4	3 4 a 4 4
Veal	3 0 a 5 0	2 8 a 4 8	3 0 a 5 0	3 0 a 5 0
Pork	3 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 4	2 8 a 4 4
Butter, Dublin, per cwt.	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, Carlow	80 0 a 82 0	74 0 a 76 0	74 0 a 76 0	74 0 a 76 0
——, Dutch	84 0 a 0 0	80 0 a 82 0	74 0 a 78 0	74 0 a 78 0
——, York, per firkin	48 0 a 0 0	42 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0
——, Cambridge	49 0 a 0 0	42 0 a 0 0	42 0 a 44 0	42 0 a 44 0
——, Dorset	49 0 a 0 0	44 0 a 0 0	44 0 a 46 0	44 0 a 46 0
Cheese, Cheshire, Old	50 0 a 80 0	56 0 a 76 0	56 0 a 76 0	50 0 a 76 0
——, Ditto, New	52 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0	50 0 a 66 0	50 0 a 66 0
——, Gloucester, doubled	64 0 a 74 0	60 0 a 70 0	70 0 a 74 0	70 0 a 74 0
——, Ditto, single	56 0 a 64 0	56 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 54 0	50 0 a 54 0
——, Dutch	44 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	44 0 a 0 0	44 0 a 0 0
Hams, Westphalia	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, York	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Bacon, Wiltshire, per stone	4 0 a 0 0	3 4 a 0 0	4 0 a 0 0	4 0 a 0 0
——, Irish	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0
——, York, per cwt.	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Lard	46 0 a 50 0	40 0 a 44 0	40 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 0 0
Tallow, per cwt.	2 8 0	2 8 0	2 8 0	2 8 0
Candles, Store, per doz	10 6	10 6	10 6	10 6
Ditto, Moulds	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0
Soap, Yellow, per cwt	78 0	78 0	78 0	78 0
Ditto, Mottled	88 0	86 0	86 0	88 0
Ditto, Curded	92 0	92 0	92 0	92 0
Starch	3 14 a 0 0	3 14 a 0 0	3 14 a 0 0	3 14 a 0 0
Coals, Newcastle	38 0 a 42 3	35 6 a 42 6	35 6 a 42 0	33 0 a 42 3
Ditto, Sunderland	38 6 a 0 0	35 9 a 43 3	37 9 a 39 6	35 0 a 43 0
Hops, in bags, Kent	2 0 a 3 15	2 0 a 3 15	2 0 a 3 15	2 0 a 3 15
Hops, in bags, Sussex	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0
Hay (St. James's averaged)	3 12 0	3 12 0	3 12 0	3 12 0
Clover	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0
Straw	1 8 0	1 8 0	1 8 0	1 8 0
Hay (Smithfield averaged)	3 17 0	3 17 0	3 17 0	3 17 0
Clover	3 17 6	3 17 6	3 17 6	3 17 6
Straw	1 8 0	1 8 0	1 8 0	1 8 0
Hay (Whitechapel averaged)	4 1 0	4 1 0	4 1 0	4 1 0
Clover	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0
Straw	1 9 0	1 9 0	1 9 0	1 9 0

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140 lbs. Avoirdupos, from the Returns received in the Week

	Ending July 21. s.	d.	Ending July [illegible] s.	d.	Ending Aug. 4. s.	d.	Ending Aug. 11. s.	d.
WHEAT	52	0	52	4	53	4	55	3
RYE	33	0	32	1	31	10	34	11
BARLEY	24	2	25	0	25	3	26	0
OATS			19	4	20	1		
BEANS	30	10	30	11	31			
PEAS	31	4	31	1	30			
OATMEAL	19	8	19	5	20			

Published by Authority of Parliament, WILLIAM DOWDING, Receiver of Corn Returns,

AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN OR MUSCOVADO SUGAR,

Exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the Importation thereof into Great Britain, Computed from the Returns made in the Week ending

July 25, is 32s. 2¼d. per cwt. | Aug. 1, is 32s. 9¼d. per cwt. | Aug. 8, is 32s. 9d. per cwt. | Aug. 15, is 32s. 10¾d. per cwt.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.	1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser	1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.
July 26	29.81	67	SW	Show.	Aug. 6	29.79	72	SSW	Fair	Aug. 16	30.06	66	W	Fair
27	29.88	68	NW	Ditto	7	29.93	69	W	Ditto	17	30.08	69	W	Ditto
28	29.81	63	NE	Clou.	8	29.73	61	SW	Rain	18	29.99	65	W	Ditto
29	29.85	66	SW	Fair	9	29.49	64	WNW	Fair	19	30.09	65	SW	Ditto
30	29.85	64	SW	Rain	10	29.45	64	WSW	Ditto	20	30.14	66	NE	Ditto
31	29.88	68	SW	Clou.	11	29.56	65	W	Ditto	21	30.10	68	E	Ditto
Aug. 1	29.89	66	SW	Fair	12	29.84	63	WNW	Ditto	22	30.10	67	E	Ditto
2	30.04	67	SW	Ditto	13	29.93	63	W	Ditto	23	30.00	64	E	Ditto
3	30.02	66	ENE	Ditto	14	29.60	62	S	Rain	24	29.90	63	E	Ditto
4	30.03	68	SW	Ditto	15	29.83	62	NW	Fair	25	29.85	68	E	Ditto
5	29.89	73	S	Ditto										

PRICE of SHARES in CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, ROADS, WATER-WORKS, FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c. Aug. 21st, 1821.

	Shares of £.	Present Price per Sha. £.		Div. received per Ann. £.	
Birmingham Canal (divided)	25	560		24	
Chesterfield	100	120		8	
Coventry	100	970		44	
Derby	100	135		6	
Erewash	100	1000		58	
Grand Junction	100	215		9	
Grand Surrey	100	60		3	
Grand Union	100	21		—	
Do. Loan	—	93		5	
Grantham	150	130		7	
Huddersfield	100	13		—	
Kennet and Avon	100	18			16
Leeds and Liverpool	100	315		12	
Leicester	—	290		14	
Loughborough		2600		170	
Monmouthshire	100	—		10	
Nutbrook	100	105		6	2
Oxford	100	610		32	
Shrewsbury	125	165		9	
Shropshire	100	140		7	10
Somerset Coal	50	107	10	7	
Ditto Lock Fund		74		4	
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	100	700		40	
Stourbridge	145	210		9	
Thames and Severn, New		24	10	—	
Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk	200	1510		75	
Warwick and Birmingham	100	224		12	
Warwick and Napton	100	210		11	
Bristol Dock	146	15		—	
Commercial Dock	100	69		3	
East India	100	168		10	

	Shares of £.	Present Price per Sha. £.		Div. received per Ann. £.	
London	100	101		4	
West India	100	176		10	
Southwark Bridge	100	16		—	
Vauxhall	100	18		—	
Waterloo	100	5	5	—	
Commercial Road	100	102	10	5	
Ditto East India Branch	100	100		5	
East London Water-Works	100	87		—	
Grand Junction	50	56		2	10
Kent	100	33	10	—	
Liverpool Bootle	220	75		—	
London Bridge	—	50		2	10
West Middlesex	—	54		2	
Albion Insurance	500	44		2	10
Atlas	50	5			6
Bath	—	575		40	
Birmingham Fire	1000	500		25	
County	100	39		2	10
Eagle	50	2 12 6			5
Globe	100	122		6	
Imperial	500	90		4	10
London Fire	25	24		1	4
London Ship	25	20		1	
Royal Exchange	—	—		10	
Union	200	35		1	4
Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.)	50	58	10	4	
City Gas Light Company	100	102		8	
London Institution	75 gs.	33		—	
Surrey	30 gs.	6		—	
Auction Mart	50	22		1	5
British Copper Company	100	52		2	10

Rate of Government Life Annuities, payable at the Bank of England.

When 3 per cent. Stock is 76 and under 77.

single life of	receives for 100*l.* stock	average-rate 100*l.* money
35	5 4 0	6 15 11
40	5 10 0	7 3 9
45	5 18 0	7 14 3
50	6 9 0	8 8 7
55	7 2 0	9 5 7
60	7 19 0	10 7 10
65	9 4 0	12 0 6
70	11 2 0	11 10 2
75 and upwards	14 1 0	18 7 4

All the intermediate ages will receive in proportion.

Reduction National Debt and Government Life Annuity Office, Bank-street, Cornhill.

COURSE of the EXCHANGE, *from July 27, to Aug. 24, 1821, both inclusive.*

Amsterdam, c. f. ....12—16 a 12—17
Ditto at sight....12—13 a 12—14
Rotterdam ....12—17 a 12—18
Antwerp ....12—10 a 10—9
Hamburgh. ....38—6 a 38—8
Altona. ....38—7 a 38—3
Paris, 3 day's sight ....25—55 a 25—70
Ditto....25—35 a 26—0
Bourdeaux....25—85 a 26—0
Frankfort on the Main, ex money... 156
Petersburg, 3 Us. per rble .... 8 7-8ths a 8¾
Vienna, Ef. 2 m. flo.... 10—24 a 10—25
Trieste ditto .... 10—24 a 10—25
Madrid 36
Cadiz ....35¾ a 56
Bilboa.... 35½ a 35¾

Barcelona ....35 a 35¼
Seville 35½
Gibraltar 30½
Leghorn....47
Genoa 43¾
Venice Italian Liv....27—60
Malta 45
Naples ....39¾ a 39½
Palermo per oz. ....116d.
Lisbon. 50
Oporto 50
Rio Janeiro....49
Bahia 59
Dublin .... 9½ a 9¾
Cork 9

PRICES of BULLION, *at per Ounce.*

Portugal Gold, in coin ...0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Foreign Gold in Bars......3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Doubloons.........3*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

New Dollars..........0*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Silver in Bars, Standard... 4*s.* 11*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Louis, each .... ———

The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices.

JAMES WETENHALL, SWORN BROKER.

Printed by Joyce Gold, 103, Shoe Lane, London.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS FROM JULY 25, TO AUGUST 25, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1821. Days.	Bank Stock.	3perCt. Reduc	3perCt. Consol	3½pCt. Consol	4perCt Consol	5perCt. Navy.	Long Anns	Imp. 3 per Ct.	Irish 5perCt	Omnium.	India Stock.	So.Sea Stock.	OldSo. Sea An	NwSo. Sea An	4 per cent. Ind. Bon.	2 per Day Ex. Bills.	Cons. for Acct.
July 25	—	76⅛ ⅛	75⅛ ⅞	—	95 ⅛	108¾ ⅞	—	—	—	—	234	—	—	—	59s 58pr.	6s 4pr.	76⅛ 5⅞
26	232½ ¼	76¼ ⅛	75⅜ 6	86½ ⅜	95 ⅛	108¾ 9	19½ ⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57s 59pr.	4s 6pr.	75⅞ 6¼
27	232¼ ¾	76⅝ ¼	76 5½	86⅞	95¼ 5	109 8¾	19⅝ 9/16	75⅛ 4⅞	109¼	—	—	—	—	—	57s 60pr.	6s 4pr	76¼ 5⅞
28	—	76½ 5¾	75⅞ ⅛	—	95 4⅞	108⅞ ⅝	19½ ⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	59s 60pr.	4s 6pr.	76⅛ 5⅝
30	231 ½	75⅜ 4⅛	74⅞ 3⅝	—	93 4	107⅛ 8⅛	19¼ 1/16	—	—	—	232 231	—	—	—	59s 56pr.	5s 3pr.	75¼ 3¼
31	230½ 229½	74⅞ 5¼	74⅛ ⅝	85½ ¼	93⅝ ⅞	107¾ 8	19⅜ 5/16	—	—	—	230 229½	82	—	—	58s 56pr.	5s 3pr.	74⅛ ¾
Aug. 1	229½ 230½	75¼	74¼ ⅞	85¼	93¾ 4	108 7¾	19 3/16 5/16	74	—	—	—	—	75⅛	—	55s 57pr.	5s 3pr.	74¼ ⅝
2	229¾ 230¾	75⅛ ⅝	74⅛ 5⅞	85¼	93⅞ 4⅛	107⅞ 8¼	19¼ ⅜	—	—	—	231	—	—	—	58s 56pr.	3s 6pr.	74¾ 5¼
3	231 232	75¾ 6⅛	74⅞ 5⅞	86¼ ⅛	95 4¾	108⅛ ⅞	19½ ⅜	74⅞	—	—	231	—	—	—	60s 59pr.	3s 6pr.	74⅞ 5½
4	232	76⅜ ⅛	75¼ ⅛	86½	95 ¼	109⅛ 8¾	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4s 6pr.	75½ ⅞
6	232	76 5⅞	75⅜ ⅛	—	94⅞ 5	108⅞ ⅛	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—	230½	—	—	—	60s 59pr.	4s 6pr.	75⅜ ¼
7	232½ 3	76 ⅛	75¼ ⅛	86⅛ ⅜	94⅞ 5⅛	108⅞ ¾	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—	231	—	—	—	59s 60pr.	4s 6pr.	75⅜ ⅝
8	—	76½ ⅛	75⅞ ⅜	86⅝ ⅛	95⅜ ⅛	109 8¾	19 9/16 ⅝	75¼ ⅜	—	—	—	83⅛	—	75⅛	59s 60pr.	4s 5pr	76 5⅝
9	234 233	76¼ 6	75⅝ ¼	86⅛ ⅜	95¼ 5	108⅞ ⅝	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	231	—	—	—	59spr.	5s 3pr.	75⅜ ¾
10	233½	76¼ ⅛	75⅛ ⅞	86⅝	95 ¼	108¾ 9	19 9/16	75¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	59s 60pr.	5s 3pr.	75½ 6
11	—	76⅝ ¼	76⅛ 5⅝	86⅞	95⅜ ⅛	109 8¾	19⅝ ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4s 5pr.	76⅛ 5⅝
13	234½	76⅜ ⅛	75½ ⅞	—	95 ⅛	108⅝ ⅞	19 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4s 5pr.	75⅞ ⅝
14	235	76¼ ⅛	75½ ⅜	86⅝	95⅛ ¼	108¾ ⅞	19½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	61s 60pr.	6s 4pr.	75⅝ ⅞
15	—	76⅜ ⅜	75¾ ⅞	86¾	95¼ ⅜	109 8¼	19½ ⅝	75½	—	—	—	83⅞	—	75½	59s 60pr.	6s 4pr.	75¾ 6
16	235½	76½ ¾	75¾ 6⅛	87	95⅜ ⅞	108¾ 9	19 9/16 ⅝	73¾	—	—	—	—	—	—	59spr	4s 6pr.	75⅞ 6
17	—	77 6⅞	76⅛ ⅛	87¼	95⅛ 6	109 8⅞	19⅜ 11/16	76 5⅞	—	—	233¼ 4	—	—	—	60spr	6s 4pr.	76⅛ ¼
18	—	77 6¾	76⅜ 6	—	95¼ 6	108⅞ 9	19⅜ 11/16	—	—	—	—	—	76½	75⅞ 6	—	4s 6pr.	76⅜ 6
20	236½	77 6⅞	76⅜ ⅛	87¼	96 5⅞	109 8⅞	19⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	59spr	4s 6pr.	76⅜ ⅛
21	236½ 7	77 6⅞	76⅛ ⅜	87¼	95⅞ 6	109 8⅞	19⅜ 11/16	—	—	—	233 234	—	—	76⅛	—	4s 6pr.	76¼ ⅜
22	—	76⅞ [illegible]	76¼ ⅛	87⅛	95⅞ 6	108⅞ 9	19 11/16 ⅝	76	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4s 5pr.	76¼ ⅛
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24	Holiday																
25																	

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July 1820, have been advertised to be paid off.

N. B. *The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices*, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1718, and now published, *every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by*

JAMES WETENHALL, *Stock-Broker*, No. 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London;

On application to whom, the original documents for near a century past may be referred to.



London [illegible] for the Proprietors of the European Magazine, by the [illegible] of the late J. Asperne [illegible] Cornhill [illegible]

The Right Honourable

JOHN THOMAS THORP,

Lord Mayor of London, 1820-21.

Pub. for the Proprietors of the European Magazine by the Executors of the late J. Asperne [illegible]

Her Royal Highness

Princess Alexandrina Victoria

Only Child of

the late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent

Drawn by Wivell from a Bust by Turnerelli. Engraved by J. Thomson

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

SEPTEMBER, 1821.

With a Portrait of the Most Noble the Marquess of Anglesey.

CONTENTS.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND SOLD AT THE LATE JAMES ASPERNE'S,

BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,

32, CORNHILL:

(Where Communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed, Post paid.)

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE EDITOR'S CONVERSAZIONÉ.

EDITORS' promises, like Lovers' vows, being proverbially amongst the most brittle articles in nature,—pie-crust, we believe, being usually considered another; —we take to ourselves no small share of praise for so entirely redeeming our late intention of giving a full detail of the recent Coronation; and we beg to state having received, with all the becoming consciousness of high desert, the laudatory epistles of our many friends, who have done such due justice to our zeal, our exertions, and our industry.—And we do hereby strictly enjoin all our subscribers, correspondents, friends, and disciples, in every part of the known world, including our new and valuable copper coloured patrons in Baffin's Bay, to read over to their respective families on the fifteenth day of every succeeding month, unless such fifteenth day fall on a Sunday, and then on the following Monday, our narratives of the Coronation in the last two Numbers; thus inculcating in the minds of the rising generation those sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, which after instructing them to "*fear* GOD," will teach them also, that it is their next important duty to "*honour the* KING!"

Having, in our exordium, alluded to the customary fragility of Lovers' vows, we must here beg leave to be understood as meaning nothing in the slightest degree personal;—we are too well aware, that such things are very tender and perishable; and we regret it the more, because in our ancestors' days of wooing and vowing, some fifty, or an hundred years ago, we well know the conscientious integrity, and scrupulous exactness, with which they adhered even to the very letter of their promises, and we are proud to own ourselves, in this instance, at least, a strict imitator of their example, and a most rigid adherent to their principles. For the truth of which assertion, we can give the most unexceptionable references.

Having exerted ourselves to the utmost to secure to our excellent friend Δ the winning of his delectable "*bet of Coffee and Kisses*," we lose no time in putting in our very anxious claim to participate in the payment of the wager, agreeably to all those laws in such cases made and provided; feeling quite sure, that *now*, he must be successful.—Deeply, however, do we regret, that his letter does not, and could not, appear in this Number; for, alas! his candour would have ruined us; and though we, loving him as we do, would hesitate at no common sacrifice, and feel alarmed at no common risque, yet thus to have disclosed the "Secrets of our Prison House," was a danger we dared not brave; and as M. de la Frizalette, our French hairdresser, observed, when we solicited his opinion, it would have turned us "bottom over top, certainment, en verité!"—Δ will, however, still believe us so anxious to keep him *in our books*, that could even place him in our ledger.

When the shooting season is over, and the birds, et cetera, all bagged, *S. W. X. Z.* will, we hope, not fail to honour us with a *public* remembrance: and during the progress of the game season, a *private* recognition will be equally acceptable, addressed per sonally to ALFRED BEAUCHAMP, ESQ. E. M. Office, per Coach; *Carriage paid.*

D. F. postponed from our *last*, and intended for the *present*, most certainly in our *next*.—Several other favours are *under* consideration, as well as some *beneath* it.

To our very liberal Correspondent, who so kindly offers us "*Seven Manuscript Volumes of Poetry and Prose, Serious and Comical, Critical and Argumentative*," we are under obligations, which we deeply regret being utterly unable to express; and beg to assure him of our readiness to receive proposals for his entire occupancy of the Magazine for the ensuing six months, upon the principle of those Debating Societies, where "*Gentlemen paying the expenses of rent and lighting, may speak for the whole evening, and have all the room to themselves!*"

Our invincible antipathy to the whole feline species, compels us to refuse insertion to "*A new Method of socializing Cats, by Simeon Longclaws.*"

The very interesting series of papers, entitled, "*Guesses at the Author of Junius, Nos. 1 to 150*," are superseded by the candid confession of our worthy and erudite friend and contemporary, CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. *Editor of* BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; who, in his last Number for August, page 105, discovers himself as the long concealed Compiler of those most astounding Letters. We know not whether to praise or censure our friend's temerity in thus making the discovery; we are, however, bound to be grateful for his having thus set to final rest, we hope, a question so long, and so often agitated; which has occasioned the shedding of so much ink, and the soiling of so much paper.

"*An Appeal to public Spirit for a general Subscription to Whitewash the Monument!*"—very patriotic and very eloquent, but, unfortunately for the Monument, we fear, wholly unavailing, and perfectly inadmissible.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1821.

MEMOIR

OF THE MOST NOBLE HENRY WILLIAM PAGET,

MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY;

EARL OF UXBRIDGE; K.G.; G.C.B.; K.M.T.; K.S.G.; A GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES; COLONEL OF THE 7TH DRAGOONS, &c. &c. &c.

WITH A PORTRAIT, ENGRAVED BY JAMES THOMSON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

"A braver Knight of more courageous spirit
Ne'er spurr'd his courser at the trumpet's sound."

OUR last month's narrative of the vanquished Napoleon Buonaparte, is now succeeded by a biographical sketch of one of the bravest of the Tyrant's Conquerors; who disdaining to avail himself of that repose to which his birth and rank gave him so just a title, early enrolled his name in the ranks of his country's defenders, and amidst war and peril proved his deserved claim to the honours of a noble ancestry.

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY is the eldest son of the late Earl of Uxbridge, who, for many years, commanded the Stafford, or King's Own, militia, which regiment, from it's Colonel being a great favourite with his late Majesty, was permanently quartered at Windsor until the decease of the Earl, on the 13th of March, 1812. The gallant subject of the present sketch was born the 17th of May, 1768; and after receiving the first rudiments of his education at Westminster, was removed to the College of Christ Church, Oxford. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, in 1793, the Marquess, then Lord Paget, was appointed Lieutenant-colonel of the 10th regiment of foot, or Staffordshire Volunteers, a fine body of young men, principally raised upon the estates of his father.

Three months after receiving this gratifying letter of service, Lord Paget, with his regiment, embarked for Guernsey, and, in 1794, joined the Duke of York in Flanders; where his Lordship being senior Field Officer, was entrusted with the command of Lord Cathcart's brigade, the latter Nobleman having a separate corps, to which his attention was necessarily directed.

Having passed through the various gradations of military rank with distinguished credit, in 1797 Lord Paget was appointed Colonel of the 7th light dragoons; and next accompanied the Duke of York in the expedition to Holland; where, in the general attack made on the 2d of October, 1799, his Lordship was attached to the division under the command of the Russian General d'Hermann, and posted on the sand hills, where he materially contributed to the brilliant victory that day obtained by the British troops, under the most discouraging circumstances.

After the return of the army from Holland, Lord Paget devoted himself with the greatest assiduity to the discharge of his regimental duties, until, by his unremitting attention, the 7th light dragoons became one of the first regiments of cavalry in the British service.

In 1808, Lord Paget, with two bri-

gades of cavalry, followed the division, sent under the command of Sir David Baird, to co-operate with Sir John Moore in Spain, and disembarked his forces at Corunna, amidst the innumerable difficulties opposed to his Lordship from the want of forage, the apathy of the people of Spain, and the unavoidably tardy supplies. On the 10th of December, his Lordship arrived at Zamora, and after a toilsome march, effected a junction with the army of Sir John Moore. At this period, the critical situation of affairs had determined the British Commander to fall back upon Portugal. Circumstances, however, afterwards caused this movement to be suspended, and a junction was resolved upon with the division under Sir David Baird, which was effected on the 20th of December. In the disastrous retreat that followed, Lord Paget brought up the rear, and the ardour of his Lordship frequently exposed him to imminent danger, skirmishes almost daily taking place; while his gallantry and zeal were most importantly conspicuous in securing the advance upon Corunna with such trifling loss.

In March 1812, by the decease of his father, Lord Paget became Earl of Uxbridge; and on the return of Napoleon to France, in 1815, his Lordship was appointed to the chief command of the cavalry of the troops assembled in Belgium: the conduct of whom in the severe battles of the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, fully justified the appointment. Towards the close of the 18th, his Lordship was struck on the right thigh, by almost the last shot fired, and obliged to have his leg amputated; which misfortune compelled his Lordship to return to England; when in consideration of his eminent services, his present Majesty created him Marquess of Anglesey. In a note to Southey's "Poet's Pilgrimage," it is stated, that Lord Uxbridge's leg is buried in a garden opposite to the inn at Waterloo. The landlord had at first deposited it behind the house; but as he intended to plant a tree upon the spot, he removed the leg into his own garden, where it lies in a coffin, under a mound of earth about three feet in diameter. A tuft of Michaelmas daisies were in blossom upon this mound when Mr. Southey was at Waterloo; but this was a temporary ornament.—In the autumn he meant to plant a weeping willow there.

Next to the illustrious Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Wellington, the success of the battle of Waterloo was, perhaps, more indebted to the "first Cavalry Officer in the world," as the gallant Marquess is justly entitled, than to any other of that band of heroes, who immortalized themselves on that eventful day. Twice had the Marquess of Anglesey led the guards to the charge, cheering them with the rallying cry of—"Now for the honour of the household troops!" when three heavy masses of French infantry advanced, supported by artillery and cuirassiers. This formidable body drove in the Belgians, leaving the Highland brigade to receive the tremendous shock. At this critical moment, the Marquess gallopped up to General Ponsonby's second heavy brigade, and placing himself at their head, made the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed. The division they attacked consisted of upwards of nine thousand men, under Count d'Erlon; of these, three thousand were made prisoners, and the remainder killed, with the exception of about twelve hundred men, who formed under cover of the cuirassiers. His Lordship afterwards led the household troops in several brilliant attacks, cutting in pieces whole battalions of the old guard, into whose masses they penetrated: thus most essentially contributing to the triumphant issue of that conflict, in which the future tranquillity of the world was the incitement to the Hero's valour, and a world's gratitude the guerdon of the Hero's glory.

The last achievement of the intrepid Marquess was of a nature certainly far less dangerous, though scarcely less honourable, than those which we have already recorded; his Lordship having officiated as Lord High Steward at the recent Coronation of his Majesty; when the Marquess's favourite dun charger, and the rider's "noble horsemanship," were themes of universal admiration. With honours so meritoriously won, in war and peace, long may the gallant General enjoy the gratitude of his country, and in the hour of peril, should that hour ever again return, never may Britain lack defenders like her victorious Anglesey.

REJECTED RHYMES;

OR, SPECIMENS FROM THE EDITOR'S BALAAM BOX.

Beshrew me! but this is admirable fooling. SHAKSPEARE.

SOME months have now elapsed since, in the plenitude of our liberality, we promised to regale our friends with a perusal of some of those choice morceaux, which are to form the subject matter of this interesting article; though, "out and alas!" we had as entirely forgotten the important object, as if it had been a measure of no moment, and sadly are we afraid, that these exquisite Poems, like to many similar ones, might have been doomed to line band-boxes, or singe geese, but for the expostulations of a kind Correspondent, who, after tenderly reminding us of our breach of promise, most affectionatly urged it's immediate fulfilment.—We perused,—we pondered,—we were convinced; and, as a necessary consequence, proved our dutiful tractability and obedience, by instant and unhesitating compliance.

At the very outset, however, a difficulty occurred, which, at one time, appeared so insurmountable, as to threaten shipwreck to all our good intentions; and goose singing and trunk papering again appeared the inevitable fate of our poetic treasures. The Balaam Box, eighteen inches by twenty four, was almost full. To print *all* was utterly impracticable, and how to make an honest, conscientious, and also a pleasing selection, was beyond our ingenuity to fix upon. Had we, for instance, printed the Sonnets of *Romeo*,—*Sigismunda* might too justly have complained of undue partiality; or, had we chosen the Odes of *Leonora*,—*Abelard* might reasonably have been jealous. In the very midst of this appalling dilemma, however, while the future fate of so many thousand rhymes was suspended upon a single hair, with our right hand even extended to ring the bell, which should summon our trusty valet to remove them from our sight for ever!—even then, at the last moment, when assistance could avail, or aid be efficacious; our good Genius appeared in the shape of our fair Cousin, Rosamond, who called "*pour prendre congée*," before starting for Cheltenham. To her we stated our difficulties, and at her voice they vanished.—"Let me choose for you, Alfred,"—we consented, and at three separate attempts, our lovely Cousin drew forth three manuscripts, the contents of which we here present to our indulgent readers; as a fair and impartial specimen of the contents of an Editor's Balaam Box. Rosamond entreated much for one other selection, but our respect for our friends' patience overcame even our affection for the lovely petitioner; and after sending a kiss apiece to her fair sisters and our venerable aunt, we commended Rosamond to the protection of her escort to Cheltenham; and proceeded to arrange the materials with which she had furnished us, for the next EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

And, even now, are we, as the vulgar would say, after all, in a *quandary*;—Without our remarks, the merits of these poems may pass unnoticed and unregarded, and to subjoin any observations may appear like holding a rushlight to the sun. At the risque, however, of doing more than we ought, we at once reject the idea of being charged with doing too little, and shall steer, we hope, safely, between this Scylla and Charybdis, by restricting our animadversions within very narrow limits. We adhere most inflexibly to the order in which the pieces were drawn forth from their retreat; and therefore first present to our beloved, and expectant Subscribers,—

"THE WRECK.

"HARK! how the foaming billows roar,
Wave following wave dash on the shore,
See yonder vessel at her anchors ride,
Some danger's near, or much doth her betide;
A flash of light'ning strikes her mast,
No harm is done, *all yet stands fast.*
To be engulph'd within each wave,
The seaman fears a watery grave,

A leak has sprung down in the hold!
And stop it,—who will be so bold?
To lighten her is now their *aim*,
And bales of goods thrown in the *main*,
So as she's lighten'd doth appear,
That they've not half so much to fear:
The leak abates, still howls the *storm*,
Yet all on board are quite *forlorn*,
Aloud a peal of thunder's heard,
The foremast's carried by the board!
When suddenly is heard a cry,
A sail! a sail we can espy;
Cheer up my hearts; the signal given;
She veers about; thanks, thanks to Heaven!
The leak upon them now doth gain,
Yet hopes of safety they retain:
The vessel nears, she now heaves too,
O'er board the boat, in jump a few;
They tug, and to the wreck they make,
The crew they save, and none forsake.
The vessel left is seen to sink:
What danger 'scaped! *What must they think?*
Of thanking Providence, their friend.
And now all safe, my tale must end."

The striking passages in this poem are so vivid and so numerous, that we entirely despair either of enumerating, or of doing them justice. The fearful storm is brought before our imagination in all the horrors which rhyme and reason can furnish; and the discovery of the leak, with the daring demand of *who will stop it?* in the tenth line, is not exceeded in any modern poem we are acquainted with. There is, indeed, a slight resemblance to this powerful passage in one of Æsop's Fables, called "*The Council of Mice*," though the vast superiority of the poem before us will be readily manifest from our transcript of the lines, which appear to be in some trifling degree similar.—The mice having assembled, and the chairman seated, he very naturally opens the business of the meeting by stating it's object;—

"Which was, it should seem,—The concerting a scheme,
To defeat the designs of the Cat?
Dr. Nibblecheese rose,—and said, 'I would propose,
To this Cat, that we fasten a bell;
He, who likes what I've said,—will now hold up his head;
He, who doesn't,—may hold up his tail!'
At length said a mouse,—'I shall not tire the house
With long arguments; since, as I view it,
The scheme would succeed,—without doubt, if indeed,
We could find any mouse who would do it!'"

We pass by the inaccuracies of rhyme in the lines terminated with *aim*, and *main*; and *storm*, and *forlorn*; not because they are indefensible, but because an author of such powers as the Bard now under examination may surely be permitted to write as he pleases, and it is our's, to read, and to admire, but not to quibble. In line 18 the danger is at its height, "*The foremast's carried by the board*," and the total destruction of the crew appears inevitable; when, *hey presto!* in line 20, "*A sail, a sail we can espy!*" and from the artful introduction of the personal pronoun *we*, in place of the former relative *they*; a new light is thrown upon the affair, by our thus learning, that the poet was one of the passengers. Upon reading this, we would have insured every soul on board for a half per cent.; and accordingly, though the good ship does sink, the crew are all saved. The author then naturally and justly observes, "*What must they think?*" and having very properly answered his own

question, pathetically concludes with —"*My Tale must end!*"

We had much more to add in praise and elucidation of this unique poem, but we must restrain our feelings. We could have much wished to know the vessel's name, and captain; her destination, and the time and place of her wreck; but our most indefatigable enquiries have been unavailing. The Trinity House Pilots could give us no intelligence, the Light House Keepers were equally uninformed; and our last hope now is, that some discerning reader will recognise the description, and kindly send us a memorandum of the bearings; and, if saved, an extract from the log-book.

Our next insertion is from a subject so totally different, that our Cousin Rosamond must really be a very clever, or, rather, a very lucky girl, to have succeeded so well for us: at first, indeed, we decyphered the stanzas to be "*On Mr. Wilberforce's Bull;*" which, knowing our benevolent friend not to be much of a farmer, both puzzled and surprised us; our misconception, however, was of very short duration, and we now, therefore, offer to our patrons a few lines,

"ON MR. WILBERFORCE'S BILL.

"We wait to hail the hour when *you* proclaim,
The day is come when slaves shall not be found;
And if a Wilberforce should gain the point,
Our hearts will gladden at that joyful sound!

No longer then shall they in chains be bound;
Then will not Afric's slavish lands complain;
But they with heartfelt gratitude exclaim,—
'*There can't in England be a bad man found!*'

And will not every man that loves the name
Of English liberty on British ground,
Love to hear heathen lands enjoy the sound,
And let them every one enjoy the same."

These stanzas tell their own story so plainly, that we have nothing to subjoin, and the last line of the second verse is a prophecy, which we trust to live long enough to see accomplished; though we must candidly confess, that we, at present, see very, very little prospect of it.—"*English liberty on British ground,*" will readily be appreciated as a most felicitous expression, and our Bard's patriotic taste is well evinced in the choice he has made, as we should, in all probability, not entirely approve of an importation of any spurious sort from elsewhere.

Our closing lines are a loyal Effusion, which carry their own recommendation, and speak their own praise; and, as our funereal pieces are usually ten times more numerous than any other species of composition, it is somewhat fortunate, that we are enabled to add a specimen of those also.

"TO THE LATE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Thy life was short, and full of pain,
Thou wast not suffer'd to remain;
But innocent as a sweet dove,
Thou hast a crown prepared above!

Princess! a throne would have been thine,
On which we hoped that thou wouldst shine!
And ever prosperous was thy name,
Elizabeth, well known to fame!

Thy wretched father, and his lovely wife,
Call thee, but uselessly with tears to life;
Father, alas! no more, thou lovely babe art dead,
And Britons for thee *briny tears do shed!*"

To point out all the beauties of this truly original, and unsophisticated composition, as the author himself very justly terms it, would far exceed the space to which we have reluctantly limited ourselves; but our consolation is, that those beauties are plain, and "palpable to feeling as to sight," and cannot, even by the most superficial reader, be neglected, or overlooked. One advantage, indeed, this Epitaph possesses in a very superior degree; which is, that with the alteration of about three words, it will do for any body; and as that is a qualification, which in our view of the subject cannot be surpassed, we forbear to add another word in it's recommendation.

We have now redeemed our promise of giving our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves of the quality of the Poetry which fills our Balaam Box; and though very ready to continue the series, *if* called upon, We, as far as we may be allowed to have an opinion of our own, beg leave for the present most respectfully to decline it. We have gratified, we hope, at least three of our Poetical Correspondents, by giving to their stanzas that publicity, which they so earnestly entreated, in our "*widely circulated, and interesting Miscellany;*"—we have discharged our duty to those friends who wished to see some portion of the multitudinous contents of our Pandora's Box; and we have indulged our affectionate Cousin Rosamond. congratulating ourselves, therefore, upon having, as we constantly wish, pleased every body, we, with all due respect, and gratitude, bid them, Adieu!

M. DENON IN ENGLAND.

"NO!" said I, folding up Lord Boscobel's card of invitation, "I will certainly enter it in my portfolio;—The Hermit of your London Chaussée-D'Antin has described drawing-rooms and promenades; my American friend's delicate crayon sketched villages and rustic revelry in 'bower and hall;' but I shall describe what no tourist has ever mentioned,—an Englishman at first sight altogether agreeable to a stranger; and as your ugly poet said to the lovely Duchess of Hamilton, "with the greatest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal."

"Very well," answered Monsieur Teapottus; "make due mention of his hounds, his park, his stud, and his cellar, all opened, for a reason no honest man can guess, to an acquaintance three weeks old;—but take care also to ask if

"Fate hath call'd
His father from the grave to second life?—
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife?
Hath some bold creditor against his will
Brought in, and forced him to discharge, his bill?
Hath any rival *gourmand* got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art?
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or drest old cates a newer kind of way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods?
Or hath a varlet cross'd by cruel fate
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?"

"I might have asked all this in the year 1764," I answered, "for such vices and absurdities were the satirist's subject then: and there is no reason to think the extravagance of to-day more ridiculous or criminal than our grand-fathers'.—To say the truth, I have been studying some old books, and I find the descriptions of taxes, grievances, and ladies, so suitable, that I have transcribed them all into my note-book for present use."

Teapottus took an enormous pinch of snuff, and stretched his leg to the same horizontal posture as his cane, making each occupy a chair like a coxcomb in a Parisian garden,—"That is impossible, Denon, even if you had your father's genius for supposition. Taxes and women no worse now than in the last century!—Sir, every thing is worse:—the coculus indicus they brew now in ale for you and I, was sold sixty years ago only to poison rats."*

"As to taxes," said I, "two or three cyphers must be added to the numbers, but nothing to the bitter bewailings of the poor man who states them. I would advise you, M. Teapottus, to carry his pamphlet with you to your grumbling society,—

---

* Vide a medical advertisement of that date.

TAXES *in* 1764.

On Stamps.
— Wines.
— Glass and Spirituous Liquors.
— Coaches.
— Sweets, Paper, and Coals.
— Beer-licences and Cards.
— Wine and Spirit Licences.
— House-duty.
— Threepenny Malt-duty.
— Beer-duty.

Public, or National Debt, in 1764....	129,586,789 10 4½
Annual Interest of Charges........	4,688,177 11 0

"Well!" interrupted my cynic, "and if that was all the National Debt then, how was a man richer than he is now?—How, I say, when he had a dozen brocade coats to buy, not to mention buckram and frogs;—forty or fifty pair of white gloves to play Chesterfield in, and all the abominable perukes which your artists sent us from Paris for every month in the year,—your perukes en ailes de pigeon, (pigeon's wings)—en patè de loupe gairete, (the corded wolf's paw)—a la comette,—a la choux-fleur,—a la dragone,—en dos de Sanglier, (the boar's back)—en negligée,—en rhinoceros,—en echelle, besides the cut bob, the long bob, the chain buckle, the corded buckle, the Jansenist bob, the drop wig, the artichoke bottom, the sheep's head, and the dogs' ears, both which I should have deserved to wear even to this day, if I had ever paid my wig-maker for his fooleries."

"That is exactly what I think," —then correcting my equivocal reply, I added—"My maxim is, that the world never grows worse, and therefore—"

"And," continued M. Teapottus, in a fury of philosophical discontent—"it has always been at the worst. Then, M. Denon, if the State did not want so much from a man's purse sixty years ago, there was the vile custom of treating pretty school-girls to cherries at a fruiterer's, and with tickets to Carlisle House and Cornely's."

"You describe," said I, "exactly what I find in my extract from an old beau's journal—sailing to Vauxhall,—tea and burnt champagne at Ranelagh,—and these items furnished for a dinner at the Green Dragon, Harrowgate:*—

"Three dozen of chickens.
Two shoulders of mutton and cucumbers.
Goose and plumpudding.
Fried tripe and calves head.
Crawfish and pickled salmon.
Gravy and pea soup.
Two sucking pigs.
Breast of veal ragooed.
Pigeons and green pease.
Ice, cream, and pine apples.
Twelve red herrings, and 22 devils!"

"And after this," interposed Teapottus, grasping his cane, and pushing his sandwich tray from his side, "will you say we do not retrograde?—Sir, there is not one of those good dishes to be found now, except on a bachelor's side-table at Bow-wow Hall."

"My dear friend, be composed; I am opening a page in my note-book which must please you. Here is my author's statement of grievances in 1764,—they will pass very well as new ones in my Book:"—

"What shall a man eat, drink, or live under in England? his bread is compounded of allum, his beer with treacle and water; his cyder gives him the *colica pictonica*, his port and sherry were never on the other side of the water. The encrease of fools encreases the demand for houses, and consequently for bricks,—and the price of bricks raises that of earth. The scavenger, imitating the land-owner, doubles the price of ashes, trebles that of cinders, and even charges tenfold for the mud of the streets. These are the materials that are to unite London with Highgate, Romford, Bromley, and Brentford, unless, which seems more possible, the bricklayers, carpenters, and masons, should be overwhelmed in their own ruins."

"That paragraph will do," said Teapottus, with a vinegar-smile—"and I could find you a few clever passages in Swift's Art of Political Lying, and his 'Modest Proposal to eat all Children under two years old,' which any man would believe written to-day. "For," says he, "let no one talk of taxing our absentees at five

* This bill of fare is dated June 30th, 1794.

shillings a pound; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury, of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders and the people of Topinamboo,—and of putting a little honesty into our shopkeepers, who are ruined by striving to ruin their customers and competitors."

"I have all that here in the two hundredth page of my minutes, and a brilliant quotation from your author's letter to a young married lady, and a specimen of English table talk. —I shewed my manuscript, *sub rosa*, yesterday to milord B. and he vowed the table-talk would do for Long's, and the letter for his wife. He asked me whether this merry Jonathan could be found, as he wanted a chaplain, and would patronize him. I told milord my bookseller could certainly tell, for he took great pains to make me buy Dr. Jonathan's seventeen volumes, edited by a great Scotch poet."

M. Teapottus laughed, and we sat down to sup on a paté sent by milord's French cook, and a few trifles from his pinery.

* * * * * * *

It was time to wait on milord at Boscobel House when the clock struck seven next day. My manual of "English manners" was, as usual, in my coat-pocket, and I referred myself to the 28th chapter and 347th page, where these directions presented themselves: —'You are never to obey the master of the house, but if he bids you sit by the fire, you go of course to the other side of the room: if he is well bred, he removes you by force. About an hour after dinner is on table, you may have settled where to sit, and the first glass may be decorously swallowed after the usual preface, "Mrs. Dilbury Diddle, here is the health of Mr. Dilbury, and all your cousins in the North Riding; —Master Diddle and Hal, and Jackey, and Billy and Bobby and Numps, and Miss Babby, Miss Fanny, and Mrs. Deborah Dilbury Diddle, of Diddle Hall."—Then opening one of the seventeen volumes recommended by my bookseller as the cream of wit and the richest colouring of English character, I found this instructive preparation for my [illegible] with the ladies of Boscobel [illegible]—"If men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate club entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disliked at the church or the play-house. As divines say some people take more pains to be condemned than it would cost them to be saved, so women employ more thought, memory, and application to be fools than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive them to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey, who has more diverting tricks than any of them, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for ought I know, would equally become them."

Teapottus did not accompany me to Boscobel House, and I thought the distinction shewn to superior complacency and *gentilesse* might be an useful lesson to him. The house reminded me of our King Charles the Fifth's royal Hotel de St. Paul, built, as my note-book records, in 1364. For the huge panels and beams were loaded with tin flowers and mouldings gilt; the seats were stools and armed chairs of all shapes covered with red leather and silk fringes, and the couches so numerous, that one might have thought guests were kept all night, as in King Charles's reign, to sleep in the same room with the master of the house. The inner courts were filled, not with poultry as in the hotel de St. Paul, but with men who appeared to have been sent to fatten there, and do nothing else.—Our dinner would have done credit to Charles the Fifth's *cuisine*, and happened about the time that wise king always supped and went to bed. The Ladies Emily and Joanna Boscobel sat at table, and an ancient lady who presided placed me at her right hand. These ladies' robes were so embroidered and emblazoned, that I thought they had adopted the custom of our court in the fourteenth century, when women wore their husbands' armorial devices wrought on the right side of their gowns, and their own on the left. They seemed mightily amused by my careful attention to the rules of English etiquette,

and listened with great interest to my explanation of the costume worn by a doll, which, trusting to the learned Dean's advice, I had brought for their amusement. And after dinner they took great pains to exhibit their jewels and laces, asking my opinion of each most graciously, and offering to furnish me with any trinket or article of the toilette. And on my enquiring the names of their aunts and cousins, that I might honour them properly in my next toast, Lady Emily had the goodness to say she had been in Paris, and quite forgotten such antique persons and ceremonies. Though she had not quite the indescribable ease of a Frenchwoman, she certainly had none of the mauvaise honte which gave Madame de Stael such a sensation of freezing:—and a few little mistakes in her geography and pronunciation were not wonderful, considering, as the learned Dean says, that Englishwomen never learn so much as a schoolboy, and seldom try to spell right in their whole lives.

However, the hospitality of milord Boscobel and his sisters was altogether unlike any thing my countrymen usually find in England; and as every body knows what kind of romances ladies love in all countries, it was needful to inform myself whether the ancestry of milord was pure enough to mingle with the race of a French chevalier and Member of the National Institute. I went to the church where the family monument stands, and asked Teapottus to explain the pile of symbols which adorned it. "The sculptor," he replied, "would tell you, these things meant Justice, Fortitude, the Fine Arts, and the conjugal and social Loves. — One of the country people would say, those scales signified that Lord Boscobel's grandmother sold tea; those pencils, that his cousin was a glazier and painter; the plump lamb intimates his father's skill as a grazier; and that cornucopia full of apples and eggs, his mother's success in carrying a basket to market."

"I shall describe this monument particularly in my note-book," said I, "without forgetting your commentary, which says a thousand things in proof of English liberality and good sense. This, more than any thing you have told me, shews how nobly and how soon merit attains rank; and how soon rank gives the graces of manner."

Teapottus screwed his mouth into the shape of a triangle, which his teeth crossed like the bar of a great A. "Then," he answered, "I advise you to add the scrawl you see on this flat stone graced by a tall railing,—

"Somebody here has got a rail for
Somebody else, not Nick the taylor."

and the inscription on the next stone—

"John Gudgeon here lies under ground,
Who left Joan Mumps a thousand pound:
May every lass find twenty such,
Who die as soon, and give as much."

The first distich shews you the national contempt for a taylor, who seems by some unlucky accident to lie too near this consecrated railing; and the others will afford your readers a fine idea of the calculating talent which now prevails among Englishwomen."

"M. Teapottus," I replied, "your known intimacy with Blue Dev—, with gentlemen of a certain unpronounceable name, may warrant many specimens of the tub, or cynical, style of manners. But I cannot admit any ungentlemanly construction of the civilities shewn me by the sisters of milord Boscobel. If, as they graciously hinted, their charming taste and agrémens proceed from their visit to France, I have double reason to be proud of my country; if they are only like other Englishwomen, you ought to be ashamed of having said they are no better than they were a hundred years ago."

Teapottus laughed again, for ill-natured men shew their ill-nature most by their way of laughing. We parted,—he to growl over a new tragedy, I to keep my appointment with the Graces of Boscobel. What would Dr. Jonathan have said if he had heard Lady Emily sweep the lute, thunder on the piano-forte, and recite ten pages of "Ida of Athens" without missing one hard word!—Or if he had seen Lady Joanna make a pirouette over the music-waggon, gesticulate a pas-seul with her sister's shawl, and waltz three times with me, he would have recanted his profane libel, or wished the whole world full of such marmosetts.

I flatter myself my part in the evening's amusement was equal to their hopes. I told them the stories of our theatre, and the thefts of Bickerstaff

and Garrick from our amiable Dancourt's *petites pieces*. Seizing a rich Indian screen and one of the gauze curtains, la belle Joanne proposed to rehearse Calderone's whimsical "Dream." I must tell my readers how astonishing it is, that the most pleasant of all this witty Spaniard's plays has never been known in England. I had the merit, after diverting the ladies by balancing myself on a quart-bottle, which a Scotch Review informed me was highly fashionable at an evening party at least in the North, of detailing it to milord; and he agreed that it had every possible requisite for fine dramatic effect. The story is of a young cavalier who arrives with his servant at midnight in a lonely place,—they hear dismal howlings, and a man scarce human in face or attire bursts from a cavern-door, and complains of his long and cruel imprisonment. He is struck,—marvellously struck by the charming voice and smile of the younger cavalier; and while his ferocity is melting into grief, the Count, his gaoler, enters with his sentinels, seizes the cavalier, and orders the wild man again into captivity. At the sight of the young cavalier's sword, the Count recognizes his son's, finds the wearer is a woman flying from persecution, and resolves to spare her life, forfeited by entering that forbidden place, till he has consulted the king. This monarch tells him he had once a Dream, which threatened that he should be reduced to beg his life of his first-born son. Therefore he had imprisoned him twenty years, but now repenting his cruelty, resolved to bring the young prince to court. The savage comes splendidly dressed, and is assured his imprisonment has been but a dream. But his first exercise is to toss the grandee who had been his gaoler over a balcony, and his next to insist on marrying the fair creature whom he had once seen in a cavalier's attire, and now finds in a court-lady's. The father, rather alarmed at these freaks, orders him to be stupified with opiate-drugs, and carried back to his prison, where they tell him his glimpse of royalty was but a dream. Presently the doors and walls are beaten down by a rebel mob resolved to have the injured heir apparent for their master, and they bring the old king in chains to beg his life of his son. The prince smiles, and answers, "Life is but a dream, but the sweetest part of it is to restore my father."

Here was every thing to delight an amateur party of actors. Love, raving, a court-gala, a young lady weeping by moonlight, and a handsome young prince very ill treated. Lady Emily put on one of her brother's suits of regimentals, and her younger sister borrowed his morning coat to act the groom's part. Milord himself took the hearth-rug and half a saddle-cloth to equip him for the business of the savage. Teapottus was summoned, and persuaded to be the prime-minister, or gaoler. But I was rather surprised when all the peer's family insisted on my performance of the fair lady's part. I had privately chosen the king's, having a superb scarlet cloak and Montero cap; however, la belle Joanne would accept no refusal: she promised me one of her own dresses when female array was needful, and the play began. No doubt they expected to see the perfection of a cavalier's grace in my first entrée, and I did my best to satisfy them. Milord Boscobel raged and raved *a la Talma*, and tossed Teapottus over the balcony with a grace and adroitness that made me laugh heartily. But he had no sooner performed this feat than he seized me also, without any respect to the robe of tulle and silver lama which his sister had lent for my adornment, and I made but one leap into the conservatory. "You are," said he, "a most impertinent and audacious impostor. You have persuaded that poor bilious growler to believe you are the Princess of O——— come to renew the survey of manufactories and manners she began with her brother the Emperor. And you had the still greater effrontery to suppose I should believe you, when you called yourself Monsieur Denon, a member of the National Institute, and a son of the cleverest traveller ever patronized by an emperor. Did you suppose an English peer would have allowed you to play tricks in his sisters' presence, if he had not known you to be a mercer of the Palais-Royal, well-stocked with cheap contraband lace?" And between every word he put such a heavy accompaniment of blows, that Teapottus, who heard my cries, declared he thought it

was only a rehearsal of a recitative, with a kettledrum obligato. I leaped over flower-vases and shrubs, and burst the window of the conservatory, pursued by milord Boscobel, crying thieves, and demanding his sister's lace gown. I took refuge under the hedge of Bosworth-field, but a knave in office, set there to watch turnips, seeing a thing so covered with fluttering shreds and plumage, assailed me in the true English fistic style, and we waltzed about the field till he left me almost dead with dizziness and bruises. Teapottus came to my assistance, and found means to convey me to an inn at a safe distance. When he heard my disaster, he only said—"Well; it is very true that I have given half a dozen people the pleasure of thinking they saw a Russian Grand Duchess in disguise; and no English peer has had the pleasure of beating you, for the gentleman and ladies who did the honours of the late Lord Boscobel's funeral and his heir's house, were only his valet and his sisters' maids."

This was no great consolation to me, but the matter was a secret, and I had only a few days to stay in England. On one of them I went to court, introduced by a nobleman of high literary attainments. The Monarch, with a grace well worthy our own Henri le Grand, deigned to pause in the circle, and congratulated me on the progress of my travels. Then doubling the charm of his smile by a benign whisper, he added, "Bosworth-field is happy in having M. Denon for it's historian,—No doubt the world will be favoured with some new particulars of that interesting battle."—"Ah, Sire! your royal ear has been misinformed: it was no battle, but a mere accidental skirmish."—The King's politeness could hardly prevent him from echoing my last words—"I cannot dispute," said he, "your means of gaining the most correct information, and your willingness to diffuse it; but permit me to say, I hope you will do justice to both combatants."—"Your most gracious Majesty extends your recollection to an unworthy subject,—the matter cannot be called a combat,—it was only a squabble in a turnip-field about a scarecrow."—"What, M. Denon, the celebrated battle of Bosworth-field, which every body has heard of!"—"Ah! your Majesty overwhelms your humble servant;—it is happiness enough to be beaten in Bosworth-field, if the affair is thus spoken of by your Majesty."—The sovereign smiled most graciously on the nobleman who had presented me, and I receded from the circle, penetrated by the condescending interest expressed by him in my private affairs, but still more by thus discovering how quickly the enemies of an eminent person magnify an event to his disadvantage. Nevertheless, I know how much candour gives dignity to a frailty or a misfortune; and I shall be the first to inform my countrymen by what accident I received my bruises. And for their consolation I shall also add, that those bruises were received in a field no less renowned than Bosworth, by

V. DENON, Junior.

*** Monsieur T. threatens to publish the Register found under the ruins of St. Kentegern, with editorial notes, unless I distinguish it in the appendix to my tour.

THE MIDNIGHT MINSTREL.

SALOMON AND BALKIS.

CANTO SECOND.

SWIFT roll'd the clouds away, and gleaming morn
Uprose rejoicing, as at Nature's dawn,
Glad to behold the breaking of that day,
Which o'er all others shone with brighter ray;
When Beauty's favour'd child, and Wisdom's son,
Should through their radiant course of science run.
Oh! 'twas a matchless sight,—which man in vain
Would paint, recall, or look upon again:

Whatever speech throughout the world is found,
That hour was spake on Judah's happy ground;
For still as Balkis varying language tried,
In the same tongue the unconquer'd Prince replied.
In solemn state, upon the highest throne
Sat Israel's King in regal robes,—alone;
And, on his right, with little space between,
Equal in splendour, Saba's beauteous Queen:
Not this the hall which yesterday had long
Blazed with the banquet,—echo'd with the song;
Though even that might well have seem'd to be
The Prophet's bower of immortality.
Round the fair walls of this imperial room
Hung the rich treasures of the Persian loom,
With varied tinctures stain'd, and o'er them traced
In golden characters, those words were placed:
"THE SCHOOL OF WISDOM,—ALL WHO ENTER HERE
HER SWAY MUST LOVE, HER STATUTES MUST REVERE."
To part the hall stood many a pillar high,
With golden shaft, and base of porphyry,
And through the spaces of the arches hung
The royal veil, in rich enfoldings flung,
Whilst all around the building, brightly shine
Some mystic sentence, or some holy line.—
Now, o'er the scene, the silver trumpets' sound
Commanded silence through the court around,
Till thus the King——
"Fair Queen, by learning brought
Where science reigns, and thousand arts are taught,
Speak here thy purpose,—try thine utmost skill
Our love to prove, thy wishes to fulfil:
Chaldea's Sages stand around my throne,
And eastern Magi long these halls have known;
And ere my voice shall have to thee replied,
First let the wisdom of my Court be tried."
The Queen bow'd low, and rising, backward threw
Her tissuey veil, and locks of raven hue,
And then, in tones like music, soft and clear,
These accents utter'd to each ravish'd ear.
"King of the World! and Chiefs of Judah fair,
Hear ye my words, and then their sense declare;
Fain would I try if deep research hath found
A home in heaven,—or dwells on mortal ground:
On you I call to prove the wide report,
That learning's favourites live in Salem's Court."

FIRST QUESTION.

"The fount of pleasure, life, and joy,
Of ruin, pain, and woe;
When most caress'd I most destroy,
A friend,—and yet a foe!

Unchanged through years hath been my power,
And ages more pass'd through,
My kingdom shall my rage devour,
And mine existence too!

'Tis around you,—about you,—on every hand,
Before you,—within you,—then what may it be?
Solomon, King of the Eastern land!
Answer me!—Answer me!"

The Sages gazed on Balkis, charm'd to see
In one so young, so fair, such mystery;

Then singly tried the answer to declare,
Lightning, and Tempest,—Ocean,—Earth, and Air,
Were named in vain, till towering o'er the rest
The King arose, and Balkis thus address'd.

"Oh! turn to yonder skies thy sight,
In glory shining there,
The source of health, and life, and light,
Is beaming fresh and fair.

That SUN of FIRE unchanged remains,
Unalter'd still shall rise,
Till GOD shall break it's ruling reins,
To burn both Earth and skies.

'Tis warmth on Earth, but fire beneath,
Where evil spirits dwell,
'Tis ruin, flame, despair, and death,
And more than tongue can tell.

Lo! thus I reply,—this my answer hath been,
Thy skill to the trial I willingly dare,
Balkis, of Sabean countries the Queen,
Speak thy demand, and thy question declare."

Pleased, yet o'ercome, the Princess gazed around,
Then cast her blushing features to the ground;
Recall'd her powers, then once again essay'd,
And in these terms her next endeavour made.

SECOND QUESTION.

"Prince of Israel!—thou hast known
Regal wealth and kingly glory,
Who hath thine experience shown
Happiest man in mortal story?

Chiefs, or Princes great as thee,
Crown'd with joys both night and morrow,
Son of David, who may be
Hail'd at rest from mortal sorrow

Search around you,—about you,—on every hand;
Through thy Realm,—or the Universe,—who may it be?
Salomon, King of the Eastern land!
Answer me!—Answer me!"

Again the Magi, ere the King replied,
To find the answer to this question tried;
But yet more varying than their words before,
Their wide ideas too little semblance bore
Then paused each Sage, throughout that fair Divan,
Till youthful Salomon these words began.

"View, O Queen! the couch of death,
Where the virtuous man is lying;
While each short convulsive breath,
Shews how swiftly life is flying.

Happiest he of all mankind,
Who, when tyrant Death hath bound him,
Leaves a world of care, to find
Bliss undying bloom around him.

Lo! thus I reply,—this my answer hath been,
Thy skill to the trial I willingly dare,
Balkis, of Sabean countries the Queen,
Speak thy demand, and thy question declare."

Still unsubdued, while pleasures so refined
Call'd forth each power of fancy and of mind;
While veil'd in darkest words they show'd the art,
To form the reason, and improve the heart;
Again the Princess spake with sweetest tongue,
And mute attention on her accents hung.

THIRD QUESTION.

" When sinks the sun adown the skies,
And lost in night it's radiance dies;
Though darkest clouds are o'er me spread
To curtain in my silent bed,
And deepest glooms around are cast,
And all my prison doors are fast,—
My fetters then I tear away,
And form of night my brightest day!
Whilst all my conquerors strive in vain,
Their slave and captive to regain.
'Tis around you,—about you,—on every hand,
Before you,—within you,—then what may it be?
Salomon, King of the Eastern land!
Answer me!—Answer me!"

The erring Sages deem'd, 'twas Spring that rose
More bright, more beauteous from the winter's close;
Or the light grain, which sinks in earth and dies,
Till a new season bid it to arise;
A flower,—a worm, which thus it's shroud confines,
Till the bright fly in thousand colours shines:
But 'twas not aught of these,—with action fair
The King arose, this answer to declare.

" The last dark house of Death is made;
The body in the silent shade
Is laid to rest in dust and gloom;
But the Soul bursts the marble tomb,
And breaks from all restraint away,
To blossom in eternal day:
As the bright sun when noon is past,
Hastes on to shine on earth his last,
Then rises in another sphere,
With all the light he scatter'd here.
Lo! thus I reply,—this my answer hath been,
Thy skill to the trial I willingly dare;
Balkis, of Sabean countries the Queen,
Speak thy demand, and thy question declare."

Before the King that charming Princess placed
Two golden vases, each with flowrets graced;
Whose radiant beauty, and most brilliant dyes,
Seem'd all unlike to aught beneath the skies,
But look'd the blossoms of an heavenly bower,
Brought down to earth to charm that blissful hour.

" View here," said Balkis, " equal to the eye
In shape, in colour, and in symmetry,
These lovely flowers, alike in every part,
Though some by nature rear'd,—some form'd by art.
Say then, O King! whose tongue can speak of all,
From climbing hyssop, to the cedar tall,
Without more near approach thy search to aid,
Which art contrived, and which hath nature made?
Look upon them,—around them,— on every hand,
Decide on the counterfeit,—which may it be!
Salomon, King of the Eastern land!
Answer me!—Answer me!"

For one short moment, lost in wild amaze,
The King beheld those flowers with anxious gaze;
His piercing glances, and his look discreet,
A little space were victims to deceit:
Those buds were fresh as if the morning dews
Had given to each their softly-varied hues,
While the sweet perfumes Nature's hand had shed
On her own offspring, seem'd round both to spread.
Perplex'd, bewilder'd with such art profound,
Israel's wise ruler anxious look'd around!
Then bade his servants spread the lattice high,
Where gleam'd the sun-beams of the summer's sky,
And honied bees were basking in the ray
Which shone on Salem's towers and courts that day;
Lured by their scents, with swift descending wings,
Each wily insect on the flowrets springs,
Till lost in sweets, at once they fell to rest
Only where Nature spread her opening breast.
Then spake the King,—

"Behold, O Balkis fair!
How Art is lost, when Nature's self is there;
How unattractive e'en an angel shows,
If soul and mind her form should not enclose:
Look on that winged tribe,—my skill is less,
My far-famed efforts shrink to littleness,
Before those combs, of sweetest taste, which they
Erect untaught for Winter's dreary day.
Lo, they have replied,—they my answer have been;
Thy skill to the trial I willingly dare;
Balkis, of Sabean countries the Queen,
Speak thy demand, and thy question declare."

The Court was silent, but to Balkis' ear
Still seem'd the Prince to speak, and she to hear;
Her eyes with wild and fiery brightness shone,
As if she saw, breathed, lived for him alone!
And, when she broke that sweet entrancing chain,
Her dazzled sight sought Salomon again.
"'Tis done!—no more,"—the Southern Queen replied;
"Thy skill is proved, thy wisdom hath been tried;
All former doubts have pass'd in air away,
Dispell'd by thee, like mists before the day.
Happy are all who stand around thy throne,
And learn of virtue from thy lips alone;
Blest are these sages, blest thy servants all,
Who hear thy voice, who wait upon thy call:
Because thy God hath loved fair Judah's land,
He made thee ruler, and gave thee command!
For me, to climes far distant, shall I bear
The sweet remembrance of that pious care
Which rear'd so sumptuous, and so fair a shrine
For such a power, and duties so divine.
I came,—how vain the thought, this day hath shown,
To prove thy failure,—which hath been mine own;
Now may I turn to Saba's mountain shore,
And boast of wisdom, and of skill no more;
But, as the crescent shrinks to nought away,
Wane, fade, and set before thy brighter day."
The Prince replied—

"My Queen, thou wilt not part
So soon from Salem's bowers of skill and art,

Here long remain, an honour'd guest, to prove
How high we prize thy virtue, and thy love:
But when from Salem thou shalt take thy way,
And Israel's Courts no more shall bless thy stay,
The Prince I was, no longer shall I be,
For half my heart will travel forth with thee."
"Thanks, Prince!" said Balkis, "thanks; thou could'st not give
A sweeter charm to gild each hour I live;
Yet must I part to view thy bowers no more:
Thus, on the magic hill of Persia's shore,
Those who ascend it find their toils in vain,
Their feet shall ne'er return to earth again.
Yet would I ask to share thy wide-spread fame,
And leave some slight memorial of my name;
Not gold nor gems,—for such were dross to thee,
Fancies of childhood,—toys of infancy:
But charms and treasures of an heavenly birth,
Endow'd with virtues which are not of earth.
These gifts, the work of Genii hands, were made
With more than human power mankind to aid;
Sabres, whose edges are resistless, shine
With the bright impress of an holy sign,
Raiment of varied forms, which still when worn,
Can shield from sickness, or bid health return;
Girdles of swiftness, which without delay
Can to the world's most distant shores convey;
Breast-plates of proof, past mortals' utmost art
To pierce their guard with javelin, sword, or dart;
And pearly tablets, by whose aid alone
The present, past, and future, are made known.
But chiefest yet, the grateful Sabeans leave
What Queens may offer, Kings may well receive;
Large store of costly spices, such Cathay
Thy climes have never known,—nor from this day
Shall earth behold their equal:—they can give
Life to the sabre's victim;—'Breathe, and live!'
Is on each vase inscribed; nor is this all
The power they boast, for they can half recall
Man's pure and primal nature, and the glow
Of honour, wisdom, virtue can bestow!"

Yes, they were fragrant, and for many a year
Fair Balkis' memory would those sweets bring near;
The eye that saw her then, the tongue would bless,
And call her realms, the home of happiness:
Those spices thus embalm'd that heart and hand
Which left such precious gifts to Israel's land.
The Prince gave Balkis, ere their parting came,
Whate'er her heart could wish, or tongue could name;
Jewels of every clime, with slaves of price,
That looked attendants fit for Paradise,
And with his gifts so swell'd her glorious train,
That twice it's numbers homewards turn'd again.
Earth's joys have all an end; those towers, that town,
Which on their entrance fair so late look'd down,
Now gazed upon their parting, wide were spread
The gates, while Salem's standard o'er each head
Flew in the morning air;—unless the hearts
Of those two stars were fenced by Wisdom's arts,
They sure had bled to sever, ne'er before
Their like had met,—and they shall meet no more.
On went the train, to those blue mountains bright
Where first they caught the eye, last quit the sight;

Their songs were alter'd then, but through them still
A strain of triumph with poetic skill
Was sweetly blended,—till no longer seen,
Thus sang the Minstrels of the Genii Queen.

"Fare thee well! land where Science shines!
Fare thee well, Salem's enchanted ground!
Not in the deepest of Havilah's mines,
Treasures so great as in thee can be found.

Not in the fountains of Hiddekel's sea,
Though the loveliest gems of the world be there,
Are riches so boundless as glitter in thee,
Which princes might covet, and monarchs might share.

Wherever our wandering footsteps roam,
Thy memory shall still in our bosoms be found;
In the uttermost parts of our mountain home
Shall Salem's and Solomon's names resound.

O Land of the Earth! and Arabia's pride!
Whose wisdom and beauty all others excel;
Whose glories are borne on the winds and the tide,—
Salem, thy Temple, and King,—Fare ye well!"

Ketal hath ceased; the Caliph's voice bestow'd
Such warm applause, the youthful poet glow'd
With more than happiness, for who can tell,
Save those, whose hearts have felt the minstrel spell,
What rapture lives in smiles,—which well repay
For sleepless nights, and anxious thoughts by day.
Forth from his turban crest the Caliph's hand
Drew out the diamond plume, and golden band;
And o'er Ketal's dark locks the jewel placed,
Which shone like ivory flowers on ebon traced;
Then, ere the grateful slave the silence broke,
In gentlest tones 'twas thus the Monarch spoke.—
"Well hast thou sung, so lively told the scene
Of Salem's bowers, and Mareb's beauteous Queen,
Methought I did behold them, e'en as fair,
As if myself had been transported there:
Now are my tumults calm'd,—Yet one more lay
If thou can'st tune to wile the night away,
Thy love shall be rewarded."—
"Oh, my King!"
Ketal replied, "My voice and every string
I hold but as thy servants, my poor skill
Can ne'er presume thy princely heart to fill;
Nor to deserve those favours which from thee
Ketal hath found, albeit unworthily.
My lute so honour'd, now would fain essay
A strain more tender, and more sweet a lay,
Of love and lovers' plighted vows, as told
By faithful memory, and traditions old:
But, though these chords must be to sorrow strung,
Though mournful notes must tremble on my tongue,
They shall not wound too deep thy pensive breast:
When most 'tis soften'd,—most the heart is blest."

The Caliph gives assent; her hand again
Wakes on her lute a slower prelude strain,
Then rose her voice to meet the sounds she made,
And to this lay of love,—Love's notes she play'd.

K.

NOTES.

Two golden vases, each with flowrets graced. This story is related by the Rabbins in the Jewish Talmud, or Gemara. D'Israeli also gives it in his "*Curiosities of Literature,*" vol 1, page 343, edit. 1793; and adds, "This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that the Bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however inimitably the colours may be laid on." "*Upon this hint I spake!*"

The magic hill of Persia's shore. Morier states, that at a short distance from the city of Koom, in Persia, is a hill called Geden Gelmez; which, in the Turkish language, signifies, "*those who go never return;*" as it was formerly asserted, that many who attempted to explore it were never afterwards heard of. It also bears the name of Koh Telism, or the Talismanic hill.

——They can give
Life to the sabre's victim.

Josephus observes, Book viii. Chap. vii. §. 6, that the Queen of Sheba first brought the Balsam tree out of Arabia into Judea. The Balm of Gilead, which was peculiar to the latter country, was what is now called Turpentine of Chio, or Cyprus; the juice of the Turpentine tree. The magical properties of the other gifts, as well as the great power which the poem attributes to this balm, are intended to accord with the traditions of the Arabs; which state, that Balkis was Queen of those Genii, who were still firm in their allegiance to God, when Eblis, or Lucifer, and the apostate angels, rebelled.

Havilah's mines. Havilah was a rich country to the north of Paradise, bounded by Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Assyria; which was afterwards well known to the ancients for it's gold mines, as some write, by the name of Colchis. It was divided from Mesopotamia by the river Pison, or Tigris, which flowed out of Eden to the north-west, and which still has some fragments of gold in it's sands and it's waters.

Hiddekel's sea. This arose in the Garden of Eden, and flowed out with a north east direction, dividing the countries of Persia and Chaldea, and terminating in three arms in the land of Media.

K.

DOMESTIC TALES.——LOVE.

LOUISA'S TALE.

Love is a noble, and a godlike passion,
The bond of peace, and source of all our joys.
Love softens and refines our rougher natures,
And fills the soul with every social virtue.
Love makes us friendly, generous, and sincere,
And stamps peculiar grace on all our acts.
But, if it claim superior sway to reason,
It then grows dangerous, and should with care
Be master'd, and corrected.

LUCRETIA: *A Tragedy.*

MY father, whose name was Templeton, was by birth an Englishman; but his parents dying when he was very young, left him with only a slender provision, and he was adopted by a maternal uncle, who carried him over to Calcutta, where he possessed estates to an immense amount.

Mr. Mortlake's family consisted but of one son and two daughters; and the former died shortly after my father's arrival. Miss Mortlake was married to a merchant of considerable eminence in the neighbourhood; while her sister was left to be a playmate with her cousin, of whom she was a few months the junior.

As they grew up, the affection of childhood ripened into a warmer and tenderer attachment; and, with the entire approbation of their friends, they were united in wedlock at an early age; Mr. Mortlake bestowing on his daughter a dowry of £40,000, with a reserve of double that sum, to be paid at his death; an event which took place in about ten years afterwards.

Of a numerous offspring, I alone survived; and was, as might naturally be expected, an object of the most tender solicitude to my doating parents.

Accustomed to the indiscriminate indulgence of every whim, unrestrained by contradiction or controul, I became haughty, obstinate, and self-willed. Nursed in the lap of luxury, I knew of sorrow but by name; till, having just completed my fifteenth year, I had the misfortune to lose my mother; an oc-

currence which filled my young heart with the most poignant anguish.

When my father had in some measure recovered from the shock he had sustained, he began to think of executing a plan, that he had often contemplated, though with almost hopeless anxiety. It had long been his desire to spend the evening of his days in his native country; a desire that he had, more th[illegible]ntioned to my mother; but a[illegible] having evinced a reluctance to quit the bosom of her family, he had never pressed the proposal. This obstacle to his wishes, however, existed no longer; and as the incompetent means that he possessed in that country of bestowing on me the education to which my rank in life entitled me, had frequently been to him a source of deep regret, he now resolved to expedite our return to England, that I might lose no more time in acquiring those various branches of learning to which he was anxious that I should apply myself.

When my dear father first communicated his views to me, I was perfectly enraptured. I was become weary of indolence; the readiness of attainment had palled the relish for such pleasures as were within my reach; and the prospect of novelty and variety would have been sufficient to have reconciled me to a less agreeable change than the one which I anticipated.

It was not long, before my father embraced a most advantageous opportunity, that was afforded to him, for the disposal of his property in the East; and, numerous other preliminaries being adjusted, in less than half a year after my mother's demise, we bade a long adieu to our friends at Calcutta, and set sail for England.

Passing over the tedium of our voyage, suffice it to say, that, in little more than three months, we arrived at Portsmouth.

Though it was then but just the dawn of day, we landed immediately, my father being impatient to reach London; and, after a hasty breakfast, we set out in a post-chaise and four for the metropolis.

When my father quitted England in childhood, he had left behind him an only sister, somewhat older than himself; to whom he was, even in youth, so fondly attached, that he had maintained a correspondence with her during the period of his long residence in India.

Our first visit, on the next morning after our arrival, was to the house of this lady, at Hammersmith, where she had established a highly respectable ladies' boarding school. The meeting of the brother and sister, after a lapse of five and thirty years, was extremely interesting and pathetic. After the exchange of a thousand enquiries and congratulations, my father began to unfold his plans for the future; which were, that my aunt, Mrs. Dormer, should resign her present extended scale of tuition, and confine herself to the superintendence of my education; that she should take up [illegible]r constant abode with us, and should [illegible] as lady president of my father's household; that we should remain in London only till the end of the season, when my father proposed to go and look around the country for some delightful [illegible]t, where he might settle for the [illegible]f his life.

Mrs. Dormer, who acceded with much pleasure to all her brother's arrangements, was commissioned to engage a ready furnished house, in a pleasant situation; and it was not without considerable difficulty that she procured one, much to our satisfaction, in Sackville-street, Piccadilly.

We spent about five weeks in London most delightfully; after which, we quitted it for Cheltenham; where, having hired one of the most elegant houses that could be procured, we entered with great spirit and avidity into all the amusements. Among the throng of my general admirers, the Duke of Tiverton, after an acquaintance of only three months, solicited the honour of an alliance; but I was yet too young, and moreover too happy, to marry; and gave his Grace a decided refusal: greatly, however, to the mortification of my aunt, who had set her heart, she said, on seeing me a duchess.

Having heard much of the gaiety of Bath, my father resolved to pass the winter there; and, at the beginning of December, we quitted Cheltenham for that place. Dear, dear Bath! I yet recall it to mind with a glow of grateful satisfaction, for [illegible] there spent some of the mo[illegible]l days of my life.

As, [illegible] the smallness of our domestic circle, we had sometimes found

ourselves dull at Cheltenham, my father agreed to take up our abode at a boarding-house; and having been recommended to one in Pierpoint-street, which received only a limited number, and was altogether conducted on a very superior scale to the generality, we became it's inmates; and although it was but early in the season, we found a very select and extremely agreeable party assembled there.

Here I was completely in my element. The pump-room, the assemblies, the promenades, the trifling pursuits, and the general habits of idleness that prevailed, were exactly calculated to please my taste for display, and the natural indolence of my disposition; and I had arrived at the summit of my felicity, on being told by my *femme de chambre*, that I had attained in public the appellation of the "Golden Venus."

We had been at Bath about two months, when one morning at breakfast, Mr. Bentham, our president, who was a very pleasant facetious man, assuming an air of mock pomposity, addressed the company, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg leave to call your attention to an event of considerable importance to our social community! In passing through the hall this morning, to take my accustomed stroll, I was considerably agitated with surprise, by the appearance of a certain travelling trunk, together with a leathern portmanteau. Instantly alarmed lest it betokened a breach about to be made in our present friendly and harmonious assembly, by the departure of some one of it's worthy members, I hastily brought my eyes in contact with a label by which I observed the aforesaid conveyances to be surmounted; but the characters thereon delineated, expressed no nomenclature that was familiar to mine ear; though, if I mistake not, it did designate it's owner as a man of war. Think, ye ladies, of a sash and sword; tremble, ye gentlemen, at the omnipotence of a feather and an epaulette. But to proceed with my adventure. With eager haste I sought the mistress of our mansion, to obtain from her an elucidation of the mysterious vision; the account that she gave was, however, brief and unsatisfactory, merely intimating, that what I had seen was the property of a personage, who is destined, this day, to fill up the chasm in our smiling circle, made by the secession of our trusty and well beloved cousin, Mr. Arthur Owen."

All the juvenile spinsters were tittering and whispering, and engaged in speculating on the new-comer. "So," said one young lady to her neighbour, "I wonder if he will be handsome."

"Well suggested, Miss," replied Bentham, who chanced to overhear what she had said, "I move that our hostess be summoned to give farther testimony respecting the qualifications, personal and mental, so far as may have been developed, of the military stranger."

Mrs. Selby was then called, for she was not used to join our table, and immediately on her entrance was assailed by half a dozen voices demanding a description of our expected messmate. In answer to which, she informed us, that the subject of our enquiry was a lieutenant in the army, named Loftus; that he was then staying at the York Hotel, where he had recently arrived from Devonshire; concluding her account with a warm panegyric on the beauty of his person, and the suavity of his manners. The company laughed at the good woman's enthusiasm, and dismissed her.

"I plainly perceive," said our president, resuming his heroics, "that this day is destined to be an epoch in our lives. It is the first time that we have had a son of Mars amongst us; and they are very formidable personages. I conclude, therefore, by exhorting the male portion of my auditory to hasten to secure the citadel he is besieging, lest an enemy come and take it by storm; and recommend to each one of my fair friends, whose heart has as yet received no wound from the shaft of a certain mischievous little deity, immediately to provide herself with a cuirass of adamant, or steel, at least, with the exception of Miss Templeton," continued he, bowing gallantly to me, "'tis her's to conquer, not to be subdued."

A general laugh ensued at Mr. Bentham's pleasantry. All agreed in declaring that they should never be able to maintain their gravity when the subject of their merriment appeared. Every one was in spirits. Wit flashed

around, and the breakfast finished amidst even unwonted hilarity and good humour.

The dinner bell had rang three times. All the guests were assembled round a well spread board; grace was said, and the covers were in the act of being removed, when the parlour door opened, and Lieutenant Loftus entered; he started, and paused; the table was to all appearance already quite full; all were strangers to him; he knew not whom to address, or what to say; and a glow of embarrassment suffused his cheek. Mr. Bentham, however, quickly relieved his confusion, by saying, with that ineffable good nature which characterized him, and which is the surest means of inciting the favour and confidence of a stranger, "Better late than never, my good sir. Come up to my left hand, and I think I can find room for you among these misses here."

Every lady pressed closer to her neighbour; and when the Lieutenant had, at length, found a vacant seat, he bowed politely all round the circle, and took his station directly opposite to me.

During dinner, the conversation was general and uninteresting, and Loftus scarcely joined in it; when, however, the repast was finished, a maiden lady of about five and forty, who had come to Bath as the guardian and protector of three young ladies, the eldest of whom was in ill health, and who had been sitting on thorns ever since Loftus came in, could now restrain her impatience and vexation no longer, but rising up, said to the Lieutenant,—"I would thank you, sir, to change places with me; I always sit next to the children," as she was pleased to term them, though the youngest was turned of fifteen. The company being well aware what a jealous vigilance she exercised over the persons of her charges, several of the gentlemen burst out into a laugh. Encouraged by this, their brother, an unruly cub, who had been spoilt by mamma, and who had been permitted, as a favour, to accompany his sisters, pursued the joke, crying, "I say, Miss Surly One," which was this hopeful youth's corruption of Sullivan, "what made you come poking into my room last night after I was in bed? I know well enough you thought it was Prissey's room, and came to rummage her pockets to see what you could find there; poor sisters can't keep any thing for you."

"I desire, Master Thomas, that you will hold your tongue; I will certainly tell your mamma when we go home."

"Don't care if you do," cried the audacious young rogue, "I'm sure, if I were sisters, I'd make love and write letters to all the pretty gentlemen I see."

"Master Thomas, Master Thomas, for shame, sir! do you know where you are?" cried the enraged duenna, endeavouring to produce an awful frown; but, unfortunately, her eyes partaking of her cross and contradictory nature, could not agree to look both the same way; "Mr. President, why do you not do your duty, and tell that wicked boy to mind his behaviour?"

"Order, order, young gentleman," said Bentham, half laughing.

But Tom had sprung his game, and resolved to hunt her down, and continued, "Why sister Patty had scores of valentines last Monday, I can tell you that for your comfort; I dare say she has got some about her now."

Though this assertion was hazarded at random, yet the confusion that was instantaneously visible in Miss Patty's countenance, betrayed that it was not altogether without foundation. The hint thus given was not lost on the watchful Miss Sullivan, who scrutinized the young lady's appearance from head to foot; and at length actually perceived, through the transparency of her stiffened and thickly folded neckerchief, what, to her dismay, appeared to be the corner of a letter. Not a moment was to be lost in making the detection; she made a snatch at the unfortunate scroll, and dragged from it's fond concealment a crumpled letter! The room resounded with laughter; though some, pitying the visible distress of the fair culprit, restrained their inclination to be merry at her expense.

Tom, willing to repair, as far as possible, the mischief of which he had been the promoter, stole unperceived behind the governante's chair, and caught the letter out of her hand, in order to spare Patty the confusion of having it read; when the old lady started up, and pursued the pilferer round the [illegible] to the infinite amuse-

ment of the spectators; till Tom, fearful that he might lose his prize, put it into the hands of a young man named Lambton, whom Tommy Powell had made his friend by opening to him the purse which mamma's indiscreet indulgence had liberally lined.

"I will trouble you to give that to me," demanded the exasperated fair one, out of breath, perceiving the transfer that had been made of the object of her desire.

"Excuse me, madam, but this letter is the property of that young lady only, and to her alone will I surrender it."

"That's right, Lambton," repeated several voices at once.

"I insist upon it that she does not have it till I have read it, sir."

"Well but, madam, it is not polite to open another person's letters."

"Yes, sir, but I have a right to open these children's."

"I am sure mamma never said so," asserted Miss Priscilla, who had probably a fellow feeling for her sister's detected delinquency.

"I am determined to know what is in that letter."

"Lord, there's no harm in it," whimpered pretty Patty; "the gentleman may read it if he pleases;"—reconciling herself to the mortification, by recollecting the extravagant encomiums that the writer had lavished on her beauty.

This compromise pacified the angry Mrs. Argus, as Bentham was wont jocosely to designate her, and Lambton read aloud the tender epistle; which was exclusively composed of flames, and darts, and Cupids, and so forth; concluding with a request to the blue-eyed Hebe, to meet her adoring swain in the Pump-room, alone, on the following morning.

"That's enough, sir, that's enough," interrupted Miss Sullivan, who could endure no longer. "Now, Miss Martha Powell, you will come with me if you please:" and seizing the arm of the unresisting girl, with fury in every feature, she prepared to carry her away to her own chamber, where she might discharge the ebullition of her wrath without restraint.

It was now that the amiable disposition of Loftus manifested itself; for gently detaining Miss Sullivan, he said, pleadingly, "Let me entreat you, madam, not to be harsh with the young lady. Remember, it is no fault in Miss Powell, that her personal attractions should have called forth a declaration of admiration and affection. Now do promise me your forbearance."

But this kindly-intentioned appeal might have produced an effect directly the reverse of what was designed, had not Mr. Finch, a man who took a delight in turning the follies of his fellow mortals into ridicule, come up at the moment, and taking the hand of the modern Tisiphone, with an air of tenderness, led her apart, saying, "My charming lady, let me persuade you to place yourself in the situation of poor Miss Martha. I know you have a sympathizing soul; those eyes, beaming with sensibility, evince it. You have had your adorers; nay, have now; at least, I can only say, for myself, that, if I were a disengaged man," and he looked languishingly up in her face, while the lady simpered and coquetted in a manner that was irresistibly ludicrous, and Finch resumed, "Deem me not a flatterer, fair lady, when I express my conviction, that your fine understanding must have led captive hosts of intellectual lovers, not such as are caught by every baby face; then surely you would have called that parent harsh and unkind who should have chid you for being too lovely, too engaging;" and he sighed, and held her hand to his heart, and altogether acted his part so well, that the balm of flattery completely succeeded in quenching the fire of indignation; and the susceptible virgin of five and forty resumed her station at the table, with a smile of as much of urbanity and self complacency as her ill assorted features were capable of pourtraying. And when, after essaying to blush and look bashful, she shortly afterward rose up with a deep sigh, and slowly sidled out of the room, accompanied by he three protogées, Finch burst into a loud laugh, in which we all heartily joined.

After tea, cards were introduced, as usual; two whist parties were formed; when by some lucky chance, Loftus played at the same table with my father, who being passionately fond of the game himself, was desirous that I should attain some knowledge of it, and bade me sit down as his

partner. We were the winners; and the money that Loftus paid to me I have fondly preserved to this day.

Cards engaged us till supper time; when Mr. Bentham suddenly recollecting, that it was the birth day of one of the Royal Family, the Duke of Cambridge's health was drank in bumpers, with three times three.

"I think that we should have 'God save the King!'" observed Mrs. Finch, who wished for an opportunity to display her justly admired vocal powers. "Come, I will evince my loyalty by setting the example; verse and chorus, you understand me."

Bentham thanked her for the proposal, and the national hymn was given with great spirit and feeling.

This was the prelude to more melody, and Mrs. Finch was called on to oblige the company with a more adequate display of her fine voice. She made no hesitation in complying, but seating herself at the grand piano-forte, with which the room, at my father's expense, had been furnished, warbled forth the divine Italian air, "Ah! quanto l'Anima," with exquisite taste and skill.

Having resumed her place at the table, she, to my infinite delight, called on Loftus to second her; who bowed obedience, and began the serenade from Mozart's heavenly opera of Il Don Giovanni, elegantly translated, as we afterward learned, into English, by himself. I was in an ecstacy; I scarcely dared to breathe; I gazed on him as he had been inspired; I hung on every note; and so powerful was the sentiment of admiration generally created by his performance, that there was a pause of some seconds after he had concluded, so that not a tone of his full mellow voice might be lost in the tumult of applause that followed.

Now then whom would he fix on to succeed him; he looked around, his beautiful eyes rested for a moment on me, but passing onward, he selected our president's daughter, Maria Bentham. I wondered at first what had dictated this preference; but a moment's reflection enabled me to construe the choice he had made into an acknowledgment of the attention which her father had paid to him on his first entrance. The young lady hesitated and stammered, and at length, with considerable trepidation, executed Juliana's song in the comedy of the Honey Moon, the words of which are:—

"In vain the tears of anguish flow;
In vain I mourn, in vain I sigh;
For he, alas! can never know,
That I must live for him, or die.

Ah! could I dare my flame reveal,
Would not my fate his pity move?
And tears of pity seldom fail,
In noble hearts, to waken love.

But, should he view without a tear,
My altering form, my waning bloom;
Then what is left me but despair?
What refuge but the silent tomb?"

While Miss Bentham was singing this, I experienced the strangest sensation. I felt as if I wished to stop her; that she was betraying something I was anxious to conceal. I blushed, and was restless; and actually felt relieved when, at it's conclusion, my father complained of indisposition, and made a motion to retire. I instantly joined him; we took leave of the party for the night; and I retired to my chamber, light-hearted and happy.

(To be continued.)

DECEASE OF JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH; AND EDITOR OF "TALES OF MY LANDLORD."

Curate's Hutch, Flat's Minster, die Festi Sancti Eunurcii,

v. d. September VII, MDCCCXXI.

MUCH RESPECTED EDITOR,

IT hath long been matter of marvel unto me, that seeing this age doth search much after the adversaria of eminent men, there hath not as yet appeared any obituarium, or account of the dying moments of my late excellent and learned friend, Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, the Preceptor of Gandercleugh, Proprietor and Editor of those admirable tomes denominated the *Tales of My Landlord.* It is true, indeed, that in the prefatory correspondence to a late historical figment, entitled *The Monastery*, between the worshipful Captain Cuthbert Clut-

terbuck, of Kennaquhair, and the renowned author of *Waverley, Ivanhoe*, et cetera;—Concerning the latter of which names, it is dubitated by the learned whether it ought with greater propriety to be written *Yvan-hoh*, id est, Prospectus Monte, a View from a Hill; or otherwise, *Ithnerre-hoh*, videlicet, Mons Hilaritatis, or the Hill of Joy: for mine own part I hold with the former of these twain, esteeming it to be more orthodoxical, though less ingenious than the latter.—As I said, then, in this correspondence there is the following brief statement of Mr. Cleishbotham's decease, given in one of the *notæ*, or *scholia*: but it is, when competed with the instructive and affecting narrative itself, like the barren *elogium* of an unlearned Empiric, contrasted with the exuberant eloquence of the golden-mouthed St. Chrysostom. That it may not be supposed, however, that mine assertion is but the offspring of a vain-glorious estimation of mine own descriptive powers, I have here added a transcript from the abovementioned history, of so much as relateth to the death of Mr. Cleishbotham. "I am since more correctly informed," saith the erudite author of *Waverley*, on the seventy-fourth folium, in his answer to Captain Clutterbuck's facetious introductory epistle, inserted in volume the first, "that Mr. Cleishbotham died some months since at Gandercleugh, and that the person assuming his name is an impostor. The real Jedediah made a most christian and edifying end; and, as I am credibly informed, having sent for a Cameronian clergyman when he was *in extremis*, was so fortunate as to convince the good man, that after all he had no intention to bring down upon the scattered remnant of mountain folk, 'the bonnets of bonny Dundee.'" In this, as thou seest, the loss of the literary world is treated of, not only briefly, but also with a jocularity and levity wholly unbeseeming aught which is concerned *in articulo mortis*: and we learn from it but little more, than that there are those who are willing to erect a temple to themselves on the foundation of another man's fame. These premises being duly considered, it hath, as I have already said, excited my surprise, that no one [illegible] ability hath given to the [illegible] extended and perfect statement [illegible] true circumstances;—*exempli grati*[illegible]

the pious Barnabas Hammersoul, the aforesaid Cameronian minister, who attended at Gandercleugh until the mortal struggle was over; or, the worthy and erudite Mr. Swingetail, the schoolmaster elect; or the skilful Doctor Scammonia, the Medicus Primarius of the village; but seeing, that neither of these, nor any other, have as yet come forward with the relation, I can no longer remain silent, and therefore, in the lack of a better biographer,—Lo! here am I!—And now, peradventure, thou wilt ask, in the words which were addressed to Phillippus, Pompey's boatman, *Τίς ὢν, ὦ ἄνθρωπε, ἔφη, θάπτειν διανοῇ Μάγνον Πομπήιον;* "And who art thou? who wouldest raise a memorial to so great a man, and procure honour to thyself by conjoining thy name with his."—To this I reply,—I acknowledge mine unworthiness; but of endeavouring to arrive at fame by insidious means, I deny the charge; and, were it not that an incredulous world would deem this narration to be but an old wife's fable, or a wolf in sheep's clothing, my name should remain like that of Junius, hidden beneath an impervious and eternal veil: but having been an eye-witness of all that I am about to relate, to prevent the disbelievers of this age from having any shelter for their infidelity, I have prefixed the cognomen of mine abode to the datum of this epistle, and my name will also be found written at the subscript.—Having thus, therefore, as I trust, removed thine every doubt, as to the authenticity of mine information, I proceed to state the circumstances which led me to visit the village of Gandercleugh.

It is a thing very well known, that in the most excellent societies there be some unworthy of honour; and in the best regulated families there be some unmeet for such retirements, who are led astray by the insinuations of the artful. Now it so happened, that I had long supposed the juvenile Mistress Jane Readylove, to be the flower, or, *κειμήλιον*, as I may say, of my flock, in my small church of St. Simon, Flat's Minster: not but what I had observed a certain propensity to carnation ribands and a Mr. Reginald Sweetwort, the tributorum exactor, or as the vulgar say, the collecting-clerk of Messieurs Mash and Swilltub, brewers, [illegible] London. It being not unlikely,

therefore, that the exterior attractions of this young accomptant would dazzle the eyes and overcome the senses of my fair parishioner, it requireth not many words to state the fact;—they met, but they parted not, until she was inveigled to travel with her seducer into Scotland, and afterward, to accompany him to the high altar of Baal-ze-bub; *videlicet*, London. It may be imagined by a parent only, with what distress Mr. Readylove discovered his daughter's defalcation: yet did he not continue to mourn alone, but knowing that I am always at hand to give advice and assistance to the uttermost of mine ability, he came to solicit me to join him in pursuit of the fugitive, thinking perchance that my voice would be of the greatest avail in procuring her return. Although I was at that time deeply engaged in a most elaborate work, now nearly ready for the press, namely, "A Disquisition on the Colour and Breed of Balaam's Ass," yet, remembering that it is written, that we should be "instant to every good work, in season and out of season," and, deeming this journey to be one of that kind, I agreed to go with my friend in search of his child; after having compounded with the Rev. Hilkiah Homily, of the adjacent parish of Parson's Hope, to fill my pulpit, and feed my flock whiles I should be parted from them.

That which is begun in the height of folly, soon falleth down into the alloy of satiety; and thus, the two wanderers, after awhile, had not only enjoyed sufficient of each other's company, but had long become desirous of each other's absence. The heartless Mr. Sweetwort, who had deprived his victim of the protection of her paternal home, not only felt no compunction for his crime, but added to it a new portion of guilt, by leaving her friendless, and hopeless, and miserable, at an hospitium, or inn, known by the signum of the Jonas and Whale, and kept by one Gaius Shortquarts, in the province of Clawfoirt, in the ancient kingdom of Scotland. Her money gone, and Gaius Shortquarts inexorable, she was left alone and a stranger in a land where none would feel for her even the faintest indicia of charity. Her tears, which in the comfort and seclusion of her own home, had seldom flowed, now poured down, as if her guilt, ingratitude, and present sorrow, had alike contributed to break up their fountains: these, however, were salutary streams, they were mingled with the feelings of repentance, and therefore, she who shed them was not far distant from a return to virtue. I might in this place, my much respected friend, do thee good, as it were, at second hand, by a repetition of what I said on the subject of the daughter's wanderings, and the father's tenderness; yet wouldest thou have but little idea of mine eloquence, inasmuch as mine instructions would not be delivered from mine own lips: I will therefore festinately draw this induction to a conclusion, and proceed with that narrative, which it is the purpose of this epistle to relate. My worthy parishioner was now anxious to bear his lost lamb rejoicing home; but as my part, for that period at least, was already closed, I resolved to continue my journey northwards, in order that I might visit the learned Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, at Gandercleugh; with whom, although personally unacquainted, I had long maintained a literary correspondence in Latin. So seldom have I left my pastoral duties, since my acceptation of the curacy of Flat's Minster, that I deemed such a relaxation might rather freshen me for renewed labours; and for my hearers I had no dubitation, inasmuch as the reverend divine of whom I umwhile spake, is, to his praise be it said, but little inferior to myself either in the desk or the pulpit. I will not now trouble thee, my courteous friend, with an extended itinerarium of my journey, nor state how I travelled from Clawforit to Howlett's ferry, thence to Bletherit and Makablaire, and afterwards to the Wallace Inn, at Gandercleugh. And here I may observe to thee, how the futility and vanity of all human projects were fully demonstrated unto me; I had fondly hoped that I should have found Mr. Cleishbotham, with his wonted compotation, seated in magisterial dignity, in the leathern arm-chair, on the left hand side of the fire-place; which, as he hath stated in his Introduction to the first series of those most excellent Tomes, the *Tales of My Landlord*, was his nightly custom. It was there, over a convivialia befitting the subject, that I had anticipated, with a delight which scholars only feel, the learned disquisition

which should pass between us, upon the erudite enquiry which had induced me to remain from my home, and wander so far into so distant a country. This, gentle friend, was nothing less than the dubitation which has been entertained by so many excellent schoolmen, from Buxtorf, Duret, and Grotius, down to Maselef, Levi, and the lucid intelligent Wilson, concerning the pronunciation of certain Hebrew, or Chaldaic letters. *Primarily*, I did wish to debate, whether ח should be enunciated *Heth*, with a sound like that emitted by a pavior, when he lets his rammer fall upon the pavimentum of the streets; or called *Cheth*, with a noise not unlike the snap of an angry puppy, when assailed by the attacks of a truant urchin. *Secondarily*, it was mine intention to dispute, whether, with the German Hebricians, we should express ע, *Iin*, pressing the tongue against the palate, and drawing back the corners of the mouth; or, with the Dutch, we should twist, corrugate, or wrinkle the nose, and call it *Oign*: and these I did opine to be sufficient motives for journeying, yea even unto the extremities of the earth. Little did I expect that disappointment which fate had prepared for me; — yet will I not anticipate, but tell thee the circumstances as they arose, and let them speak for themselves. When I drew up my horse at the Wallace Inn, glad to have arrived at the uttermost bound of my pilgrimage, Kilderkin Drinkdeeplie, the portly landlord, speedily appeared, and addressed me as followeth:—

"Yere Reverence is welcome to Gandercleugh and the auld Wallace Head; ye'll be frae the sooth, nae dout, but ye'll ken us a', I dare say, by the buiks o' thae lang-headed chiels, Maister Patticson, and the Dominie Cleishbotham."—"Of a surety, I did opine, my friend," returned I, "that this was the diversorium which those eminent men have rendered so famous; and I am now come, as Candaule, or Balkis, or Maculfi, or whatever else she be called, the Queen of Sabæa, did unto King Salomon, to hear from the lips of your most worthy instructor, more of that wisdom which in his works hath so charmed me. In the mean time do thou put up my horse, whose cognomen is *Captain Dalgetty*, chosen after that valourous scholar in the *Legend of Montrose*; and let me have a slight refection before I proceed to Mr. Cleishbotham's habitation." The landlord then resigned my horse to his stabularius or hostler, and after attending upon me within, and placing such provision as was at hand before me, again spake thus:—"Ye canna imagine, yere Reverence, what sights o' lairds, and leddies, and ministers, forbye ither great folks, I hae had to look at the auld ingle nook, where we talkit ower the cracks o' lang syne, whilk were a' put into a buik, and ca'd the Tales o' my Landlord, as ye ken."—"I wonder not at this, mine honest host," I replied, "for even in mine own eyes, albeit they are used to look on such fragmenta with but little curiosity or regard, even in mine own eyes, there is a feeling almost sacred, attached to the scenes and materials used in the composition of Mr. Patieson's *prolusiones*. I can love the deserted churchyard, and the dilapidated tomb-stones of the Covenanters; the Bridge at Gosiin Brae, and the River Gander that rolls beneath it; and lastly, I can delight in looking at the fair tenement of Jedediah with all it's — ——"

"Ohon!" cried the host in a voice almost suffocated by tears, "he'll nae lang enjoy the bonny Schule-house wi the bit lands o' Carlinescroft, and Hornbookie, and the Dominie's fee o' peat, and ither warldly gear, whilk the bairns brought him for gie'ing them their learning for naething."

I would fain have interrupted Mr. Drinkdeeplie, but the feeling of grief with which he spake, had so occupied his mind, that I was compelled to iterate my desire to know whence arose his sorrows several times, before he sufficiently understood me in this manner to reply:—"Why yere Reverence maun ken, that the maister is laid up wi' sickness, and it's thought by nae body that he'll no recover; and then, think o' the loss to the warld; whare'll they get their Tales frae then, when the sweet singer o' Israel shall be dumb?"—"Fear not, my friend," rejoined I, "he of whom thou spakest had a son Salomon, who was much wiser than his progenitor; and thy remaining Tales may, even in the event of Mr. Cleishbotham's demise, find an Editor not less erudite, and equally faithful."—"Hear till him!" ejaculated mine astonished host, "hear till him! and think ye there's twa men on

the earth o' his kind?—Na, na, we've seen aneugh o' siccan false prophets, wha tell us they're his successors, that's as like to him as the Paip is to Saint Peter: but, 'gude faith! they'll ne'er fill the Dominie's boots, they're a' greedie dogs, and dumb dogs too, for they canna bark like him!"—"Thou speakest truth," I answered; "but he of whom I spake must be contented to deny himself, and become the avowed follower of the Preceptor of Gandercleugh; then, while he shall not assume aught as his own, but declare himself to be the patient disciple of another, his histories may be received as canonical, and form an acceptable counterpart to those which have gone before: and now, as my collation is concluded, I will hie me without delay to the death chamber of my learned brother;—it may be that one of my habit will be welcome unto him."—"Nae dout, nae dout:—and troth ye pit me no little in mind o' the gude man himsel; yere sae canny in yere words, and carefu' in yere sayings, ane wad take ye to be brithers indeed. Yere Reverence shall hae ane o' my people to guide ye till the Dominie's, and Ise take care to get ye a gude bed, a warm supper; and weel will I sort Captain Dalgetty against ye cam back."

I now followed him whom the before named Mr. Drinkdeeplie had sent with me to the school house, and found it to be a plain old building, with a fair new upper story, which was erected by the advice of Deacon Barrow, from the proceeds of the first series of the *Tales of My Landlord*. When I approached, my conductor explained my cause of coming to an ancient female, who after having announced my message within, thus spake unto me:—"My puir Maister, Sir, will be unco glad o' yere Reverence's word and counsel, though he wad hae been mair blythesome to hae seen ye whan he was in health and strength, but yere still welcome to Gandercleugh."—I was about to pass upward to the chamber, when the good woman again addressed me, with—"Yere Reverence maun be carefu' no to say ony thing aboot the Paip, or the Cardinals, or the She o' Babylon, or the New Jerusalem; for there's ane o' the covenanting ministers, wha is unco sair at siccan discourse: they ca' him Barnabas Hammersoul, and my certie, he's like to beat out my maister's, ilka hour he's been here.—There's no ane else in the room, but his honour Gilbert Goslinn, a patron o' the schule's, and him that's to be the new Dominie, Mr. Swingetail, and the Doctor, and—and that's a'."

Upon entering the apartment, before I drew nigh unto the couch of my friend, I saluted those who stood around it; enquiring of them as to his temporal welfare; and it was worth while for an observer of human nature, such as I profess myself to be, to note the answers I received, which were both characteristic, and in unison with the professions of those whom I now addressed. The first unto whom I spake, was the new Preceptor, Mr. Swingetail, and he replied,—"Of a truth, Sir, he hath arrived at the ablative case of his last declension; the verb of his life is fast conjugating, and he hath gotten from the present tense, *vivo*, I live, to the preterperfect, *vixi*, I have lived. Verily his holidays are come, and he hath received a summons to his father's home."

"But, mine honoured friend," replied I, "remember that he shall also speak in the future imperfect tense, and say, *victum post*, I shall live again!"

"Aye, aye, yere Reverence is right," said the worshipful Mr. Goslinn; "but ye maun ken, we're a' but tenants at will, and maun quit when the Lord o' life sends us orders to be flitting."

"It is true, most worthy Sir," I did answer; "yet shall the Lord of our estate transport *his own tenants* into fairer dwellings than those which he now commands them to leave, where they shall live rent free, and have leases renewed for ever."

"In truth," added Doctor Scammonia, "the struggle is nearly over; medicine saith, health is not in me; and leech-craft will do nought, for the fleshly tabernacle is reduced to a *caput mortuum*, like the loose ashes which lay within the crucible, when the elixir, or purer part, hath evaporated. So flieth the soul out of the crucible of this life, which is surrounded by the fire of tribulation, and only the sediments of mortality remain behind."

"*In veritate sic est vita*," I returned, "for the great Alchymist of nature, and the Physician of the world, trieth us as with the fire of burning furnaces, and with the bitter medicines of ad-

versity to purify the essential elixir of our hearts, which should have affinity only with heaven."

I now turned to him whom I had travelled so far to behold, and saw him laid wan and emaciated, stretched upon a bed of which Death had already shaken up the pillow: even when in health, his eyes and complexion, which had been dimmed and blanched by old age and long study, appeared sickly; but now it was evident, that the Rider of the Pale Horse had set his seal upon them, and they thus rendered yet more ghastly. When his eye rested upon me, it seemed lighted up with pleasure at beholding one altogether such as himself, and he cried out in a voice broken, yet joyful,—"Ye find me waiting, my brother in learned bonds, the parting asunder of body and spirit. Ye ken that there is no spell against the last enemy; gold cannot bribe him, beauty cannot charm him, eloquence cannot persuade him, nor can learning command his absence. No! the poet of auld has weel said,—

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.'

Qhuilk may thus be rendered into good Scottish verse:—

'Pale awsome death wi' fearfu' stride,
At ilka door cams birling;
At puir folks' hames, and ha's of pride,
Alike the latch he's tirling.'"

Here, Mr. Hammersoul, impatient at this most appropriate citation from Horatius, broke in upon the dying man, as methought, with somewhat more of severity than of pity, as followeth:—"Wherefore do ye now speak of carnal learning? and now what profiteth yere cunning in the tongues of the Pagans? Ought ye not rather to burn it up in the sighs of your contrition, and drown it in the tears of your penitence?"—"Assuredly, Sir," replied I, for I did observe that my friend was exhausted by the welcome which he had given me,—"Assuredly the 'vanity of human sciences,' as the erudite *Cornelius Agrippa* saith, should not in the twilight of life occupy our minds; howbeit this will I say, *it is* pleasant to think that we have enjoyed advantages which others have not; and that, while we thereby have recreated and adorned our minds, we have also improved our hearts: hence arises gratitude, from that springeth love, and the first fruit of love is a devotion of the soul and it's talents to the great author of both."—"Beggarly elements! worldly wisdom! and ah exaltation of the creature!" exclaimed the Cameronian; "A foul Erastian persuasion. I'm thinking, friend, ye're nae muckle better than a Prelatist, since ye talk sae of human purity. Are ye not all, Gehazi like, deeply spotted with the leprosy of abomination? Saving only some few, who have attained unto that health qhuilk may be found by abandoning the ceremonies of the Beast, and coming out from the Babylon of the soul. What said the pious Jonadab Siftsinner, 'Ye are all blacker than a tinkler's tyke on a Saturday night, and as unwilling to be washen!'"

"My friend," returned I, "this is not the place for a controversial colloquy; I am satisfied that both our purposes have one great end, namely, the extension of piety and virtue. Our differences in doctrine resemble an Isoceles triangle; we start from one point, immaterial in itself, but the farther our lines of reflection and incidence are carried, the wider becomes the space between us. But let us now festinately draw the attention of our departing friend to his long and arduous journey; I doubt not his furnishing for the voyage, but it becometh us to

'Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.'"

"Thou art even as the rest," retorted Hammersoul, "taken with the vain rattling of rhymes, even as stones be shaken in a bladder; but I doubt not, that ye despise the only true poets which England hath bred, namely, the pious Thomas Sternhold, and the fervent John Hopkins!"—"Peace be with their names," said I; and I was about to add somewhat more, when the Cameronian again broke in upon me with—"A Papistical and Pagan wish,—a mere praying for the dead,—of which that blessed vessel, Mr. Siftsinner, bade us beware. See Luke, saxteen and twenty-two."

Thou wilt have seen, my respected Editor, how much the good offices I was willing to render my friend were disturbed by the too great zeal of the fervent Mr. Hammersoul; but at last, perceiving that if I were to continue

to answer him, the fleeting hours of the worthy Preceptor would be gone,—I turned me from him to the dying man, and thus addressed him.

"Mine excellent brother, I came not hither with the expectation of beholding thee thus, but with the hope of enjoying some learned and profitable converse:—nevertheless, as a soldier when he goeth out to the battle, taketh not only his sword, but his other defensive weapons, even so come I, with all that the church enjoineth; to direct, to pray, to exhort, to give thanks, or to undertake the arrangement of any worldly *impedimenta*, as we may call our earthly possessions at the time of death, just as thou mayest require."—"I thank ye," said Cleishbotham, faintly smiling, "the maist o' my warldly matters are a' disposed of; the schule gaes to my learned companion here, Geordie Swingetail, and his honour has taken the charge o' my earthly gear and mine aged landlady, Dinah Dishwell; and I wa'd fain hope my cantatory pupil, Timotheus Sackbut, shall hae my place of parish clerk.—Had I seen ye in the flesh sooner," he continued, "I might hae putten into yere hands the only twa earthly matters anent qhuilk my mind is overcast."—"Let not the brevity of our personal friendship prevent thy bequeathing aught by which I may serve thy posthumous desires; although, as Ovid well saith unto his friend in one of the elegies in his *Tristia*—

'Our use of friendship hath been such, that thou with little shame
Of small acquaintance grown before, might well have cloak'd the same.'

According to the courtly Churchyarde's translation. If, therefore, you esteem me worthy, competent, and fitted to be thine executor, let nought I pray thee keep me from mine office."

"Weel ye shall hae it; but a dying man's blessing will be a' yere reward, and a dying man's request a' your commission.—Ye ken when puir Paticson died; I put a stane ower his body in the Covenanters' cemetary; that 'the memory of the just might be had in everlasting remembrance;' ye'll no let it gae to decay, but rather rear it up, for the sake o' the tales of *auld lang syne*."—I was about to express my willingness to undertake this duty, when Mr. Hammersoul again broke in upon me, by saying, "And wha shall build up again the tombs of those wha died in defence of the Tabernacle, by the saws and axes of iron of the ungodly?—Wha shall carve again the letters, whilk shaw where their banes moulder, wha in their lives were men whose faces were as lions in the good cause? wha hunted together like young lions, and laboured with sword and word, like the Israelites when they builded the wall of Jerusalem under Nehemiah! Nae! they will be a' forgotten! but the tomb of ane who recorded their lives to be the sport of man, and perchance to bring again the times of persecution on our wandering and scattered Israel, is to be preserved by the cunning of the graver, and his sepulchre adorned as if it had been the resting-place of Richard Cameron himsel!"—There seemed in this address somewhat which awakened all the remaining powers of Mr. Cleishbotham, for he answered with more energy than I had yet observed him to use.—"And do ye think, Barnabas Hammersoul, that the mild and amiable Peter Paticson was of siccan a spirit, or that I myself ever took delight in hunting down the outcast and deserted of the earth?—No!—No, I wad rather hae partaken of their tortures, and drank of the cup of their affliction for protecting and sheltering them, than have been raised to fame, and wealth, and honour, by becoming their enemy. Their lot is indeed hard, their prospects are indeed dreary, they verily have few friends who cleave unto them; but when I shall be laid in the dust beside my learned colleague, and when thou shalt return to thy scattered sheep on the mountains, say to them, that twa more of their dearest friends are streekit out in the auld buryingplace, wha ance delighted to tell the world of their valour, their constancy, their piety, and their glorious deaths. It may be," he continued, with a fainter, yet still energetic voice, "it may be, that even those records of the Covenanters, which thou hast condemned as the means of bringing back the days of blood and persecution, may prove the induction of better times, by exciting a more fraternal spirit, and admiration of the Covenanters' virtues.—Go to!—thou hast wounded my heart at a moment when it should be at peace with all the world, and hast put me upon defending mine own actions, when I should be abased and weeping for their guilt."

Upon the conclusion of this address, mine own eyes were so dimmed with tears, that I was fain to turn my head away from the speaker, so that I might not well observe what was the effect upon Mr. Hammersoul: I deem, however, that he also was somewhat affected, since it was in a broken and tremulous voice that he replied,—"I intended not, my departing friend, to awaken aught in your mind but sorrow for the distress of the saints; and I wist not, that ye were thus far favourable to the cause for which they suffer. The horses and chariots of the mighty do not now indeed track their footsteps as of olden time; nor are they now called to resist unto the blood; but yet are they in captivity as in a strange land, for the sanctuary is yet in ruins, the covenant is yet unrenewed, and our harps are yet upon the willows. It was *this* sorrow which made me address thee as an enemy; but now, in the name of my brethren, I accept thy confession, I give to thee the right hand o' fellowship on their behalf; and I fervently hope that thou wilt soon join the spirits of the great evangelical lights which have gone from us before thee." Their hands met, and were soon clasped with that fervency of friendship which a death-bed reconciliation always excites; and the dying Jedediah turning to me, said,—"I must use my time, for the night is at hand. Ye will find in my desk in the schule, a paquet o' the yet unprinted Tales, whilk were collected by my puir friend Patieson; —I ken yere worth,—and the warld speaketh weel o' yere talents, notwithstanding ye were not frae Glasgow, nor Edinburgh, nor frae any o' our ain Universities;—tak them, then, and do as I hae dune; neither add, nor diminish, arrogate nought to yeresel, but gie the praise where it is due, let the wark be still known as the labours of yere deceased friend, that men may see that 'he being dead yet speaketh.' This will gie to ye honour in the eyes of a'; and if ye faithfully discharge my bequest, may the favours of a delighted nation, qhuilk I sae lang have known, be yere reward! And now I hae done wi' the things o' time. His name be praised, wha has given me strength to gae through them.—My brethren," he added, addressing Hammersoul and myself, "ye will attend my puir body to the Covenanters' kirk-yard, and say a few words for Jedediah:—I come, my Father!—Bury me with my friend Patieson—*In te spes est,' et mors janua vitæ.*—There are not many die happier, wi' all their worldly matters cared for, and brightness shining in upon the heart:—A hand!—a hand frae each o' ye!—for my spirit is mounting, and I wad wish to break-frae my friends to the City of God!—*Vale,—vale,—mori.*"——

Such was the departure of the amiable Jedediah Cleishbotham, on Wednesday, October 27, 1819.—As our hands dropped from his, whether it were accident or intention I know not, but that of the Cameronian fell upon mine, which he discovering, seized it, and gave it a fervent and friendly pressure. I returned it; and from that period our friendship has been most firmly cemented.—The principal circumstance which this epistle was intended to relate, being over, I hasten to conclude all extraneous matter, which will now appear impertinent.—On the day of the Preceptor's funeral, Mr. Hammersoul and myself each delivered an address over his remains. That of the Covenanter was strong, eloquent, and energetic, and I have written it down from mine own memory, with a view to future publication. Mine own will also shortly be put forth, with other sermons, in a comely octavo tome. After attending to my late friend's literary bequest, Peter Patieson's headstone, according to Mr. Cleishbotham's desire, was re-edified, with some additional lines to the Schoolmaster's memory; and I have covenanted with the Cameronian, that on the anniversary of his death, we shall meet in the little church yard to remove the weeds from his sepulchre, to renew our own friendship, to speak over the affairs of a former period, and on mine own part, also, to collect farther materials from Kilderkin Drinkdeeplie, of the Wallace Inn, for future *Tales of My Landlord*; and when I shall hereafter appear before the world as the Editor of the succeeding Series, I have only to hope that the wish of him who bequeathed them to me may be most amply fulfilled.—In which fervent desire,

I remain,

MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,

Thine to serve,

JUDAH FAIRCLERK.

To ALFRED BEAUCHAMP, ESQUIRE, *Editor of the* EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE SEA STORM.

Stanzas suggested by the Loss of the Earl Moira Packet, wrecked on the Wharf Bank, near Liverpool, August 9, 1821.—The awful Circumstances alluded to in the Poem are taken from a Narrative by one of the Survivors.

IT was not sunshine; yet the tinted West
Told not of storm and danger, and the foam
Of wind toss'd billows was not on the sea;—
The peopled vessel, with her noble vest
Of sail and streamer danced merrily
Upon the Ocean's face, as if it were her home.

She had gay hearts on board. Some that were wed,
The loving and the loved;—the recent bride,—
The mother and her children,—all were there,
That in our heart of hearts are nourished.
Oh! all was joyous then,—the very air
Was loved and woo'd, that fann'd them through the tide.

The greetings all were said from those on shore;
The blessing on the voyagers' heads was past;—
Stretch'd is the vessel towards green Erin's land,—
Yet as she parts dear friends, they breathe once more,
Scarce heard upon the fast receding strand,
The fond adieu;—how little dream'd the last!

It freshens now,—the wind is on her bow,—
And evening, with it's mantle of dark cloud,
Closeth the ship about. Again the wind
With deeper, hoarser warning speaks;—And now
Starless and black as if with storm combined;
Night hangs o'er all as with a dead man's shroud.

Yet she went on her course, and the brisk gale
Seem'd to the anxious but the wing of speed:
Anticipation saw the Island green
Approach at every blast,—the wind flapp'd sail
It did not look upon; and still unseen
Was shoal and danger,—till they came indeed!

And soon they came, and terrible, and wild,
In covetous destruction they rush'd on;—
The ship is on the rock! and they that were
Upon her deck but now, when fancy smiled,
Pointing to other days; now hug despair,
Life's hours for them are gone,—they cannot reckon one!

It is not as it was! The veil of fate
Shuts out Hope's light that beam'd so fair before;
The night's pale crescent would not lend her light,
Nor give one smile to cheer the desolate:
And the rock'd bark, all through that dreary night
Labour'd upon the surge that death and danger bore.

One little hope,—almost forlorn,—yet dear
For them remains;—they look to morning's sun
Like the doom'd wretch whose hours of condemn'd life
Are told, and number'd, and whose fate is near,
But for some hoped reprieve;—oh! 'twas a strife
Of woes which yet, alas! were scarce begun.

And what a sight did the young Morning bring!
And what an havock had the darkness wrought!
The sun glared on them in their agony,
Struggling upon the wave,— whilst some did cling
Round others corpses,— dreadful company!
And where the deck was crowded, there was nought!

There's not a moment passes, but the wave,
Greedy for human victims, closes o'er
Some atom of mortality;—the flood
Each moment opes a wide and greedy grave,
Threatening the tall and gallant ship that stood
Upon it's mighty breast, so proud before!

White garments float upon the waters there,
Useless, and horribly, for they suspend
The panting form beneath, 'twixt life and death;
And in that agony the sea doom'd fair
Seem'd clasp'd with grave clothes, ere the struggling breath
Had pass'd away, and life had reach'd it's end!

That mother, with her children, how she press'd,
And hugg'd her babies to the very last;
Struggling with death amidst th' oppressive storm;
Poor thing! the dead alone was at her breast,
For each loved idol,—each dear treasured form
Was cold and petrified;—*they* could not face the blast!

Yet still she held them, till she stood herself
Like marble statue, breathless;—whilst her dull,
And glazed eye, when life was quite, quite fled,
Seem'd yet to linger on her worldly wealth
That rested on her arm;—nor yet was vanished
The mother's firmness, though her cup was full.

The husband and the bride,—they perish'd too,
Clinging together, in that awful hour;
Their flow'ry chain of love is changed now
To colder links;—yet though the hue
Is not what 'twas before, the once sworn vow,
In death supports them with it's hallow'd power.

The youth's arm was around her, cradled there
Her quiet spirit breathed it's latest sigh,
While the eye look'd unspoken gratitude;—
And ere she touch'd the wave, that maiden fair
Had pass'd from life away!—when thus subdued,
Deep in the surge he drown'd his agony.

Oh! 'twas a tale of sorrow!—Yet a gleam
Of sunshine came to some in that dark day:
All did not perish;—lo! upon the sea,
Struggling their dangerous passage through the stream,
Were those who rush'd to succour misery,
And for their fellow man, dared that dark, perilous way.

All did not perish!—for that second Ark,
Like a new Saviour, trod the angry wave;
Which, like death's girdle, clasp'd it all around:
All did not perish in that tempest dark;—
For like to Noah's dove, that Ark was bound
With branch of life the deluged few to save.

The ship has found a grave! and those that *are*,
Hear but the bellowing wind; yet seem to see
Again the struggle, and the desperate press,
Where death with life but now waged horrid war;
They stand like blight marks in the wilderness,
The storm scathed branches of a leafless tree.

They live! but oh! for ever on each heart
Shall be impress'd the horrors of that night;
Pregnant with death and terror, the dark scene
It's awful warning shall for aye impart:
Whilst Gratitude, recalling what hath been,
Adores her rescuing God, and lauds th' Eternal Might! A.

INTERMENT

OF

Her late Majesty,

Queen Caroline.

" Fare thee well!—since the tomb is the shrine of repose,
  Where the pilgrim lays down every anguish and pain;
Since there, and there only, thy sufferings could close,
  We can ne'er wish thee back in this cold world again.
Then, peace to thine ashes! and calm be thy rest!
  Though far hence thou rt entomb'd with the great and the brave;
May thy memory, thy sorrows still live in each breast,
  And thine errors be given to the sleep of the grave!"

WE resume our narrative of this melancholy ceremonial from the embarkation of the Royal Corpse on board the *Glasgow*, where it was laid in state, as mentioned in our last Number, under a Lieutenant's guard of marines, who were relieved at regular intervals, during the voyage.

The hearse and mourning-coaches were also embarked on board the different vessels on the evening of Thursday, August 16; at nine o'clock on Friday morning, the *Glasgow's* sails were set; and at eleven, the anchor was weighed, and the ships sailed with a light breeze.

The *Wye*, the *Tyne*, the *Gannett*, and the *Rosario*, formed the accompanying squadron; and the wind continuing favourable during that night and the following day, on Saturday evening the *Glasgow* hove-to off Heligoland, to allow the other ships to come up, and on Sunday morning all sailed up the Elbe, and anchored opposite Cuxhaven.

On board the *Glasgow* were Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Anne Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, Mr. and Mrs. Wylde, and Mr. W. Austin, as mourners; Sir George Nayler, Clarenceux King at Arms, and John Calvert, Esq. from the Lord Chamberlain's Office; Mr. Bailey and Mr. Chittenden, the undertakers; the inferior servants of her late MAJESTY, and of the mourners, were also on board. The accommodations were of the best description which could be prepared for the occasion; and the care and attention of Captain Doyle, and of the officers of the *Glasgow*, to the numerous passengers, and their respect to the Royal Remains, were such as did them honour, both as Officers in his Majesty's service and as gentlemen.

The Elbe between Cuxhaven and Stade being too shallow to admit a vessel as large as the *Glasgow* to sail without considerable difficulty, it was arranged that the remains of her MAJESTY should be removed on board the *Wye*, which was effected amidst the firing of minute guns from the *Glasgow*. and on it's completion, twenty-one minute guns were fired in succession, according to seniority, by each ship of the squadron. The *Wye*, accompanied by the *Gannett*, then sailed towards Stade, but the wind having slackened, they were obliged to anchor at eight o'clock on Sunday evening; Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Anne Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Wylde, and Mr. W. Austin, having gone on shore at Cuxhaven, with an intention of proceeding by land to Stade. The Royal Coffin was placed in a cabin similar to that on board of the *Glasgow*, with the same attention as it had received throughout the voyage.

At three o'clock on Monday morning, August 20, the tide having flowed, and the wind freshened, the ships sailed rapidly up the river, and at eight o'clock cast anchor near the mouth of the Schwingey, a small river that runs into the Elbe, which not being navigable at low water, an immediate removal was rendered impossible.

Sir G. Nayler, Mr. Calvert, and Mr. Bailey, then proceeded to Stade, in order to form regulations for the reception of her late Majesty's Remains;—when on their return, soon after five o'clock, the coffin was lowered into a boat belonging to the *Wye*, amid universal silence: the boat was taken in tow by three others, which moved silently across the Elbe into the Schwingey, while the *Wye* fired minute guns. The body of her late Majesty was, however, still under the protection of Englishmen, for a Guard of Honour, consisting of Marines, under the command of a Lieutenant, stood around the coffin. In the same boat were Sir George Nayler and Mr. Calvert, Captains Fisher and Simpson, Dr. Lushington, and the Undertakers. On the coffin being placed in the boat, the British flag was immediately lowered, and suspended over the coffin. The boats were rowed by half minute strokes of the oars up the Schwingey, preceded by the boat of the Hanoverian Guardship. Thousands of persons covered the banks of the narrow river; and according to the usual etiquette, the *Wye* continued to fire minute guns, until the approach of the boats to Stadt became visible from the Fort, when a cannon announced to the British sailors that the body of their late Queen was no longer under their protection. The *Wye* then ceased to fire, and the *Gannett* commenced firing minute guns for half an hour. The Hanoverian guardship immediately after fired the same number, while the guns of the fortress announced to the inhabitants the approach of the Funeral. At the moment when the boats of the British ships approached to the drawbridge, the bells of the three churches of the town were tolled in rather a quick time, according to the practice of the country: the windows were crowded with females, and the quays covered also with people of all ranks, gave a striking interest and solemnity to the scene. The British boats having approached to the chief landing-place of the town, the undertaker's men removed the coffin from the barge, and having reached the top of the stairs, placed it on chairs ranged for that purpose; when it being impossible to convey the Hearse to the shore that day, the procession to the Church of St. Wilhadi was made on foot.

Stade being a fortified town, with a regular garrison, the Commandant, Colonel Von Issendorf, and the Chief Military Commander of the District, Major-general Berger, had issued orders for the attendance of the troops of the garrison to receive the Corpse; which orders were followed as far as circumstances allowed; and the procession was therefore arranged in the following order:—

Military, with their Band.
Mr. Bailey, the principal Undertaker.
The Lutheran Pastors of Stade.
The General Superintendant, Dr. Ruperti, and the Rev. Mr. Schilling, Councillor of the Aulic Consistory.

Captain Simpon, of the *Gannett*.	Sir George Nayler, bearing the Crown.	Captain Fisher, of the *Wye*.

John Calvert, Esq.
Mr. Chittenden, Assistant Undertaker.

Eight Lancers. | THE BODY. | Eight Lancers.

Lord Hood, Chief Mourner.
Lady Anne Hamilton, and Lady Hood.
Doctor and Mrs. Lushington.
Mr. and Mrs. Wylde.
Mr. W. Austin, and Rev. J. P. Wood.
Count Vassali, and Lieutenant Hownam.

The Servants of her late Majesty, two and two.
Forty of the principal Burghers, in mourning, two and two.
Military.

The soldiers in attendance were the 6th and 8th Regiments, and a battalion of Artillery.

The procession moved with slowness and solemnity through the principal streets of the town to the Church, where the military filed off to the right and left, and the procession entered amidst a salute from the soldiers.

The Royal Coffin being placed on the sable catafalque before the altar, the organ commenced a solemn dirge, which continued until the mourners had left the Church. Around the Royal Coffin, and on the verge of the catafalque, were numerous lighted candles, and on each side of the coffin were placed three large wax flambeaux, all of which were kept lighted while the body remained in the Church. The Church was crowded to excess; and after the mourners had retired, the anxiety of the people to approach the altar was so great, that a military guard became necessary to repress them. Under the protection of two of the undertaker's men, and the care of a military guard, both of whom were regularly relieved, the Royal Remains thus continued in the Church of St. Wilhadi from seven o'clock on Monday evening until eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning.

At half-past ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, August 21, the Royal Coffin was removed to the Hearse, and Sir George Nayler received the Crown and Cushion into the coach prepared for him. The funeral then proceeded to Buxtehude, on Wednesday to Soldau, on Thursday to Zell, and on Friday to Brunswick. The Hearse was drawn by eight horses belonging to his Majesty, and a relay of sixty horses was stationed at various places on the road, the procession travelling at the rate of seven German, or twenty-eight English miles, each day. The drivers of the Hearse were in the Royal livery, with black cloaks and hatbands; and the procession left the town on Tuesday, amidst the same military honours as it had been received on Monday evening. The foot soldiers accompanied it outside the fortifications, where filing off to the side of the road, they saluted the Hearse, and returned into the town, a squadron of lancers escorting the procession to Buxtehude.

At each of these resting-places of the Royal Corpse, the Funeral *cortege* was received with every mark of official respect by the municipal authorities of the various towns, and the Remains were each night deposited in the principal Church, and placed under a military guard. At ten o'clock at night, on Friday, August 24th, the procession reached Brunswick; and it being the invariable custom of that illustrious Family to bury their deceased at midnight, at eleven o'clock, the Funeral Procession was again arranged, the horses were removed from the Hearse, and the Coffin was deposited in a magnificent open car, drawn by about an hundred Brunswickers, in the most regular order.

The whole way from the outer to the inner barrier, a space of little less than a mile, was lined with a dense mass of people, the front lines carrying torches; while from the double rows of willows on each side of the road, were suspended festoons of variegated lamps, and in the distance were seen the illuminated houses of Brunswick, in all the fantastic variety of their antique architecture. The procession thus moved slowly towards the town, and as the clock struck twelve reached the inner barrier, where the mourners descended from their carriages, and the whole *cortege* proceeded on foot, with the exception of Sir George Nayler.

From the entrance of the town to the cathedral church the distance is also about a mile; and the slow pace at which the procession moved, and the numerous streets through which it passed, gave the whole population

an opportunity of witnessing it without inconvenience. The Brunswick cavalry marched slowly by the sides, as state attendants; and the glare of thousands of torches made every part of the Funeral Cavalcade visible to the immense multitude.

At the Church door the Minister and Municipality received the Royal Body: the coffin was lifted from the car, and carried by sixteen sergeants of the Brunswick cavalry, while sixteen Majors bore the pall. The appearance of the Church was solemn and imposing; and it's lofty columns and long aisles hung with black, had an appearance of melancholy grandeur. The Queen having died abroad, no funeral chant or service was performed, it being considered that the ceremony at Brunswick was merely a depositing of the Corpse in the family vault;—a ceremony always performed without funeral service, as in the case of the Duke of Brunswick, father of her late Majesty.

As the Corpse passed along the aisle to the place of sepulture, about sixty young ladies of the first families in Brunswick, dressed in white, stood on each side, and scattered flowers before it; and in a few seconds the Coffin and the Mourners had all arrived in the family vault of the illustrious House of Brunswick; the entire space of which is very large, and already contains fifty-seven coffins of different branches of that ancient family. A portion, about seven yards square, was separated from the rest by hangings of black cloth, and illuminated with wax lights. In the centre of this section stood a platform, raised about two feet from the ground; on one side of which stood the coffin of the gallant father of the Queen, at the foot the corpse of her illustrious brother; and there, when the mourners were all arranged, the Rev. J. W. G. Wolff, Preacher at the Cathedral Church, standing at the head of the coffin, in a voice tremulous with emotion, uttered a German Prayer, of which the following is a translation:—

"Transient is our life, perishable all fortune and glory of the earth! Thus, All-wise God, thou hast ordained it! But in death are terminated all the hardships, troubles, and sufferings that attend the life of man in this state of imperfection. Not in this world, where we are strangers, where we live in a constant struggle with adversities and our own infirmities,—no, only in that to come, for which thou hast created our immortal spirit, do we find the desired felicity, and purer, untroubled, unperishable joys. Penetrated even in the inmost recesses of our hearts, by this solemn and consoling truth, we elevate with pious devotion our hearts to thee, the Infinite One! in this sacred place, and at the coffin of a Deceased, whom thy All-wise will once destined for a terrestrial throne, and now, after a rare change of destiny, hast called into the land of eternal peace. With hearts deeply affected do we view the burying place of this descendant of a beloved and princely family. Thou, her benign Creator, didst adorn her with high advantages of mind and body, and didst bestow upon her a heart full of clemency and benignity. Thy providence placed her where she could and was resolved to do much good, to the honour of her high family, and for the weal of the country whose Princess she was. Unsearchable, O Eternal, are thy ways!—After a transient and troublesome life, she has now finished her earthly career, and her unanimated body returns to the vault where her ever-memorable father, her brother, her relations, are resting.

"Almighty God! With elevated hearts we glorify thy grace for all the benefits thou hast given to the deceased during her life, and we infinitely revere thy wisdom in the present termination of her severe trials; whereby, after thy most benign intention, she should be purified of human infirmities, and be prepared for a better life. Thanks to thee for the comfort thou hast richly granted her in her last hours; thanks for the great strength thou didst inspire her with, both in her life and in her last moments, to a patient and courageous endurance of her sufferings and grievances; thanks for the hopes strengthened in her soul, wherewith, full of desire and serenity and faith, she passed from a mortal to an immortal life. Now may her released soul enjoy the peaceful and blissful tranquillity which this imperfect world cannot grant! and may thy grace, thou all just and most righteous Lord! recompense her in that state of per-

fection for what was but deficient here on earth! But to us let her ever-memorable remembrance be a moving and beneficial lesson, thus to believe, thus to hope, thus to live, that we may once courageously pass over to the life of just requital. And now, most gracious God, preserve likewise to us graciously the remaining most beloved members of our princely family, for our joy and for the welfare of our country, and attend their days with thy richest blessing! Grant our most pious wishes! Amen."

When the prayer was concluded, Sir George Nayler proclaimed the style and titles of her late MAJESTY; and before the Mourners left the vault, the young ladies were admitted, and forming a large circle round the platform, they strewed flowers on the floor, and arranged them in different forms upon the coffin: they then knelt down, and retired. The funeral was over about two, and in less than half an hour the streets were completely empty, and all was silent as the tomb to which the QUEEN had just been solemnly consigned.

Among the English present, were Mr. Austin, Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Ann Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, Mr. and Mrs. Wylde, Alderman Wood and his son, Lieutenant Hownam, and Mr. Wilson. Among the foreigners, Count Vassali and Captain Hesse, with the Household.

At Brunswick, the executors again applied, before the funeral, to Mr. Calvert, to restore the plate which had been taken off the coffin at Colchester; when Mr. Calvert naturally answered, that he conceived himself to be without any authority to comply with their request. After the funeral, the executors made a second application, also without success: it was, however, understood, that if the plate should be permitted to be restored, the authorities at Brunswick would offer no opposition to it's being placed upon the coffin. On Sunday, August the 26th, a funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Wolff, at which all the Mourners attended; and the Church was excessively crowded.

Thus, about one o'clock in the morning of Saturday, August 25th, 1821, were the remains of the late QUEEN OF ENGLAND committed to their last resting-place, in the cathedral of St. Blaise, and in the tomb of her ancestors; nothing now remains, therefore, but to speak our last Farewell.

Her MAJESTY has now rendered up her last account at that awful tribunal to which we are all hastening; and is therefore no longer an object of human dissension. If we cannot forget the past, we are most willing, and it is our duty to forgive. Let it be only remembered as a guide to the future; and may all division of opinion and of feeling be buried in her grave. May her errors be consigned to oblivion, and no unchristian friends, nor evil councils, such as those which too long prompted and misled her MAJESTY, dare to draw aside the veil with which her tomb would cover them. By her unlooked-for decease, Providence has struck from the hands of faction and of weakness, the keenest weapon they ever possessed, to wield against the internal peace and dignity of their country. The QUEEN's illustrious rank was too long used to rally and keep alive a desperate and dangerous cabal, which menaced alike the Crown, the Altar, and the Laws. But the debt of nature absolves from all offences between man and man. Whatever may have been her failings, she has paid the fullest penalty that her most bitter enemies could have wished inflicted upon her. The historians of the next generation will do justice to the great question of her MAJESTY's guilt or innocence; but let not us, whom passions and prejudices have but too much warmed, disturb her ashes. All, whose object is the good of their country, will bury their animosity in the tomb that covers her remains, and the happy result, we trust, will then prove, that CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK has not lived, nor suffered, nor died in vain.

MEMORANDA OF A TOUR FROM MARGATE, ROUND THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND TO PLYMOUTH, AND THENCE TO BATH AND BRISTOL.

BY THOMAS STRINGER, M.D.

Oh! how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, that Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh! how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

BEATTIE.

ISLE OF THANET.

THE wide boundary which once separated the Isle of Thanet from the main land, is now reduced to the narrow channel of the Stour river, and the smaller stream called the Nethergong, which flows into the sea at Northmouth, between one and two miles eastward of Reculver. Bede and Solinus relate, that the haven, or strait, which anciently parted Thanet from Kent, was three miles broad; when it's northern entrance was guarded by Regulbium, and it's southern mouth secured by Richborough Castle. Through this channel Harold's fleet sailed, and it has since sheltered from storms, and enabled vessels southward bound to avoid the dangerous shoals upon the coast, for ages. The accounts given by writers of the form and extent of this channel, are also corroborated by the present appearance of the ground now reclaimed from the sea.

The marshes which border the streams are extensive, and afford rich pasturage for cattle; but the higher grounds are principally appropriated to, and produce excellent corn. On the north and east sides, the Isle of Thanet is bounded by the ocean; a circumstance which, connected with the salubrity of it's air, and it's convenient distance from the metropolis, has led to the establishment of watering places; which in the summer and autumn receive a very considerable influx of visitors, whose expenditure adds greatly to the wealth of the fixed inhabitants.

The Isle of Thanet, small and circumscribed as it is, being only about ten miles long and seven broad, contains three principal bathing places; Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. The principal are only specified, because so general has now become the desire of visiting the sea side, that almost every hamlet on the coast makes some pretension to be called a watering place.

From London to Margate, about seventy two miles by land, there are several conveyances; but post-chaises and stages present nothing particular, being the same in all parts of the kingdom. The passage by water, however, in the packets, among which are the newly invented steam yachts, offer different accommodations. In their cabins all distinctions are levelled, and the passage is frequently replete with comic incidents. The greatest variety of character is there jumbled together; and though there may be much for the humourist to laugh at, perhaps there may be also something to offend the delicate. It is now many years since the late witty Peter Pindar wrote of them;—

"Embark'd one day on board the '*Duke of Kent,*'
Cramm'd fore and aft, a lumbering freight
Of precious souls, from Billingsgate
To Margate bound:
A spot in Thanet's Isle,
Where Glaucus and the Nereids erst did smile,
And now the laughing god, with Folly's train,
Usurps a blithe and jovial reign,
The summer round."

* * * * * *

"Go, beauteous hoy! in safety every inch;
That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heaven forbid!
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,
Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd."

Both those worthies are, however, now unhappily defunct, and even their vessels are superseded by the more commodious steam packets; though the eagerness to witness the arrival of those yachts, with their living cargoes, and the outré figures which are so constantly seen amidst the throng,

still present the same subjects for the satirist's pen.

" Soon as thou gett'st within the pier,
All Margate will be out, I trow,
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou had'st wild beasts to show."

MARGATE

stands at the northern side of the Isle, in a small bay, and is built on very irregular ground; part of it being elevated, while the other part is situated in a bottom descending to the sea. The name appears to have been derived from Meregate, an opening or gate, through which there was a small mere running into the sea; and it is a member of Dover, as one of the Cinque Ports.

Margate has arisen from a small fishing village, little heard of not half a century ago, to it's present extent and opulence; the old town having been greatly enlarged and improved, as the company have gradually encreased resorting to it for sea-bathing, while a new town has sprung up to the southward of the old one, on the side of the hill near the church.

The old wooden pier having become ruinous, an act of Parliament was obtained, in 1787, for it's repair and improvement. The new stone pier then erected having, however, in it's turn, become the prey of the elements, by a grant from Parliament, aided by a most extensive public subscription, another new pier has been built upon a much more extensive and eligible plan, and superior to any other except Ramsgate; affording a charming promenade in fine weather, and constantly crowded during the season. The church, which was anciently a chapelry dependent on the neighbouring abbey of Minster, but was made parochial in the year 1290; is dedicated to St. John the Baptist; and stands on an elevated spot on the north-east side of the town. It is a spacious flint edifice, rough cast, consisting of a nave, three long low aisles, and as many chancels at the east end, separated by pillars of various forms, and appears to have been built at several different eras. At the western extremity of the north aisle is a square Gothic tower, crowned with a low spire. The monuments and tombs are numerous, and several ancient; as, one of the family of the Daundelions, with the date 1445; Thomas Smyth, Vicar, 1443; Richard Norfield, 1456; and Sir Thomas Cardiff, 1515. There is also a handsome organ.

The general recommendation given by medical men to sea air and sea bathing, and the fashion which has so extensively spread among all ranks during the last half century, of spending some part of the year at a watering place, have been the grand causes of the extension and progressive improvement of this place; in addition to which, a very considerable import and export trade is carried on at this port.

Margate now contains very many well built squares, streets, ranges of lodging houses, shops, and private houses; spacious and elegant hotels, and several public buildings adapted for the use of the company resorting hither for the purpose of bathing, or the amusements of a summer excursion. As it has encreased in it's size and number of inhabitants, it's trade and commerce have also improved. The company in the summer and autumnal seasons is always numerous, and in some part select; for those who go there, as well as to all other watering places, for diversion, always exceed the number of those who go for health. Human nature, however, may be here seen in epitome, affording fair examples of the chequered mass of mortality; and there is frequently much for the exercise of the humourist's risible muscles, notwithstanding the refinement that has taken place since the ludicrous descriptions of Peter Pindar. A sail in the packet according with the whim, humour, and pocket of the Londoners, occasions more diversity of characters, and probably more fun and frolic, than at any other of our fashionable bathing places.

Cecil-square consists of several spacious houses, as well as commodious shops, which allow a view of the sea. In this square is the Royal Hotel, and the Assembly-room, a splendid apartment, eighty-seven feet long, forty-three broad, and of a proportionable height, fitted up in the first style of elegance. Attached to which are corresponding tea, card, and coffee rooms, and an excellent billiard room. Hawley-square, erected in a contiguous field, is an uniform range of handsome houses. At the south-east corner is the Theatre; whose exterior shews but little promise, but the inside is fitted up with great neatness and

elegance. The London Hotel is pleasantly situated near the Theatre; and at the north-west corner is Bettison's splendid library. From the water's edge the shore makes a bold rise, so that the houses in Hawley and Cecil squares, and the contiguous streets, command a view of the sea, over the roofs of the intervening buildings.

Neptune-square is erected where was formerly the fort to the northward of the town, which had a master gunner, and several pieces of ordnance, as a protection against privateers; a small battery on the improved construction indeed still appears, which is not only sufficiently defensive, but a real ornament to the town.

Near another small fort, which occupies a point of land to the south of the harbour, and at many other points, there are several groupes, as well as single houses, commanding fine sea and land views. Union Crescent, opposite to Cecil-square, is, however, considerably the most regular, and most elegant style of buildings in Margate.

On the Marine Parade, the York hotel is delightfully situated, commanding a fine view of the harbour and ocean; where the White Hart hotel also commands equally extensive marine views. Garner's library, in High-street, likewise affords a fine sea view; and it may not be improper to state here, that the libraries and reading rooms at this place offer accommodation for all classes of readers, and a most agreeable lounge for general visitors.

Besides the abovementioned hotels, there are the Fountain, King's Head, and several other inns and taverns, where visitors may be accommodated till they have provided themselves with lodgings, or taken up their residence at a boarding house; the terms of which vary according to the fulness of the season, or the situation and style of living.

The market is amply supplied with provision, partly from the neighbouring districts, but principally from London; and a good supply of the best fish may generally be obtained. A new and very commodious market has been lately erected.

The bathing rooms are situated near the harbour on the western side of the High-street, and are eligibly fitted up, both for warm and cold salt water baths. Belonging to each are also several machines, which are driven into the sea any requisite depth by careful guides, who are accustomed to the business, and well acquainted with the coast; the beach of which being a sandy level, there is no probability of any accident happening to those who prefer the use of them to enclosed baths.

At Westbrook, about a quarter of a mile westward of Margate, the late Dr. Lettsom laid the first stone of a Sea Bathing Infirmary in 1792, which was completed, and opened for the reception of poor patients, in 1796. It is a neat plain building, well adapted for the purpose, and is a charity well meriting liberal support.

Besides assemblies, plays, libraries, riding and walking in fine weather, parties frequently make excursions on the water, in the steam packets, or in sailing boats, to Deal, Dover, and other places; and almost daily to Broadstairs and Ramsgate, between which places and Margate there is indeed, an hourly interchange of company in the height of the season.

The northern and eastward sides of the town are bounded by the sea shore, along the whole of which there is a continued range of high chalk cliffs, excepting in the opening between that space where the harbour and pier of Margate with the town stands, and a small space inclining to the westward of it; and along these cliffs is a beautiful walk to the North Foreland, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate.

Near Margate, to the eastward, is Kingsgate, where was formerly a seat of Lord Holland. It was built very low, in the antique style, and contained some good apartments, which were fitted up in a most costly curious taste, but are now dilapidated. Round this villa are also several singular fantastic buildings, intended to represent Gothic ruins, some of which are now converted into handsome dwellings.

Round the land from hence is the promontory called the North Foreland, supposed to be the Cantium of Ptolemy, the most eastern point of England, on which is an excellently constructed light-house. The light being visible at the Nore, a distance of thirty miles; and the gallery which surrounds the dome commanding a view of the downs, the coast, and the Isle

of Thanet. Near the spot on which the light-house stands, tradition relates that a battle was fought, in 853, between Earl Alcher and Hunda the Dane. To commemorate which, Lord Holland erected a rude Gothic building with a tablet, on one or two barrows, called Hackendon banks.

About a mile on the coach road to St. Peter's, is a rural spot called Draper's Hospital, standing on a fine rising ground, and commanding an extensive prospect of the sea, with the town of Margate. This charitable institution was erected in 1709, by Michael Yoakley, a Quaker; who having risen to affluence by his own industry, left this last memorial of his philanthropy. Here are nine dwellings, one of which is appropriated for an overseer, and the others for eight poor men and women being natives of the parishes of St. John, St. Peter, Birchington, or Acol. They wear a particular dress; and as their apartments are kept extremely clean and neat, and each house has a separate garden, parties are frequently formed to drink tea at some of them, taking their own provision, which answers the combined purposes of charity and pleasure. In the middle of the pile is a meeting-house for Quakers, of which sect the pensioners usually are.

The village of St. Peter's, a mile and a half farther, stands on an eminence surrounded with trees, extremely pleasant, and therefore much resorted to by parties from the three bathing places in it's vicinity; there being a weekly public breakfast during the season at Ranelagh Gardens. The church is a handsome Gothic pile, kept in excellent repair, and remarkable for a crack or rent from the top of the steeple to it's base, occasioned by the shock of an earthquake in 1588. Advancing onwards, one mile more brought us through Sole-street, to Broadstairs.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS;

ON A FIGURE OF GENIUS CHAINED.

GLORIOUS SPIRIT!—at whose birth
Joy might fill the conscious Earth,
Yet that joy be dash'd with fear,
As at untold danger near;
A Comet rushing on her gloom,
Or to light her, or consume.

Beauty is upon thy brow,
Yet such beauty as the bow
Issuing from the tempest wears,
Waked, and worn, and wash'd in tears;
In it's brightest pomp undone,
Offspring of the shower, and Sun.

Thou can'st take the lightning's wings,
And see the deep forbidden things;
Thine are all the wonders bred
In the Ocean's crystal bed;
Thou can'st make the clouds thy throne,
Height and depth to thee are one.

Prophet Spirit! thou can'st sweep
Where the unborn nations sleep;
Or from the ancient age's shroud
To judgment call the sceptred crowd;
Earth has to thee nor birth, nor tomb,
Nor past, nor present, nor to come.

Yet here thou sitt'st, while earth and heaven
Are to thy radiant empire given.
Alas! I see the manacle,
And all thy soul has felt the steel;
Thy wing of fire, thy beauty, vain!
For Genius dies beneath the chain!

ÆLIAN.

OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS, WITH MORAL REFLECTIONS.

From a scarce Book published 100 Years since.

The Master's eye makes the Horse fat.

AND good reason the horse should thrive under the master's eye, who it cannot well be supposed will ever let him want his hay, or cheat him of his provender, as the knavish *hostelers* do, and in some parts are now nick-named *oat-stealers* for that very fault, unless he has a mind to starve the poor beast after all his good services, either of diversion or drudgery. True, 'tis none of the master's business to feed his own horses, or to fodder his own cattle; but, and if he does not see them well fed, or does not look strictly after the man himself in person, it is ten to one whether they will ever grow fat under the other's negligence, roguery, or riding them out too hard for his own pleasure in the gentleman's absence. And, if horses could tell stories, they would certainly complain to their masters, either of their own servants, or of the livery stables in London, or of both in combination, to defraud those poor dumb creatures of their due, and of their just allowances of hay and straw, or of oats and beans. The lazy dog in the manger deserved hanging for serving the wearied ox so barbarously, and keeping him from his crib after the laborious toil of the day. Let the hard-hearted groom ruminate upon this reflection, and he will find the moral in his own common practice of taking little or no care of his master's horse when he is just come off a long journey. However, it will not be improper nor impertinent in this place to take notice of a fat man's riding once along the road upon a starved thin gutted jade, who being asked in a banter why he himself was so jolly and good like, and his pad so scraggy and lean, replied very pat to the purpose: "Why I feed myself, you must know, but my servant looks to my horse." In short, the lean nag, you see, was no little reproach to his master, notwithstanding his own fat carcase, though he blamed the man for it: but observe, the fault of the one will never excuse the other's folly from disgrace. And this brings to mind another pleasant story, which seems to have some allusions to the matter in hand, of a country carter driving his team upon a time along the highway; the foremost horse, it seems, was in very good case, and the rest could hardly crawl after him, without the crack of the whip. "Why how now, honest man," cries a counsellor, "how comes it that your first horse is so fat, and the others are so lean?"—"Ho! Sir," says he, smartly enough, "the leader is a lawyer's horse, and those that follow him are only his clients!"—The short of the matter will be this, to say no more on't: to be sure, the former wanted for no good looking after in one sense; he had his fees paid him, and was well fed with money to carry on the suit; but the latter, who were his very good clients too, perhaps found their cause starved, their business neglected, and the whole affair left to the management of his wild careless clerks, who would ride a free horse to death, and never mind what becomes of him afterwards, any more than if he was an ass; or else the complainants might have been fatter, more fortunate, more regarded, more pitied, or have had better estates both in law and in equity.

However yet, besides the jocular import of this proverb, either as to the gentleman, or his jockey of the stables, it also seriously calls in question the prudence of all giddy brained idle housekeepers, and highly condemns their negligence, for leaving their domestic affairs at sixes and sevens, to the sole care and management of their thoughtless servants, whether cooks, butlers, clerks, grooms, gardeners, footmen, or stewards, and so forth, without ever overlooking them at all as to the faithful discharge of their duty, or examining into the honesty and frugality of their service; besides having hired them perhaps without any security for their good behaviour, or so much as enquiring after the character of their former lives, liberties, and conversations in other places. 'Tis a common calamity, and a general complaint now a-days, that there's no trusting to servants, without the master's or mistress's eye over them, and that will not do neither, when they have a mind to cheat them before their faces. They are most of them, men and maids, both grown so dissolute, disobedient, and saucy; so lazy

and loitering; so careless and wasteful, so malicious, impudent, and ungrateful; and so apt to pilfer, purloin, and embezzle, to support their own pride, wantonness, and extravagance, over and above all their other ill qualities, that they let slip no fair opportunities of doing their best benefactors the worst disservices they can think of; either by flying in their faces, slandering their conduct, squandering their goods, neglecting their business, or by carrying off at last more by stealth, than their wages, which they never deserved half so much as they do Bridewell or a House of Correction for their pains. Insomuch that servants in short are become now the very pest of mankind, and the plague of the nation, beyond any other remedy than a parliamentary redress, for so many jades, and rogues, and thieves as we meet with among them of both sexes, make the disease epidemical, and the change just as well as the cure necessary.

In a word, upon the whole matter, it greatly behoves the master and mistress of a family that keep servants, to have their eyes upon them in every corner of the house; not to intrust others without a narrow and nice inspection into their actions, but to take particular care of their own concerns *themselves*, according to the good direction of this proverb,—For 'tis *their* eyes that must make the horse fat, *their* heads that must manage all the best; *their* hands that must carry on the work towards procuring a livelihood; *their* prudence that must preserve what they have got; and, in fine, *their* frugality and discretion that must improve every thing else to the greatest advantage in the family. The truth on't is, all people should mind their own business themselves in person, or else look better after their servants. So that this careful adage is not confined only to the horse in the stable; it holds good also as an excellent lesson in schools, where ushers will never take half the pains with the boys that the masters do, to instruct them in learning and good manners. In nurseries, where maids will never be so careful of the children as their mistresses and mothers are, to attend them, feed them well, and bring them to their feet. In shops, where apprentices will never look so well after the business of the trade, as it is to be believed the keepers always do for their own interest, to prosper and flourish in the world; and therefore the presence of masters in all cases and capacities, and upon all accounts, will be absolutely necessary to adjust their affairs to the wisdom of this proverb.

LUCUBRATIONS OF ARTHUR MERTON TEMPLETON, ESQ.

Royal Hotel, Cheltenham,
September 17th, 1821.

MY DEAR BEAUCHAMP,

MY recent letter must have sufficiently apprised you of my intended movements to preclude your feeling any violent astonishment at receiving an epistle dated from Gloucestershire; where the wear and tear incidental to such an Irish Campaign, as that from which I am just returned, have compelled me to take shelter, and recruit for the ensuing winter besiegement. I have been puzzling myself for some time past in the selection of an appropriate simile, which might convey to you some trifling idea of the inexpressible change created in Dublin by his Majesty's departure; and at last, Rolando like, I have been compelled to come to this conclusion;—

"Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But *this*, alas! has no comparison!"

The most inconceivable dullness, dreariness, and vacancy immediately succeeded those scenes of pleasure, of gaiety, and of enjoyment, which were equally inconceivable; and instead of Dublin's streets being *filled with absentees!* agreeable to the ancient Irish prophecy; every individual, who could obtain a conveyance, seemed to consider the King's departure as a hint to depart also, and the Irish metropolis was very speedily as deserted as Pall Mall in September. I did once intend to have essayed, either in prose or verse, to have given some description of the proceedings in Dublin, during the Royal visit, for *your* edification; but our newspaper Editors having suddenly became so eloquent as to distance all hope of competition; it is only left for me to bear my humble testimony to the accuracy of their brilliant statements; and the fidelity of their glow-

ing descriptions. Of all the Levees we have ever seen, Alfred, and you and I have been at some few, none ever rivalled his Majesty's Court at Dublin, for the numbers and variety of the presentations. All those whose good fortune enabled them to achieve the indispensable requisites of a bag wig and sword, were that day marshalled in the Courtly throng; and very many, who previously knew of such rarities in costume only by name, disdaining to be left behind in the race of Loyalty, assisted to crowd the presence chamber. The castle avenues were all filled to an excess that at one time rendered our advance and retreat equally impossible; and so much pressed were even the patricians of the party, that the venerable Lord Norbury observed, that of the many *hard cases* he had tried, that *Levee staircase* was the *hardest!* Apropos of puns, Alfred, the King having assisted to raise his Lordship, whose foot slipped when paying his respects, the witty Judge observed, that this was not the first *lift* for which he was indebted to his Majesty. To have duly appreciated the reception which Dublin gave our Sovereign, you must, indeed, have been, like me, an eye witness of the whole proceedings. Ireland's very soul was in the welcome, and their hearts upon the people's lips, when they received their King. Each succeeding day encreased his Majesty's popularity; and from the landing at Howth to the embarkation at Dunleary, the universal enthusiasm knew no bounds, and Sovereign and subjects appeared equally happy and delighted. The splendour of the various entertainments was not in the least exaggerated by the Papers, and I can assure you, from experience, that a Dublin Corporation dinner will bear proud comparison with your Guildhall Fête to the Allied Sovereigns, and your Mansion House parties to the Royal Family in London. One grand and glorious object the King's visit certainly accomplished, it united all parties, and cancelled all differences; not for the *present* only, I really think, but for ever! At least, certainly as far as *for ever* extends in our modern vocabulary. Whether it will have the miraculous effect of transforming all their barren mountains into fertile vallies; or, of occasioning half of the Catholics to become Protestants, and *vice versa*, I cannot presume to determine; but the blessing of St. Patrick having charmed away all noxious reptiles from his Emerald Isle, the presence of our Fourth George has, I trust, now banished what was more venomous than aught beside,—that prejudice which sunders and dissevers dearest friends,—the curse of Party. May the Royal visit to your Guildhall in November next have a similarly beneficial effect, though I much fear that many of the city *sçavans* in the Common Council are too far gone to be curable. At all events, however, the Livery's choice of Lord Mayor will, I hope, fall upon a Gentleman competent in talent and in fortune to do honour to the proud occasion; and there is such an one, I understand, in due course for next year. But as you are quite *au fait* with the Court of Aldermen, Alfred, and I am *toute au contraire*, I must not, of course, offer an opinion, and therefore restrict myself to the anxious deprecation, that Sheriff *Double-hue* may *not* be the individual. The Royal squadron being detained for some days in Dunleary harbour, by contrary winds, gave the good people an opportunity of having several more last looks; and an old lady whom I met at Colonel P.'s quadrille party, expressed her most hearty *réjouissances*, that his Majesty had thus been gratified with the sight of an *Irish Rainbow!* Having started with the professsed intention of saying nothing about this loyal subject, I have fully kept my word, something in the style of Donna Julia in Byron's *Don Juan*, Canto one, who *says nothing* through thirteen stanzas!

His Majesty having, however, at length left us, we,—that is, Ellen, who, by the bye has fallen half in love with a certain handsome Cavalry Captain; mind, I say *half* only, therefore don't play Mount Vesuvius, and fire away yet. Alfred;—But to resume, Ellen and Arthur; her Abigail and my groom; with Blucher your old shaggy fourfooted favourite, left Merrion-square, Dublin, and after various adventures by sea and land, have just pitched our tent here, to drink the waters, and be in peace and quietness, till winter, or some other strong argument compels our departure. But leaving ourselves,—now to something more generally interesting.

The decease of Caroline of Brunswick has, I suppose, finally removed

one subject of political opposition in London, and acquiescing most entirely with the hackneyed apophthegm of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,—however suspicious may be the inference,—I am now silent on all relating to her; and almost wish my feelings would suffer me to be equally oblivious, as Dominie Sampson designates it, on the subject of her mob Funeral.

But however those journalists, who call that event a triumph, may choose to dignify the outrage by describing it as a tribute of respect to departed worth!—a vindication of the public feeling towards injured innocence!—and all such despicable cant, it was simply and literally the cabal of anarchy,—the principles of which are the same, whether developed in dragging a deceased Queen through a crowded city, amidst the self-applauding shouts of an intoxicated rabble; or brutally attacking the military in the execution of their duty, and aiming at the lives of men whose valour has been the defence of their country, and whose blood was never before shed, but for it's honour.

There can be little doubt that all those worthies who ranged themselves under the banners of the late Queen, for the sole reason that her cause was opposed to public tranquillity, were most anxious to make a parade of her remains for the purpose of a last excitement; because they were aware that all those compassionate emotions, with which every human creature looks upon the dead, might be exaggerated into an expression of political opinion; and it was equally certain, that a large proportion of the idle and dissipated mechanics of your teeming metropolis, were perfectly ready to assist in making the pageant an occasion of holiday, and an excuse for riot; and were therefore willing instruments in the hands of a violent and despairing faction. But that the *respectable* inhabitants of the City were desirous that the procession should pass through it's principal streets, must be notoriously false; and it is ever a most gross error to confound the distinctions of the *people*, and the *mob*; for the virtue and good sense of the one, must be the security of all of us against the moral depravity, and too often brutal ignorance of the other.

Of the behaviour of the military during that most disgraceful outrage, it has been undeniably proved, that they acted throughout with a degree of coolness, steadiness, and forbearance, which I am very sure none of their opponents would manifest under less trying circumstances; and it is the best and most unequivocal proof of their having been any thing but revengefully inclined, that with the exception of the two poor men who were the unfortunate victims upon that occasion, not even the slightest wound has been heard of, amongst the immense masses, which were assembled at the various points of contact, and who, had not the temper of the soldiers been most exemplary, must have suffered very seriously. Thus it is, however, in a nation in which all are free, folly must have her freedom, and mischief will mark her for it's tool; ignorance will discharge her debts of gratitude by denying their amount, and by forgetting the danger from which she has been delivered; though ever when in peril, the loudest to complain, and the foremost to despair. The spirit of mischief has no gratitude towards the peace maker; for it is a spirit obnoxious to repose; in war and tumult it hopes all evil to the good order which it hates; and in peace, it counsels and contrives it; it then walks restless through the land, instigating the owner of each poor and barren plot, not to cultivate and improve it, but to curse the little portion he is heir to. It was this spirit, as you observed, last month, Alfred, that formerly with mischievous exaggeration decked out the implacable enemy of our country with irresistible might, and infallible sagacity; that boldly excused and justified all his crimes, or still more boldly, denied them; and even now, though baffled in it's every hope, and belied by every prophecy, this bankrupt firm of impudent invention has still new fictions ready for new credulity, new idols for folly's worship, and honourable attributes for every new disturber of the public quiet.

As one who feels truly proud at the intellectual improvement of my fellow subjects; and who can admire the zeal which excites, and the liberality which promotes it; as one who can pay the humble tribute of my warmest praise for all that has been done, and is doing in this mighty

cause, I cannot but deeply share their mortification, who deplore the base perversion of such noble purposes. It is indeed, no new thing for slander to arraign all that is high and holy; but the tongue of slander, however venomous, can inflict but a slight wound in the character that is sound and whole; it is the pen of the libeller, against which innocence is no shield; and at a time when the evil eye of discontent not only envies it's neighbour's goods, but covets it's neighbour's character, we have to dread and to repel one generally levelling system, both of property and of good name. But the barrier of our glorious Constitution will not fall at the first giddy shout of the multitude, the high tribunals which are it's bulwarks will yet stand, though treason deny their authority, and conscious guilt their justice; blasphemy may rail at the holy place, and hypocrisy defile it, long, long before the dome will totter; but the ruin must come at last, if the remedy be not fitly interposed. And the league of what is base and false, profligate and malicious, having united loyalty, and honour, and integrity, to oppose it, the evil thus works it's own cure, and the remedy we may hope is near at hand; we know it's efficacy, we have proved it in former days, and in similar circumstances; and your confidence, I am sure, like mine, Alfred,—"Is firm as Ailsa rock!"—The breach of that cordial confidence which has for so many long years subsisted between the several orders of society living under our happy constitution must be an evil beyond redress; *that* confidence was our strength in battle, our union in effort, our hope, and our protection. They who dissolve it break our talisman,—"*the only witchcraft we have used*" to make of a little Island a great nation; a nation taking her chief place amongst the chiefest powers of the earth; whose glory we would bequeath to posterity as we have won it; for it is a greatness which is no empty name. This forms the true vigour of our commerce, and the real credit of our mercantile good faith. We have no covetous craving to satisfy, either of riches or of territory,—the treasury of Europe was at our feet when England's conquering warriors guarded the gates of Paris: and we then parted the spoil amongst the rightful claimants, retaining for ourselves only the proud satisfaction of having done so!

For this specimen of my political wisdom, and eloquence, you will be, I trust, duly thankful, and as you published a former epistle of mine, *sans ceremonie*, and without leave; to preclude a similar surprise at seeing myself in print, you may *enrich* your next month's miscellany with this, if you have room and inclination. Apropos of the Magazine, you did Buonaparte full justice last month both with the *burin*, and with the pen; and if it's Editorial duties can spare you for ten days, pray give Cheltenham the preference, and surprise Ellen in the Well Walk some morning before breakfast, by putting your self into the Gloucester mail on the evening before. C. and L. and Augustus, and G. and half the alphabet beside of your friends are here; so you need fear nothing about being made comfortable.

I can send no Poetry for the European with this letter, for I am too idle to compose; and, by some blunder, my portefeuille and some other etceteras, were left behind at our last stage, whither Frank is now gone for them, consequently I am quite unable to oblige either you or your readers; to all of whom, that have done me the honour of making enquiries, as your *Conversazioné* states, pray make my best respects. Amongst our visitors here, by the bye, I forgot to name your Cousins, who are just now on the wing from hence, after a long gossip; and Rosamond has been telling Ellen some strange tale about some rhymes out of your Magazine Balaam Box. As all this passed in a sort of confidential whisper, I must await, either till I see Ellen at dinner; or for the appearance of your next number: and the former being the nearest, I have decided to give that the preference. And now, as Fashion's etiquette requires me to ride over, and leave my card at the Dowager's, I must *leave* you first; so, adieu, Beauchamp; supply all deficiency of compliments, &c. as you think fit; accept Ellen's best regards, and believe her brother to remain,

My dear Alfred,

Ever, and truly your's,

Arthur Merton Templeton.

To Alfred Beauchamp, Esquire, European Magazine Office.

THE BOOK WORM.

No. IX.

If that olde bokes were awaie,
Ylorne were of remembrance the key
Wel ought us then honouren and beleve
These bokes.—— CHAUCER.

Arliquiniana; ou, les Bon Mots, et les Histoires plaisantes et agréables recueillies des Conversations d'Arlequin. à Paris, 1694.

THE slight estimation in which our modern Harlequins are held, may induce a general belief that there is little relating to their predecessors which can be worth remembering. This would be too hasty a conclusion;—the insignificant motley hero of our day is as different from that of the old pantomime, as the modern Greeks are from the conquerors of Troy. He retains the masque, and the bat, and the party coloured vest of him of the olden time, but *quanto mutatus ab illo!* The informing spirit is fled;—that irresistible humour which wanted not the aid of words to convey it's meaning, is no more; the dumb eloquence is lost, we fear, for ever; and now a days, under the direction of a skilful mechanist, a wooden man might be made to perform all the functions of the degenerate representative of the once powerful Arlecchino. We scarcely know how to account for this falling-off. In England, it is true, pantomimes, properly so called, never were very highly relished. Theatrical entertainments of a more lofty and intellectual order graced the earliest days of our drama, and perhaps the genius of the people is of too severe a nature to find amusement in such representations. But these reasons do not apply to other countries: to France, for instance, where they were once eagerly applauded by the people, and cherished by the nobles; nor to Italy, where the temperament of the natives, like that of their climate, is calculated to develope all the luxuries of the senses, until the reasoning powers are overwrought, and the intoxicated fancy runs riot in lassitude and indulgence. The cause of the decay must rather be sought in the rarity of the talent necessary to support it in it's former brilliancy.

The Italian Pantomime was not subject to the ordinary rules of the drama, nor were its actors like those of other theatres. They had none of the assistance of authors in furnishing them with dialogue, but were entirely thrown upon their own ingenuity to supply and keep up the conversations necessary to the developement of the plot; a slight sketch or plan of the fable was stuck up behind the scenes, for the instruction of the players. The business, if it may be so called, of the drama, was by this means explained to them, and they were to bring all their wit and humour to bear upon it at every point where they could be introduced. This arrangement is quite sufficient to shew that the pantomimes could not be played by men of very ordinary capacity. An education of a very respectable extent at that time was absolutely necessary, and the actor must, besides all genteel accomplishments, possess wit, vivacity of temper, and activity of body, in no small degree, to carry him through his duties. These are not within the reach of every player; to supply their want of real talent, the less excellent resorted to dancing and singing. These were perhaps allowable artifices, or rather the inevitable consequence of the actors' deficiencies; but they afterwards resorted to posturing, and by an easy transition to the unmeaning antics of the present day.

It was in Italy that Pantomimes are said to have been first invented. Their origin is less difficult to trace than the deduction to the present day;—after the conquest of Rome by the Barbarians, the decay into which letters fell, and the abject condition of the Romans, imparted their ruinous influence to the stage, which entirely sunk under the oppression of the times. There seems, however, substantial reason to believe that Arlecchino survived the storm, and that the masked wizard who has so often excited our

school-boy envy and wonder, is, as far as his personal appearance goes, the identical Sannio who delighted the Masters and Misses of Rome in the days of Cicero. The more modern, and certainly the more popular opinion is, that the character was intended to represent an inhabitant of Bergamo, a town in Italy; that the gay dress he now wears is the result of modern improvements upon a ragged countryman's vest, which, without that regard to uniformity of appearance usually observed by other persons in mending their coats, had been patched with colours as numerous and as various as the holes which had occasioned them. Whether he was of Roman or Bergamask origin, is, however, not very important at present. He says himself, and he ought to know, in the Arlequin Roi de Serendib,—

> "Vous demandez le nom de ma patrie,
> Je vais parler avec sincerité.
> C'est en Bergame en Italie
> Qu'une Tripiére en ses flancs m'a porté."

The inhabitants of Bergamo had the good fortune to be divided in the estimation of the neighbouring provinces into two classes;—rogues and fools. Arlequin was sometimes the one and sometimes the other; but oftener that more natural character which abounds in the world a mixture of both. He spoke in the Bergamask dialect. His dress, upon which those who would trace his origin from the Roman *Mimi*, found their argument, has undergone little alteration during the last three centuries. It is composed of a vest reaching to the hips, and trowsers, of various colours, girt by a leathern band; a black mask, with a small nose, and sunken eyes, surrounded by shaggy brows; a hat of flexible grey stuff, shoes without heels, and a bat. Among the men most remarkable for playing this character, was Jean Dominique Biancolelli, the hero of the book at the head of our present article. He was a native of Bologna, and displayed considerable dramatic talent from a very early period of his life. At the age of 19. he repaired to Paris, where his abilities recommended him to Cardinal Mazarin, whose patronage assisted in establishing him. His amiable manners and good sense rendered him as great a favorite in private, as his wit had procured him applause in the theatre. He was cherished by many of the nobles of that day, and received frequent and continued marks of the King's favour. He was for many years at the head of his profession. In his hands Arlequin became decidedly the most important personage in the pantomime, and he took so lofty a flight in his particular manner of playing it, that his death occasioned a deficiency which was never adequately supplied, and which perhaps contributed to hasten the decay of this style of acting. Dominique was not only an improver of acting in his own person, but he left a family, who were all actors and actresses, some of them of the highest repute, and inventors of new characters in the Italian Comedy. He died in consequence of too great an exertion he had made in dancing, which he excelled in as eminently as he did in acting. In his last illness he made a formal renunciation of the stage, most probably in order to insure to himself the advantages of burial in consecrated ground, and the offices of the clergy; and died a good Catholic Christian, regretted, as the tombstones have it, by all who knew him, in which number was included the whole of the play-going population of Paris. He was buried in the church of St. Eustache. Innumerable epitaphs were composed for him: this is an extract from one of them:—

> "Qui l'eut jamais pensé sans se desesperer,
> Que l'aimable Arlequin qui nous a tant fait rire,
> Dut sitot nous faire pleurer."

We now proceed to the book;—there is a sort of preface, in which the author feigns that Arlequin's ghost came to visit him, brought by the intelligence that he was about to print a book relating to him. The spirit remonstrates against the design, but his scruples are vanquished by the author's arguments, which are founded upon the importance of an actor's calling, and the benefit which the maxims and examples of the theatre sometimes render to the world. The first compliments over, the author is very curious to learn some particulars relating to the customs of the other world. "As the Fates find us," replies Arlequin, "so we remain in the Elysian

Fields.' One is ever bewailing his mistress, another her husband; this laments the loss of his good cheer, that his money; the lawyer his suits, the doctor his prescriptions."—"But are there not some among you who are desirous of returning to the world?" said I. * * "Very few are anxious for the metempsychosis," he answered, "life has no charms for us, and we leave it cheerfully to you mortals, who possess none but imaginary pleasures, and constant disquiet."—"And yet," I said, "there is tranquillity upon the earth;—there are persons who exist without very lively passions, and do you not think that they enjoy a calm?"—"It may appear so to you," said Arlequin, "but believe me, their calm is like that of the sea, which does not prevent it from retaining all it's salt and bitterness. Such is the peace of the world; never pure, ever mingled with a thousand disgusts!"—An interesting conversation is continued, in which the author enquires after his acquaintance, until Arlequin disappears. The author then proceeds with his work, from which we have selected some of the most favourable specimens.

The Abbé de Santeuil, famous for his classical attainments, was no less remarkable for the brutality and severity of his manners. Dominique was desirous of adopting a motto, and having a very high opinion of the Abbé's taste, he resolved to apply to him to select one. He was aware that he was a great humourist, and that to ask him this favour would be to defeat his purpose, so he determined to attack him with his own weapons. He dressed himself in his theatrical habit, with a cloak which completely enveloped him, and went in a coach to the Abbé's chambers. On knocking at the door, the Abbé cried out most surlily, "Who's there?" and receiving no answer, opened the door, when Dominique entering, let his cloak fall, and putting himself in a posture, ran about the room in the most comical manner. The Abbé was at first surprised, but soon falling into the joke, he played the same antics, and capered about as nimbly as Arlequin; when they were tired, they stood stiff, making grimaces at each other. "Who the devil are you?" said the Abbé. "I am the Abbé de Santeuil, of the Italian Comedy," said Arlequin "And I," said Santeuil, "am the Dominique of the Sorbonne." Arlequin took off his masque, and they embraced each other with the utmost cordiality, and many a hearty laugh. Dominique then preferred his request, and the Abbé gave him as a motto, *Castigat ridendo mores*, than which nothing could be more apposite. Among the whimsical stories Arlequin relates is the following, which happened in the chapel of a town in Italy. "A pastry-cook had a tame bear, which was in the habit of wandering about uncontrouled. One night he was rambling in the streets, and finding the door of a chapel open, he entered, and fell asleep in a corner. Certain penitents came that same night to the chapel, to inflict their respective disciplines; as soon as they had entered, they shut the door, and after a short exhortation placed themselves in different parts of the chapel, having put their only light in a corner, and began their pious exercise. The most zealous applied their scourges vigorously, and the others waited patiently and quietly until the ceremony should be finished. The noise of the whips awoke the bear, who got up, and marching strait forward in the dark, happened to come in contact with some of the penitents, who having taking off part of their clothing for the convenience of their discipline, exposed a certain part of their bodies quite bare. Bruin did not know what to make of it, but being perfectly tame, he only rubbed his rough skin against the pious devotees, and going from one to the other, he completely terrified them. Almost dissolved to a jelly by their fear and their exercise, their terrors were completed, when, on the bear's advancing to the light they saw against the wall the enlarged shadow of so monstrous an animal. An universal shout of, "the Devil, the Devil!" was raised in a moment, and the greatest confusion prevailed, until the light was brought, when the breechesless penitents discovered the harmless cause of their fright was the pastrycook's bear. The uproar cast a great scandal upon their zealous offices, and they never took to scourging themselves after, until they had carefully searched whether the bear was hidden in the chapel."

A Gascon is generally the author of

those absurdities in French, which are usually attributed to Irishmen with us. "Last night," says Arlequin, in going out, I met a Gascon in the street, with a coat half black and half grey, which was all in rags. He begged an alms of me with his hat on his head, saying he was a gentleman. I gave a four sous piece, and asked him for change; he felt in all his pockets with great earnestness, but finding nothing, "G—d's blood," said he, "I think I must have left my money behind when I changed my dress."

A native of the same province, who had been imprisoned for debt two years, was at length liberated by the kindness of his friends, who paid the creditor. When they went to fetch him out, he said he had paid the jailor for his dinner, and was resolved to have his pennyworth. It was in vain that his friends besought him to come with them. While he was at dinner, another creditor lodged a detainer against him. He was ready to burst with rage, but shortly after, cocking his hat, consoled himself by saying, that Fortune always persecuted people of merit. At length his friends settled his affairs, and went to inform him that he was free. He was in bed when they came to him, and no sooner heard the news, than leaping out, he ran with his clothes under his arm to a house in the neighbourhood, where he dressed himself. "Zounds," said he, "I wished to save a meal, but never did I pay so dearly as for that of the other day."

When Spessafer, who was also of the Italian Comedy, died, the circumstance was mentioned at the Royal table at Versailles. A physician who was present, wishing to put in for a share of the conversation, said, that Spessafer was generally thought to have resembled him very strongly. "Not in the least," said the Prince, "he never killed any one in his life."

Dominique's particular excellence consisted in the skill with which he vented his *naivetés*, and the idiot simplicity of some of his tricks gained him more applause than all the brilliant wit which he was known to possess, but for which the public had no ears. Some of his lazzi are mentioned, but they are hardly favourable specimens.

In one of his plays he was sick; a physician prescribed a bath for him, and on asking him how he found it, "rather wet," said he.

In the widow of Ephesus, the matron gives him her husband's body to supply the place of that of the malefactor's which had been stolen. "I shall tie it up very securely," said he, "for if they steal this, you know, you have not got another dead husband to give away."

In another, Colombine comes to the house of the Doctor, whose servant Arlequin is, and not finding him at home, resolves to wait for him. Arlequin places a chair, and produces surgical instruments; Colombine asks him what he is going to do. "Only to trepan you, just by way of amusing you until the Doctor comes." She begs to be excused. "Oh, you had better let me," he says, "it will do you good, and perhaps such an opportunity may never occur again."

He has a house to sell in another place, and that the purchaser may not buy a pig in a poke, he produces a piece of the wall as a specimen.

Octavian asked him once how many fathers he had, and upon his answering only one, pretended to be in a violent rage, and wanted to know why he had no more. "Pardon me, Sir," said Arlequin, "I am a poor man, and can only afford one." He says elsewhere, that a glass is Pandora's box, and that all the evils of the world are contained in it. He gained very considerable applause in a burlesque pleading which he introduced in a play, where he represented himself as Executor of the Will of the Devil, who was dead, and who had appointed him guardian to the four little Plutos. It is an admirable parody upon the ridiculous style of eloquence which then prevailed, and which can hardly be said to be extinct while the civil courts in Doctor's Commons remain. He is advocating the cause of the infernal Princes of the Blood against their Mamma. "What," he says, "to encourage the avarice of a woman, will you suffer these infant Plutos to wander like poor devils upon the earth. Can you in your conscience see those without attendance and equipage, through whose means half the inhabitants of Paris ride in their coaches. *Non feram; non patiar.* Since their father has entrusted them

to my care, I will see that they are introduced with proper splendor, and that they shall appear like devils of quality. I will give to the first a place among the ladies; I will make him so complaisant and so persuasive, that they shall all confess he has the wit of the very Devil. The second I will quarter upon the merchants, usurers, and men of business, that he may be a Devil of all trades. The third I mean to bring up to the Bar, that it may be seen the Devil is in the Law. The fourth shall enter the Army, where I hope he will prove the Devil himself."

The book from which we have made these extracts, contains besides some tales of the *beau monde*, which made it a great favourite at that time. It now retains a rank among the *facetiæ*, and it's rarity adds to it's importance. We shall close it with the following description of Arlequin, which places him in a very true light, and proves he was by no means the mere buffoon for which he has been so often mistaken.

"Arlequin was a double man. On the stage with his mask on no one could be more agreeable or more diverting, but none was more serious when unmasked and out of the theatre. Those who only saw him at the play thought he was never sad, and those who knew him in private found he was not much addicted to mirth. He was, however, far from being a misanthrope, but he was not very gay, and melancholy predominated in his temperament."

A WHISPER AT A CONVERSAZIONÉ.

CORINNA to *Pindar* said, "What an affair!
A Party with nothing but men met!
If thus you give routs without *us*,—I declare
We'll go and make laws in the senate.

I told you long since when your poems were fine,
A sack-full of flowers was a folly:
Good taste should the lady-like amaranth twine,
With critical, masculine holly.

For, trust me, the amaranth always well-drest,
To Pallas more dear than the bays is;
Which gives you a hint that where Wisdom is guest,
She always expects to find Ladies.

Our light is, *you* say, only borrow'd from your's,
As clouds of the sun's make a vain show;—
Sir, scarcely our eyesight the sunbeam endures,
But every eye welcomes the rainbow.

The telescope's power to your wit I allow,—
To our's the Kaleidoscope's given,
And he who possesses them both, as you know,
Sees the light and the colours of heaven.

Sir, woman ne'er scolded till man in his spleen
From attic assemblies debarr'd her:
Xantippé herself an Aspasia had been,
If Plato had sent her a card, Sir.

It cannot concern me, I vow, in the least,—
Yet we may claim always twelve places;
For Phœbus himself when he gives us a feast,
Invites both the Muses and Graces."

"Dear Ma'am," whisper'd *Pindar*—"the truth is confest,
One muse the seven sages excells;
But when solemn Folly like Wisdom is drest,
'Tis always without *caps and belles!*" V.

MISCELLANEA.

TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

SINCE publishing our former detail of this Island in page 339 of our last Volume, we have been informed that this Island is at present uninhabited. Of the fate of the two American adventurers who took possession of it about eleven years since, the principal person, Captain Jonathan Lambert, was drowned when fishing, and his companion, Captain Benjamin Franklin Seaven, who had proceeded some time before to Rio de Janeiro to solicit assistance from the Portuguese government to cultivate the island, being disappointed in his expectations, abandoned the project, and entered into the service of the patriotic junta of Buenos Ayres, who promoted him to the rank of a commodore; but in consequence of a suspicion being entertained of his fidelity, he being detected, it is said, in tampering with the Spanish government, he was arrested; and after a short and close imprisonment, condemned to suffer death, and shot on board of a schooner off the island of Flones, in the river Plate.

About the year 1816 or 17, Lord Charles Henry Somerset, the present governor of the Cape of Good Hope, sent a strong detachment of soldiers, under the command of Captain Cloete, from the Cape to Tristan da Cunha, who took possession of it in the name of his Majesty, provisionally for the approval of the British government; but this measure not being sanctioned by his Majesty's ministers in the first instance, he received orders to withdraw the troops altogether, and abandon it, which was accordingly carried into execution, and after a few months occupation, the troops were re-embarked, and returned to the Cape.

This island forms one of a cluster of five others, which are situated at a short distance from it; namely, Diego and Alvarez, Goff's Island, Nightingale Island, Inaccessible Island, and Rock Island. The groupe was discovered by Admiral Tristan da Cunha in 1452, on his voyage to the Brazils, from whom it takes its name; the next in size, Diego Alvarez, derives its name from the vice-admiral.

EPISTLE FROM THE YEARLY MEETING OF QUAKERS, OR FRIENDS, FOR 1821.

DEAR FRIENDS,

In grateful acknowledgement to the Author of all our mercies, we inform you, that He has condescended to grant us the renewed evidence of his love, and to afford us a continuance of that divine regard which has been graciously extended in many former yearly meetings. Under it's invigorating influence we offer you our cordial salutation, desiring that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ may have free course among you.

The blessings which the Christian dispensation places within the reach of the faithful and obedient, even in this life, and the hope which it affords them in the prospect of futurity, are strong incitements to religion and virtue. But, beloved friends, let us never forget that the gift of eternal life will not be our's, unless we yield to the convictions of the Spirit of Christ in our hearts, surrender our wills to it's guidance, and, by thus walking in the light, come to know his blood to cleanse us from all sin.

To bear the cross, to be redeemed from the spirit and friendship of this world, are indispensably necessary in the Christian character. Be persuaded, then, we entreat you, to press after that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. If this be the principal object of our lives; if, by endeavouring day by day to fulfil the first and great commandment, our affections are turned to God; then may we, in humble trust, commit ourselves as into the hands of a faithful Creator. Then shall we be preserved from an inordinate pursuit of the things of this life; we shall escape the many sorrows with which those pierce themselves through who make haste to be rich; such as have but little outward substance may enjoy it with cheerfulness and contentment; and if, from circumstances not within their control, reverses or disappointments

occur to any, they will prepare to meet their trials without self-condemnation.

If we are really concerned to look into our own hearts, if we do but enough bear in remembrance that our inmost thoughts are beheld by the all penetrating eye of God, we shall be sensible that there ought to be no relaxation in the great duty of watchfulness unto prayer. The frequent recurrence of this conviction will be highly beneficial. It will lead us to look to a higher power than our own faculties, to enable us to work out our salvation, or to aid in promoting the Lord's work on the earth. At the same time an encrease of gratitude, from a continued sense of the Lord's unmerited goodness, will animate us to serve him in the performance of our allotted duties in civil and religious society; in doing good to our neighbours, or in the concerns of the church. Then will there be a constant reference to Him who has qualified us for the work: we shall, in reality, seek no honour one from another; but by our lives, as well as by our words, ascribe all to Him to whom it is due.

It is equally the duty of all our members to endeavour, in their daily walk through life, to act consistently with their Christian profession. It is a serious reflection for us to make, that our conduct may, in the eyes of our associates, either adorn or dishonour the principles which we profess. Our views in silent waiting upon God in religious meetings; our belief that pure gospel ministry ought to be exercised from the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit; our testimony to the meek and peaceable nature of the religion of Jesus; and our non-observance of outward ordinances, originate in a conviction that the dispensation of the gospel is a spiritual dispensation. This our religious profession is a loud call upon us for great circumspection of conduct, and deep inward retirement before the Lord. And, whilst we are persuaded that these precious testimonies are founded upon the precepts and spirit of the Gospel, we believe, and we desire especially to press this sentiment upon our younger friends just setting out in life, that we are at no time more qualified to bear them than when we have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and are willing to suffer for the name of Christ.

In passing from a state of nature to a state of grace, the cross to our natural inclinations must be taken up, the way of self-denial must be pursued. But if this be done with that faith which produces a reliance on the holy aid of Him who has trodden the path of suffering before us, a cheerful dedication brings it's own reward: the consolations which abound animate us to persevere. One of the blessed effects of thus aspiring after holiness of life is an increase of true love. This Christian virtue so expands and gladdens the heart, that its possessor having known its value, will be on the watch against any thing that may tend to disturb it: he will strive to yield to its influence, when causes of irritation present themselves. Even when he deems himself injured, he will be the more prepared to display the beauty of condescension, and, for the preservation of love and harmony, to relinquish his own right, and to refrain from insisting on his own views. He will be so guarded in his conversation as not to take pleasure in discoursing on the errors of his neighbour, aware that by so doing he might deprive himself of one means of correcting the faults which he may have observed. Instead of contributing to kindle the flame of dissention and variance, by speaking to others on the existence of these hurtful things, he will be vigilant in his attempts to extinguish the sparks by the power of persuasion and love.

We have received acceptable epistolary communications from our friends in Ireland, and from the several yearly meetings on the American continent.

The sufferings of our members in Great Britain and Ireland, in consequence of their refusal to pay tithes, and other demands of an ecclesiastical nature, and from a few distraints of a military kind, have been in usual course reported to this meeting. The amount is upwards of £15,600.

The important duty which devolves on parents, to train up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," has been afresh brought into view. In the earliest periods of life, much of this care rests with mothers, and we desire that in all cases their pious endeavours may be strengthened by the co-operation of the fathers. The youthful mind is very soon sus-

ceptible of serious impressions; and we believe that if parents are careful to watch the most favourable opportunities, they may instil religious truths, lay a foundation for correct principles, and give a right bias to the affections, which may be greatly blessed at a future day. But in order that such attempts may have their due effect, precept must be accompanied by example. The safe ground on which parents can proceed, is so to live and so to wait before the throne of grace, as to be enabled to pour forth their secret prayers for the blessing of the Most High. Then, instead of looking back with bitter regret, if their beloved offspring should deviate from the path of Christian virtue, they may commit their cause with conscious integrity to Him whom they have desired to serve.

Our hearts have been afresh warmed with desires for the good of our dear younger friends; indeed it seldom or never happens but that when thus assembled, we feel deeply interested for their eternal well-being. We have been comforted in the company of these; and we again invite all of this class to watch the visitations of divine love, and unreservedly to yield their hearts to it's influence. We would also encourage our elder brethren and sisters to extend a tender care over this interesting portion of the society for their good, to warn them of the slippery paths in which they themselves have walked, to invite them to follow the footsteps of the flock of Christ; and with a kind, parental, yet prudent hand, to cultivate the growth of the good seed in their hearts.

"Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever." Signed in, and on behalf of the meeting, by

JOSIAH FORSTER,
Clerk of the Meeting this year.

ENGLISH LECTURES IN PARIS.

A characteristic story, connected with public lectures in Paris, has lately been made public, which deserves preservation for it's peculiarity. Mr. Mulock, the gentleman who has recently been engaged in giving an interesting exposition of English literature at the Argyle Rooms, delivered somewhat of a similar course in the capital of our neighbours. Upon one occasion, in January last, in taking a view of the political state of Europe as connected with it's literary improvement, he happened to speak nearly as follows of France: "And first, with reference to the land in which I am a passing guest,—a land which I must place, where she has placed herself by her follies and her crimes, least and lowest in the scale of European nations: Whithersoever I turn my eye in France, I behold degradation or destitution;—a government without strength, struggling to sway an insurgent people, and by the worst means,—false loyalty leaning on the broken crutch of false religion,—an atheistic land scoured by squadrons of anti-christian missionaries, whose carnal cry is, up with the Cross and down with the Bible—a paper constitution seized hold of by contending factions, to sanction the practical suspension of rights, or to prompt the popular denial of duties. Do you require a more minute inventory of a nation's nothings? Fields without industry,—cities without commerce,—courts without justice,—churches without piety,—houses without homes,—pamphleteering in lieu of literature, and sensuality substituted for the affections. Nor do I overstep the limits of prudent political prediction, when I proclaim that this guilty perversion of all good,—this fond election of evil, will ere long be visited with penal vengeance. Fresh convulsions within will call forth another conquering crusade from without. Another cloud of Cossack conservators of the peace of Europe may again darken over the 'vine covered hills and gay vallies of France.' '*Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history*,' another Blucher may supplicate to be the privileged conflagrator of Paris, without being frustrated by any benign imperial interposition, commanding him to sheathe the sabres, and extinguish the torches of his military artificers of havock."

This, to be sure, was rather strong

language but the French mode of taking it up, instead of refuting it, would seem to show, that the passage imputing folly had some foundation. For the lecturer being called upon for a supplementary discourse, received on the preceding evening the following letter:—

"Some French officers have learned, with equal surprize and indignation, the manner in which you spoke of France, at your last sitting, in the Rue Vivienne.

"They do not here allude to your literary opinions, which can injure none but yourself, and which at once prove your ignorance, your want of taste, and your bad faith: the owl which cannot endure the light of the sun, denies it's splendour.

"The matter in question is the opinion which you have set forth against France as a nation, in despite of decorum, the rights of hospitality, and of all that mankind holds sacred.

"You are, no doubt, fully aware of the infamy of such conduct, which, but for the contempt it inspires, would most assuredly have been punished by those who despise you more than the *Cossacks* and the *Bluchers*. Frenchmen recognize enemies, but not poltroons.

"Still, however, contempt will not long stifle the voice of injured honour: any new insult will cause you to be visited by signal vengeance. This language bears no equivocal meaning:—French officers repel calumny and insolence on the field of honour, and with the sword in hand.

"We therefore command you, in the name of France which you have largely attacked, in the name of truth which you have outraged, and of that religion which you have renounced by slandering your fellow-creatures, not to give on Saturday the lecture you have announced.

"We are, with the contempt you deserve,"

(Signed)

"MILLIN, BARBEROUX, ST. DIDIER, } *French Officers.*

"*Paris Jan. 26th*, 1821."

It is only necessary to add, by way of explanation, that the signatures are not those of unknown persons; *Barberoux* is the son of the deputy, and *St. Didier* a Colonel of duelling notoriety. Our countryman nevertheless delivered his lecture, and treated these heroes' threat with the ridicule it deserved.

PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

The serious inconveniences attaching both to Falmouth and Torbay as affording no secure anchorage for large fleets, have long shown the necessity of converting Plymouth into a safe harbour, and government having at length resolved that something should be done, to accomplish so desirable an object, various plans were proposed and discussed; the result of which has been the proposal of Mr. Whidby, who accompanied Captain Vancouver in his voyage round the world, to construct the great work which is now so far advanced to it's conclusion, and has already fully justified the expectations formed of it's utility, by the safety which very many vessels have already derived from it. According to the plan, as originally laid down by Mr. Whidby and Mr. Rennie, the length of the work was to be 1,700 yards, or nearly a mile, extending across the middle of the Sound, from east to west, and leaving an entrance at each end; the centre part to be 1,000 yards in a straight line, and 350 yards at each end to be bent towards the north, at an angle of 104° with the centre part. The breadth at the bottom not to be less than about 250 feet, where the Water was 30 feet deep, and 10 yards towards the summit at the height of 10 feet above low water, or 40 feet from the bottom. The work to be commenced at the centre. This plan, has been strictly adhered to; except that the dimensions are rather greater than those stated. At this time, the foundation of the whole fabric is laid to the extent of nearly a mile; the width at the base is 400 feet, and gradually diminishes to 48 feet, a little above high-water-mark; having a smooth walk or pathway, full 6 feet wide from end to end. This causeway, is composed of very large blocks of stone, many of them upwards of 10 tons weight each, and towards the middle of the Breakwater, a small jetty is carried out on both sides for the purpose of enabling boats to land in any weather.

About 1,000 yards are thus com-

pleted, and two million tons of stone have ben already used. The stones now employed weigh upon an average from 5 to 10 tons; none of smaller dimensions being applicable. This stone is Devonshire marble, very hard and compact, with spots or small veins of black, white, and red; susceptible of a fine polish, and well adapted for chimney-pieces and other ornamental works. The quarry is situated up Catwater, near the mouth of the Plym. The rock, at the water's edge, is 25 feet high, and it rises to about 75 feet on the highest part; for which government gave ten thousand pounds to the Duke of Bedford for an extent of 20 to 25 acres, of which 8 acres have been cut away and thus employed. The various contrivances for obtaining those enormous masses by blowing up the rock, for conveying them to the waterside, and on board the vessel which carries them to the Breakwater, as well as for placing them in their proper position, reflect the highest credit on the skill of the engineers, and give the attentive observer a striking example of the wonders that may be effected by the aid of machinery. Besides the construction of the Breakwater, it has also been deemed advisable to remove several rocks at the bottom of the sea, which might injure vessels that happened to anchor over them at high water. But, many of these being 30 feet below the surface, it has been necessary to employ the diving-bell. That now employed is 6 feet long, 5 wide, and 7 high; composed of strong wrought iron, with shelves inside for the workmen's tools, &c. Two men generally go down together, the machine being lowered over the rock intended to be levelled. They use hammers and picks to break the rock, and put the fragments into canvas bags. The men remain two hours below water, when they are relieved by two others. They receive two shillings daily wages, and eighteen-pence for every turn that they are below water. Some of the rocks at the bottom of the Sound have thus been lowered 9 feet, and made level with the surrounding ground.

Another work of great utillity in progress in the neighbourhood of Plymouth is a jetty or pier constructing in Bovesand Bay, for the purpose of watering ships of war without taking out their casks. The ships are to be brought alongside the pier, and to receive their water by means of pipes from a fine spring; the casks having been sent on board empty are filled by means of a hose; which arrangement will save much time, trouble, and expense; as in time of war, when a fleet came for fresh water and no time was to be lost, the expense of getting it on board in the usual way has, on many occasions, amounted to one guinea per gallon.

SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS.

Professor K. of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life, resided at Frankfort on the Maine, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in; an animated conversation commenced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions; K. was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd; and a gentleman, who was a Captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contended, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the Captain proposed to K. to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of the reality of supernatural agency, he would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the captain would promise upon his honour, that no trick should be played off upon him: the Captain readily gave his word that no imposition should be resorted to, and here the matter rested. The wine circulated briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost conviviality. The Captain took his glass cheerfully, while K. prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manœuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, 'to be in full and sober possession of his faculties, that whatever should be presented to

his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason.' The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the Captain and K. set out together on their adventure. When they drew near the Captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle,' and walked towards the grove. The Captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K. to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K. replied in the affirmative. He added further, 'whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again; if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction.' He then left the Professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy: he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees: he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within it's gloomy shade. It advanced nearer; he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the Captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer; and the light encreased; until it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. 'It was then,' to use his own expressions, 'I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere: the heavens and every object before visible, was excluded from my sight.' But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention; his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity pourtrayed in it's countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sank down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven; he remarked, for his eyes were still riveted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from it's eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the Captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the Captain's house, which was close at hand, the Captain asked his companion, 'Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?' K. replied, 'he could not give a determinate answer to that question; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen, it certainly was not like any thing earthly, he therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject which he could not comprehend.' The Captain replied, 'he was sorry he was not convinced;' and added, with a sigh, 'he was still more sorry that he had ever attempted to convince him.' Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor; but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition: he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he has not the knowledge to controul, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K. now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings: his thoughts, in spite of his endeavours, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening; but in proportion as he forced conversation the Captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K. challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavy on his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse were alike disregarded: nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech; and immediately after supper, the Captain had ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight,

and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire. K. was silently smoking his pipe, when on a sudden a heavy step is heard in the passage; it approaches the room in which they are sitting,—a knock is heard: the Captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K. The knock is repeated,—both are silent: a third knock is heard, and K. breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold! the same dreadful appearance which K. had already witnessed stood in the door way. It's awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K. determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the court yard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the court yard they passed into the open fields; K. with the dog were about 20 or 30 paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment all was silence and darkness. K. called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation; he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their attentions; but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Valerius, a Roman Story. In 3 Volumes, 12mo.

GIFTED as we certainly are, and astonishing as our penetration is universally allowed to be; we are yet unable to disclose to our readers the anonymous writer of these volumes; which form a work of singular character, and of deep interest. We cannot attribute it to the Author of *Waverley*, but it is from his school; for as *Ivanhoe* depicts the manners of our Anglo Norman and Saxon Ancestors, so the work before us sketches with a masterly hand, the manners of the age of Trajan. *Valerius* is by birth a Briton, the son of a noble Roman by a British mother. Brought up to manhood in this island, he is called by business to Rome, where he falls in love with *Athanasia*, a lovely girl of the Sempronian family, who has secretly embraced the Christian faith, at the period when Trajan persecuted the Christians with cold blooded barbarity. *Athanasia* herself

is arrested, but rescued by her lover and proselyte, who marries and flies with her to his native Britain. Such are the materials out of which the Author has constructed, that desideratum in literature, a Roman novel.

The first chapter, necessary as an introduction to the tale, is the dullest in the whole work; but the interest rises from the moment that *Valerius* quits the bank of the Anton, now called the Test, a small river, between Winchester and Salisbury, and embarking at Clausentum, sails direct for Ostium. On the voyage, we are introduced to a jolly Centurian, *Kaso Sabinus*, who, in the course of the tale, acts a very prominent part, and is drawn with great felicity. The travellers, on quitting their ship, engage a barge, which wafts them leisurely up the Tiber to Rome; and here we meet the first specimen of a talent which the writer lavishly displays on subsequent occasions, that of *picturesque description.* He places almost before our eyes the succession of stately edifices which then enriched the banks of the river,—the dark green of the venerable groves,—the elaborate cultivation every where so visible,—and the universal air of elegance which pervaded the whole region. For this spirited and defined sketch we have not space among our extracts, as we prefer giving the more splendid view of Rome itself, supposed to be seen by our hero from the house of his kinsman, the Orator *Lacinius*.

"This gallery commanded a prospect of a great part of the city, which at that hour appeared not less tranquil than stately, nothing being in motion except a few small boats gliding here and there upon the river. Neither as yet had any smoke begun to darken the atmosphere; so that all things were seen in a serene and steady light, the shadows falling broadly westward over streets and squares,—but pillars and porticoes, and obelisks and arches, rising up everywhere, with unsullied and undisturbed magnificence, into the bright air of the morning. The numerous poplars and alders, and other lofty trees of the gardens, also seemed to be rejoicing in the hour of dew and silence; so fresh and cheerful was the intermixture of their green branches among the surrounding piles of white and yellow marble. Near at hand, over the groves of the Philoclean mansion, I could see the kingly dome of the Pantheon, all burnished with living gold,—and the proud colonnades of the Flaminian Circus loaded with armies of brazen statues. Between these and the river, the Theatres of Pompey and Marcellus, and I know not how many beautiful temples, were visible, each surpassing the other in chaste and solemn splendour. Across a more crowded region, to the westward, my eye ascended to the capitol, there to be lost among the central magnificence of the Mistress of the World; while still further removed from me, although less elevated in natural situation, the gorgeous mansion of the Emperor was seen, lifted up, like some new and separate city upon it's enormous fabric of arcades, high over all the remains of that forest of elms and sycamores, by which Nero had once dared to replace the unhoused tenants of the Palatine. Behind me the Flavian Amphitheatre, (the Coliseum,) the newest and the most majestic of all Roman edifices, detained the eye, for a space, from all that lay beyond it,—the whole splendid mass; namely, of the Esquiline and those innumerable aqueducts, which lie stretched out, arch after arch, and pillar after pillar, quite over the peopled champaign to the very ridge of the mountains. But why should I vainly essay to give to you, by cold words of description, any idea of the peerless prospect that every where surrounded me! Lost amidst the pomp of this unimagined human greatness, I was glad to rest my sight, ever and anon, upon the cool waters of old Tiber, in whose face nothing of all this was truly depicted, except the serene and cloudless beauty of that Italian sky; temple and tower, and every monument of art, being mellowed down into a softer and more tolerable grandeur."

It would be difficult to find in any travels, ancient or modern, a more spirited description of a real, than is here given of an imaginary scene. The features, it is true, are supplied by history, but there is an intensity of feeling which proves the Author to be a true Poet; one who to the eye of his mental vision can body forth the forms of things unknown. He seems to have lived in the age of Trajan, and to have been actually transported into the midst of the Great City, with all the sense of astonishment and admiration, which would naturally arise in the mind of a young, but intelligent stranger. The language, too, is rich and abundant, harmonious yet correct, the epithets well chosen, the sentences,

smooth, clear, and flowing; there is no appearance of labour, no turgidity of description; and yet the noble panorama is placed before us, in all it's magnificence, as by the felicitous pencil of an accomplished painter.

Many other examples of excellence in the descriptive style the Author has afforded, particularly the Gladiatorial Shows in the first volume, and the view from the Palatine Hill in the second; but yet this is by no means his highest faculty. He has given a strong dramatic interest to the tale, as well by the characters which it developes, as by the incidents which it relates. He has brought before our eyes the Patrician Advocates, the Pretorian Guards, the venerable Priestess of Apollo, the pedantic and hypocritical teacher of Philosophy, the half credulous, half cheating pretender to Witchcraft, the sanguinary populace of the City, and the simple inhabitants of a provincial village. A learned antiquary might doubtless detect anachronisms in the customs and manners of the age, in the state of the public edifices, and in the other minute accompaniments of the story; but taking the whole together, we know of no work which so completely domesticates us among the Romans, at that very interesting period, when imperial Paganism began to tremble and give way before persecuted Christianity.

But the great merit, without which all others, in a work of this kind, are lost and thrown away, the writer before us possesses in a very high degree,—we mean the sustained, and growing interest of the story itself. The events succeed each other naturally, and are well adapted to the agencies by which they are brought about. Even the liberation of *Athanasia* from her prison, at a moment of apparently hopeless extremity, is effected without any great violation of probability, considering the peculiar circumstances in which *Silo*, the gaoler, had been placed, as a freed man of Domitian, and a concealed Christian convert. The only incident, of which we doubt whether it be in strict keeping with the rest of the piece, is the Amazonian spirit which *Athanasia* displays in the catacombs, in defence of the life of the aged priest, *Aurelius*. Perhaps this is scarcely consistent either with her native sensibility, or with the meekness and resignation which she had derived from her religious instructor.

Another criticism, on which we venture more confidently is, that of the speech of *Thraso*, the Christian Martyr, immediately previous to his execution in the Amphitheatre. It is not only too long, but it wants, what we are rather surprised that it should want from the pen of the Author of *Valerius*,—the peculiar characteristics of a Christian Martyr's eloquence. Instead of a forcible and exclusive appeal to the great testimonies of Miracle and Prophecy in support of the divine character of Christ, the chief part of the speech is taken up with a prolix account of *Thraso's* own adventures, tending rather to show that he was a brave soldier and a loyal subject, than to convince the Emperor and the audience of the truth and importance of Christianity.

The sanctified and enthusiastic feelings of the early Christians are far more correctly depicted in the beautiful prison scene, where *Valerius* contrives to visit his loving and beloved *Athanasia;* which is wrought up with a delicacy and force, that while they prove the author to possess the highest gifts of imagination, bear witness also to the purity of his mind, and the rectitude of his principles; and in extracting it we shall close our critique on a work, the perusal of which has afforded us, and will, we doubt not, afford our readers extreme gratification.

"The little girl, in the mean time, perceiving nothing of Athanasia's trouble, continued to play with a linnet, which sate upon her finger, and to imitate after her childish fashion the notes of the bird. From time to time she turned round, as if to attract the lady's notice to the beauty of her favourite, and lifted upwards her smiling eyes, the pure azure of which reflected the careless glee of innocence. But at length another and another drop fell full upon the cheek of the damsel, and then she looked upwards more steadily, and seeing that in truth Athanasia wept, her own eyes began immediately to overflow with the ready tears of childhood. Athanasia pressed the girl to her bosom, and made one struggle more; but it would not do, for her heart was running to the brim, and at last with one passionate sob all the sluices gave way, and she was dissolved at once in a flood of weeping. I took her unresisting hand, and imitated

as best I could the language of that consolation, which, alas! I had not to give. But it seemed as if my poor whispers only served to increase the misery they were meant to still. She stooped and covered her face with her hands, and sobs and tears were mingled together, and the blood glowed red in her neck in the deep agony of her lamentation.

"I looked round, and saw that the old priest was moved, at first scarcely less than myself, by all this sorrowful sight. Yet the calmness of age deserted him not long, and after a moment there remained nothing in his countenance but the gravity and the tenderness of compassion. He arose from his seat, and without saying a single word to Athanasia or to myself, walked quietly towards the end of the apartment, from which when he returned, after a brief space, there was an ancient volume held open in his hand. Still, without addressing us, the old man resumed his seat, which was right over against the disconsolate maiden, and immediately, in a voice touched, and but touched, with tremor, he began to read aloud in the Greek tongue, words which were then new, and which have ever since been in a peculiar manner dear to me. You, my friends, know them well, and surely none are to be found in all the Scriptures more beautiful than those sacred words of the Royal Poet of the Hebrews.

"'God,' said the old man, and his voice gained strength from every word as he uttered it, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

"'Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the

"'Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled;

"'Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.'

"Athanasia took her hands from her face, and gradually composing herself, looked through her tears upon the old man as he proceeded.

"'There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,

"'The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High,

"'God is in the midst of her.

"'She shall not be moved,

"'God shall help her, and that right early.

"'The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved,

"'He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

"'The Lord of Hosts is with us;

"'The God of Jacob is our refuge.'

"The blood had mounted high in the countenance of Aurelius, and his voice had become strong and full, ere he reached these last words of triumphant confidence. The tears also had been all dried up on the pale cheek of Athanasia, and although her voice was not heard, I saw that her lips moved fervently along with those of the fervent Priest. Even in me, who knew not well from whence they proceeded, the words of the Royal Prophet produced I know not what of buoyance and of emotion, and perhaps my lips, too, had involuntarily essayed to follow them; for when he paused from his reading, the old man turned to me with a face full of benignity, and said, 'Yes, Valerius, it is even so, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus,—these, indeed, can stir the blood, but it is such poetry as this that alone can soothe in sorrow, and strengthen in the hour of tribulation.'"

Takings; or the Life of a Collegian. A Poem. Illustrated by twenty-six Etchings, from Designs by R. Dagley, author of Select Gems from the Antique, Compendium of the Theory of Drawing, &c. &c. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 181.

We take great shame to ourselves, that in lieu of contributing to this work's popularity by our deserved encomium, we should have unfortunately deferred our notice, until it's popularity has rather introduced it to us. In every respect, this is a very original volume, and has contributed very much to our amusement, both in it's graphic and literary departments. We might perhaps make a guess at the anonymous author, though we might be wrong, and therefore hesitate; but as for the avowed designer of these pictures, Mr. Dagley, his Antique Gems, his Compendium of Drawing, and other performances, have been too favourable recommendations to public notice to render it necessary for us to praise them.

Prefixed to the *Takings*, he has evinced a proof of the acquirements we have alluded to. Mr Dagley's claim to attention will evidently appear in the Designs, on which his poetical friend has constructed the story of the Young Collegian's aberrations. These are twenty-six in number, and include *Taking* leaps, measures, bets, amusement, courage, nothing, something,

stitches, hints, likenesses, comfort, physic, pleasure, caudle, &c. &c., all in a sober sort of caricature, a little out of common life, and full of character, expression, and whim.

The poem itself is a history of the early life of Tom Takeall, a man of education, but very giddy, with good abilities, and rather good principles, but thoughtless, extravagant, unfortunate, repentant, and finally, happy. From *Taking Leaps* on horseback when a student, we have him *Taking Advice* from his father, of which, he says,

"Fathers, 'a troublesome and peevish race,'
(As they are called by every darling boy,)
Labour to bring those pleasures to disgrace,
Themselves no more can possibly enjoy;
All aged gentlemen who sons have got,
Would have their sons be—what themselves were not.

And apt in anxious kindness to abound,
Suspecting Youth and Nature would resist,
They deal in soft compulsion, and are found
Undutifully closish in the fist.
One thing they freely give, and in a trice
Abundance of it too—I mean—*Advice*."

Tom, however, runs a rapid career of folly; and from his various adventures we shall extract some scenes, to exemplify the work before us: the evil of a tailor's bill is illustrated by the print of *taking measures*.

"In ancient times law gave for eye an eye,
And tooth for tooth. This rule from law-courts driven,
To Fashion's haunts has been compell'd to fly,
Where bill for bill is uniformly given.
The dealer's bill is given for double pay,
The purchaser gives his—to run away.

Snip *took his measures*,—Snip his bill had got,—
I mean Tom's bill, ('twas over due some moons,)
And now appear'd to measure for a coat,
And inexpressibles—or pantaloons,
'I have you now,' said he,—'I've made a hit,
I know you're partial to a *good close fit*.'

Snip departed, and another came,
'His man,' thought Tom. He was beyond dispute.
'Your name is Takeall, I presume?'—
'The same.'
'I come to you about a little *suit*.'
Some parchment slips he shew'd, which made Tom stare,
For these seem'd broader than the others were.

With indignation he began to foam,
'I hate,' he cried, 'this round-about delay,
Your master measured.—Bring the things soon home,
I cannot tarry trifling here all day.'
'No, Sir, you can't, Sir,—that is very true.
'Bring the things home?' I come to *bring home you*.'

Here the Collegian's shoulder felt a slap;
The shoulder is a very tender part,
This Tom can testify, for one slight tap,
Went, he declared, directly to his heart.
And now suspecting hope of rescue vain,
He thus began in lamentable strain:—

'O day and night! but this is wondrous hard,
Since liberty is life, must life's brief span
Be thus made shorter by a stitcher's yard,
And shall a Tailor triumph over man?
I somehow from these trammels must break loose,
Or ever more be called a Tailor's Goose.'

Utter'd aside was this, but, be it known,
Not as asides are utter'd at the play,
That is, not bellow'd in a louder tone
Than all the rest the actor has to say;
No; in his mouth or throat 'twas gently mumbled:
To speak more plainly,—in his gizzard grumbled."

Tom foils the bailiff, and continuing his thoughtless course at liberty. In the midst of a freak encounters his first pure love, who is thus sweetly painted:—

"He saw a face which once had moved his heart;
A countenance so beautiful,—so bland,
So unpolluted by the skill of art,
It seem'd just given from the Creator's hand,
Sent down the homage of the world to claim,
And represent the heaven from which it came.

Her arching eye-brows owned no pencil's aid,
Her face no delicately soften'd streak,
Save that which He, who the first roses made,
And tinted, had conducted to her cheek.
Oh! how unlike the hues by follies spread,
Where ghastly white relieves the staring red!

Not yet matured the charms which were her own,
Yet ne'er to be surpass'd in life's full flood.
Magnificent, I grant, the flower when blown,
But exquisitely beautiful the bud!
I love the blossom! and, with sorrow mute,
Behold it fade, though fading into fruit."

Even Eliza, however, all beauteous as she is, has not power to reclaim him; and he goes on through the zodiac of fashionable levities. Among others, he *Takes a Miss*, whose brother challenges him, and they *take aim.*

" One evil many sober sages tell,
Is ever closely followed by another,
And so on this occasion out it fell:
A challenge came next day from Charlotte's brother:
To whom the fugitive her sorrows carried,
At last grown desperate though not being married.

What could be done?—Why nothing that I know of,
But see his pistols were prepared for action;
So as to make it certain they would go off,
To give his adversary *satisfaction.*
They met then, as the latter had desired,
Took aim, (pretending they did not,) and fired.

Both miss'd. 'Tis very common in such cases
For seconds civilly to inteferere,
And set 'gainst new hostilities their faces,
Declaring after what has pass'd 'tis clear,
Though right before could but to one belong,
That neither now can possibly be wrong.

But here 'twas different,—neither was content,
And so they stood up for another round,
And now the bullet Charlotte's brother sent
The shoulder of the college hero found.
It lodged indeed so very near his breast,
All sublunary cares it put at rest.

Flat as a flounder down upon the ground,
His length Tom measured without more ado;
His foe came up,—regretted that he found
Accomplish'd, that which he had tried to do;
Hoped an improvement soon in his condition,
Then fled with all convenient expedition."

He is casually carried to the house of *Eliza*'s mother, and cured; but the ladies disappear, and, reduced to want, he is driven to fatal purposes; he even ponders on turning highwayman, and by thus painting other professions, almost reconciles himself to robbery.

" Suppose I deal in Coals, and put my name
Against some door, on staring plate of brass,
That were sufficient stock in trade; but shame
Forbids me stones, dirt, slates, for coals to pass,
And scanty measure seems to my mind's eye,
Though safe, a cowardly sort of robbery.

Shall I become Wine-merchant?—Ten times worse!
And more from honesty I needs must swerve,
Than he who merely takes another's purse,
In selling poison where I port should serve;
Yet spurning money in this manner made,
I should be thought a scandal to the trade.

The Baker's calling is for profit good;
But will not do.—Shall I the hungry baulk,
And sell, as others do, I've understood,
A compound of potatoes, alum, chalk?
Better at once blow out the victim's brains,
Than kill by slow disease and lingering pains.

Well, in the Funds supposing I turn Jobber,
Get up false news, and purchase;—where's the sin?
Why, after all, this is but turning robber,
To join in such a scheme for taking in.
'Tis braver—nobler to expose one's neck,
Than basely thus to cheat without a check.

At last I have it:—I'll turn Auctioneer;
In sale-room pulpit who could look more knowing?
Who with a voice more audible and clear,
Bawl 'last time'—'yours'—'against you'—'going, going?'
I could hold forth without assailing grammar,
Nod,—wink, and use with any one the hammer.

* * * *

I'll be an Advocate, and pocket fees.
Yet I should blush, methinks, to hold a brief,
Calmly engaging on account of these,
'To hang an honest man or save a thief.'
I, feeling thus, it cannot well be doubted,
By all the leading members must be scouted.

Let me Physician be.—But stop a bit—
Baulk'd at the outset! —Who would not disparage,
Prescriptions although excellently fit,
Unless obtain'd from one who keeps a carriage?
One I must get, before I can approach
To tax a dying patient for my coach.

Apothecary, then, and one-horse gig,
I'll be and have.—But can I swell the ills
Of fellow-creatures, caring not a fig,
With nauseous potions and with useless pills,
As they in self-defence do every day,
To fools who will not for *attendance* pay?

'Throw Physic to the dogs,' I will have none,
Better my whole soul to the Church be giving;
The duty there more easily is done,
And I may get a comfortable living.
Let me take orders, and no more perplex'd,
Ascend the Pulpit and give out my text.

But then to stand before my fellow-men,
The sacred, solemn gospel truths to teach,
While doing as I do, and should do then,
The opposite of what I needs must preach:
This, though by many sanction'd, I detest;
As more iniquitous than all the rest.

Since then, of evils I the least should chuse,
My first appearing the most honest plan,
'Tis useless longer on such themes to muse,
And so I must become a Highwayman.
This really appears my sole resource,
'Tis better than a more atrocious course."

By *taking hints* from two carcases on a gibbet, he is fortunately diverted from this intent, turns Portrait-painter, and Author, but receives a sad rebuff at Drury Lane, and writes a whimsical *address to the alphabet*. In his lowest fortunes he is nevertheless still buoyant in spirit, and we have the following pretty little apostrophe to Hope:—

"Sweet Hope!—though oft absurdly vilified,—
O condescend through life my veins to thrill!
Though far-remote, the joys with thee descried,
Still gaily dazzle and console me still:
And when one prospect fades that I pursued,
Suggest some other object to delude.

'Twas Hope suggested Takeall might succeed,
Like certain jinglers who were all the rage:
Charm all who read, and make all hearers read,
And shine the noblest poet of the age.
Pleased with the thought delectable as vain,
The gay enthusiast soon forgot his pain."

But his visions are all unreal: his course evidently pointing to a gaol, he is at last in the *Fleet*. Here sorrow and contrition overtake him. He resigns himself to starvation, and even resists many insidious offers, made to try him, by his father and mistress. The result, as may be anticipated, is the re-establishment of his moral character, his release, and union with *Eliza*. The artist and author, however, do not stop here; they outgo the honeymoon, and treat us with caudle; and conclude the whole with a regular finalé. There are several minor poems attached, some of which we can praise, and some we really cannot; as a whole, however, we confidently and strongly recommend this volume to the public, as deserving all the patronage it has received, and all which, we trust, yet awaits it's distinguished merits.

An Essay on Criminal Jurisprudence, with the Draft of a New Penal Code, by J. T. Barber Beaumont, Esq. pp. 114. London, 1821.

After a perusal as attentive as our multifarious duties would allow, and as this pamphlet most certainly well merits, we now beg leave to recommend it to all our friends, and though undoubtedly differing on many points from the conclusions of it's author, we bear most willing testimony to the ability displayed in it's compilation, and to the reading and experience which have been brought forward in it's authorship. The subject is undoubtedly an interesting one, and is, to all, more or less, an object of some concern. The manner in which it has been here treated, is, at all events,

clear, and intelligible, and, we presume, is as free from technicalities, as the necessary extensive detail would permit. Our principal objection is to the novel scale of punishments which it is here proposed to insert in the New Penal Code, and to substitute for those now in practice, but which, had we space and leisure, we should endeavour to *shew cause* against; at present, however, we can only give our author's own sentiments upon the work from his preface, and then very briefly remark upon the Treatise itself.

The conclusion of the Introduction states, that—

"The Author does not flatter himself that he has elicited a system of criminal law which is free from error. He is quite sure, from the extensiveness of his task, that his propositions must fail to embrace several points of importance, and in other instances, that the rules offered are capable of a still more condensed, or of a clearer expression; but he believes that much of what will appear wanting on a first reading, will be found to be sufficiently provided for, on a more careful perusal; and that other expressions which at first seem redundant, will, on further acquaintance, be admitted to be necessary. He has bestowed more pains frequently in endeavouring to condense the meaning of a long expression into a few words, than would have been required to extend the description to the dimensions of a folio page. His attempt is now before the public, and he will deem himself well recompensed for the trouble he has taken, if the hints furnished shall stimulate abler minds to take up the subject, and shall lead to the establishment of that most important, but much neglected desideratum, a simple, clear, and equitable, system of Criminal Jurisprudence."

As we fully admit the propriety of these remarks, we will not quarrel either with the incorrectness, or the inelegance of their composition, but proceed at once to the commencement of the task before us.—A review of our criminal laws has been indeed long, as well as loudly called for; and so many individuals have illustrated their ideas upon particular points by promulgating new laws, that they have at length accumulated into such a monstrous pile, that very few, if any, can scramble through the mass, but amidst confusion and uncertainty. Two hundred years have elapsed, since Lord Bacon said, that "there are no worse snares than the snares of laws, especially the penal, which growing excessive in number, and useless through time, prove not a lanthorn, but nets to the feet;" and he also added,—"if laws heaped upon laws shall swell to such a vast bulk, and labour under such confusion as render it expedient to treat them anew, and reduce them into one sound and serviceable corps, it becomes a work of the utmost importance, deserving to be deemed heroical, and let the authors of it be ranked among legislators, and the restorers of states and empires."—Considering this as the recommendation of one of the wisest men England ever produced,—the undisputed want of a new penal code, and the acknowledged inefficiency of patching the old one, with the enterprize and intelligence shown by so many individuals in the present age upon minor subjects; it is remarkable that the task of constructing a new collection should have remained so long neglected. The task, however, is one of unusual severity, and to do justice to it, the writer would have not only to make himself master of the criminal laws of his own country, but to understand the best parts of the penal codes of others, to extract and condense from those stores, and then with a philosophical mind, assisted by practical experience, to simplify, generalize, systematically arrange, and ultimately to describe the proposed laws with as much brevity as is consistent with clearness.

Our author has certainly pursued the important task he has undertaken with diligence and perseverance. Not only considerable reading and much observation have ployed in collecting the materials for his work, but much thought and study must also have been requisite for digesting them into order, and supplying their deficiencies. He has not, however, made a very ostentatious shew of all this labour, but has divested the subject of every non essential, and compressed all he had to say into perhaps as few words as it was possible. The points chiefly novel in the execution are—first, the dissertation, shewing that the fashionable system of making punishments comfortable has *not* led to the reformation of old criminals, but to the production of new ones.—Imprisonments should be encreased in severity, and shortened in duration.—

The treatment of merely insolvent debtors to be distinctly different from such as are dishonest or culpable.—And lastly, the classification of crimes and offences, which is evidently a most essential desideratum.—Other points of presumed importance, not included in our existing laws, are, the grappling with the beginnings of crimes, as in many of the lesser frauds, withholding another's property, pilfering, abuse, and cruelty to animals. These are followed by new regulations of Police, with several professional et ceteras, of which we confess ourselves quite inadequate to offer any decided judgment. To those conversant with the subject, however, we gladly recommend the Treatise, with the assured conviction that much valuable information, and very many serviceable hints, are contained in the pages which we have thus brought under consideration.

The Country Minister, a Poem, in Four Cantos, with other Poems. By the Rev. J. Brettell. Small 12mo. pp. 113 London, 1821.

It has not very recently been our good fortune to open a more unassuming, yet more highly gratifying work, than the little volume now before us; and we commence, therefore, with what critical etiquette usually reserves for it's *bonne bouche* at the close, by most warmly recommending it.—*The Country Minister* was written at Rotheram, in Yorkshire, and is dedicated to Viscount Milton; and little as we wish to change conditions with any one, and partial as we confessedly are to London smoke, and noise; and, we much fear, to London follies also, yet do we most unaffectedly envy this retired Parish Pastor; who with a lovely and amiable wife;—she must be amiable, and we are very sure that she is lovely,—and happy family, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," resides amongst his contented parishioners, at once blest and blessing, diffusing comfort all around him, and doubly enjoying it himself, because Heaven has thus enabled him to dispense it to others. Again, and again do we say, that he is to be envied, and even We, the Editor of the European Magazine, do envy him.

All this, however, does not recommend the Poem, though indeed two very short words are quite sufficient to do that;—*Read it!*—The story, if it may be said to have one, is simply of a youth left the only son of an aged mother, who decides upon becoming a clergyman; goes to college; obtains a living in a rude retirement; marries; and appears to feel his only grief on the death of his parent, which closes the fourth Canto. The hero's feelings and sentiments in the various scenes through which he passes, forming the superstructure of the Poem. We were never much more bewildered, than where to select our extracts; we could not reconcile it to our conscience to copy the whole, even if the theft were allowable, and we had left ourselves space to do so; and we commence therefore with a specimen of *The Country Minister*'s preaching:—

"All, all may reach the realms of bliss above,
For Heav'n is kind to all, and 'God is love.'
Does not his light on all impartial shine,
His sun mature alike the corn and vine;
On all your fields does He not pour the rain,
Soften the earth, and swell the bearded grain;
Do not the Seasons, at his great command,
Their genial influence shed on every land;
And for the general good, each day, each hour,
Does not his mighty hand exert it's pow'r?
Wide as the World, the love of Heav'n extends,
Embracing adverse empires, foes and friends,
The wise, unlearn'd, the humble, and the great,
Of every clime, religion, colour, state.
Mountains that cleave the sky, or seas that roar,
May sever states, and make a foreign shore,
But, like the bow that spans this earthly ball,
God's universal love embraces all.

Ye who are bent with sorrow, worn with care,
In his unbounded mercy largely share,
Tried, not rejected; - punish'd, yet forgiv'n;
The good, the bad, are both the care of Heav'n.

Affliction's shade is but the moral night
That ushers in the dawn of peace and light,
Deep it may thicken, wide around may spread,
And darkest gloom o'er human prospects shed,
But soon the morn shall break, the gloom depart,
And bliss eternal beam upon the heart.

Thou orphan-child, that know'st no father's care,
Look up to heav'n, and see a Father there;
Thou weeping widow, dry that falling tear,
God is thy helper!—hush thy every fear;
Thou aged christian, trembling o'er the tomb,
His staff shall guide thee through it's awful gloom;
And thou, desponding soul, whose down-cast eyes
Dare not entreat the mercy of the skies,
Let not despair thy drooping heart possess,
God sees and pities even thy distress:
His ear is open to the sinner's cry,
He sees his grief with mercy's melting eye,
Extends his arms, receives him to his breast,
And gives his broken, contrite spirit rest."

Our next extract is from an apostrophe to Nature, which will, for our own judgment's sake, we hope, recommend itself to all our readers, as it has done to their EDITOR.

"O nature! ever lovely, ever kind,
Thy varied scenes can soothe the saddest mind:
Thy verdant earth, thy blue cerulean skies,
Thy painted woods and meads, with all their dies,
Thy blooming flowers o'er every hill and dale,
Thy golden sun-shine, and thy moon-light pale,
Thy gentle zephyrs, whispering as they fly,
Thy moaning winds,—those minstrels of the sky,
Thy fountains clear, thy softly flowing streams,
Thy lakes, reflecting morn and evening's beams,
These ever charm through all the changing year,—
Nor less thy wilder beauties, mountains drear,
And desarts lonely, rocks and caverns deep,
Where silence reigns, and all the echoes sleep,
Save when thy tempests howl, and storms intrude
Amidst these awful seats of solitude.

He who, removed afar from noise and strife,
Dwells in thy vales, retired from public life,—
Though friends are absent, and the desart drear
Holds in it's cheerless bosoom nothing dear,—
Is not alone, for in thy deepest shades,
Thy barren wilds, and most deserted glades,
Though there no mortal footstep ever trod,
He marks the nobler impress of his God.
Him, ever present 'midst his works, he sees
In mountains, desarts, rivers, fields and trees,
In gathering tempests views his awful pow'r,
His melting mercy in the falling show'r,
His cheering smile in morning's opening ray,
And all the softer tints of closing day:
When the loud thunder shakes the trembling spheres,
His fearful voice in every peal he hears,
It's gentler accents in the western gale
That whispers peace o'er every hill and vale."

A description of our hero must close our quotations, and though the *Country Clergyman* in the *Deserted Village* being in the memory of every one, must naturally induce a comparison; the Reverend Author, we think, need scarcely shrink from the trial, when we consider it's manifold difficulties; even though the competitor be Goldsmith.

"Years pass'd away,—and years will quickly fly
O'er those that smile, as those that weep and sigh,—
Years, happy years of wedded bliss, that knew
No other grief but this,—they quickly flew!
And Alfred saw, with all a father's pride,
A rising offspring grace his Emma's side.
The bliss enjoy'd at home, he tried to spread
Through every hamlet near, and rustic shed,
And still, in works of love, each rising sun
Beheld him active, till it's course was run.

* * * *

The deep regard of every rustic breast
Was oft in act,—and look,—and word,—express'd:
Age bless'd him as he pass'd, with hands upraised,
And faltering voice, that trembled as it praised;
Youth smiled at his approach, with sparkling eye,
And glowing cheek, as if a friend were nigh;
Mothers beheld him with a starting tear,
That, even more than language, proved him dear,
And, when to their low cottages he came,
Their smiling infants taught to lisp his name,
And brush'd the hearth, and raised the brightening flame;
E'en the domestic animals, that flew
Barking at every passing stranger, knew
His step familiar, and, with ears depress'd,
Fawn'd at his feet, and sought to be caress'd.

At home,—through all the studious hours of day,—
When other duties call'd him not away,—
The word of God employ'd his serious thought,
That sacred fount of all the truths he taught.
From hence the living doctrine, springing new
Like the fresh wave, all undefiled, he drew:
Hence flow'd his eloquence that moved the heart,
More fraught with feeling than refined by art,
To truth's persuasive power it owed it's sway,
And won, like some clear stream, it's gentle way.

When tranquil evening brought the hours serene,
Then Love and Friendship bless'd the social scene:—
For friends he found, in that secluded spot,
Dear to his heart, and ne'er to be forgot.
Then too his children, emulous to please,
Play'd round the blazing hearth, or climb'd his knees,
With infant fondness using many a wile
To gain a kiss, or win an envied smile:
Their artless sports the happy parents share,
And in their mirth forget each anxious care,
Still pleased to see their infant offspring blest,
'Till weary nature claim'd her usual rest.
The kind 'good night,' the parting kiss bestow'd
By tender lips, where pure affection glow'd,
The children laid in slumbers calm and deep,
By love maternal sweetly sung to sleep,
The parlour clear'd, and trimm'd the cheerful fire,
Amusements follow'd, never known to tire.
Whilst the industrious wife the needle plies,
Leans o'er her work, or, with averted eyes,
Watches awhile the gay hearth's flickering blaze,
Or meets her much-loved partner's tender gaze,
He, to her listening ear, some volume reads,
Where History's pen has traced immortal deeds,
Or wild Romance, with tales of woe and fear,
Excites an interest deep, and draws the tear,
Unless the Muse some nobler theme rehearse,
In plaintive song, or high heroic verse.
The night, thus spent, was closed with fervent pray'r,—
That surest refuge from all earthly care,
When the full heart unburthens all it's woes,
And on it's Maker's bosom finds repose,
Or, with the sense of bliss enraptured high,
Breathes forth it's thanks in many a grateful sigh.
O sacred converse! source of peace divine,
Oh! still be all thy holy transports mine,
Preserve my mind for ever pure and ev'n,
Raise my low thoughts, and lift my soul to Heav'n!"

From the shorter poems at the close we extract but one, which will certainly not disgrace it's precursor; and in concluding our remarks, we observe, that the *single* fault we have to find, rests with the Printer, who has, in innumerable instances, divided the rhymes at the commencement and conclusion of pages, thus occasioning a very disagreeable break to the reader, and a very serious injury to the Poem. We add only, that as the author in his preface promises a continuation, we anxiously hope he will not forget to gratify us. Avocations, he must have many, we are sure; retirement must be very pleasant, we cannot doubt; and that his library is well furnished,

he proves by quoting Corneille, Guarini, Danté, Racine, and the Latin Classics; but we must seriously entreat, that none of these be suffered to deprive us of the promised gratification.

" 'Tis sweet to think, that, when I die,
There's one will hold my languid head,
And let me on her bosom lie,
Till every breath of life is fled:

And when these beaming eyes shall close,
And lose, at last, their fading ray,
For ever fix'd in deep repose.
She'll watch beside my lifeless clay.

'Tis sweet to think, that, when I'm dead,
Her eye will pour it's softest tear,
Her hand upon my green turf shed
The sweetest flowrets of the year.

'Tis sweet to think, we both shall lie,
Ere long, within one common tomb,
Till, from death's bonds released, we fly
To those bless'd realms beyond it's gloom."

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Mr. David Booth is preparing for publication, A Letter to the Rev. T. R. Malthus, M.A. F.R.S. relative to the Reply (inserted in the 70th Number of the Edinburgh Review) to Mr. Godwin's Enquiry concerning Population, in which the Erroneousness of the Theories of Mr. Malthus will be more fully illustrated.

Mr. Parkes is preparing for immediate publication, An Answer to the Accusations contained in a Letter addressed to him, by Mr. Richard Phillips, and published in the 22d number of the "Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts."

On the 1st of next month will be published, Saltus ad Parnassum, exhibiting a Synopsis of the whole Science of Music, in 14 progressive Diagrams, on one Folio Sheet. By J. Relfe, Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"Veluti in Speculum."

DRURY LANE.

Aug. 28. This evening was performed a new Farce, named "*Five Hundred Pounds*," the plot of which was very slight, and certainly not eminent for novelty. *Nonplus*, (Cooper) being in debt, and forced to deal with the Jews; his uncle *Subtle*, (Gattie) disguises himself, and as an Hebrew money lender discovers his perplexities. The next expedient is to frighten this reluctant uncle into giving the money which he will not lend; when *Nonplus* personates a ghost, and the old man in his alarm throws down his pocket-book. All this may not be very probable in the nineteenth century, but it carried, as usual, every obstacle before it on the stage. *Charlotte*, (Mrs. Orger), the love of the nephew, in the mean time repels a Cockney admirer, by talking of literature, though with a very unnecessary minuteness; and thus the difficulties on both sides being removed, the Farce concluded with the defeat of Juvenile Cockneyism, the punishment of elderly avarice, and the triumph of insolvent constancy.—The Farce was certainly applauded, and not a little hissed; but the applause seeming to keep the field, it was repeated for one evening more, and then for ever, "cast like a loathsome weed away!" Even from our very slight sketch of it's merits, our readers will perceive that the two principal incidents were unblushingly stolen; and our wonder is, not that it was performed only twice, but that it was acted at all. Perhaps the title formed too attractive a sound in the ears of a Theatrical manager to permit it's rejection; but, alas! it was doomed to be sound only, for "*Five Hundred Pounds*" will never produce a dividend of half *Five Hundred Pence*.

Sept. 8. A new Melo-drame in three acts, called "*Geraldi Duval, or the Banditt of Bohemia*," was produced here to-night, the subject being taken from Mrs. Opie's tales; and the leading incidents of which are as follow:

Geraldi Duval (Cooper) has aspired to the hand of *Ethelind*, (Miss Smithson) but is rejected. In revenge he attempts her life, is convicted of the crime, branded, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. After six years confinement he escapes, and unites himself with a band of robbers, who elect him as their chief; and from that moment he devotes all his energies to revenge. *Ethelind* has become the wife of *Count Altenberg* (Barnard,) a Bohemian Nobleman, and *Duval* in disguise, gains access to the garden, finds *Ethelind* alone, reveals his design, and awes her into concealment. *Altenberg* by a stratagem, is next led into the neighbourhood of the robbers' cave, when he is attacked, wounded, and thrown into a dungeon. *Duval* next carries off the *Countess*, and she is conveyed to the same cavern with her husband, where *Duval* had determined to consummate his revenge by destroying both. They find a friend in *Barbara*, (Mrs. Egerton,) the wife of one of the robbers; who being ordered to leave the cavern, contrives to conceal herself, and gives her cloak and hat to *Altenberg*, who escapes. *Ethelind* is brought in insensible in the arms of *Duval*, who waits only for her recovery to plunge his dagger in her breast: when at the moment he is about to strike, the *Count*, having raised his vassals, appears in the back ground of the cavern, and *Duval* falls by a pistol shot. A sort of underplot is got up to mitigate the horrors of the story, in which *Wittikin* (Knight) and *Nina* (Miss Cubitt) sustain the principal parts. Of this Melo-Drame,

which is both better and worse than many of it's prolific species, we have very little to offer in the shape of remark. The only character worthy of notice is *Geraldi*, which was very effectively played by Cooper, and much attention seems to have been paid to it's scenery and getting up. It certainly contains several very striking situations, and was received, and is still played with complete approval. As connected with this piece, however, we must notice what we conceive a most injudicious act on the part of the Managers, the withdrawal of the customary free admission from the *New Times*, on account of some remarks connected with the first performance of this Melo-Drame. If the free privilege presented by the Managers of our principal Theatres to the Newspapers and other leading periodical Works, is given solely on the understanding, that every production, good or bad, is to be invariably praised, and fault never found, and advice never given; then the resumption of the compliment was undoubtedly correct; and we much fear, that nearly every other Newspaper and Magazine must yield up their's also. But as the admissions are presented for no such purpose, and as the honest and independent sentiments of criticism must ever be the most serviceable both to the public, and to the Theatres; we regret, for the sake of all parties, that this authority has been thus exerted. The observations merely went to the partial censure of Melo Drames, and to the recommending a change of performances as more consistent with the fame and respectability of Drury Lane. Upon these points very many persons might certainly be disposed to agree with the *New Times;* and we are too sincere friends to the Drama, not to deprecate such grounds for the rescinding of a privilege, which, though certainly affording some little personal indulgence, is principally enjoyed for the public information, and for the interest of the Theatres.

SEPT. 20. The very old and whimsical story of "*Monsieur Tonson*" was this Evening brought out here in the Dramatic shape of a Farce of the same title, and we most readily give the author much credit for the ingenuity with which he has adapted the ancient tale, and engrafted a new one, combining very considerable effect and some probability, which in these days of Dramas, is no small praise.—The following is the outline:—

Mr. Thomson having married privately in France, contrary to the wishes of the lady's parents, was confined in the Bastile; from which he escaped to India, and realized a large fortune; returning to England he found his nephew, whom, wanting a nearer relation, he has made his heir. While *Mr. Thomson* was in the Bastile his relentless father-in-law was beheaded; previous to which *Mrs. Thomson* was blessed with a daughter (Miss Smithson), who was entrusted to *Monsieur Morbleu* (Gattie) then a General, but at the Revolution forced, like many other worthies, to emigrate to the Seven Dials where he commenced Barber. With things in this position the Farce commences. The nephew (Barnard) by accident meets his cousin, *Miss Thomson*, who is endeavouring to sell some drawings,—he likes her, and immediately makes love; she flies, he follows, but misses her. At this moment an old friend, *Tom King* (Cooper), shakes him by the hand and promises to assist him. They commence operations, discover where she lives, knock at the door, having agreed to enquire for *Mr. Thomson*. The Frenchman makes his appearance, and is, naturally enough, angry at leaving his bed for nothing but *Monsieur Tonson*. By their footman he is called a second time, and a third time by *Mr. Thomson* himself, who has heard of his wife or daughter's living there. The rousing up is thus repeated several times and at length the Barber quits his shop, repairs to the Elephant and Castle, where he is met by *Mrs. Thomson*, who is in search of her daughter, thinking her husband dead. After a fright, a passion, and some altercation, *Morbleu* believes *Mr. Thomson* to be defunct. Full of joy he returns to his home, but during his absence his ward has been carried off by her unknown cousin; when being married they return. *Mr. Thomson* arrives, and *Mrs. Thomson* arrives; difficulties are cleared, mistakes explained, and the piece concludes.

To the exertions of Cooper and Gattie *Monsieur Tonson* owes much of his success, and with some slight curtailment, the Farce will, we expect, become deservedly popular.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Aug. 28. Ella Rosenburg—Coronation—Five Hundred Pounds.
29. Liar—Ditto—Ditto.
30. Cheque on my Banker—Ditto—Spectre Bridegroom.
31. Ditto—Ditto—How to Die for Love.
Sept. 1. Ditto—Ditto—No Song no Supper.
3. Dramatist—Ditto—Ella Rosenburg.
4. Cheque on my Banker — Ditto—Spectre Bridegroom.
5. Jew—Ditto—Magpie.
6. Cheque on my Banker—Coronation—How to Die for Love.
7. Liar—Ditto—Midnight Hour.
8. Geraldi Duval—Ditto—Day after the Wedding.

1821.
Sept. 10. Geraldi Duval — Coronation — Mayor of Garratt.
11. Ditto—Ditto—How to Die for Love.
12. Ditto—Ditto—No Song no Supper.
13. Ditto—Ditto—Fortune's Frolic.
14. Ditto—Ditto—Midnight Hour.
15. Ditto—Ditto—Rosina.
17. Ditto—Ditto—Giovanni in London.
18. Ditto—Ditto—Spectre Bridegroom.
19. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
20. Ditto—Ditto—Monsieur Tonson.
21. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
22. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
24. Closed.
25. Geraldi Duval — Ditto—How to Die for Love.

COVENT GARDEN.

SEPT. 24. Whether estimated by the excellence of it's performers, the splendour of it's decorations, or the beauty of it's scenery; we must unhesitating award to this house the distinction of being the first Theatre in Europe; which pre-eminence it appears the unwearied, and unsparing effort of the proprietors to maintain, by every improvement that taste can suggest, or liberality can furnish; upon our first visit on the Theatre's re-opening for the season this evening, we were much gratified with the appearance of the whole interior; the gilded decorations being entirely renewed, and the tints of the box fronts changed to a subdued pink, relieved with white and salmon colour. The lobbies, saloon, &c. are also completely repaired *en suite*, and some private boxes are added to those on the first circle. These are the principal alterations, and the effect of the whole is well worthy of our first national Theatre. "*God save the King*" was sang previous to Mr. Young's re-appearance, after three years' absence, as *Hamlet*, who was most warmly welcomed, as were the other leading performers, particularly Miss Foote as *Ophelia*. Mr. Young's performance of the Royal Dane, has, however, been already noticed, until criticism and praise are alike exhausted; and we have no space left to be tedious. We have indeed, delayed the Press, to give even this brief detail, because we were anxious not to let another month elapse before congratulating our friends on the return of Mr. Young to the metropolis; and on the re-opening of this most splendid Temple of the Dramatic Muse,—Covent Garden Theatre.

HAYMARKET.

SEPT. 5. Otway's "*Venice Preserved*" was this evening performed, for the introduction of a *debutante* in *Belvidera*. This character is a dangerous trial for unpractised powers, as requiring great knowledge of stage effect, great sensibility, and even great physical force; to adopt it therefore as a *first* effort, is a proof of courage, but prudence is in general the more salutary virtue. This lady would, however, advantageously consult her powers, by selecting some gentler heroine. Her success obviously lay in those portions of the character which belonged to fondness, and timidity, and tears; and she was chiefly applauded in those scenes in which she wins *Jaffier's* secret, and melts him on the eve of executing his last fierce retribution to the wrongs of his friend. Miss Brudenell's exterior is highly favourable; for her countenance is expressive, and her voice sweet and feminine. The audience were unanimous in her favour, and we hope that we may congratulate our theatrical friends upon her acquisition to the stage. Conway's *Jaffier* was a various performance, but a powerful one. His advantages of person, voice, and gesture, were often exhibited with admirable effect; and the feebleness which bows *Jaffier* from the stern attitude of conspiracy, is perhaps the more excusably felt, where the form before us seems so natural a representation of romantic passion. We dis-

liked indeed nothing in the character so much as his very queer looking wig. Terry's *Pierre* was the spirited effort of an actor, whose habits and faculties naturally lead him to another department of the stage; but where strong indignation or grave irony was to be exerted, he was highly successful. The other characters were supplied as they might from a comic company; but there was no decided failure, and the play was on the whole extremely well received by a most crowded house, and re-announced for the following evening.

We cannot, however, feel perfectly pleased with Tragedy at *this* Theatre, which is the Temple of Mirth, and ought never to suffer Melancholy to cross it's threshold. Since our last dramatic notice, Mr. Conway has also appeared as *Octavian*, in "*The Mountaineers*," which was, with all due deference we write it, in our opinion, a complete failure; and with the exception of Mrs. Chatterley's *Floranthe*, and one or two other characters, the play was most wretchedly performed throughout. For a *little* theatre, Mr. Conway is really too *large*, and though that very circumstance compels us to admit him a *great* performer, yet to see him towering eighteen inches above all his contemporaries of the scene, certainly excites ideas very inconsistent with Tragedy. Mr. C. is, we believe, a gentleman of judgment, and ability, and education; but we much fear that he will never be a first rate tragedian. We most gladly, however, turn from partial censure, to unreserved praise, by supplying the deficiency of our last month's notice of the new interlude of "*Matchmaking*," the story of which is pleasant, without so much intricacy as to perplex, or so much extravagance as to repel such interest as Farce may be allowed to excite. The scene opens with *Matchem's* (Terry) proposal of a husband to his niece, *Lady Emily* (Mrs. Chatterley), an opulent young widow, for whom he has selected as his next nephew, a *Captain Belmont* (De Camp), of the Dragoons, who is to arrive in the course of the day.—The lady attempts to reason down this hasty determination, and finally declares against the introduction of any matrimonial Captain. *Shuffle*, (Oxberry), an impudent footman, also gives his opinion on this matter of morning consultation, and describes *Colonel Rakely*, of *Belmont's* regiment, as so formidable to the quiet of the sex, that *Lady Emily*, with the perverseness which the privilege of the stage attributes to ladies, determines on seeing him, which *Matchem* refuses; when *Belmont* is announced, and *Rakely* (Jones) enters. The Colonel is immediately recognised by *Shuffle*, who had been his footman, and whom he is forced to bribe to secrecy; but is warmly received by *Matchem*, who discovers innumerable resemblances in him to his old friend, his father. *Lady Emily*, prepossessed against the Captain, as her uncle's choice, repels him, and panegyrises the Colonel, to *Rakely's* infinite gratification. But the real *Belmont* is speedily announced, and a most amusing scene ensues, in which *Shuffle* proposes to meet the new intruder, and induce him to leave the house, by a pathetic representation of the calamities that his obstinacy might produce. The true Captain, however, is inexorable; and forces his way into *Matchem's* presence, who to his boundless astonishment upbraids him with imposture, and finally bursts upon him with the discovery that he is the proscribed Colonel; when *Lady Emily* suddenly recognizes *Belmont* as her preserver from some riot at the Opera House, and is by no means sorry for the intrusion. *Rakely* returns, in the idea that his rival had been driven off; but is overwhelmed, when *Belmont* actually adopts the character which has been forced on him, and acts the Colonel in a tone of haughtiness that would do honour to the most gallant of dragoons. *Rakely* bears all submissively, as becomes a Captain, till *Shuffle's* blundering explains the mystery, and *Belmont* gains the lady. The acting of this Farce was altogether in the liveliest spirit of this lively theatre. Terry's old man was full of the dry humour which is this actor's forte. Jones was alert and unabashed; but we are so much accustomed to see him invariably come off with flying colours, that the audience were obviously disappointed at his not having in some way or other contrived to carry off the heiress. Oxberry was an impudent footman; De Camp a good manly horse captain; and Mrs. Chatterley played with her customary animation.

Sept. 20. A new Comedy, in three

acts, by Mr. Kenny, was to night most successfully produced, under the title of "*Match-Breaking; or, a Prince's Present.*"—The plot of which, if not almost the whole of the piece, is decidedly of foreign extraction; and we believe, that of the same materials, about two years ago, a petite piece was presented at the *Theatre L'Odeon*, at Paris. The character of the piece is politics throughout, and the dramatist, in drawing aside the veil, treats the audience with many a laugh, which would undoubtedly lose most of it's relish, were they not very naturally led to look for copies of the *Dramatis Personæ* amongst the emptier political pretenders of our own day.

The German family of *De Stromberg*, who are rather disloyal in their sentiments, have betrothed their niece *Emma* to *Edgar*, a Captain in the Prince's Guard. *Edgar*, however, has great reason to be jealous of the *Prince* himself, who comes into the family in the disguise of his relation, *Hoffman*, a Professor of Philosophy, and at the moment of signing the contract, suggests the necessity of the Prince's written consent to the marriage; the *Baroness*, and the three brothers *De Stromberg*, however, in a lofty assertion of their independence, spurn the idea, and insist on proceeding. At this critical moment, a present arrives from the *Prince*, with a complimentary inscription to *Emma*,—this produces a sudden change. The family are astonished, the contract is suspended, and the Independents are suddenly seized with the hope of marrying *Emma* to the *Prince* himself; while the younger brother, *Solomon*, a self-sufficient coxcomb, who is constantly buzzing about the Court, with an affectation of despising it, is sent in search of information. The Professor *Hoffman* has written against the *Prince*, and to this supposed Professor, *Solomon* is very free of his invectives against Government. The *Prince*, who has in fact been struck with a passionate admiration of *Emma*, becomes, in the course of his *incognito*, still more enamoured of the purity of her heart, and the jealousy of *Edgar* is exasperated to the highest degree. The *Prince* sends notice of a public visit; at the same moment an officer arrives in the family to arrest the *Professor* for his writings. The family are in the greatest alarm, and immediately determine on turning out the *Professor*, that he may not be found in their house. The *Prince's* arrival is announced, and at the moment they should welcome, they are bent on removing him in his assumed character. At this point he discovers himself, joins the lovers, good-humouredly retorts on the apostate malcontents, whom he freely forgives, and the curtain falls.

The enamoured officer was well performed by De Camp, that of the *Prince* by Terry, who is rather too old to play the lover; and Mrs. Chatterley was an excellent heroine. But the weight of the piece fell upon Jones, whose delineation of the radical coxcomb, *Solomon*, vapouring about his success at Court, and amongst the women, his political integrity, and sapient discrimination, drew down reiterated applause and laughter. The tediousness of the piece, for it decidedly is too long, was occasionally relieved by a song from Miss R. Corri, in good taste, who played in a sort of love underplot the character of the heroine's maid. The following Prologue was spoken by Mr. Terry, and Epilogue there was none:—

While Coronation, magic title! fills
Of *Winter* Theatres, the *Summer* bills;
How could we hope on this our humble stage,
With those great Monarchs mighty war to wage?
Here no Procession lures the wondering eye,
Dukes, Bishops, Peers, and Clerks in Chancery;
No Charger here, amongst ye sideling wheels,
Threatening your noses with his playful heels;
Yet indefatigably still we use
The means we have, and call upon the Muse;
And may these loyal signs to-night prevail
In favour of a light and loyal tale!
We have *our* Prince too, as the fashion goes;
Let him make friends, nor meet with stubborn foes.

Good humour guides us, and good humour here
Cheats many a trembling author of his fear.
And though no pageant train, nor glittering crown
Assist *our* Prince's hopes, of fair renown,
Yet may good humour here his Champion sit,
Or ride triumphant through a generous Pit:—
This for our Play.—For us who are denied,
To grace our honest zeal with scenic pride,
Let me in good round terms, our hearts display,
And what we freely feel, as freely say.
In this, as in our gallant Sister land,
May good old feelings every shock withstand;
Hush civil strife, from faction pluck her sting,
And loyal Subjects make a Patriot King!

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Aug. 28. Fontainbleau—Matchmaking—High Life below Stairs.
Exit by Mistake—Matchmaking—The Agreeable Surprise.
Fontainbleau—Ditto—Village Lawyer.
Rise and Fall—Ditto—Dog Days in Bond-street.
Sept. 1 Fontainbleau—Ditto—Midnight Hour.
Mountaineers—Ditto—Fortune's Frolic.
Fontainbleau—Ditto—Mogul Tale.
Venice Preserved—A Day after the Wedding—Village Lawyer.
Bombastes Furioso—Venice Preserved—High Life below Stairs.
Marriage of Figaro—Matchmaking—Midnight Hour.
Venice Preserved—Day after the Wedding—Matchmaking.
Ditto—Matchmaking—Agreeable Surprise.
Marriage of Figaro—Actress of All Work—Bombastes Furioso.

1821.
Sept. 12. Venice Preserved—Matchmaking—Too late for Dinner.
13. Marriage of Figaro—Ditto—A Roland for an Oliver.
14. Fontainbleau—Ditto—Sleep Walker.
15. Marriage of Figaro—Ditto—Bombastes Furioso.
17. Venice Preserved—Ditto—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
18. Marriage of Figaro—Ditto—A Roland for an Oliver.
19 Fontainbleau—Ditto—Sleep Walker.
20. Match-Breaking—Lovers' Quarrels—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
21. Ditto—Matchmaking—Lock and Key.
22. Ditto—Marriage of Figaro.
24. Marriage of Figaro—Actress of All Work—Wedding Day.
. Match-Breaking—Matchmaking—Agreeable Surprise.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Aug. 30. Another adaptation from our Gallic neighbours' hotbed of mushroom bagatelles, called, "*A Cure for Coxcombs,*" by Mr. Beazley, was brought forward this evening, and completely succeeded. This operetta was, however, nothing more than the adventure of a rambling coxcomb, who, as an artist, makes his way into the house of an absent husband, and hazards love to the lady while painting her portrait. The fair one listens, until the return of her husband allows the opportunity of giving her lover a lesson on the inconvenience of such trespassing; when he is persuaded to take refuge in a closet, where he is kept in durance vile until his uncle's arrival, who joins the beforementioned lady and gentleman to detect, lecture, and bring him to repentance. Thus ends the *Cure for Coxcombs*, which we are afraid offers a very inefficient remedy. The simplicity of it's plot was, however, sustained by a dialogue of tolerable animation, unfortunately sometimes degraded by *double entendre*. Wrench was *Easel*, the artist, and was spirited as usual; but it might be as well for him to recollect, that portrait painters never wear kid gloves when at work, and very seldom use *one* brush for *two* colours! The painting, also, would look rather better, were it something more like it's fair original; and the hair should either be made to resemble Miss E. Blanchard's, or Miss B.'s frizeur should condescend to imitate the portrait. Miss Stevenson had a very trifling part of a waiting-maid, and Wilkinson was an old valet, yclept *Adam*, continually haranguing on the superiority of "former times," and the deterioration of modern manners.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Aug. 28. Miller's Maid—Two Wives—Love's Dream.
29. Promissory Note—Sharp and Flat—Two words.
30. Baron de Trenck—A Cure for Coxcombs—Two Wives.
31. Love's Dream—Ditto—Miller's Maid.
Sept. 1. Adopted Child — Ditto — Amateurs and Actors.
3. Witch of Dernclengh—Ditto—Two Wives.
4. Love's Dream—Ditto—Miller's Maid.
5. A Cure for Coxcombs—Walk for a Wager —Two Wives—The Vampire.
6. Love's Dream—A Cure for Coxcombs—Miller's Maid.
7. Belles without Beaux—Ditto—Ditto.
8. A Cure for Coxcombs—Adopted Child—Two Wives—Fire and Water.
10. Love's Dream—A Cure for Coxcombs—Miller's Maid.
11. Two Words—Two Wives—Miller's Maid.
Sept. 12. Witch of Dernclengh—A Cure for Coxcombs—Two Wives.
13. Love's Dream—A Cure for Coxcombs—Miller's Maid.
14. Free and Easy—Two Wives—Love's Dream
15. Adopted Child—Twopence—Amateurs and Actors.
17. Love's Dream—A Cure for Coxcombs—Miller's Maid.
18. Belles without Beaux—Two Wives—Two Words.
19. Love's Dream—A Cure for Coxcombs—Miller's Maid.
20. Amateurs and Actors—Ditto—Walk for a Wager.
21. Love's Dream—Ditto—Miller's Maid.
22. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
24. A Cure for Coxcombs—Is He Jealous?—Two Wives—Twopence.
25. Inkle and Yarico—A Cure for Coxcombs—Two Wives.

CIVIC REGISTER.

1821.

Right Honourable John Thomas Thorp, Lord Mayor.
Robert Waithman, Esq. Ald.......... } Sheriffs.
James Williams, Esq.................. }

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28.

THIS day the Lord Mayor held a Court of Aldermen, for the purpose of swearing in the two Gentlemen lately elected Aldermen in the room of Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart. removed to the Ward of Bridge Without, by the decease of Sir Watkin Lewes, and of the late Mr. Alderman Rothwell.

Upon the Court being duly formed, the Lord Mayor reported the election; whereupon Matthias Prince Lucas, Esq. was introduced by Mr. Warren and several inhabitants of the Ward of Tower, as their new Alderman, and took the oaths and his seat.

Wm. Thompson, Esq. M.P. accompanied by Mr. Deputy Brook and several of the inhabitants of the Ward of Cheap, was then introduced in like manner, and took his oaths and seat.

The Lord Mayor laid before the Court the thanks of the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford, for the accommodation afforded them in going in the City's barge to Westminster, on the occasion of the Coronation, which was ordered to be entered. His Lordship also presented a communication from some of the twelve Citizens appointed to assist him at the Coronation, in respect of some proceedings which took place on that day; after which, James Collins was admitted a yeoman to the Sheriff, and sundry bills were ordered for payment.

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 11.

This day a Court of Common Council was held for receiving a Report from the Committee appointed to consider of the best mode of expressing the Court's congratulations and respect to his Majesty upon his Coronation.

Mr. Oldham, as Sub-Chairman, said he had great pleasure in stating that the Report which he held in his hand was signed by the whole of the Committee, who had exercised great care in examining precedents as to the matter referred to them.

The Report was then read, recommending that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs should wait upon his Majesty, and humbly request that he would graciously vouchsafe to honour the City with his presence at their dinner on the next Lord Mayor's day; which was agreed to unanimously.

Mr. Oldham then moved, that the Court should humbly request that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to honour the Corporation with his presence to dinner on the Lord Mayor's day; which motion was put and carried unanimously: as was another, that the Lord Mayor elect, with the Sheriffs, should request the Duke of York, with his Royal Brothers, to accompany his Majesty in his visit to the City.

A vote of thanks to Sheriff Waithman, for his conduct at Knightsbridge on the day of the interment of Honey and Francis, shot during the riot at the Queen's Funeral, was then moved by Mr. Favell, and seconded by Mr. Hurcombe; when a most stormy discussion succeeded; and Mr. Waithman's conduct at the Coroner's Inquest most severely reprobated by Mr. Oldham, who with a large party left the Court to avoid voting for the Resolution, which was ultimately carried by a majority of 55 to 25.

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

THIS Gazette notified the appointment of George Frederic Isaac, of Marshfield, Gloucester, Gent.; John Lexdale, of Shrewsbury, Salop, Gent.; and Henry Newman, of Stroud, Gloucester, Gent to be Masters Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

This Gazette notified that the Lord Chancellor has appointed Charles Michelmore, of Totness, in the county of Devon, Gent to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

Member returned to serve in Parliament.

University of Oxford.—Richard Heber, Esq. Master of Arts, of Brazen Nose College, in the room of the Right Hon. Sir William Scott, now Baron Stowell, one of the Peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

This Gazette notified that the King has appointed Major William Morrison, of the Artillery, on the Madras Establishment, to be a Companion of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath

His Majesty has been pleased to approve of the 1st Regiment of Foot being permitted to resume it's original designation, "First (or the Royal) Regiment of Foot," instead of the "First (or Royal Scots) Regiment of Foot;" and has approved of this Regiment bearing on it's colours and appointments the words, "Egmont op-Zee," and "Sainte Lucie," in addition to any others which may have heretofore been granted

The Lord Chancellor has appointed George Curteis, of the City of Canterbury, Gent and Henry Kingsford, of the same City, Gent. to be Masters Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 11.

George Worthington, of Warrington, Lancaster, Gent has been appointed a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18.

At a Court at Carlton House, the 17th of September, 1821, present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

His Majesty in Council this day declaring his intention of going out of the kingdom for a short time, was pleased to nominate the following persons to be Lords Justices for the Administration of the Government during his Majesty's absence.—

His Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York.

Charles Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

John Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor.

Dudley Earl of Harrowby, Lord President

John Earl of Westmorland, Lord Privy Seal.

James Duke of Montrose, Master of the Horse.

Arthur Duke of Wellington, Master General of the Ordnance

Charles Ingoldsby Marquess of Winchester, Groom of the Stole

George James Marquess Cholmondeley, Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household

Robert Marquess of Londonderry, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Henry Earl Bathurst, another of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Charles Chetwynd Talbot Earl Talbot, Lieutenant General and General Governor of that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland

Robert Banks Earl of Liverpool, First Commissioner of the Treasury.

Robert Viscount Melville, First Commissioner of the Admiralty.

Henry Viscount Sidmouth, another of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

William Lord Maryborough, Master of the Mint

The Right Honourable Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Right Honourable Charles Bathurst, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and,

The Right Honourable Frederick John Robinson, Treasurer of the Navy.

It was likewise ordered, that the Parliament be prorogued from Thursday the 20th day of this instant September, to Thursday the 29th day of November next.

A New Great Seal for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland having been prepared by his Majesty's Chief Engraver of Seals, in pursuance of a warrant to him for that purpose, under his Majesty's Royal Signature; and the same having been this day presented to his Majesty, and the Old Great Seal being delivered up to his Majesty by the Right Honourable John Earl of Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, the same was defaced in his Majesty's pre-

sence; and his Majesty was thereupon pleased to deliver to his Lordship the said New Seal, and to direct that the same shall be made use of for sealing all things whatever which pass the Great Seal.

C. C. GREVILLE.

WAR-OFFICE, SEPT. 17,

MEMORANDUM. The King has been pleased to remove Major-general Sir Robert Thomas Wilson from his Majesty's service.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.

This Gazette notified, that the King has granted the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to Abraham Bradley King, of Corrand, in the county of Fermanagh, and of Bloomsbury, in the county of Dublin, Esq. Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten. It also contains the following presentations:—The Rev. John M'Kellar to the United Churches and Parishes of Killarow and Kilchaman, in the Presbytery of Kintyre and Shire of Argyll and Bute, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Mac Leish, late Minister there; the Rev. Robert Brydon, to the Church and Parish of Dunscore, in the Presbytery and County of Dumfries, vacant by the death of the Rev. Cunningham Burnside, late Minister there; and the Rev. Alexander M'Leod, to the Church or Chapel at Cromarty, vacant by the death of the Rev. Alexander M'Leod, late Minister there.

Members returned to serve in Parliament.

County of Louth.—The Right Hon. Thomas Henry Skeffington, of Oriel Temple, in the county of Louth, in the room of the Right Hon. John Foster, now a Peer of the United Kingdom.

Queen's County. Sir Charles Henry Coote, of Ballyfyn, in the Queen's County, Bart. in the room of the Right Hon. William Wellesley Pole, now a Peer of the United Kingdom.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE, by a Circular has informed the Members thereof, that the Persons undernamed; viz.

WILLIAM GORDON, late of 2, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, but since removed to 3, Canton place, East India Road, is reported to that Society as improper to be proposed to be ballotted for as a Member thereof.

The Secretary also informs the members, that a person calling himself

E. W. COWLEY, at *Calais*, has lately negociated two bills, dated London; one drawn by

EDWARD SMITH, on

W. A. PEARKES, 111, Strand, and indorsed by him and

GEORGE BISSELL, and

SMITH and BAILES, 9, Well-street, Cripplegate; and the other drawn by

J. SALMON and Co. on

R. BARRATT, Upholsterer, Appraiser, &c. Northampton-street, Northampton-square, and both indorsed by the above-named E. W. Cowley.

CHARLES TUCKER and Co. No. 15, Staining lane, drawn on

JUSTICE, DEVENISH, and Co. 19, Token-house-yard.

THE KING'S RETURN TO LONDON.—His Majesty having bidden farewell to Dublin, embarked on board the Royal George, on Monday, September 3d, and the Royal squadron sailed from Dunleary Harbour, on Wednesday, the 5th, and proceeded within the banks to near Wicklow, when the wind came directly round, so that they could not possibly proceed, but came to their old moorings after having been at sea seven hours. On Saturday the Royal Squadron again sailed from Dunleary (which is now called King's Town), and arrived in Milford Haven on Sunday, September 9th. The King was detained by contrary winds at Milford Haven till ten o'clock on Monday night, when his Majesty again sailed next day with the intention to beat round the Land's End up the channel to Portsmouth; but the wind being adverse, returned to Milford, and landed there about five o'clock A.M. on Wednesday, the 12th, and set off with post horses on his way to London: where his Majesty arrived at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, September 15th.

The following is a copy of the Farewell Letter addressed to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Viscount Sidmouth, by command of his Majesty

"*Dublin Castle, Sept.* 3, 1821.

"MY LORD,

"The time of the King's departure from Ireland being arrived, I am commanded by his Majesty to express his entire approbation of the manner in which all persons acting in civil and military situations in the city of Dublin and it's neighbourhood, have performed their several duties during the period of his Ma-

jesty's residence in this part of the kingdom. His Majesty is pleased to consider, that to your Excellency his acknowledgments are particularly due. He is conscious how much he owes to your Excellency's attentions and arrangements; and his Majesty gladly avails himself of this occasion of declaring the high sense which he entertains of the ability, temper, and firmness with which your Excellency has uniformly administered the great trust which he has placed in your hands.

"I am further commanded to state, that the testimonials of dutiful and affectionate attachment which his Majesty has received from all classes and descriptions of his Irish subjects, have made the deepest impression on his mind; and that he looks forward to the period when he shall revisit them with the strongest feelings of satisfaction. His Majesty trusts that, in the mean time, not only the spirit of loyal union, which now so generally exists, will remain unabated and unimpaired, but that every cause of irritation will be avoided and discountenanced; mutual forbearance and good-will observed and encouraged; and a security be thus afforded for the continuance of that concord amongst themselves, which is not less essential to his Majesty's happiness than to their own, and which it has been the chief object of his Majesty during his residence in this country to cherish and promote.

"His Majesty well knows the generosity and warmth of heart which distinguish the character of his faithful people in Ireland, and he leaves them with a heart full of affection towards them, and with a confident and gratifying persuasion, that this parting admonition and injunction of their Sovereign will not be given in vain.—I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard, my Lord, your Excellency's most obedient and faithful servant,

(Signed) "SIDMOUTH."

"*His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.*"

Previously to his Majesty's leaving Dublin, he made the following charitable donations:—To the *Mendicity Association*, £200; *Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers*, £100; *Magdalen Asylum*, £100; *Female Orphan School*, £100; *Lying-in Hospital*, £100; *Charitable Association*, £50; *Meath Hospital*, £100; *Richmond Institution*, £50; *Molyneux Asylum*, £50; *Dorset Institution*, £50; *Poor of the Liberty*, £100; *Chapelizod, Castlenock, &c.* £100; *St. Werburgh's Parish*, £50; *Lock Penitentiary*, £50; *Meath Charitable Loan*, £100; *Stranger's Friend Society*, £50; and the *Eye Institution*, £50.

At a meeting of Gentlemen, of all sects and parties, held in Dublin to determine on the best mode of distributing copies of his Majesty's Letter to the Lord Lieutenant, it was resolved, that a Club, to be called the "Loyal Union, or Royal Georgian Club," should be established in Dublin, the object of which should be to carry into effect the parting admonition and injunction of their Sovereign: the members to pledge themselves to preserve unabated and unimpaired the spirit of loyal union amongst all classes of Irishmen; to observe and encourage mutual forbearance and good-will; and to perpetuate that affectionate gratitude towards his Majesty King George the Fourth, which now animates every Irish bosom. The Society to consist of a President, Vice-President, Committee, &c. and to dine together at least six times in the year, *clothed in Irish manufacture*, and in the colours worn by the citizens of Dublin on the auspicious day of his Majesty's public entry into that city.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is to continue a year longer in the Vice Royal Government, as a mark of the favour of the King. Of the thirty-one Noblemen who have filled the station of Lord Lieutenant for the last century, only six have had the honour of the regular period being prolonged by the Sovereign.

The testimonial in honour of the King's visit to Ireland is to consist of a Triumphal Arch and an Emerald Crown. The first will be erected at the limits of the city's jurisdiction in Sackville-street, where the barrier was raised for the King's public entrance. The second will be made of Irish gold, studded with precious stones, and it will form the commencement of a National Regalia, similar to those of England or Scotland, and be deposited in the Castle. The list of subscriptions is filling very fast; and in Dublin alone, it already amounts to ten thousand pounds.

The Liverpool packet, Waterloo, on it's passage from Dublin, sprung a leak during a gale, while off Holyhead, and being crowded with passengers, was for some time in most imminent danger, the water being two feet in the hold. There were six of his Majesty's horses on board;—one of them, a remarkably fine animal, and a great favourite of his Majesty, and two others, were drowned in the hold. Two of his Majesty's carriages were on deck, and it appeared the general wish for some time to heave them overboard: the intention was, however, abandoned; and the packet with difficulty got into Liverpool.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning, September 9, an alarming fire broke out in Gracechurch-street, by which three large houses, belonging to Mr. Riant, cheesemonger; Mr. Fossick, umbrella-maker; and Messrs. Pewtress and Low,

stationers; were entirely destroyed; as well as the Quakers' Meeting house, containing a very valuable library, adjoining. The banking houses of Messrs. Masterman, and Spooner and Atwood, were also on fire, and only saved with much difficulty, and three poor men were crushed in the falling ruins of Mr. Riant's.

On Monday morning, September 10th, another destructive fire occurred at Mr. Myers's, pencil maker, Prince's street, Soho, where four houses were destroyed, which being let out in lodgings were inhabited by no less than fifteen families, and the distress thus occasioned was most lamentable, no less than five persons having fallen a sacrifice to the flames. A subscription has been opened for the indigent sufferers.

SEPT. 12. This day the Coroner's Inquest on the body of Richard Honey, shot in the disturbances during the late Queen's funeral, terminated their arduous duties, when after fourteen days' attendance, and the examination of nearly one hundred witnesses, the Jury delivered an unanimous verdict of "*Manslaughter against the Officers and Privates of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards on duty between Tyburn Gate and Park Lane, on Tuesday, August 14th, at the time when Richard Honey was killed.*"—In the course of the evidence, it was proved, that the Riot Act was *not* read, as we erroneously stated in our last Number, that the mob attack on the military was so violent, that thirty-seven soldiers, and eight horses, were most severely wounded, besides others slightly, while the forbearance of the Guards was such, that, with the exception of the two unfortunate men killed, not even a cut finger, or the most trifling hurt, was sustained by the rabble.—Of the immediate consequences of this very unfortunate business, two have been, the resignation of Sir Robert Baker as Chief Magistrate of Bow street, where he is succeeded by Mr. (now Sir Richard) Birnie; and a public subscription to reward the spirit, temper, and forbearance of the Military employed at the Queen's Funeral under the brutal attacks of the rabble, which in a few days exceeded One Thousand Pounds.

MANIFESTO OF THE GRAND SEIGNOR.—The *Austrian Observer* of the 7th of September, contains the following important document.—

"To the illustrious Vizirs, the Honorable Mirimiranes, the Estimable Mollas, Judges, Subjudges, Mutessellim, Wayvodes, and Ayans, to the other Magistrates and Nobles of the Country, as well as to all the other men in authority throughout all Anatolia, is addressed the following order:—

"It is evident that all the rules and political dispositions, which from ancient times have been observed in my Sublime Empire, are founded upon the noble commandment of that pure law, whose solidity and duration are guaranteed by God, even until the day of the resurrection; it is therefore that it has never been permitted at any time, either to the Ministers of the Empire, nor to the functionaries of my Sublime Porte, nor to any individual professing the Mahometan religion, to act in contravention of their authority. It is nowise less evident that all the rayas (the subjects who are not Mahometans), who from time immemorial have, under the dominion and the safeguard of my Sublime Empire, fulfilled the conditions of their vassalage, have had their properties and lives respected, and have themselves been objects of the favour and protection of my Sublime Porte; but when they have transgressed the bounds of vassalage and the limits of obedience, recourse must be had to the punishment which has become necessary, and which is further confirmed by law.

"The Greek people have been at all times tributary subjects of my Sublime Porte, mercy and clemency have been exercised towards them in every particular, their honour, their properties, and their lives have been defended, protected, and secured, they have never experienced any other treatment than favour and every sort of kindness, even beyond that which had been promised in the treaties with the Rayas; nevertheless, they have had the audacity to trample under foot the divine mercies of which they have been the objects, to pursue the paths of ingratitude, and with their characteristic perfidy to maintain a perverse and traitorous conduct, opposed at once to their allegiance and to good faith.

"If in some places the Greeks have succeeded in rising against my Sublime Government, to which they are subjects, and which treats them with so much lenity, my great Empire continues (thanks be given to the Almighty!) to be the Empire of Mahomet, and my people the people of Ahmed. By the grace, and with the assistance of God, the defender of our faith and of our people, as well as by the blessings of the spiritual help of our Legislator and Sublime Prophet, my Sublime Porte has been informed of the insurrection at the very moment of its breaking out. It has therefore, without delay, adopted proper measures, and caused at various times paternal exhortations and instructions to be addressed to the individuals of every rank of the said Greek nation, as well by the proper authorities appointed for that special purpose, as also through the Patriarch. It has

exhorted them to continue in the way of fidelity and loyalty, and within the limits of submission and obedience; and it has also fully acquitted itself of all the duties of mercy and clemency: on the other hand it has inquired into the conduct of those who, taking a share in the revolt, have rejected every sentiment of repentance, and after a previous conviction it has inflicted upon them the necessary punishment.

"But they have not appreciated the clemency and mercy which have been evinced towards them, and they have not listened to the counsels and exhortations which have been addressed to them.—Their pride and their revolt making on the contrary every day further progress, my Sublime Porte considered only of the means of maintaining the order and security of the State, and of restoring the tranquillity of it's inhabitants. Superior orders have in consequence been transmitted into my well-defended provinces, bearing the power, in virtue of a Sublime Fetwa which proceeds from the brilliant law, of punishing those Rayas in full revolt who dare to combat against the Islamites, of seizing their properties, and making their families captive.

"My sublime will being pronounced for the observance of the principle, that those subjects who conduct themselves in a peaceable and tranquil manner, occupying themselves with their own affairs only, or those who have once become guilty of sedition or revolt, shall have returned since into the paths of submission and a sincere repentance, shall be placed as before under the beneficent protection and shield of my Sublime Porte; and although I do not suffer any action opposed to this will manifested upon my part, I have learned in a positive manner that in some places this principle has not been observed. Violence has been employed against peaceable and defenceless subjects who have taken no part in the revolt, and some persons have had the temerity to seize upon their properties, their families, and their churches. It requires no further declaration to make it known that such a conduct is conformable neither to law nor to reason, that it is diametrically opposed to the principles uniformly pursued in my great empire, and that it is, in every particular, in contradiction to the Divine will, as well as to my Imperial order. It is consequently manifest that such conduct is dictated only by men who are incapable of distinguishing circumstances and relations.

"Therefore it is evident that I am now about to send my particular commands, with reference to this matter, to the three divisions of Anatolia and of Romelia.

"My will is then, that you, Vizirs, Mirimiranes, Mollas, Judges, Sub-Judges, and other Authorities, should make known this manner of viewing affairs in all places within your districts and jurisdictions, and that you should hasten to intimate to every person who may have the audacity to attack peaceable and innocent subjects, who manifest no seditious intentions, and carry about no signs of revolt, that he shall be responsible to me for his conduct in that respect. You must exert all your cares to relieve peaceable subjects from all vexation, and take all necessary measures that they may perfectly enjoy my high Imperial protection, and that they who may be guilty of such excesses shall be severely punished on the spot.

"Let all my subjects be immediately apprised of these commands, and when you shall be informed that it is my supreme will, that you shall take the utmost care not to suffer, in contravention of the sublime law and of my commands, peaceable and innocent subjects to be exposed to injuries and vexations, public or private, and that the slightest negligence or omission with respect to this particular will expose yourselves to responsibility, you must act in conformity with it, you must execute my commands and my sublime will, evince a knowledge in necessary matters, and sedulously avoid permitting it in any instance to be violated.

"Given in the days of the middle of the month of Siskide, 1236; that is to say, in the middle of August, 1821."

A private letter from Odessa contains information of a distressing nature. It appears that a Sardinian vessel had attempted to secrete a number of Greeks on board, who were endeavouring to escape from their persecutors, the Turks, but intelligence of this circumstance was conveyed to the Commander of a Turkish vessel of war, who instantly set sail in quest of the Sardinian, which made little resistance; but the Turkish officer assured the crew, that neither they nor the Greeks on board should be ill-used, but that they must return to the place from whence they took their departure. No sooner were the Greeks landed than they were indiscriminately butchered by the Turks, together with the Captain of the Sardinian, and one or two of the crew.

Occupation of Florida.—General Jackson issued a proclamation at Pensacola, dated the 25th June, officially announcing that the Government heretofore exercised over Florida by Spain has ceased, and that the United States is established over the same.

Steam packets are about to be established at Dawpool, on the river, about 14 miles below Chester, to sail from thence to Dublin.

Receipts of the principal Religious Charities in London for the year ending Lady-Day, 1821.—

	£.
British and Foreign Bible Society	89,154
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, *about*	53,100
Church Missionary Society	31,200
London Missionary Society	26,171
Methodist Missionary Society, *about*	22,500
Baptist Missionary Society	13,200
Society for Propagating the Gospel, *about*	13,000
Society for the Conversion of the Jews	10,789
National Society for Education, *about*	8,000
Religious Tract Society	7,561
Hibernian Society	7,019
Moravian Missions, *about*	5,000
Naval and Military Bible Society	2,318
British and Foreign School Society	2,031
Prayer Book and Homily Society	1,993
Total,	£293,102

This immense amount is exclusive of nearly an equally large sum subscribed to minor Charities of a similar description, and added to the entire revenues of our numerous Establishments for purposes of humanity, instructing the ignorant, relieving the diseased, and succouring the helpless, makes a total of nearly one million and an half—a larger amount than is similarly distributed in all the world beside.

MAJOR ANDRE.—The following account of the disinterring the remains of Major Andre is taken from a New York paper of the 14th August:—

"This event took place at Tappan, on Friday, the 10th instant, at one P. M. amidst a considerable concourse of ladies and gentlemen that assembled to witness this interesting ceremony. The British Consul, with several gentlemen, accompanied by the proprietor of the ground and his labourer, commenced their operations at eleven o'clock, by removing the heap of loose stones that surrounded and partly covered the grave. Great caution was observed in taking up a small peach-tree that was growing out of the grave, as the Consul stated his intention of sending it to his Majesty to be placed in one of the royal gardens. Considerable anxiety was felt lest the coffin could not be found, as various rumours existed of it's having been removed many years ago. However, when at the depth of 3 feet, the labourers came to it. The lid was broken in the centre, and had partly fallen in, but was kept up by resting on the skull. The lid being raised, the skeleton of the brave Andre appeared entire, bone to bone, each in it's place, without a vestige of any other part of his remains, save some of his hair, which appeared in small tufts; and the only part of his dress was the leather string which tied it. As soon as the curiosity of the spectators was gratified, a large circle was formed, when the undertaker, with his assistant, uncovered the sarcophagus, into which the remains were carefully removed. this superb depository, in imitation of those used in Europe for the remains of the illustrious dead, was made of mahogany, the panels covered with rich crimson velvet, surrounded by a gold bordering; the rings of deep burnished gold; the panel also crimson velvet, edged with gold, the inside lined with black velvet; the whole supported by four gilt balls.

"The sarcophagus with the remains have been removed on board his Majesty's packet, where it is understood, as soon as some repairs on board are completed, an opportunity will be afforded of viewing it."

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR AUGUST.

In the most forward districts, Wheat harvest commenced about the 13th ult. but generally, it will be full ten days later, and in the North, September will rather be the harvest month. The quantity of Straw is said to be large in most parts, but from the spring and early part of the summer being unfavourable, and the subsequent beating down of the corn by the rains, the Wheats have received considerable damage, and, it is now said, will not prove an average crop, with the additional misfortune of the quality in all parts being more or less deteriorated by the diseases consequent upon such seasons as the present, mildew and smut. Barley, Pulse, and Tares, are expected to be full crops. Oats more generally light, and the Hay harvest, northward, has been also light. After grass universally plentiful, from the rains which fell last month, benefitting equally the Turnips and Potatoes, both which are now promising crops. Of the Hops, accounts vary so much, that they deserve little attention; the fairest presumption may be, that the crop will be full as large as at present estimated. Live stock of every kind continues in the utmost plenty, every where fully equalling the demand at most reasonable and still declining prices. Wool very dull of sale in some parts, in others mending, notwithstanding, a fine sample from Van Dieman's Land has lately fetched the extraordinary price of 10s. 4d. per lb. a price greatly beyond the best Saxon or Spanish, and a most encouraging speci-

men of production from that most thriving and promising colony. The depression among the tenantry is at no rate mitigated by the prospect of the Wheat crop; and some over-anxious speculators go so far, as to augur an inundation of foreign corn in the ensuing year; an apprehension for which, at present, we can discover very little grounds, even should the crop on the ground fall considerably below an average. The cultivators on the Continent are under a similar depression with our own, and prices sinking daily. Their crops have also been affected in a similar manner by atmospheric vicissitudes The beautiful weather which we have had for some time past, will prove immensely beneficial to the country.

BIRTHS.

AUG. 28. At Gatcombe, the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart. of a son.

30. At Brighton, the lady of Charles Craven, Esq. of a daughter.

SEPT. 1. In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Marchioness de Nadaillac, of a son.

At Dunkerton Rectory, near Bath, the lady of the Rev. C. F. Bamfylde, of a son.

5. The lady of the Hon. and Rev. L. Dundas, of a son.

6. At Gravesend, Mrs. Samuel Beechey, of a son.

11. At Wimbledon Park, Lady Sarah Lyttleton, of a daughter.

In Cumberland street, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Clayton Glyn, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

LATELY, at Springfield, John Wyndham Holgate, Esq. to Deborah, daughter of Richard Coates, Esq. of Springfield, Essex.

AUG. 27. The Earl of Kintore, to Louisa, daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. Senior Judge of Circuit and Appeal at Bareilly, in the Hon. East India Company's Service.

SEPT. 1. At Epping, William Nichols, Esq. nephew of the late Sir Thomas Coxhead, of Park Hall, to Miss Sarah Mattingly, of Brentford.

4. George Hall, Esq. of Chumleigh, Devon, to Miss Jane Crew, youngest daughter of Rob. H. Crew, Esq. Secretary to the Board of Ordnance.

Charles Terrey, Esq. jun. of Bedford-row, to Susannah, daughter of Philip Cooper, Esq. of Waterloo-place, Pall-mall.

10. At Yarmouth, Mr. Samuel Sotheran, to Miss Sarah Seddon, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Alexander, bookseller.

13. Captain George Digby, R.N. to Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir John Walsh, Bart. of Warfield, Berks.

The Rev. Richard Darch, Vicar of Milverton, Somersetshire, to Isabella Ann, daughter of the late Captain Elphinstone, R.N.

14. Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, to Johanna Maria, daughter of John Barrow, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty.

15. Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart. of Rufford Hall, Lancaster, to Miss Louisa Allamand.

Lieut.-colonel Dawkins, M.P. Coldstream Guards, to Emma, daughter of Thomas Duncombe, Esq. of Cassgrove, York.

William Jesser Sturch, Esq. of Montagne-st. Russell-square, to Caroline, daughter of Timothy Smith, Esq. of Ickneild House, near Birmingham.

William Stewart, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Mary, daughter of Richard Bendyshe, Esq. of Barrington Hall, Cambridge.

DEATHS.

LATELY, at West Bergholt, George Cooke, Esq. second son of the late Dean of Ely.

Lately, at Englefield Green, Mrs. Torin, widow of the late Benjamin Torin, Esq. in the 87th year of her age.

Lately, at Cheltenham, Captain Henry Rochfort, aged 60 years.

SEPT. 1. In Holborn, William Kinnard, Esq. many years a Magistrate of the Thames Police Office, aged 66.

2. At High-street, Mary-le-Bone, in the 74th year of his age, George Elwes, Esq.

At Chelmsford, Lady Camilla Robinson, aged 78.

5. The Rev. George Cape, D.D. Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of Hereford, in the 66th year of his age.

At Haverfordwest, aged 92, Mr. Robert Rees. This veteran served in the fleet under Admiral Hawke, and lost an arm at the taking of Havannah.

6. Edward Charles Howell Sheppard, Esq. of Devonshire street, Portland-place, aged 53.

7. At Margate, Charles Abraham Furtado, Esq aged 55.

8. At Camberwell Grove, aged 67, Edward Griffin, Esq. many years Secretary to the Sun Fire Office.

At Shakenhurst, Shropshire, Edmund Moysey Wigley, Esq. aged 63.

11. At Hastings, William Clay, Esq. in the 65th year of his age.

12. At Ramsgate, Sophia, wife of Chas Mackinnon, Esq. of Camden hill, Kensington.

In South Audley-street, Colonel Evelyn Anderson, brother to Lord Yarborough.

13. In Portland-place, Michael Atkinson, Esq. aged 58.

14. In Stable-yard, St. James's, in the 65th year of his age, Henry Frederick Grabecker, Esq. many years the first Page to her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte.

15. At Notting Hill, in the 68th year of his age, Henry Robins, Esq. of the Great Piazza, Covent garden.

20. At Odell Castle, Bedfordshire, Isabella, Countess of Egmont, in the 85th year of her age.

21. At Ashtead Rectory, the Rev William Carter, formerly student of Christ's Church, aged 64.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

From SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, to SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES,

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N B. All the Meetings are at GUILDHALL, unless otherwise expressed. The Country and London Attornies' Names are between Brackets.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

DRIVER, NATHAN, Stainsbridge, Gloucester, clothier, *Sept* 1

HOWARD, EDW and Co Cork st Burlington-gardens, money scriveners, *Aug* 2[illegible]

HARRIS, THOS BROWNSON, Hinckley, Leicester, hosier *Sept* 1

SPENCE, JOHN, Yarm, York, grocer, *Sept.* 1.

WILDMAN, JAS Fen co Fenchurch st. merchant *Aug* 25

WANT, JOHN, Russell pl. Fitzroy-sq surgeon, *Aug* 28

WARREN, GEO Bath, cheese factor *Sept* 1.

WORRALL, SAM. and Co. Bristol, bankers, *Sept.* 8.

BANKRUPTS.

ASHTON, JOHN Knutsford, Chester, veterinary-surgeon, Oct [illegible], George Liverpool. [Pickford, Liverpool, and Blackstock and Co King's bench-walk Temple] *Aug* 28

ALEXANDER, GEO Aldermanbury, linen draper, Oct 6 and 20. [Oates, Newgate st.] *Sept* 8

AGAR, MOSES, Walbrook, oilman, Oct 27. [Warrand, Marklt] *Sept* 15.

ARNOLD, JOHN HARRIS, Llanblethian, Glamorgan, cattle jobber, Oct 5, 6, and Nov 9. [Jennings and Co Elm co. Temple] *Sept* 22

BEDFORD, THOS Bristol, stationer, Oct 9, Commercial Rooms, Bristol [Bridges and Co. Red-lion-sq ; and Chislett, Bristol.] *Aug* 28.

BELL, JOS Hampstead, victualler, Oct. 9. [Jones, Southampton bu Chancery la] *Aug.* 28.

BOWMAN, RICH. Manchester, grocer, Oct. 13, Star, Manchester. [Hadfield, Manchester ; and Hurd and Co Temple] *Sept* 1.

BETHELL, WM. VERNON, Liverpool, merchant, Oct 19, George, Liverpool. [Davenport, Liverpool, and Chester, Staple inn.] *Sept* 1

BIRD, THOS. Solihull Lodge, Warwick, coal dealer, Oct. 13, Littleton's Arms, Penkridge, Stafford. [Hall and Co Great James st Bedford row ; and Shutt, Walsall] *Sept.* 1.

BRAMMALL, DAN. Whitehouse, York, file-manufacturer, Oct. 19, Angel, Sheffield [Parker and Co Sheffield , and Blagrave and Co. Symond's-inn] *Sept* 1.

BAYNES, CORNELIUS, Weston Point, Cheshire, innkeeper, Oct 20, Castle, Liverpool. [Hughes, Liverpool ; and John, Palgrave pl Temple] *Sept.* 8.

BROWN, CHAS Dundee, ship owner, Oct. 6 and 27, [Swain and Co Frederick's pl Old Jewry] *Sept* 15

BILL, SAM. West Bromwich, Stafford, timber-merchant, Oct 27, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Alexander and Co. New inn , and Parker, Birmingham] *Sept* 15

BAYLEY CHAS Abingdon, linen draper, Oct 15, 16, and 30, Crown and Thistle Abingdon. [Nelson, Essex st. Strand , and Graham, Abingdon] *Sept* 18.

BAILEY, JOHN, Great Yarmouth, grocer, Oct 2, 3, and 30, Black Lion, Great Yarmouth [Sayers and Son, Great Yarmouth , and Swain and Co. Frederick's pl Old Jewry] *Sept* 18

BURROWS, JOSHUA, Gloucester, mercer, Oct 30, Fleece, Gloucester. [King, Serjeant's inn, Fleet-st ; and Chadborn, Gloucester] *Sept.* 18

COOPER, GEO jun, Old Ford, Middlesex farmer, Oct. 6. [Stevens and Co Little St Thomas Apostle, Queen st] *Aug.* 25,

COLSTON, DAN EDW. John-street road, upholsterer, Oct. 6. [Pope, Old Bethlem] *Aug* 25

CASSELS, ROB Martin's-la Cannon st wine merchant, Oct, 13. [Thomas, Fen co Fenchurch st] *Sept* 1

CROWDEN, RICH Knightsbridge, shoemaker, Oct 16. [Fox and Co. Austin friars] *Sept.* 4.

COOPER, JAS Newport, Isle of Wight, victualler, Oct 3 and 20, Coach and Horses Southampton. [Barney, Southampton, and Roe, Temple chambers, Fleet st] Sept 8.
COMPTON, WM Birmingham, linen draper, Oct. 23, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Swaine and Co. Frederick pl Old Jewry; and Whateley and Son, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham] Sept 11.
CORBYN, JOS. JAS. Freeman's co Cornhill, master mariner, Oct. 27. [Delmar, Norfolk st. Strand] Sept. 15.
COLYER, WM Middle row, Broad st. Bloomsbury, boot-maker, Oct. 5, 6, and Nov. 3. [Jones, New inn] Sept 22
DAVIS, STEP. Butts, Stafford, maltster, Oct 13, Littleton's Arms, Penkridge, Staffordshire [Wheeler, Castle-st Holborn, and Smith, Walsall Staffordshire] Sept 1
DRIVER, NATHAN, Steanbridge, Gloucester, clothier, Oct 16, George, Stroud. [Newman and Son Stroud, and King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet st.] Sept 4
DAVIS, THOS Great Barr, Stafford, maltster, Oct 16, Flitch of Bacon, Wichnor [Reynolds, Hertford st Fitzroy sq; and Fallows, Birmingham] Sept 4
DIXON, WM Portsmouth, tailor, Oct. 23. [Hurst, Milk-st. Cheapside] Sept 11
DEEPING, GEO Lincoln, fellmonger. Oct 8, 9, and 23, Saracen's Head, Lincoln [Stocker and Co New Boswell co , and Newcome, Grantham.] Sept 11.
DAWSON, JOHN, Penrith, Cumberland, coach-maker, Oct 27, George Penrith [Steel, Queen st Cheapside, and Grave and Co. Penrith] Sept 15.
ELPHICK, WALTER, West Ham, Sussex, farmer, Oct 20. [Walton and Co. Basinghall-st] Sept 8.
EGLING, JOHN THOMPSON, Great Russell st. Covent garden victualler Oct. 20. [Cockayne and Co Lyon's inn] Sept 8.
EYBE, FERD. and Co Bury co St. Mary-axe, merchants, Oct. 20. [Thomas, Fen co. Fenchurch-st] Sept 8.
FRY, GEO. Newbury mercer, Oct. 6. [Smith, Basinghall st] Aug 2
FISHER, JAS Lancaster, soap manufacturer Oct 16, Cross Keys, Lancaster [Makinson, Middle Temple, and Atkinson Lancaster.] Sept. 4.
GREENHOUSE, WM Ludlow Salop, tanner, Oct. 9, Talbot, Shrewsbury [Clarke and Co. Chancery-la and Williams, Shrewsbury] Aug. 28.
GOUNDRY, GEO Newcastle upon Tyne, butter-dealer, Oct 4, 5, and 16 George Newcastle upon-Tyne [Bell and Co Bow church-yard, and Dawson, Newcastle] Sept 4
GIBSON, JAS South st Finsbury sq merchant, Oct 6 and 20. [Sweet and Co Basinghall st.] Sept 8.
GOODWIN, JOHN, Bristol, coal merchant, Oct. 23, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Vizard and Co Lincoln's inn fields; and Gregory, Bristol] Sept 11
HOWARD, EDW and Co Cork st. Burlington-gardens money scriveners Oct 6 [Shaw and Co Verulam-bu Gray's inn] Aug. 25.
HANKES, ROB High Holborn, hat manufacturer, Oct 6 [Harvey and Co Lincoln's inn fields.] Aug 25
HODGSON, JOS Stanhope, Durham, shopkeeper, Oct 6, at the house of M. Freeskill, innkeeper, Stanhope, Durham [Hurst and Co Bloomsbury sq., and Hutchinson, Barnard Castle.] Aug. 25
HILLARY, JAS PET. Mark-la wine merchant, Oct 9 [Reardon and Co. Corbett-co. Gracechurch st] Aug 28
HARTLAND, JAS Gloucester, mercer, Oct. 13, Upper George Coffee house, Gloucester, [Holbrook and Son, Ledbury; and Stevenson and Co. Lincoln's inn] Sept 1.
HART, JOHN, and Co Carlisle, hosiers, Oct. 16, Crown and Mitre, Carlisle [Clennell, Staple-inn, and Saul, Carlisle] Sept. 4.
HILLARY, THOS PHILIP, Little Tower st wine-merchant, Oct 27. [Hodgson, St Mildred's co. Poultry] Sept 15.
HAILSTONE, WM Milden hall, Suffolk, grocer, Oct 5, 6, and Nov 3 [Gregson and Co. Angel co. Throgmorton st] Sept 22.
HANCOCK, SAM. Judd st St Pancras, hardwareman, Oct. 6 and Nov. 3. [Pringle, Queen st. Cheapside.] Sept 22.
JONES, AUGUSTIN WM New Brentford, corn-merchant, Oct. 9. [Toone and Co. Craven st. Strand] Aug 28
JONES, THOS. St John st. West Smithfield, stationer, Oct 6 and Nov. 3. [Sweet and Co. Basinghall st] Sept 22.
KNOWLES, JAS and Co. Salford, Lancaster, machine makers, Oct. 16, Star, Manchester. [Willis and Co Warnford co., and Healey, Manchester] Sept 4
LAMBERT, ROB Ardwick, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer, Oct 6, Star, Manchester [Higson, Cross st Manchester, and Ellis, Chancery la] Aug. 25
LANGLEY, JOHN GEO. HEN Bristol, grocer, Oct. 16, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Clarke and Co. Chancery la.; and Savery, Bristol.] Sept 4
MARSMAN, ROB Love la cloth factor, Oct 9. [Smith and Co New Basinghall st] Aug. 28.
MARSHMAN, ROB. Love la cloth factor, Oct 13. [Smith and Co New Basinghall st] Sept 1.
MARSHALL, JOHN, Nine Elms, Battersea, tanner, Oct 20 [Drew and Sons, Bermondsey st. Southwark] Sept 8
MAWDSLEY, HEN Ormskirk, Lancaster, plumber, Oct 2 3, and 27. King's Arms, Ormskirk. [Blackstock and Co King's bench walk, Temple, and Wright, Ormskirk] Sept 15
MEAD, THOS Sandwich, Kent, victualler, Oct. 1, 8, and Nov. 3, Guildhall, Canterbury [Noakes, Sandwich, and Lodington and Co. Serjeant's inn, Fleet st] Sept 22.
NELSON, JOHN, Kendall, Westmorland, corn-dealer, Oct 20 [Gray, Tyson pl. Kingsland-road] Sept 8
NORFOLK, HEZEKIAH, Leicester, worsted maker, Oct. 27, Saracen's Head, Leicester [Lawton, Leicester, and Taylor, John st. Bedford row] Sept 15
OLIVA, THOS CASIMERE, Liverpool, merchant, Oct 1, 2, and 23, George, Liverpool [Orred and Co Liverpool, and Lowe and Co. Southampton-bu Chancery la] Sept 11.
PARRY, THOS Manchester, SEATON, R. Wantbridge, York, and ARMITAGE, J Pontefract, cotton spinners, Oct 6, Star, Manchester. [Walker, Manchester, and Ellis, Chancery la.] Aug. 25.
PARR, WM Great Russell-st Covent garden, tailor, Oct 23. [Popkin, Dean st. Soho.] Sept. 11.
ROTHERY, JOHN, and Co Leeds, seed-crushers, Oct 6, Court House, Leeds [Robinson and Son, Essex st , and Ward, Leeds] Aug 25.
RAWLINS, JAS Whitehaven, grocer, Oct. 16, Black Lion, Whitehaven [Clennell, Staple inn; and Adamson and Son, Whitehaven] Sept 4
REID, ARCH Pimlico, carpenter, Oct. 27 [Topping Greville st Hatton garden] Sept 15
RYDER ARTHUR, Commercial Sale Rooms, cotton merchant Oct 6 and 27 [Oldknow and Co London st Fenchurch st] Sept 15.
REID, ARCH Pimlico carpenter, Oct 30. [Topping Greville st Hatton garden.] Sept. 18.
ROLLE, WM Teignmouth builder, Oct 9, 10, and 30, Globe, Exeter. [Burfoot, Inner Temple; and Gidley, Exeter] Sept 18
ROWLEY, MESHACK, Bear st Leicester sq. dealer Oct 6 and Nov 3 [Fisher and Co Furnival's inn Holborn] Sept 22
SEATON, ROB Wentbridge, York cotton spinner, Oct 9, Old Elephant, Pontefract. [Blakelock, Serjeants' inn, Fleet st , and Smithson and Co. Pontefract] Aug 28.
STAFFORD, THOS Bath, jeweller, Oct, 16, Greyhound, Bath [Nethersole and Co. Essex-st. Strand; and Evill and Co. Bath] Sept. 4.
SAWDEN, BENJ SHARP, Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, corn factor, Oct 20 [Crowder and Co Frederick's pl. Old Jewry] Sept 8.
STEAD, THOS Sowland York, cotton spinner, Oct 9 Old Cock, Halifax [Walker, Lincoln's-inn fields, and J. and E. N. Alexanders, Halifax] Sept 11.
PAGE, JOHN, Leeds, woollen draper, Oct. 27, Court House, Leeds [Makinson, Temple; and Eden, Leeds.] Sept 15.
THORN JOHN THORN, Plymouth, currier, Oct 6, Commercial Hotel, Plymouth. [Sandys and Co. Crane co Fleet-st.; and Baron, Plymouth] Aug. 25
TAYLOR, HEN, Sidney-pl Commercial road, mas-

ter-mariner, Oct. 7. [Crabb, Bell's-bu. Salisbury-sq.] Aug. 25.
TAYLOR, JOHN, New cut, Lambeth, ironmonger, Oct 6 [Wootton Nicholas la.] Aug. 25
THOMAS RICH, Rochdale, Lancaster, hat manufacturer, Oct. 13, Reed, Rochdale [Hurd and Co. Temple, and Baker, Rochdale] Sept 1.
TUNSTALL, HEN Liverpool, provision dealer, Oct 12 13, and 29, at the office of Mr Mawdsley, Liverpool [Mawdsley, Liverpool, and Wheeler, Castle st Holborn.] Sept. 11
WHITESIDE, RICH. and Co Whitehaven, merchants Oct 6, Black Lion, Whitehaven. [Hodgson, Whitehaven; and Falcon, Elm co. Temple] Aug 25
WRIGHT, CHAS Ludgate hill, wine merchant, Oct. 13. [Noel, Gray's-inn pl. Gray's inn] Sept. 4
WOODWARD, JOHN, and Co. Birmingham, spirit-merchants, Oct. 16. [Drake, Old Fish st Doctors'-commons; and Corrie, Birmingham] Sept. 4.
WARREN JAS. late of Bridgewater, Somersetshire, tanner, Oct. 20, at the office of Mr Richard French, Liverpool. [French, Liverpool; and Taylor and Co. King's bench walk, Temple.] Sept 8.
WRIGHT, DAVID, St Catherine st dealer, Oct. 27 [Jones and Co Mincing la] Sept. 15
WARDLE, ISAAC, Nottingham, lace manufacturer, Oct 30, Ram, Nottingham [Hurd and Co. King's bench walk, Temple, and Fearnhead, Nottingham] Sept 18
WILLIAMS HEN Plough co Lombard st. merchant, Oct 2 and Nov 3. [Pearce and Sons St. Swithen's la Lombard st] Sept 22
YELL JOS and JAS jun. Woodham Ferris Essex, [illegible], Oct 1, 2, and 20, Angel, Kelvedon Essex. [Bridges and Co Red lion sq, and Lindal and Co Chelmsford] Sept 8

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, TO TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821.

ALDERSON, W. Sunderland, Durham, Sept 27
Aspinall, W. Liverpool Oct 5.
Aspinall, J and J Liverpool, Oct 23
Askey, W. Oxford st Oct 30
Armstrong, R Worc[illegible] st Borough, Nov 10.
Adams, T. Lancaster, Oct 15
Burnett, A [illegible] st Westminster, Sept. 27.
Blogg, G Alder gate st jeweller, Oct [illegible]
Bates, J Bishop Stortford, Oct [illegible]
Birtron, J Canterbury, Oct 27.
Bromfield, C Liverpool, Oct 6
Brooks, J Liverpool, Oct. 6.
Bray, G Leeds, Oct 10.
Billinge, J Bristol, Sept 19
Button, W Marlborough, Sept 26
Barnard, W H. and C. Liverpool, Oct 3.
Bealey, R Cockey Moor Lancaster, Oct 9.
Boyd, W and Co London, Oct 27.
Bull, J and Co King st Cheapside, Nov. 20.
Brierley, J Manchester, Oct 16
Brumby, M Gainsburgh, Lincoln, Oct 17
Brumby, T and Co Gainsburgh, Lincoln, Oct. 17.
Brander, A Budge row, Oct 23
Bruggenkate, G. A T. Little Eastcheap, Oct. 30.
Clayton, J jun Leeds, York, Oct 10
Cater, S and Co Watling st. Sept. 29.
Clarkson, I Kingbury, Oct 9.
Champness, S Fulham Oct 1[illegible]
Clark J. Worcester, Oct. 8
Clarke, W H Wiveliscombe Somerset Oct 11.
Crawford, C jun Iver, Buckingham, Oct 23.
Day, R Crutched fr. Sept [illegible]6
Derrington, J Manchester, Oct 8.
Davison, I R Old Broad st Nov 3.
Dawson, J. Meltham, York, Oct. 8.
Ellis, C. Birmingham, Oct 2
Elliot, W. Westgate, Northumberland, Oct. 1[illegible]
Findlay, R. and G. H. Adam's co. Old Broad st Sept 26
French, J. Coventry Oct 13.
Foster, L Farningham, Kent, Sept. 26.
Frost, I. Liverpool, Oct 3.
Fotheringham, W A D Plymouth Dock, Sept. 27.
Fischer, M Leeds, York, Sept 18
Fitch C. Braintree, Essex, Oct. 10
Gilbert, J. Plymouth Dock, Sept [illegible]8
Garton, J. Myton, Kingston upon Hull, Sept 18.
Hughes, J. and Co. Storrington, Sussex, Sept. 25.
Howett, J St Martin's la Sept. 26
Haynes, W. Lowestoft, Suffolk, Oct. 1
Haynes, W. Stourbridge, Worcester, Oct. 4.
Houlbrooke, T High Holborn Sept. 22.
Holmes, W North Shields, Sept 20
Hutchings, E. Gloucester, Sept 24
Heginbottom, J. Ashton under Line, Oct. 13.
Harkness, J Liverpool, Oct. 6.
Harris, T. Worcester, Oct. 8.
Haugh, J. Carlisle, Oct. 11.
Hughes, J and Co. Stonington, Sussex, Nov. 24.
Hudson, H and G. Liverpool, Oct 9.
Hadley, G Greenwich, Oct 13.
Hobbs, B Redbridge, Southampton, Oct. 25
Johnson, T sen. and jun. Lowestoft, Suffolk, Oct 1.
Imlree, J Bucklersbury, Sept [illegible]2
Jones, T Denbigh, Oct 9
Jackson, T Walton upon Dearne, York, Oct 8
Innes, J and C Bristol, Oct 10
Johnson, A Palmer's vill ge Westminster, Oct. 30.
Jones, J G Mark la. Oct 13
Kirk, W and Co Leeds, York Sept. 18
Kenworthy, J Saddleworth Sept 2[illegible]
Le Chevalier, T. Wotton under Edge, Gloucester, Sept [illegible]6
Lythgoe, J Liverpool, Oct 15
Little, T Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept 25.
Lockwood, G Whitby, Oct 9
Lott, W I Llandilo Carmarthen, Oct. 12.
[illegible], J and C Bread st Oct [illegible]
Marsh, J Rotherham York, Sept 27
Matthews, J Penzance Cornwall, Oct 3
Morris, T Liverpool, Oct [illegible]
Miles W Oxford st Sept [illegible]
MacMaster, J Norfolk st New-road, Mile end Old Town, Sept 22
Marshall, W. H Holme on Spalding Moor, York, Sept 19
Marsh, J. Rotherham, York, Sept. 20.
Millingen, J Houndsditch, Sept. 29.
Masson W Byhall, Sept. 23.
Mason, G Chard Oct 2
Meliss, G Fenchurch st. Oct. 17
Meliss, G Fenchurch st. Nov [illegible]
Mertle, W Brighthelmstone, Oct 5.
Milne, G Broad-st. Oct 13.
Mould, H Winchester, Oct [illegible]
Mardon, W East Budleigh, Devon, Oct 17.
Nailer, J Jeffery's sq St Mary axe, Nov. 3.
Pitt, J. Gloucester, Sept [illegible]
Pearce, W. Old Jewry, Sept 26
Pritchard, J H Caerleon Monmouth, Oct. 6.
Pewters, R Bristol Oct 13
Payant, W Manchester, Oct [illegible]
Reynolds, H Ormskirk, Lancaster, Sept 26.
Ralph, R. and Co Ipswich, Oct 4
Smith J C In Saint Aldwyns Gloucester, Sept 29.
Smith, S Stayley, Chester, Oct. 10
Spencer L Billiter la. Oct [illegible]
Saunderson, J and Co Sutton, Bedford, Oct 4
Stammers, T and Co Sudbury, Suffolk and Odkin, T Colchester, Essex, Sept 20
Striker, D and Co Leadenhall st Sept. 15.
Schlesinger, M B Clement's la Sept 15
Swain, G. J Mansel st Goodman's fields, Nov. 10.
Spencer, W. Bristol, Oct 17.
Smith, M Liverpool, Oct 16
Taylor, J and J. T. Upper Thames st. Sept. 26.
Tuesly, W. H. High st Borough, Sept [illegible]
Twigg, W. Sheffield, York, Sept. 19
Thompson, T. Newcastle upon-Tyne, Oct. 1.
Triphook, T. St. James's-st. Oct. 13
Thompson, C. Halifax, Oct 8
Woolcott, C. F High Holborn, Sept. 26.
Watt, H. V. Birmingham, Oct. 2.
Whitney, T. and H. Macclesfield, Sept. 24.
Waddington, S. Halifax, Oct. 11.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CERTIFICATES,

FROM SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, TO SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821.

ARCHER, A Great Chapel st. Soho, Oct. 9.
Atkinson, I Rathbone pl. Oxford st Oct 9.
Burton, M Wolverhampton Stafford, Sept. 15
Betts, J. I Aldgate High st Sept. 15
Bristow, R jun Lloyd's Coffee house, Sept. 29.
Bradbury, G Wellington, Sept 29
Beck, J Newcastle upon Tyne, Oct 9.
Bean B Hickling, Norfolk, Oct 6
Bancks W and Co Birmingham, Oct 6
Bradfield, W North Elmham Norfolk, Oct 13.
Bayliss G Stapleton Gloucester, Oct. 13.
Castle, J Burrowhill, Somerset, Sept. 15.
Cox T Crediton, Sept 29
Davidson A G Racquet co Fleet st. Sept 15
Dyson, I Well st Jermyn st. Westminster, Sept. 25
Douglas, T Dover, Sept 29
Devey, J. Wolverhampton Stafford, Oct 13.
Eveleigh, I High Holborn, Sept 1
Ellerby, T Poole Dorset, Oct 13
Fowler, G Cullompton Devon, Sept 18.
Ford, J Gloucester Sept 9
Glover, G Lower East Smithfield Sept 29
Gratton, J Denshaw, York, and Gratton, J Manchester, Oct 9.
Hardwick S Birmingham Sept 18
Jordan, P Whitechapel, Oct 9
Knight W G Batcombe, Somerset, Oct 13.
Lloyd, W Paddington, Sept 22
Laugherne, W C St Mary axe, Oct 2.
Mence, N Worcester, Sept. 18.
Meadowcroft, T Liverpool, Sept 29.
Medd, T. Staple-inn bu. Middle row, Holborn, Oct 9.
Massie, J Derby, Oct 2
M'Neill, W Charles st Middlesex-hospital, Oct. 13.
Niblett, C Guildford, Oct 6.
Offer, R. Bathwick, Sept. 29.
Preston, J Torquay, Devon, Sept 15.
Plaslett, J Dock head, Southwark, Sept. 25.
Paine, J Wormwood st Bishopsgate st Sept. 25.
Parks, I and Co. Birmingham, Oct 9
Purchas, R W Chepstow, Monmouth, Oct 13.
Reynolds, I Highworth, Wilts, Oct [illegible]
Robinson, S Huddersfield, York, Oct 9
Richardson W Wrotham, Kent, Oct 13.
Stabb, I Torquay Devon, Sept 15
Sanders J W Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept 15.
St[illegible], J Aldgate st Sept 18
Salmon R H [illegible] sq Sept 29
Smith P [illegible] and Co Burnden, Sept [illegible]
Smith J W [illegible], Oct [illegible]
Sandl[illegible], J Bird's bu Islington Oct 13.
St[illegible], R and M Strand, Oct 13
Tate J Liverpool, Sept [illegible]
Tilbutt, R [illegible] Leicester Oct 6
W[illegible], W [illegible] st Mary le Pont, Sept 15.
Wools J [illegible] Sept 2
William, I W [illegible] Sept 5
Windeatt, W [illegible] Devon, Oct [illegible]
Walsh, J [illegible] Oct 2
Woolrich, G and I Spitalsq Oct 6

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATIONS,

FROM TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, TO SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821.

BRUCE, J Edinburgh, ironmonger
Bennet, G [illegible] merchant.
Bell, J Glasgow [illegible]
Blair [illegible] farmer.
Cumming, P [illegible]
Deuchars J [illegible]
Easton, I Edinburgh [illegible] merchant
Graham W and [illegible] merchants.
Henderson, W M[illegible] printer
Moffat, R Milton, [illegible] cattle dealer.
M'Gregor, I Glasgow, spirit dealer
M'Gillivray, D Balnacarnoch of Abertarff, cattle dealer
M'Lachlan D jun and Co merchants, at Bridgend,
[illegible]
Miller [illegible] taler
Riddoch W [illegible] merchant
Spence, R [illegible] merchant
Turnbull, M [illegible] hosier.
Webster J [illegible]
Williamson I [illegible]
Wares, D Pulteneytown, merchant.

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP

FROM SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, TO SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821

ATKINSON, R Atkinson, I and Bell, J. Threadneedle st [illegible]
Ame, I Castle, M [illegible] and Dunsford, S I Birmingham spirit rectifiers
Aggs, F. Vertegans, [illegible] and Bailey, H J. King st [illegible] warehousemen.
Aydon, S and Elwell, W. Bradford, York, iron-founders
Abbey, R Cook, J. and Tomson, W Pancras la. tea dealer
Attenborough, H. and Bush, I. Nottingham, grocers
Allan, D and Chittenden, I. Coleman-st. merchants
Barnes, R. and Weir, W Dalton forge, Cumberland, spade manufacturers
Baldry, J P Brown, R and Faith, G Schoolhouse-la. Ratcliff, copper smiths
Baker, J and Smith, F Lime-st wine merchants.
Burks, W. and Burks, J. Oxford-st. bedstead-makers.
Brooks, T and Nicholson, S. Bishopsgate street Without, cheesemongers
Brown, W. and Brown, I Chester, auctioneers
Brooke, C Smith, W. I Brooke, H. and Struth, C. London, merchants
Blackburn, J. and Blackburn, W. H Bradford, York, printers.
Barlow, R and Reeve, G W. Olympic Theatre Strand
Birdsall, J and Sharpe, W Liverpool druggists
Brooks, G and Gould G Old Bailey, house agents
Burrell, W and Otty, W Wakefield, grocers
Boddy, M and Liddell, W. Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers
Cross, I and Cross, S Narrow wall, Lambeth, timber merchants
Cave, S. and Cave J Church st Hackney, printers
Congreve, I. and Hewell, I Islington, cheesemongers.
Chittey, R. and Campbell, W. I Castle st, Leicester sq jewellers
Cowley, W. Cowley, W G and Pountney, I S. Bristol, wholesale stationers
Cotterell H F and Fowler, T. Bristol, corn and flour factors
Cox, J. and Sherborne, J. Coxley Mill, Wells, Somerset, mealmen
Currell, J and Herd, I Oldham, paper dealers.
Culliver F and Culliver, J Helston, Cornwall, hat-makers
Courteen, R. and Robinson, J Walbrook, attornies.
Day, H and Holmes, R. Tottenham court road, linen drapers.
Evans, S Simpson, C. and Simpson, E Derby, cheese factors

Evans, R. Wrexham, Denbigh, and Pierce, J. Liverpool, drapers.
Eburne, W. and Kemp, T. Tottenham-court-road, coach-makers.
Edmond, J. and Birkmyre, G. Glasgow, merchants.
Earl, J. and Wildman, S. Kingston, Surrey, coal and corn merchants.
Elmes, J. and Jones, T. Hertford, linen drapers.
Ellis, J. and Farrar, W. jun. Leeds, York, stone-merchants.
Field, R. Wheelton, J. Bilton, J. and Lovatt, G. Compton-st. Clerkenwell, sawyers.
Finlay, J. Wilson, J. and Gladstone, J. Liverpool, shipwrights.
Fraser, R. and Anderson, R. Lime-st. and New cut, Limehouse, sail makers.
Freiday, J. and Catherwood, A. Shoreditch, printers.
Forsyth, I. and Christie, W. Elgin, straw-hat-makers.
Fowler, T. and Fowler, M. Albion-st. Rotherhithe, silk-throwsters.
Fitch, G. and Coit, R. Cow cross, West Smithfield, curriers.
Fergus, W. and Anderson, H. Bread st. Cheapside, warehousemen.
Gartside, G. and Thomas, G. Oldham, Lancaster, shoemakers.
Gisborne, T. jun. and Bittlebank, J. Ashborne and Chap[illegible] le Frith, Derby, bankers.
Greenhalgh, J. and Ingham, W. Heywood, Lancaster, cotton spinners.
Griffith, F. and Hinde, W. Liverpool attornies.
Garland, J. W. and Garland, G. jun. Lisbon, merchants.
Graves, W. and Kelly, E. No. 8 Wharf, Paddington, nightmen.
Harrison, M. and Bellas, L. Croydon, schoolmasters.
Holt, F. and Walton, T. Leed[illegible], dyers.
Hill, R. and Walley, J. Little Pulteney st. dyers.
Hibbin, G. H. Daniell, J. L. and Fixsen, J. F. Old Fish-street-hill, sugar-bakers.
Hewitt, T. and Hewitt, J. Havant, Southampton, tanners.
Hobbs, T. E. and Field, T. Snow's-fields, leather-dressers.
Hubday, B. and Gold, T. Birmingham, factors.
Hopewell, J. Dean-st. Soho, and Jones, W. Gloucester pl. New-road wholesale grocers.
Hayden, T. and Reed, W. Cheltenham, lodging-house keepers.
Harrison, J. Whitworth, N. and Harrison, J. Manchester, corn dealers.
Hey, J. and Rowe, M. Newington, Surrey, wood-turners.
Hockney, C. and Washington, J. Congleton, silk-throwsters.
Holgate, R. and Hughes, R. Manchester, copper-plate makers.
Heath, W. and Potter, W. Strand.
Holling, J. F. Wornham, W. and Pears, W. Newgate st. ribbon manufacturers.
Hind, T. and Brown, J. Mansfield, Nottingham, brass founders.
Jones, T. and Hargraves, W. Manchester joiners.
Ivison, F. and Scott, J. Wood st. Cheapside, warehousemen.
Jenkins, T. and Butt, T. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, maltsters.
Irving, A. and Irving, E. Padiham, Lancaster, drapers.
Kite, R. and Aplin, B. Bucklersbury, wine merchants.
Kay, J. and Sharpless, W. Manchester, cotton-manufacturers.
Kay, J. and Sharpless, W. Burnley, Rossendale and Manchester, cotton-manufacturers.
Kitching, A. and Smith, I. Bingley, York, plumbers and glaziers.
Lipt[illegible], S. D. Smith, T. Smith, J. S. and Smith, G. Whitechapel road distillers.
Lawrence, E. and Whiteside, J. Liverpool, coopers.
Lea, J. and Lea, T. Moss-bank, Windle, Lancaster, nail manufacturers.
Loader, R. and Atkinson, T. Ludgate-hill, upholsterers.
Lonsdale, T. and Barker, J. Holmes, Lancaster, cotton spinners.
Lyne, G. sen. and Lyne, G. jun. Strand, tailors.
Lucas, J. R. Chance, W. Homer, F. Coathupe, W. and Homer, J. E. Bristol, crown-glass-manufacturers.
Lees, J. J. and J. Jones, J. J. and W. Duncuff, J. Knott, D. and Marshall, R. Oldham, coal-miners.
Lord, M. Lord, C. Lord, A. and Lord, E. Rochdale, Lancaster, hat-manufacturers.
Landcastle, J. and Gillard, R. N. jun. Bristol, carpenters.
M'Turk, J. and Pagan, J. Norwich, drapers.
Moore, F. and Manby, J. Liverpool, glass-bottle-manufacturers.
Mathews, R. and Mathews, I. Bradford, Wilts, bakers.
Norris, J. and Booth, R. Reddish Mills, Lancaster, bleachers.
Nunn, C. and James, R. Old Change, Cheapside, warehousemen.
Nance, A. Waites, W. and Robinson, C. Portsmouth, innkeepers.
Oliver, J. Y. Sharp, W. and Reynolds, J. Southampton, paper-manufacturers.
Ogden, J. and Marshall, N. Oldham, coal-miners.
Pitt, C. and Goater, J. Duke st. Manchester sq. watch makers.
Peacock, W. Peacock, T. and Bampton, W. Fleet-street.
Prosser, W. and Roach, J. Gloucester, timber-merchants.
Price, T. and Finch, F. Great Bridge, Stafford, coal-masters.
Potter, W. and Potter, A. L. Newcastle upon-Tyne, common brewers.
Prior, M. and Curtis, R. Warrington, tanners.
Prowse, J. and Schaffer, J. Corporation la. Clerkenwell, engine turners.
Pemberton, I. and Spencer, T. Birmingham, clock-makers.
Player, J. B. and Keen, J. Bristol, wine merchants.
Ryder, R. and Watten, S. Little, Derby, cotton-spinners.
Ridgway, J. M. Cresswell, J. and Ridgway, T. Huddersfield, Woolstaplers.
Robinson, W. Collins, J. and Suthers, J. Lancaster, machine makers.
Read, J. W. and Cross, F. Kennington, plumbers.
Ridout, J. W. and Slack, S. H. Ardwick, near Manchester, druggists.
Rickman, R. and Rickman, T. Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, corn factors.
Stansfield, T. Stansfield, J. Farrar, F. and Hodgson, S. Bankfoot, Heptonstall, York, iron-founders.
Scurrah, G. and Scurrah, W. Liverpool, tailors.
Stacey, J. and Stacey, A. Brentford, tailors.
Stevens, J. and Hammett, P. Plymouth, rope makers.
Smith, I. Parkinson, J. and Drew, G. Louth, Lincoln, grocers.
Stead, P. Mackenzie, J. and Robinson, J. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, factors.
Slater, C. and Pope, S. Fetter la. curriers.
Shenton, S. and Faithfull, S. Winchester, silk-throwsters.
Scarfe, C. and Lowe, W. Buckingham pl. Fitzroy-sq. bedstead makers.
Taverner, J. and T. jun. Golden la. wire drawers.
Treadwell, W. and Upton, T. Barbican, cheese-mongers.
Taylor, J. T. and Browne, T. Upper Thames st. iron merchants.
Torry, J. Alexander, C. and Scott, A. Gibraltar, commission merchants.
Taylor, R. Simpson, T. and Simpson, D. Jamaica.
Twycross, W. and Harrison, T. jun. Godalming, Surrey, paper makers.
Todd, A. M. Clement's-la. Lombard st. and Hely, P. Oporto.
Verrall, H. and Verrall, G. Brighthelmstone, cabinet makers.
Watt, K. Clough, W. and Watt, S. Warrington, tool-manufacturers.
Williams, J. Williams, J. R. and Williams, B. N. Pudding la. insurance-agents.
Ward, I. Waite, J. and Waite, T. Flanshaw, York, scribbling-mill owners.
White, J. and Power, W. Havant, Southampton, fellmongers.
Walker, J. Heap, S. and Heap, J. Manchester and Ashton-under-Line, Lancaster, cotton manufacturers.
Wrigley, J. and Haworth, J. Clitherose, cotton spinners.

NEW PATENTS.

HENDRICK MIGHELIS VAN HENGHUYSEN, of Chancery lane, London; for a new method of propelling small vessels or boats through water, and light carriages over land. Dated July 28, 1821.

DAVID BARCLAY, of Broad-street, London, Merchant, for a spiral lever or rotary standard press. Communicated to him by a certain Foreigner residing abroad. Dated July 26, 1821.

THOMAS BARKER, of Oldham, Lancaster, and JOHN RAWLINSON HARRIS, of Winchester-place, Southwark, Hat Manufacturers, for certain improvements in the method of cleaning furs and wools, used in the manufacture of hats, from kemps and hairs. Dated July 30, 1821.

JOHN RICHARD BARRY, of the Minories, London, Gentleman, for certain improvements on, and additions to, wheeled carriages. Dated July 30, 1821.

SAMUEL BAGSHAW, of Newcastle-under-Line, Staffordshire, Gentleman, for a method of forming and manufacturing vases, urns, basins and other ornamental articles, which have been heretofore usually made of stone or marble, from a combination of materials never before made use of in manufacturing of such articles. Dated July 26, 1821.

JOHN MANTON, of Dover-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, Gun-maker, for an improvement in the construction of locks of all kinds of fowling pieces and fire arms. Dated July 30, 1821.

THOMAS BENNETT, Jun. of Bewdley, Worcestershire, Builder, for certain improvements in steam engines or steam apparatus. Dated Aug. 4, 1821.

JOHN SLATER, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Manufacturer; for improvements in making a kitchen range and apparatus for cooking and other purposes. Dated Aug. 4, 1821.

WILLIAM HENRY HIGMAN, of Bath, Somersetshire, Sadler and Coach Harness Maker, for certain improvements in the construction of harness, which he conceives will afford great relief to horses in drawing carriages of various descriptions, and be of public utility. Dated Aug. 14, 1821.

DAVID GORDON, of Edinburgh, now residing at Stanmore, Esq.; for certain improvements in the construction of wheeled carriages. Dated Aug. 14, 1821.

JEAN FREDERIC MARQUIS DE CHABANNES, of Russell place, Fitzroy square, Middlesex, for a new method and apparatus for attracting and catching of fish. Dated Aug. 14, 1821.

JOHN COLLINGE, of Lambeth, Surrey, Engineer; for an improvement on cast iron rollers for sugar mills, by more permanently fixing them to their gudgeons. Dated Aug. 14, 1821.

JOHN NICHOL, of West End, St. John's, Hampstead, Middlesex, Master Mariner, for an improved capstan, windlass, and hawse roller. Dated Aug. 22, 1821.

LONDON MARKETS. Sept. 21st 1821.

COTTON.—The purchases of Cotton since our last consist of—310 Bengal, 5¾d. a 6½d. in bond.—250 Surats, 6½d. a 8d. in bond.—50 Madras, 7d. a 7¼d. in bond.—150 Upland, 9½d. in bond.—50 Pernambuco, 12½d. in bond. The arrivals, from the 11th to the 20th inst. inclusive.—Calcutta, 819. Madras, 50. Jamaica, 207. Rio Janeiro, 50. The accounts from Liverpool received this morning are very favourable; the sales for the first three days this week average 2000 bags per day. The prices of Cotton here are little varied; notwithstanding the extensive sale declared by the East India Company, there are no sellers at any reduction: the particulars of the quantity at present declared—Bengal, 9548—Surats, 5975—Madras 576—Bourbon 233. 16,332.

COFFEE.—The quantity of Coffee brought forward this week has been very extensive, yesterday, in one sale, 687 casks and 602 bags, and, as the greater proportion consisted of ordinary, good, and fine ordinary Jamaica, a further depression of 3s. in the prices may be stated since Tuesday, and since this day week the market has declined 6s. per cwt. in the ordinary descriptions; the finer qualities are also lower, but no considerable depression has taken place. Havannah Coffee has fallen this week 3s. a 4s. per cwt.; St. Domingo about 2s.—By public sale this forenoon, 145 bags, 101 brls. and 99 hhds. Havannah Coffee went off at the prices of yesterday, fine ordinary 106s. 6d. and 107s. good ordinary 103s. and 103s. 6d.

SUGAR.—There is little alteration in the prices of Muscovades this week; the sales are more limited; the fine Sugars fully support the previous prices, and in some instances are a shade higher, the inferior browns still hang heavily on hand.—There have been considerable purchases this week of Lumps and Loaves, the refiners in consequence are very firm, and in several instances prices have been realised which were not before attainable: the stocks of goods on hand are very much reduced, and many houses have worked out. The holders of Foreign Sugars are not inclined to accept the present low prices of the market, the purchases by private contract are in consequence quite inconsiderable. By public sale this forenoon, 69 chests Brazil Sugars were brought forward; grey sold 26s. a 28s. yellow 21s. a 22s. 6d. brown 18s. and 18s. 6d.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The brisk and extensive demand for Rum which we have lately noticed is rather giving way; the purchases reported yesterday and this forenoon are inconsiderable; the late advance in the prices is however firmly maintained.—The enquiries for Brandy continue considerable, 3s. 10d. and 3s. 11d. realised for good Cogniacs, and the holders are asking 4s.—There is no alteration to notice in Geneva.

OILS.—There are several vessels reported from the Davis Streights Fishery this week; they are well fished, but report indifferently of the ships they spoke. The accounts they bring are not credited, and in consequence the Oil market must be stated exceedingly heavy: one or two parcels are reported at 23*l*. and 24*l*. but the first price would not be obtained for a cargo or a large parcel.

TALLOW.—The Tallow market is in a very depressed state; no sales of yellow candle Tallow can be made to-day at 45s. The Town market is quoted 49s. 6d. which is the same as last week.

FROM THE 20TH OF AUGUST, TO THE 24TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

	Aug. 20 [illegible]	[illegible]	Sept. [illegible] to 10	Sept. 10 to 17	Sept. 17 [illegible]
BREAD, per quartern	0 10		0 11	1 0½	1 0½
Flour, Fine, per sack	53 0 a	0	65 0 a [illegible] 0	65 0 a 7[illegible] 0	65 0 a 7[illegible]
——, Seconds	42 0 a [illegible]	0	50 0 a [illegible] 0	60 0 a 6[illegible] 0	50 0 a 6[illegible]
——, Scotch	40 0 a [illegible]	0	50 0 a [illegible] 0	50 0 a 5[illegible] 0	50 0 a 5[illegible]
Malt	42 0 a [illegible]	0	50 0 a [illegible] 0	60 0 a 7[illegible] 0	56 0 a 6[illegible]
Pollard	15 0 a 1[illegible]	0	15 0 a 1[illegible] 0	16 0 a 1[illegible] 0	15 0 a 17
Bran	6 0 a	0	6 0 a [illegible] 0	6 0 a [illegible] 0	6 0 a 7
Mustard, Brown, per bushel	9 0 a 1[illegible]	0	9 [illegible] a 1[illegible] 0	9 0 a 1[illegible] 0	9 0 a 1[illegible]
——, White	7 0 a	0	7 0 a [illegible] 0	7 0 a [illegible] 0	7 0 a [illegible]
Tares	5 0 a	0	5 0 a [illegible] 0	5 0 a [illegible] 0	5 0 a [illegible]
Turnips, Round	36 0 a 3[illegible]	0	36 0 a 3[illegible] 0	36 0 a 3[illegible] 0	30 0 a 3[illegible]
Hemp, per quarter	45 0 a 5[illegible]	0	45 0 a 5[illegible] 0	45 0 a 5[illegible] 0	45 0 a 50
Cinque Foil	0 0 a	0	0 0 a [illegible] 0	0 0 a [illegible] 0	0 0 a 0
Clover, English, Red, per cwt.	24 0 a [illegible]	0	24 0 a 6[illegible] 0	36 0 a 8[illegible] 0	36 0 a 80
——, White	40 0 a [illegible]	[illegible]	40 0 a 9[illegible] 0	50 0 a 9[illegible] 0	60 0 a 96
Trefoil	0 0 a	0	0 0 a [illegible] 0	0 0 a [illegible] 0	0 0 a 0
Rape Seed, per last	29 0 a 2[illegible]	0	30 0 a 3[illegible] 0	30 0 a 3[illegible] 0	30 0 a 31
Linseed Cakes, per 1000	10 0 a [illegible]	0	9 10 a 0 0	9 10 a [illegible] 0	9 [illegible] a 0
Onions, per bushel	0 0 a 0	0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0
Potatoes, Kidneys, per t[illegible]	0 0 a 0		0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0
——, Champions	0 0 a 0		0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 [illegible]	0 0 a 0
Beef } Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	2 8 a [illegible]		2 8 a 3 8	2 6 a 3 0	2 4 a 3
Mutton	2 4 a 3		2 4 a 3 4	2 4 a 3 4	2 6 a 3
Lamb	3 4 a 4		3 4 a 4 4	3 4 a 4 4	3 0 a 4
Veal	3 [illegible]		3 0 a 5 0	3 0 a 5 [illegible]	2 8 a 4
Pork	3 4 a 4	[illegible]	3 4 a 4 4	3 4 a 4 4	2 4 a 4
Butter, Dublin, per cwt.	0 0 a 0	[illegible]	72 0 a 74 0	74 0 a 76 0	76 0 a 78
——, Carlow	74 0 a 0	0	76 0 a 0 0	80 0 a 0 0	82 0 a 84
——, Dutch	70 0 a 76	[illegible]	80 0 a 0	88 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 0
——, York, per firkin	40 0 a 42	[illegible]	40 0 a 42 0	44 0 a 46 0	44 0 a 46
——, Cambridge	42 0 a 44	[illegible]	42 0 a 44 0	46 0 a 48 0	46 0 a 48
——, Dorset	44 0 a 46	[illegible]	44 0 a 46 0	46 0 a 48 [illegible]	46 0 a 48
Cheese, Cheshire, Old	56 0 a 76	[illegible]	56 0 a 76 0	56 0 a 70 0	56 0 a 70
——, Ditto, New	50 0 a 66	[illegible]	50 0 a 0	50 0 a 66 [illegible]	50 0 a 66
——, Gloucester, doubled	70 0 a 74	[illegible]	70 0 a 74 0	70 0 a 74 [illegible]	70 0 a 74
——, Ditto, single	50 0 a 54	[illegible]	50 0 a 54 0	50 0 a 54 [illegible]	50 0 a 54
——, Dutch	44 0 a 0	[illegible]	44 0 a 0 0	44 0 a 0 [illegible]	44 0 a 0
Hams, Westphalia	0 0 [illegible]		0 [illegible] a 0 0	0 0 a 0 [illegible]	0 0 a 0
——, York	0 0 a	[illegible]	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 [illegible]	0 0 a 0
Bacon, Wiltshire, per stone	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	4 0 a 0 0	4 0 a 0 [illegible]	4 0 a 0
——, Irish	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 [illegible] a 2 10	2 8 a 2 [illegible]	2 8 a 2 1[illegible]
——, York, per cwt.		[illegible]	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 [illegible]	0 0 a 0
Lard		[illegible]	40 0 a 0	40 0 a 0 [illegible]	40 0 a 0
Tallow, per cwt.			2 7	2 7 0	2 7 0
Candles, Store, per doz.			10	10 6	10 6
Ditto, Moulds			12	12 0	12 0
Soap, Yellow, per cwt.			60	80 0	80 0
Ditto, Mottled			00	90 0	90 0
Ditto, Curded			0	0 0	0 0
Starch		0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0	0 0 a 0
Coals, Newcastle		[illegible]	34 6 a [illegible] 9	34 6 a 42	34 6 a 42
Ditto, Sunderland		[illegible]	35 0 a 43 0	35 0 a 43	35 0 a 43
Hops, in bags { Kent		[illegible]	2 0 a 3 15	2 0 a 3	2 0 a [illegible]
Sussex			2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3	2 0 [illegible]
Hay } St. James's averaged			4 4 0	4 4 0	4 4 [illegible]
Clover			4 15 0	4 10 0	4 10 0
Straw			1 [illegible] 0	2 0 6	2 0 6
Hay } Smithfield averaged			4 [illegible] 0	4 4 0	4 4 0
Clover			5 [illegible] 0	5 0 0	5 0 0
Straw			1 13 0	1 16 0	1 16 0
Hay } Whitechapel averaged			4 [illegible] 0	4 4 0	4 4 0
Clover			5	5 0 0	5 0 0
Straw					

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, from the Returns received in the Week

	Ending Aug. 25		Ending Se[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]nding Sept	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.		s.	d.
WHEAT	55	11	54	7	55		61	6
RYE	26	1	25	10	25		27	5
BARLEY	20	10	20	0	19		21	1
OATS	31	3	26	7	26		28	9
BEANS	29	2	[illegible]	2	27		29	2
PEAS	31	[illegible]		0	30		31	10
OATMEAL	00	0	0	0	00	0	00	0

Published by Authority of Parliament [illegible]

AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN OR MUSCOVADO SUGAR,

Exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the Importation thereof into Great Britain. Computed from the Returns made in the Week ending

Aug. 29, is 31s. 9¼d. per cwt. | Sept. 5, is 32s. 7¼d. per cwt. | Sept. 12, is 31s. 8¼d. per cwt. | Sept. 19, is 31s. 11¼d. per cwt.

SEASON, 1821—22.

EAST INDIA SHIPS,

With their Managing Owners, Commanders, Principal Officers, Surgeons, Pursers, Time of coming afloat, Sailing, &c.

[illegible]	Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tonnage	Managing Owner.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To sail to Gravesend.	To be in the Downs.
4	Earl of Balcarras	Beng. & China	1417	Company's Ship	Pet. Cameron									
1	David Scott		1300	Joseph Hare	Wm. Hunter							1821.	1821.	1821.
3	Thomas Coutts	Mad. & China	1334	S. Marjoribanks	W. Marjoribanks									
1			1300	Joseph Hare	Kennard Smith							11 Oct.	26 Oct.	1 Dec.
	[illegible]	Bomb. & China	1325	George Palmer	Mont. Hamilton									
	Duke of York		1327	S. Marjoribanks	Arch. H. Campbell									
1	Warwickshire		1300	S. Marjoribanks	John Shepherd									
1	Dutchess of Athol	Beng. & China	1300	Wm. E. Ferrers	Edw. M. Daniell							9 Nov	24 Nov.	31 Dec.
3	Orwell	St. Hel. Bomb. & China	1335	Matthew Isacke	Thos. Sanders									
4	[illegible]		1300	John Campbell	James Walker									1822.
2	Thames	Beng. & China	1330	Hen. Blanshard	Wm. Havside							24 Nov	9 Dec.	14 Jan.
3	Buckinghamshire	Bomb. & China	1369	Company's Ship	Fred. Adams									
5	Castle Huntly		1200	J. H. Gledstanes	H. A. Drummond							9 Dec	24 Dec.	31 Jan.
6	Marquis of Huntly	China	1200	J. Mac Taggart	Don. Mac Leod							1822	1822.	
8	Lady Melville		1200	Sir Rob. Wigram	John Stewart							17 Jan	28 Jan.	28 Feb.
5	London		1332	Company's Ship	John B. Sotheby									
3	Canning		1326	Company's Ship	Wm. Patterson							7 Mar	23 Mar.	27 April

20th September, 1821.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*	1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*	1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obse*
Aug. 26	29.99	64	SE	Fair	Sept. 5	29.81	70	S	Fair	Sept. 14	29.91	57	SE	Rain
27	30.09	61	SE	Show.	6	29.87	68	S	Ditto	15	30.16	54	N	Fair
28	29.88	58	E	Rain	7	29.54	63	SW	Rain	16	30.10	65	WNW	Ditto
29	29.68	56	E	Ditto	8	29.59	65	NW	Show.	17	30.04	64	W	Ditto
30	29.65	62	SW	Fair	9	29.66	66	W	Ditto	18	29.88	61	W	Ditto
31	29.64	63	SW	Clou.	10	29.64	61	W	Ditto	19	29.89	63	NW	Ditto
Sept. 1	29.88	61	N	Ditto	11	29.89	60	SW	Fair	20	29.90	57	W	Rain
2	29.88	64	SW	Fair	12	29.57	58	WSW	Show.	21	29.84	63	SW	Ditto
3	29.88	67	SW	Ditto	13	29.87	56	NW	Fair	22	29.73	64	NE	Show.
4	29.76	64	W	Ditto										

PRICE of SHARES in CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, ROADS, WATER-WORKS, FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c. Sept. 21st, 1821.

	Shares of £.	*Present Price per Sha.* £.		*Div. received per Ann.* £.	
Birmingham Canal (divided)	25	560		24	
Chesterfield	100	120		8	
Coventry	100	970		44	
Derby	100	135		6	
Erewash	100	1000		58	
Grand Junction	100	218		9	
Grand Surrey	100	60		3	
Grand Union	100	—		—	
Do. Loan	—	95		5	
Grantham	150	130		7	
Huddersfield	100	13		—	
Kennet and Avon	100	17			16
Leeds and Liverpool	100	315		12	
Leicester	—	290		14	
Loughborough	—	3,000		170	
Monmouthshire	100	—		10	
Nutbrook	100	105		6	2
Oxford	100	610		32	
Shrewsbury	125	165		9	
Shropshire	100	110		7	10
Somerset Coal	50	107	10	7	
Ditto Lock Fund	—	74		4	
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	100	700		40	
Stourbridge	145	210		9	
Thames and Severn, New	—	21	10	—	
Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk	200	1810		75	
Warwick and Birmingham	100	224		12	
Warwick and Napton	100	210		11	
Bristol Dock	146	15		—	
Commercial Dock	100	60		3	
East India	100	168		10	

	Shares of £.	*Present Price per Sha.* £.		*Div. received per Ann.* £.	
London	100	101	10	4	
West India	100	176		10	
Southwark Bridge	100	13		—	
Vauxhall	100	15		—	
Waterloo	100	5	5	—	
Commercial Road	100	109	10	5	
Ditto East India Branch	100	100		5	
East London Water-Works	100	87		—	
Grand Junction	50	55		2	10
Kent	100	32	10	—	
Liverpool Bootle	220	75		—	
London Bridge	—	50		2	10
West Middlesex	—	50		2	
Albion Insurance	500	44		2	10
Atlas	50	4	15		6
Bath	—	375		40	
Birmingham Fire	1000	300		25	
County	100	39		2	10
Eagle	50	2	12 6		5
Globe	100	123		6	
Imperial	500	90		4	10
London Fire	25	24		1	4
London Ship	25	20		1	
Royal Exchange	—	250		10	
Union	200	40		1	8
Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.)	50	58	10	4	
City Gas Light Company	100	103		8	
London Institution	75 gs.	33		—	
Surrey	30 gs.	6		—	
Auction Mart	50	22		1	5
British Copper Company	100	52		2	10

Rate of Government Life Annuities, payable at the Bank of England.

When 3 per cent. Stock is 76 and under 77.

single life of 35 receives for 100*l.* stock	5	4	0	average-rate 100*l.* money	6	15	11
40	5	10	0		7	3	9
45	5	18	0		7	14	3
50	6	9	0		8	8	7
55	7	2	0		9	5	7
60	7	19	0		10	7	10
65	9	4	0		12	0	0
70	11	2	0		14	10	2
75 and upwards	11	1	0		18	7	4

All the intermediate ages will receive in proportion.

Reduction National Debt and Government Life Annuity Office, Bank-street, Cornhill.

COURSE *of the* EXCHANGE, *from Aug.* 28, *to Sept.* 25, 1821, *both inclusive.*

Amsterdam, c. f.	12—17 a 12—16
Ditto at sight	12—14 a 12—13
Rotterdam	12—18 a 12—17
Antwerp	12—9
Hamburgh	38—2 a 38—1
Altona	38—3 a 38—2
Paris, 3 day's sight	25—70
Ditto	26
Bourdeaux	26
Frankfort on the Main, ex money	158 a 157
Petersburg, 3 Us. per rble	9¼
Vienna, Ef. 2 m. flo.	10—25 a 10—23
Trieste ditto	10—25 a 10—23
Madrid	36
Cadiz	36
Bilboa	35¼
Barcelona	35¼
Seville	35¼
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	43¾
Venice Italian Liv.	27—60
Malta	45
Naples	40 a 39¾
Palermo per oz.	116d. a 118d.
Lisbon	50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	49 a 48½
Bahia	50
Dublin	9½ a 9¼
Cork	9

PRICES *of* BULLION, *at per Ounce.*

Portugal Gold, in coin	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Foreign Gold in Bars	3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Doubloons	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Dollars	0*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* a 0*l.* 4*s.* 9¾*d.*
Silver in Bars, Standard	4*s.* 11*d* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Louis, each	———

The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices.

JAMES WETENHALL, SWORN BROKER.

Printed by Joyce Gold, 103, Shoe Lane, London.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS FROM 27, AUGUST, TO 25, SEPTEMBER, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1821. Days.	Bank Stock.	3perCt Reduc	3perCt Consol	3½pCt. Consol	4perCt Consol	5perCt. Navy.	Long Anns.	Irish 5perCt	Imp. 3 per Ct.	Omnium.	India Stock.	So.Sea Stock.	OldSo. Sea An	NwSo Sea An	4 per cent. Ind. Bon.	2 per Day Ex. Bills.	Cons. for Acct.
Aug.27	—	76⅛ 6	75⅞ ⅛	86 ½	95¾ ½	109 8⅜	19⅛ ½	—	—	—	—	83⅛ ¼	76	—	60spr	4s 6pr.	76 5⅛
28	235	75⅞ 6¼	75½	86⅛	95¼ ½	108¾ 9	19½ 9/16	—	75¼	—	—	—	—	—	61s 60pr.	5s 3pr.	75 ½
29	—	76⅛ 5⅞	75½ ⅜	86¼	95⅛ ¼	109 8⅞	19 9/16 ½	—	75¼	—	—	—	—	—	59s 60pr.	5s 2pr.	76 5¾
30	235	76 ¼	76 5⅞	86⅜ ¼	95½ 5	108¾ 9	19½ ⅝	—	—	—	231¾	—	—	—	—	4s 2pr.	76 5⅞
31	235 6	77 6½	76¼ 5¾	87⅛	96 5¾	108⅞ 9⅛	19 11/16 ⅝	—	76 ⅛	—	232½	—	—	—	59s 60pr.	4s 2pr.	76⅞ ¼
Sept. 1	236 6	76½ ¼	75⅞ ½	86⅞	95¼ ½	108⅞ ⅞	19 11/16 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	61spr	5s 3pr.	76 ⅜
3	236 5½	76⅜ ⅝	75½ 6	—	95 ⅞	108¾ ⅞	19⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	60s 61pr.	3s 5pr.	75⅞ 6⅛
4	236 7	76⅜ ¼	75¾ 6	86½ ⅞	95⅝ 6	108¾ 9	19 9/16 ⅝	—	—	—	233½	83⅜	—	—	61s 62pr.	5s 2pr	76¼ ⅜
5	—	—	75¾ ½	86⅞	—	108¼ ⅞	19½ ⅝	—	—	—	—	83⅛	—	—	—	4s 2pr.	76⅛ 5⅞
6	—	—	75⅝ ⅞	86¾ ⅝	—	108¾ 9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	75⅛	63spr.	2s 4pr.	76 ¼
7	—	—	75¼ [illegible]	86⅝	—	108 8⅞	—	—	75⅜	—	233½	83½	—	—	65s 64pr.	4s 2pr	76 ⅛
8	—	—	75⅜ [illegible]	—	—	109 8⅞	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	64spr	4s 2pr.	76
10	—	—	75⅝ [illegible]	—	—	109 8[illegible]	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4s 2pr.	76 5¾
11	—	—	75⅞ [illegible]	—	—	108⅞ 9⅛	—	—	—	—	233¼	83	—	75¼	62spr	3s 1pr.	75⅞ [illegible]
12	—	—	75½ [illegible]	—	—	109⅛ 8¾	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	1s 3pr.	75⅞ [illegible]
13	—	—	75⅝ [illegible]	—	—	108⅞ 9⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	3s 1pr	75¾ [illegible]
14	—	—	75¾ [illegible]	—	—	109 8¾	—	—	75⅛	—	—	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	2s 3pr.	75¾ [illegible]
15	—	—	75⅝ [illegible]	—	—	109	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	62spr	3s 2pr.	75¾ [illegible]
17	—	—	75⅝ [illegible]	—	—	109 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	64s 63pr.	2s 3pr.	75⅞ 6⅛
18	—	—	75¾ ⅞	—	—	109 ¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	1s 4pr.	76 [illegible]
19	—	—	76 ¼	—	—	109¼ ½	—	—	76	—	234 ½	—	—	—	64s 63pr.	6s 1pr	76¼ [illegible]
20	—	—	76¼	—	—	109⅜ ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	84	—	—	64s 63pr.	3s 1pr.	76½ [illegible]
21	—	Holiday								—							
22	—	—	75⅞ 6⅛	—	—	109¼ ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	2spr	76¼ ⅜
24	—	—	76⅛	—	—	109¼ [illegible]	—	—	—	—	233¾	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	2pr. par	76⅜ ¼
25	—	—	76 ¾	—	—	109½ ½	—	—	—	—	234 ¼	—	—	—	64spr	par 2pr.	76⅜ ½

All Exchequer Bills dated in the month of Sept. 1820, and prior thereto, have been advertised to be paid off.

N. B. *The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices*, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1718, and now published, *every Tuesday and Friday*, *under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by*

JAMES WETENHALL, *Stock-Broker*, No. 15 Angel court, Throgmorton-street, London;

On application to whom, the original documents for near a century past may be referred to.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

OCTOBER, 1821.

With a Portrait of Her Highness the PRINCESS ALLXANDRINA VICTORIA.

CONTENTS.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND SOLD AT THE LATE JAMES ASPERNE'S,

BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,

32, CORNHILL:

(*Where Communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed, Post paid.*)

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE EDITOR'S CONVERSAZIONÉ.

"*Stanzas written in haste*" by *S. S. S.*—We very much dislike such *crooked* proceedings;—these *hasty* poems, therefore, must be corrected at *leisure*, before we can venture to make them public.

We, yesterday morning, Friday, October the 12th, successfully concluded the perusal of a long and laboured epistle, dated from *Kilderkin House, Shropshire*, on September the 29th, after thirteen successive attempts, repeated every morning immediately after breakfast: as being the most clear-headed part of the day with us for decyphering hieroglyphics. As the subject is far too abstruse for a *viva voce* reply in our *Conversazioné*, we have, however, despatched an answer by post.

A respected contemporary of our's last month exclaimed, "*The soul of Tomkins was abroad*;"—if this be the case, we anxiously hope, that he will not fail paying a visit to some of our Correspondents;—for "not to speak it profanely," the penmanship of several requires amendment most sadly.

The Nymph *Erato*, who has so condescendingly obliged us with some Rhymes about *Evening*, is certainly *not* one of the Muses; and *Eliza C.*—it almost breaks our tender heart thus to refuse two Ladies successively,—but even *Eliza* must also forgive our rejection of her lines on *Buonaparte*.

We have also to acknowledge the honour of a communication filling three sides of black-edged wove post, from another fair Correspondent at Hampstead, and containing sundry hints and suggestions for our future government, and remarks upon our past conduct, relating to Politics, Miss Templeton, the Conversazioné, and our Balaam Box.—Now in our opinion, both public and private, *Politics* are a subject with which, we humbly conceive, Ladies have not the most remote concern, and we do therefore, at once, enter our most vehement protest against any friend of our's disfiguring rosy lips, and ivory teeth, with such ungraceful and unfeminine arguments. *En passant*, however, to prove our impartiality even upon *that* subject, we are very willing to insert a Defence of the Radicals, upon two conditions;—the first, that it is made perfectly clear and intelligible; and, secondly, that it is very short!—Upon the subject of our *Balaam Box*, we have left a miniature of our Cousin Rosamond at our Publisher's, and merely add, that,—

"When a Lady's in the case,
We know all other things give place."

With respect to our *Conversazioné*, we can only make our best bow, and imitating Kemble, as well as we can, which we think will be very tolerably, repeat,—

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
And those, who live to please, must please to live!"

And, lastly, as regarding *Ellen Templeton*, to preclude the possibility of her Brother's misconceiving the Lady's sentiments by any bungling transcription on our part, we shall enclose her whole Letter to Cheltenham immediately we have concluded this answer. Amongst the *Omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis* of this distinguished epistle, there is, however, a dark inuendo of our neglect, in not acknowledging some former missives from the same pen. To this we fear we must plead guilty, we may have done so; for had we the hundred hands of Briareus, we could not answer all, and we notice the allusion only to add the hope, that we have made the *amende honorable* upon the present occasion.

The communication of *Atticus* is, in our opinion, not of sufficient importance for publication.

Homo shall receive our earliest attention; in the mean time, as our friend *Bottom*, in the Play, says,—"Let him roar again!"

We hope to avail ourselves of the paquet of *S.* from *Bruce Grove* very speedily; and in the mean time beg our best thanks for the polite letter accompanying it.

A private Letter for *A. A. W.* is left at our Publisher's.

Severe indisposition during what is constantly the most active part of *our* month, must apologize for the neglect of several articles, intended for the present Number of our Magazine: amongst which is, *Captain G. Webb De Renzy's "Enchiridion; or a Hand for the One-handed;"* a work of very singular tact, and ingenuity; which we can only now wish to be of all the benefit it appears so well calculated to afford to those, who, like it's gallant author, have lost an arm in the service of their country.—"*The Report of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline*," shall certainly be attended to next month.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1821.

PORTRAIT OF HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA.

ENGRAVED BY J. THOMSON, FROM A DRAWING BY WIVELL, TAKEN, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST BY PETER TURNERELLI, ESQ.

This Royal Infant, Heaven still move about her!
Though scarce uncradled, yet now promises
Upon this land, a thousand thousand blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripeness. SHAKSPEARE.

THE illustration of our present month's Portrait is necessarily restricted to the few dates connected with the birth of it's interesting Original, whom the decease of her Royal Father has now left the Child of her Country.

On the untimely decease of the late Princess Charlotte, in 1816, measures of national policy rendering the early marriage of the junior branches of our Royal Family an object of national importance; the choice of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent was fixed upon the Princess Victoria Maria Louisa, widow of the late Prince of Leiningen, and sister of the Prince of Saxe Coburg. The Duke of Kent being then resident abroad, the Royal Pair were married at Coburg, on May 29, 1818, and were remarried by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Kew Palace, on the 11th of the following July. Almost immediately after this second ceremony, the Royal Couple retired to the Duchess's seat at Amorbach, until her Royal Highness's pregnancy induced them again to visit England; when, on Monday, the 24th of May, 1819, the Duchess was safely delivered of a daughter, at his Majesty's Palace at Kensington; the Duke of Sussex, with the Duke of Wellington, and several other great Officers of State, being present. In the course of the following month, the infant Princess was baptised in the presence of the Prince Regent, &c. &c. and received the names of ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA; the Emperor Alexander of Russia standing, by proxy, as one of her Highness's sponsors.

Having, late in 1819, removed to Sidmouth, for the benefit of the milder air of Devonshire for the Duchess and her infant daughter during the ensuing winter, the Duke of Kent was there seized with that fatal illness, which, on the 23d of January 1820, only six days before the decease of his venerable Father, summoned him to another and a better world; leaving a name justly dear to the gratitude of his country, and possessing a character truly worthy of universal imitation. The Duke of Kent's daughter is, at present, presumptive Heiress to the Throne of Britain, as standing in the place of her Royal Father, and neither of her elder uncles having children; and if succeeding also to the virtues, as to the honours of her parents, the subjects who own her sway hereafter, will, in the most emphatic meaning of the phrase, possess a truly British Queen:—while under the auspices of her amiable and pious Mother, learning Virtue's lessons, whence they are sweetest, she will, we doubt not, be so trained as to become all, which, in future years, can "make a people happy, or a nation great."

We know not if our friends will think it necessary for us to bear testimony to the very perfect resemblance of Mr. Turnerelli's most excellent sculpture; we cannot, however, omit noticing it's very superior accuracy.

SOLITUDE.

THERE are few subjects upon which poets and philosophers have dwelt with more intense earnestness, and taken more pains to recommend, than *Solitude*: yet it's advantages are few, and it's evils are many; while it's advocates are many, but it's *practical* supporters few.

A solitary life is peculiar to barbarism; and, in proportion to the advance of civilization, *solitary* existence declines: a proof that solitude is contrary to happiness; for happiness cannot be found where there is not communication of thought, or reciprocity of attention and kindness; where benevolence cannot act, and where affection cannot expand: a solitary life benefits no one, not even the recluse; for if it exclude the cares of busy life, the mere absence of care is not comfort: it has many cares peculiar to itself, which cannot be escaped, as we escape those which annoy us in society, by mingling with mankind; while all it's comforts are but negative: it is a state of quiescence, not of peace.—Peace is that calm of the mind which arises from the consciousness of performing all those duties; which refer as much, if not more, to others than ourselves: hence, the solitary can only do his duty to *himself*; no one else is the better for him; and where then shall he look for the testimony of mankind in corroboration of his having done his duty? and, as "No life is pleasing to God which is not useful to man," that testimony will be required hereafter: and he who cannot look with humble confidence to peace hereafter, cannot enjoy it now. A mere suspension of hostilities is not peace; and a dead calm has proved as dangerous as a storm.

The human mind, at all times weak, becomes weaker in solitude: restless and active in it's nature, it always requires some subject upon which to exercise itself and feed: this it ensures in society; but in solitude it must feed upon itself: and if it be of a melancholic temperament, which most, if not all, minds inclined to solitude are; it becomes like the famine-struck wretch, who feeding upon his own flesh, destroys his life the sooner by the mode he takes to prolong it; or if the mind do not feed upon itself, it starves, and is destroyed that way: lock up a piece of bright steel, it becomes rusty, and rust destroys it's elasticity as well as it's polish; keep it in perpetual use, it's polish encreases, and it's elasticity is improved.

It is said that solitude, by abstracting the mind from external excitements, enables man to become more acquainted with himself, and the character of his own heart, he being removed from temptation to sin, and from the obstructions occasioned by the confusing and distracting hubbub of society: that by debarring man from the luxuries of life, it induces him to become enamoured of temperance and simplicity; and by withdrawing him from the world, brings him nearer to God.

Notions of this kind may be *poetically* beautiful, but they are also *poetically* fictitious.

As God is omnipresent, why fly to solitudes to seek him? When he was upon earth, he was always found in society *doing good*; and he came here to set us an example. Thus, a man cannot be said to avoid all the luxuries of life, when he positively weds himself to the luxury of idleness; for the life of an ascetic is a life of idleness, or, at least, of indolence: and indolence is one of the greatest enemies of virtue; and without virtue there is no peace. Again, in regard to it's withdrawing a man from temptation, he is only delivered from one species of temptation to be exposed to another: the first, from an acquaintance with it's nature, he knows how to resist; but the other he is in danger of being subjected to, through ignorance of the proper means of opposing it: the bad passions, always active, treacherous, and rebellious, are controuled in society, by a constant conflict with the *good* ones, and the fear of censure; in solitude, neither of these controuls exist: where there is no fear of observation, there can be no fear of censure; and where there is no opportunity to exercise the good passions, how can they possibly be called into action? consequently the evil passions act upon the mind the more violently; and there is great danger of it's very serious adulteration; for the baser pas-

sions are always excited most by indolence, and the nobler ones by active life. Then, as to a more intimate acquaintance with God,—allowing that solitude, by preventing distraction, enables the mind the better to contemplate the great Being and his laws; still he expects us to contemplate his nature that we may be enabled to imitate it: and he gives us laws that we may obey them:—to imitate him, we must be active in good, and to obey his laws, we must labour for mankind as well as for ourselves: and I conceive, that if an analyzation of the minds of all ascetics—famous in their day, and sainted for their folly—could be obtained for our inspection, we should find the predominants in them, pride, idleness, ignorance, a love of ease, a love of notoriety, and no small portion of hypocrisy.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and man arrives the sooner at a proper knowledge of himself from studying his kind, because he has a source of comparison before him, and from comparison alone can we judge.

Solitude is said to be the parent of Reflection; but if the inferences of that reflection cannot be carried into practice, of what use are they? and for this reason, reflection in society is more profitably, because more *practically*, I may say, pursued than in solitude. Indeed, one would be loath to dignify the *brooding* of solitude with the name of reflection.

It must be understood, before I proceed farther, that it is not occasional solitude, or *retirement*, which I condemn, because that is obviously advantageous; but the love of that solitude which heretofore made men hermits and monks,—the latter notwithstanding were superior to the former, because a *few* of them directed their reflections to the use of society;—and though there be no danger of men becoming the latter in a Protestant country, nor the former in the full determination of the character; still there are those, who retire from society, and live on their own estates, or in their own solitary dwellings, abandoning their best duties for silent, solitary, speculative virtue; and resigning ardent activity for frigid contemplation. If anxieties be produced in society, it should be recollected that hopes and fears are the true impulses of action to the human mind; and that the mind wholly divested of solicitude is liable to stagnation; and stagnation and deterioration are intimately connected.

The virtues of solitude identify no generous principle: they are at best merely those of chastity, sobriety, and temperance,—*supposing* these three virtues actually practised,—which may all be exercised in society, and to greater advantage, and from a better motive; the motive in solitude being merely self-preservation: and this makes them moral policies instead of virtues; because moral virtues have a relative tendency towards the benefit of others; which cannot be the case in any state but that of the *social*.

He who flies to solitude to avoid temptation, flies from the enemy he is commanded to resist, and while he avoids the possibility of being tempted, he likewise abandons the opportunity of being "*provoked*" to good by example. Besides, the *Tempter* is always at hand, and he chose *solitude* for the scene in which he made his grand attempt upon the purity of our Saviour. The solitary at best is the *talent hidden in the napkin*; it is preserved, but not improved: and every one knows the sentence upon him who did not improve the talent.

Considered in every way, social intercourse has a decided superiority over solitude: the former invigorates the mind, while the latter enfeebles it; from the one we deduce experience, the basis of wisdom; from the other we derive little which savours not of folly. Society enlarges the heart; solitude contracts it: *that* warms the soul, *this* chills it. It is pleasing, instructive, and salutary, to contemplate nature in her beauty, as in solitude; but more so to imitate her in her operations, as in society. He who passes a day in silent meditation upon the "loveliness of nature" in solitude, pursues a delectable employ; but he who devotes a day to the active study of her *best* book, mankind, to discover the wants and capabilities of human nature, lessening the one and assisting the other, follows an employ infinitely more felicitous, as infinitely more wise and *dutiful*.

Solitude produces timidity, and virtue requires courage: solitude will make a sectarist, but never made a *saint*,—though many have been made saints for embracing it: but have we assured ourselves that they were, *when made*, accepted where *all is holy!*

Society, in fact, should be, as it were our *regimen;* solitude our medicine: the latter being useful only as a corrective or sedative:—a remedy to be continued no longer than the disease through which it is applied continues.

Nothing in nature favours a disposition to solitude, otherwise than as an occasional rectifier:—and I may be asked, why I dilate upon this propensity in an age when hermits cease to exist?—I answer, hypochondriacs exist in all ages, and melancholy is called the *English malady:* and I would warn all Englishmen against that peevish tendency of mind which induces to an abstraction from society: the man who shuts himself up in his chamber, and escapes observation, is as much a hermit, as he who inhabits a cave in a wood:—in short, he who does not do every thing in his power for the benefit of society, whether he lives out of, or in it; is, to all the intents and purposes for which he was born, as much a narrow minded, selfish ascetic towards the world, as the pitiable tenant of a cave, or the mortified inmate of a cell. D.

THE LAST LEAF OF THE PARISH-REGISTER.

M. VIVANT DENON *soi-disant* Junior, has made himself very merry with the National Institute and his English readers; but among the incidents which enriched his "Hundred Days in England," he has forgotten to number his visit to the synagogue to see the Wandering Jew, with whom, as he assured an eminent scholar, he spent three hours in Hebrew discourse; though at the very same time he was, or seemed to be, at the new theatre. And when asked to explain this Hindoo property of being in two places at once, he gravely replied, that a familiar demon walked about in his likeness. I shall not injure M. Denon's credit among his learned brethren, by hinting that the visit he paid to the Central Regions of the Earth, on which he has wasted so much physiological pedantry, was in truth only a visit to the tavern in the Strand commonly called the Coal-hole: nor shall I detail what alarm he caused at a provincial ball by standing under the orchestra with his notebook in his hand, and intimating to the stewards that the minister had accepted from him the prospectus of a plan for ameliorating the poor's rates by three methods,—*First*, By sending rich men's children to charity-schools, and taking the sums usually expended on their education to help the revenue.—*Secondly*, By sending all vagrants, viz. watering-place strollers, to their own parishes, or to workhouses, for the benefit of the public.—*Thirdly*, By making a list of every lady and gentleman's public acquaintance, commonly called rout-visitors, card-droppers, and nodders; and levying a tax on him or her according to their number.—This extraordinary Prospectus circulated among the company like electric fluid; and as nobody chose to pay even five per cent. to government for their best friends, nor to beat hemp or turn a corn-mill instead of toiling in the dust or on the sands or chalk of a fashionable show-place, it was pleasant enough to see how instantly the most smiling Dandizetts became deaf and blind to their acquaintance, and laid aside all the elegant coquetries of the eyeglass and the fan, lest they should be included in M. Denon's list of professed exhibitors, and sent to the parish-house of Industry. I am not very sure that we should have escaped some personal affront if my companion had not diverted the assembly's attention by a mysterious hint that the Wandering Jew was present in the disguise of a Frenchman, and at that moment whistling Malbrook. Every ear was opened, and every eye fixed in astonishment, for this marvellous tune seemed to be whistled by each individual in succession; and the steward of the ball, a notorious freethinker and dreadnought in politics and religion, was covered with a cold dew of horror when he heard it issuing from his own throat, and saw his guests shrink from him as if they had expected a patriarch's

beard to cover his official medal and blue ribbon. M. Denon, satisfied with the success of his ventriloquism, made his escape with me while it's astounding effect lasted: but this adventure was not forgotten next day in the *Mural Literature* of the town,—in plain English I should have said, among the ballads and graphic specimens in chalk which decorate long walls and uninhabited houses. And I have no doubt that his new plan for the relief of the Poor, was the true reason of the buffeting which M. Denon has recorded as the second battle of Bosworth Field.

Having given this light to the most important part of his narrative, I may venture to throw some on the personage he calls Teapottus, because, as he once told me, this way of pronouncing my travelling name Thibaut, was more suited to the idiom of the Roman language from whence romances derive their appellation. I forgive him for this jest on the romantic colour of my life, and for his metaphorical reference to the blue demons that haunt the tea-table as my favourite companions. I cannot explain both better than by transcribing the memoir attached to the "last leaf of the Parish Register," so honourably mentioned in his.

At the end of a winding green lane, bordered by a few rude cottages in the manner of an English village, there is a manorhouse, sheltered from the traveller's eye by folding gates and high trees. I left my fellow-tourist at the inn to pursue his own schemes at leisure, while mine brought me to these gates, which opened slowly and unwillingly, as if hinges had been neglected, or deemed needless. When I had passed them, I found myself on the edge of a little bridge thrown without railings across a stream smooth as glass, which divided me from the square green area before a mansion of pure English architecture, such, at least, as once distinguished an ancient squire's tenement. There were still the pointed latticed windows, the sloping roof, the door raised only by one broad stone above the level of the earth, and the dairy and other appendages composing three parts of a comfortable square. But there was no smoke from the chimney, no paths worn in the turf-area by many feet going as in former times to that hospitable door, and the windows were all closed. I crossed the bridge again, and followed the course of the stream by a path close to it's brink, now choked with long grass. This stream, stretched above half-a-mile under the shadow cast by a mass of enormous trees, here and there crossed by a willow whose branches dipped into the water, till it reached the old corn-mill, and washed the walls of a modern cottage built for the miller. Near this place I knew I should find it's source, made holy by many delicious recollections; and I found it dignified by an inscription signifying that the King's hand had placed the first stone of the little arch that covered it. The spring itself, the purest in the kingdom, reposed as it used to do, in a natural basin of pebbles, the smallest of them glittering through it's transparency. A few steps more, hewn in the chalky soil, brought me to the rude terrace on which the church is seated in the centre of this green valley, and to the wicket-gate still belonging to the pastor's cottage and his rich orchard, whose abundance would have tempted me to felony, if my boyhood could have returned. But I had no longing except to see the parish-register; and the good old man, without any recollection of my face, admitted me to examine it. The name which interested me most occurred in no recent record of births, marriages, or deaths; and I remarked to my conductor that one leaf seemed wanting. "A strange tale is attached to it," he answered; "and the loss of this elder volume's last leaf may have caused the dead pause you have observed in the Vivian family."

The honest parish-priest related a rumour whose incorrectness made me smile; but I only replied by an ordinary comment on the varieties of human things. "And this book," I said, "as I have already told a learned fellow-traveller, would furnish to a well-informed historian more strange and romantic births, marriages, and deaths, than the northern Trouveurs, or southern Troubadours of France have left in their legends to modern gleaners. Two living geese, outside-passengers by the coach we travelled in, thrust their long necks so gracefully through the opposite sides of the basket that held them, as to suggest to my friend a new model of a classical vase; and why may not we

borrow a quill from their wings to convert this lost leaf of your register into a romance ?"

"Sir," said my cicerone, "if you, or your travelling companion possess and can spare any new edition of the romances gathered by Ellis, and Le Grand from the ancient hoards of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, you would bestow them charitably, yet not without profit, on my patron, Sir Launcelot Vivian, who is at least as deep in the learning of those days, as his namesake Sir Launcelot and the fair lady Vivian of the Lake were in the enchantments of their's. He has a library well qualified to enrich your stock of romantic legends, and a mind which needs all the amusement they can lend him."

I seized on this welcome overture, and told enough of myself and my travelling companion to warrant an introduction by the kind curate to his patron. And he led me by the arm up a high slope behind the woods to an eminence which overlooked the rich scenery of the whole province, little dreaming that the hand which rested on him had been guided by himself when it first used a pen, and had gathered for him every rare moss and wild flower on that ground.—"Yonder," said he, "is the new mansion-house of Sir Launcelot with it's white portico and curtain of flowering myrtles, which to my thinking are fitter for the young days of his daughter, than as a home for his old age ;—and I think the sound truths and comfortable shelter of our church-books, like the stout timbers of his ancient house and plantations, would be worthier for him to rest in, than the foppery of romancers which clung about the learning of the middle ages, or those blossoms hanging round his porch."

Even as he spoke we reached the light modern gate of cast iron fillagree work swinging between two graceful pyramids at the entrance of a garden sweep. And the mansion, a fashionable *villalette*, if such a word may be coined, had it's Venetian windows, lofty carved cornices, and spacious staircase brilliant with Brussels carpeting. Thereon we ascended to the saloon of Sir Launcelot Vivian, a lean old man with a purple countenance and a dress curiously composed of blue and grey. His shoes, however, were of the brightest black, and his ruffles of as distinguished white ; but there was a discontented and spleenful authority in his face, which seemed to say, like Hecate to the ministers of mischief,

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may."

And Hecate herself could not have blended them better than they appeared in his vinegar aspect ; but a creature stood near him whose presence seemed that of a benevolent fairy. She was about seventeen, with a form such as Canova has given to Hebe, and a face with the colouring Titian would have chosen for her. She was seated near his arm-chair, with a large folio resting on her knee ; and the old man turned the leaves as she requested, while his other hand rested among the curls upon her fair forehead. Then I perceived that he was blind ; and by thus touching both his treasures, the folio and the beautiful reader, assured himself of possessing them. And I also discovered by the constant fixture of her bright eyes on him, and the joy that laughed in them when she saw the muscles of his countenance express pleasure, that the narrative she was reciting came from memory, or was composed extempore.

"Do not interrupt her yet," said my guide, stopping in the anti-room—"This is her daily occupation several hours. She has read and repeated all the ancient romances of Charlemagne, Merlin, and Cœur de Lion's days, till they have ceased to interest even an antiquary's ear; but as his memory fails him, and her fancy does not, she continues to invent and detail adventures thus seated at his feet with a folio in her lap, which affords him the occupation of turning it's well-remembered leaves, and the pleasure of believing that he still hears the legends which delighted the most learned."

My informer caught a glance from her lively eye, which seemed to ask our absence till her story was finished, and he obeyed it by leading me into the open viranda she had made her conservatory. "She is here still," he added, with tears glistening in his eyes ;—"these flowers, and these birds

are all images of herself,—lovely, innocent, and cheerful prisoners,—gladdening the confinement they dwell in." —"But she who is thus devoted to it is *not* his daughter!"—these words escaped me, and I could not recall them. The curate eyed me earnestly. "Then you know something more of the Vivian family. I suspected it when you avoided treading on the stone which bears their name near my chancel; and much more when you looked at the initials on the old yew-tree:—Now I see they are your own!—how could I be deceived so long!"—He squeezed my hand passionately, and it would have been impossible for either of us to have added a word. We went out upon the lawn, and I wrote with my pencil a few lines on a card, expressing our intention to return at a fitter opportunity. My dear old schoolmaster gave it to a servant for Sir Launcelot, smiling as if he had recognized the handwriting he had once directed, and the pencil which had been his gift to me twenty years before. We went back to his little parsonage, and I seated myself in the corner he allowed me to fill on the wooden settle, when I had gained the place of honour in my school-days. "Now," said he, with a laugh broken by an hysteric sob, "I know my pupil again. Ah my dear Thibaut! times are altered here, but, thank God! I have not lost my memory, as Sir Launcelot has,—Yet he is happy, for he thinks that fair creature is the daughter he buried long since and she, though only his niece, is willing to spend her youth in soothing him by such tales as he once loved to decypher in black letter." "And I," replied, "I too have decyphered a tale written in the blackest letters of grief and guilt, and I ask no better recompense, but to hear it recited by such a speaker, and to such a listener." V.

HALLOWE'EN IN GERMANY, OR THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Communicated by the Baron REICHART VON VIRSMACHER, *of Crackleburg,*
And translated by a Student of the University of Gottingen

PART THE FIRST.

IT seems to be a superstition common to all nations, to suppose that there is a period in every year, when the foul spirits of another world are set at liberty to hold a solemn festival in this, together with demons, fiends, magicians, wizards, witches, and goblins of every description. Thus, the ancients had the anniversaries of the Gods Lares in May, the Dii Manes met every night, as well as the powerful wizards of Norway; the American Indians, and Hottentots, believed that the spirits of the dead rode on the storm, and that foul demons were let loose upon the moon during an eclipse. In Europe, and more especially in Britain, ghosts were at liberty on the second of November, or All Soul's Day. But it would be occupying too large a space to mention the times of these supernatural festivals throughout the world, and I shall therefore confine myself to one nation, and to one story.

Our sprites in Germany follow the custom of the ancient ghosts mentioned above; and meet in the spacious forests of the Harz, on the night of the first of May. It may well be supposed, that few mortals have ever broken in upon so unearthly and solemn an assembly; but, however, some have dared to do so, principally females, and various motives have been assigned for their extraordinary courage. The most elaborate and authentic records of Lienalle, whence the subsequent history has been extracted, contain the accounts of those who have ventured upon so hazardous an expedition, with the reasons which caused it; for our wizards and demons, although, like the English fairies, very courteous to such as enter their assembly to seek their friendship and assistance, never fail to revenge any other attempt to disturb their midnight orgies. In the said records we find it written, that they were chiefly women who have gone to the Harz Forest on the first of May, or, as it is here called, the Walpurgis Night: some of these went from curiosity, a great many from vanity, several because the Curate preached against it, and a very few from fervent love, and more exalted motives. From these volumes we also learn that the old Baroness Von Frumpenfrau went to enquire whether it would ever be her

fortune to enter the matrimonial estate, as, being in her sixty, her charms were already on the wane and there was no time to be lost. The young and volatile Suzanne Romeclass went for a cordial by which her old grandmother might be quieted, while she stole out with Leopold Swaggerhuff, the Hussar, upon their moonlight rambles; and the curious Leonora del Spiegel went for no other reason, than that she desired to see what they were like, who met on the Harz Mountain, and because she had heard that of all places that was the most to be avoided. The registers of Lienalle do not state how each of these persons were received by the supernatural assembly; but simply remark, that the first was carried away by a black trooper on the anniversary of the Walpurgis Night; the second was executed for poisoning her grandmother, after being deserted by Swaggerhuff, and the third was found three days afterwards tied to a pine tree on the very summit of the Blockberg Mountain, half dead with fright, cold, hunger, and fatigue. From these, and from many other instances recorded in the Lienalle manuscript, it has been discovered that whether the Harz spirits were friendly or adverse, such adventures always ended in sorrow, often in disgrace, and sometimes in death. There are, however, a few narratives preserved in that worshipful authority, which are not only freed from the character of a depraved heart, so evident in those above quoted, but which are actually interesting and beautiful. In some the visit to the Harz was excited by all the fervency of the most devoted love, and the unbounded ardour of the purest friendship: but these also partook of the same character of misfortune; it was an evil communication unworthy of such divine feelings, and therefore the swiftest retribution followed it, as carrying with it the most indulgent atonement. The last person who went to the Harz Mountain on a Walpurgis Night, was of this latter class, and as her story partook more of the tender and interesting strain than any of the former, the Lienalle manuscript has preserved a fuller account of it. In addition to this, it is remembered in many of the Harz towns, such as Altenau, Blankenburg, Grubenhagen, and Harzgrode, and from some of the inhabitants of those parts I have been able to gather many additional and curious particulars, which are inserted in their proper places. Before commencing, I have only to remark, that since that time the young females of the Harz district will never venture over the mountains, nor into the forests, on the First of May, or the Walpurgis Night.

The little village of Harzburg lies about one mile to the north of the town of Altenau, which is seated almost in the centre of the Harz district, between the Brocken and Blockberg mountains. The place, at the period of which we write, greatly resembled those villages, or rather groupes of houses, with which we are acquainted in the curious and earlier works of the French and German engravers. Tall narrow cottages, rudely erected of planks, rose up amidst dark groves of pine and fir, while their bases were covered with white brushwood to a considerable height. The fronts of these buildings towered in ascending battlements above the short and narrow sloping roofs which appeared thatched or plastered behind them. At the outer parts were placed a slight wooden staircase, leading up to the higher apartments of the house which were entered by a tall and narrow door, screened from the mountain blasts by a rude planked canopy and portico. The windows were simply apertures left in the buildings, without any attempt at glazing, and divided only by ill-shaped wooden beams. The fences around these cottages were formed of single stakes, wattled together by osier wands, with a tall and upright fir door, covered with a single plank as a roofing. Nor were these buildings clustered together like the houses of a village, but scattered and interspersed with trees and dark foliage, which were occasionally relieved by the naked trunks and tops of blasted pines; while beneath many of their lower fragments were left undisturbed in the ground. From these cottages, which were generally situated on high and rocky ridges and crags, were narrow pathways, rudely formed between two banks which led higher up into the intricacies of the darkest parts of the forest. The pathway gradually wound downward into the common road, which passed through the wood; and in the win-

ter season, the rains descended with such force from these eminences, that all communication between the cottagers dwellings seemed cut off. At one end of this straggling village stood the church, which differed but little from the other buildings, except in having a tall and narrow round tower, covered with a short cone terminating in a spire, and ornamented with several small arched and unglazed windows. The Curate of this silent and retired village was named Conrad Von Fuddlemann, of whom it was always understood that he preferred a flask of Rhenish to the Commentaries of the most learned German theologists, and the stove side in the parlour of the Wilhelm Tell, to the interior of the church at Harzburg. Indeed he ten times a day lamented that his lot was cast on so wild, so barren, and so alarming a spot, and if it had not been for the consolations above-mentioned, it may fairly be doubted if the good pastor had not vacated his curacy, and left his flock on the Harz mountains to feed, and provide for themselves. "What," would Von Fuddlemann say, as he reflected upon his situation, "What! Shall I who was brought up under the tuition of the learned Von Thrashentaillen, and afterwards matriculated at the college of Duntzendunder, shall I waste in this desolate, remote, and haunted district the knowledge which I have thus acquired? Oh, ignoble sloth! Oh, blind forgetfulness of merit! when I ought at the least to be a metropolitan dignitary, or, more worthy of my powers, the bishop of a rich and abundant diocese." But notwithstanding these aspirations after church preferment, Von Fuddlemann was upon the whole a kindhearted and friendly creature; and his principal objection to Harzburg arose more from the remembrance of his supernatural parishioners, than any real dislike to his cure. But even this was of great importance to the morals of the villagers; for where Satan and evil spirits are thought to be at hand, there is sure to be ten times more piety than in the vicinity of more desirable neighbours which arises from the mind of man being so perverted, that fear and misery only call forth his better feelings, whilst in joy and comfort they are too often forgotten. As Von Fuddlemann had so great a dislike to the spiritual inhabitants of Harzburg, he on all occasions reprobated the singing of the legendary, or amatory songs which before his time were common in the country, as he conceived that the first species might give them offence, and the second were likely to give them power by the ideas with which they were associated in the minds of the young female villagers. On this account he composed for them a series of dull and wearisome moral songs, laden with as much divinity as they could well carry, and very greatly resembling the old verses attached to the Tooden Danz, or Dance of Death, at Basle, in Switzerland.

One evening, in the latter end of April, 16.., two young women, named Laurette Engelhertze, and Michelle Fluchterfelt, were sitting at the door of one of the cottages already described, enjoying the rich crimson tint of sun-set that streamed up the valley below, while their occupation of spinning was lightened by chaunting one of Von Fuddlemann's poetical moralities, which ran in strains like these:—

Young maidens, who in youth and beauty,—think your days to pass
Your hope is vain, as I shall shew t'ye,—every one who has
Fair red and white upon their face,—shall find them soon decay,
The white shall give to yellow place,—the red shall fade away.

"Out upon it," cried Michelle, the younger of the two females, "I cannot bear to sing that odious Curate Von Fuddlemann's Moral Songs, as he calls them, I'm sure I'd rather a thousand times sing "the Revenge of Reibezhahl," or "the Lovers of Blockberg," or "Cupid's Morning Star," or any thing either about love, or ghosts, than his dull and tiresome rubbish."

"Dear Michelle! how can you talk so?" cried Laurette, "and we living too on the Harz Mountain. What did the Curate say last Sunday? that Satan was the composer of all the songs except those he taught us, and that when we sung any others, he had power over us, and might do us any kind of mischief that he liked."

"Oh, an old Fop!" answered Michelle, "because he's afraid of Reibezhahl himself, he thinks every body

else must be. But now tell me, Laurette, don't you like that sweet Hinrich Reimer's songs better than the Curate's? he's so tender, so soft. For my part, if I must sing morality about Death, I'd rather have him come as a lover, as Hinrich makes him." The volatile girl then broke off by singing the following verses, which in 16.. were considered as not of the very worst class of poetry.

AN INVITATION TO DEATH'S BRIDAL.

BY HINRICH REIMER.

Oh! come to mine arms, for my pillow is soft,
And calm are the slumbers it offers to you;
My couch and embrace may be cold,—but how oft
Have the hearts ye have loved in this life proved so too.

I'll lull thee to rest with a song of mine own:
A voice more than mortal shall pour forth the lay;
Mine arms shall entwine and embrace thee alone,
Till even thy dust shall be moulder'd away.

Unlike to the worldly, who love but the charms
That beauty, or riches, or youth, can impart,
I spread for the foulest and fairest my arms,
The highest and lowest I press to my heart.

One kiss from my lips,—thou art mine, and for ever
All hope from my bosom to tear thee is vain,
The last priestly blessing no power can sever,
Save that which to dust shall turn nature again.

Then come,—though deserted, oppress'd, and forsaken,
Oh, trust mine embraces, all doubtings give o'er,
Thy sleep shall be dreamless,—and when thou shalt waken,
The sorrows that grieved thee, shall grieve thee no more.

That's something like a lover," continued Michelle, as she finished, "quite different from the Curate's musty morality: why do you know, Laurette, that when our sweethearts, Carl Brandtenbelt and Steine Standardtmann were going to join the Elector's hussars, he gave them a long doleful poem, beginning,

Young soldier,—young soldier, whose arms proudly rattle,
Who fearless art marching away to seek glory,
There's a stronger than thou to be found in the battle,
And Death may exult like a conqueror o'er thee.

Oh, I've no notion of such rhyming sermons."

"Well, but my dear Michelle," returned Laurette as soon as her voluble companion would let her speak, "surely the Curate was right to tell them of their danger, and exhort them to act like Christian soldiers and good men, though his verses might be a little heavy."

"As if they didn't know all that a great deal better than he," answered Michelle, impatiently: "however, I ve[illegible] the old parson for once, for I [illegible] Hinrich to write me another battle song for my Carl, and so I exchanged Von Fuddlemann's for it. He'll not find any thing there about the 'calamities of the wars,' and the 'dangers of soldiers,' but a charge to go forward like a man."

"Oh, Michelle! how could you do so?" cried Laurette; "only think if he should be too venturous, and meet his death through your folly, what could you say then?"

"Say," replied the laughing Michelle, "why what I always have said, that I would love a brave dead lover better than a cowardly living one. But I've more to tell you, my pretty demure Laurette; Old Sterndenter, the Almanack-maker at Altenau, has advised me to go to-morrow night, which will be the first of May, to the centre of the Harz. You know it will be the Walpurgis night, and he tells me that I may learn from

the spirits which will meet there, how Carl Brandenbelt is then, and see him as plain as if he were come back."

"Why, Michelle, you surely would not be so wicked? what, go to consult Sathanas, as the Curate says, when you may perhaps hear in a few days more."

"Or a few weeks,—or a few months; —it's all very well for you, Laurette, to preach and practise patience, but I'll know before I'm two days older. But come now, be reasonable, and go with me, dear Laurette, and you'll see Standardtmann at the same time. Sterndenter says, that there's no danger when we go to enquire about love; and he's taught me how to cross the mountains, and what night spells I must say, and the charm to be used when I get to the place."

"Michelle, my dear Michelle! you cannot think how you grieve me," answered Laurette, almost in tears; "Oh, leave the Walpurgis night, and the spells, and the charms, to those evil spirits which the Curate says are always on the watch for our sins, that they may work our destruction."

"But how can they? when I've got the Drake-stone, which Sterndenter himself brought all the way from Gandersheim, and that's a good seven miles from Harzburg, to keep off witchcraft.—See here it is, twisted and curled like a ram's horn. I warrant you it will carry me safe through all the Dragons to-morrow night, for I'm determined to go. Besides, Laurette, you know we have never heard of the Imperial army since it marched, and I could not sleep another night without knowing if Marshal Turenne has met them, not for the world."

Here the conversation finished, and Laurette withdrew into the house, fully resolved in her own mind what part to take on the ensuing Walpurgis Night; which was, that since it seemed impossible to persuade Michelle to give up her idea of going, she concluded upon following her, although at a distance, that she might be enabled either to render her some assistance, or share the fate of her friend. Laurette was a girl of more sensible piety, and less superstition, than was commonly found in a remote German village in the seventeenth century, and on this account she put more trust in her own religious habits, and golden rosary, than in all the charms and spells with which Astragal Sterndenter, the Astrologer of Altenau, could have furnished her; nevertheless, as certain directions concerning her expedition were to be learned only from him, at an early hour on the following morning she set out on her road to his dwelling. Although the distance between Harzburg and Altenau is only one mile, yet that is a German one, which may be estimated as equal to about five English; but Laurette was so occupied with her own feelings, that she was surprised when she found herself entering the town. "My poor Michelle," thought she, "is an orphan, like myself, for her father and my own were killed together by that fatal firedamp in the Devil's Mine at Rammelsburg, when the fiend blew it up out of revenge: and now that she is going to place herself in the power of Reibezhahl and all his cruel fiends, I feel called upon by Heaven not to forsake her, and trusting in it for preservation, through all dangers I must follow her. Perhaps the spirits may frighten her too much for her to speak to them, and then we shall get back to our own cottage safely, and bless God that he has delivered us from evil."

These reflections brought Laurette to the house of Astragal Sterndenter, which was situated in a dark narrow street of Altenau; at the corner of which stood a Gothic stone niche, containing a statue of St. Mark, surmounted by a cross, and beneath it a worn out basin, into which a lion's head poured a stream of fair water; and on the front was an inscription, stating that "Marck Treitzsaurwein, Secretary to the great Emperor Maximilian I. had at his own costs dedicated that conduit to his patron saint and the town of Altenau for ever." Beside the fountain stood Sterndenter's dwelling: both are now pulled down, but the Lienalle manuscript contains a particular description of their appearance; though it is to be lamented that these curious erections are neither of them standing as witnesses to the truth of that veritable history, nor to gratify the curiosity of those who feel interested in this tale. The Astrologer's habitation, then, was a tall building with several stories lighted by small casement windows, with antique-shaped panes of coloured glass, representing either some of the church legends, or the extravagancies

of German heraldry. It's sloping roof was covered with round and pointed tiles placed alternately, while from every different corner arose small wooden spires issuing from a square base, and finishing in a top like a spear blade. The door was in the centre of the building, in a massive frame of stone terminating in a narrow pointed arch, and enclosing two dark oaken leaves, beautifully carved and pannelled. Above the door, on the key-stone, was engraved the sign by which the house was known; namely, the Serpent, emblematical of health, having formerly been in the possession of a physician, from whom it had passed to another quack, that is to say Astragal Sterndenter. At the front of the building stood a stone bench, where the physician's poorer patients used to repose until he came out to administer to their various diseases; and above the window was a board containing the following inscription, not very dissimilar to what the last possessor might have erected. "At this house dwelleth an excellent Physical Astrologer, who doth by the power of herbs, sigills, planetary influences, and various medicaments, cure most distempers of the body and the mind. He provideth those who are in tribulation with evil spirits, with the means of subduing them. He calculateth all Nativities, Festivals, Eclipses, and changes of the heavenly bodies; and is especially skilled in advising all about to undertake any extraordinary or dangerous enterprise, giving them the power to execute it safely and successfully. Astragal Sterndenter, Φιλο-Αστρο. Graduate of the University of Gottingen, at the Sign of the Serpent, near St. Mark's Conduit, St. Mark's Street, in the Town of Altenau." When Laurette had finished reading this most promising board, she gave two soft knocks upon the door, which was immediately opened by a tall and aged man, dressed in the habit of a German professor of that time; that is to say, in a long black gown edged with fur, beneath which was a close and coarse stuff habit of the same colour. His silver grey beard descended to his girdle, and upon his head was a flat cap girt about with a narrow band.

"Good morrow to thee, fair daughter," was the Astrologer's salutation to Laurette; "enter mine abode, and say to me how I can serve thee."—Laurette went in, and Sterndenter motioned her to an old oak chair, stuffed and cushioned with faded crimson damask, and placing himself opposite to her, awaited the opening of her embassy.

"Father," said Laurette, after some hesitation, "do you know Michelle Flüchterfelt, of Hartzburg."

"I have seen her, my daughter," replied Sterndenter: "her father was killed in the mine of Rammelsburg some dozen years past, and she entertains an affection for one Carl Brandenbelt, an Hussar in the Elector Conrad's army. If I do not mistake, it is her intention to visit the Harz on this Walpurgis Night, that she may learn some tidings respecting him."

"Alas, father! it is too true, for I cannot wean her from this dangerous and wicked purpose; and it was on that account that I came to Altenau, to learn of you how I might follow her in safety, and if there were any means by which I might preserve her from the consequences of her sin."

"And yourself, young woman," asked the Astrologer, "have you no fears to overcome?"

"Father, I go in the purity of my heart to defend, if it be possible, my friend from evil, and reck not much for my own safety. She has been my constant companion from my cradle; and since our fathers died in that evil mine, we have lived in the same cottage, we have slept upon the same couch, we have eaten of the same bread, we have drank of the same cup, and I had hoped that the same day would have seen us depart the earth, and that the same angels would have carried us together to the same heaven".

"Thou hast a kindly and a virtuous heart, my daughter," said Sterndenter; "but for Michelle Flüchterfelt, she is unworthy of thy love. I have studied her well; and find her to be enthusiastic in action, haughty in spirit, and wild in imagination. There seems to be a lurking portion of evil in the construction of her mind; and I have therefore advised her to go this night to the Harz Mountains, in the hope that he who bringeth good out of evil, will also permit the foul spirits she

shall behold to affright her into his bosom."

"But, Father Sterndenter," pursued Laurette, still anxious for the fate of her friend, "is there then no way by which I may follow and be near her, without mingling in the sin myself?"

"I cannot immediately answer thy question," said Sterndenter, musing; "but remain awhile in this apartment, and I will retire and consult those tomes which treat of the Harz and it's Demons; Anon, I will return to thee." With these words the Astrologer departed, and left Laurette alone in a room, the aspect of which would have filled a modern philosopher with contempt, although it was well calculated to inspire a young German countrywoman of the seventeenth century with fear. But neither of these feelings arose in the mind of Laurette, her thoughts were unalienably fixed upon the temporal and eternal safety of Michelle, and she scarcely raised her eyes until Sterndenter re-entered the apartment. But as the Lienalle manuscript contains a portrait of the room, we must be more curious than the fair Harzwoman, and therefore during the owner's absence, we shall take a view and an inventory of his chamber. It was lofty, vaulted with tall arches which formed recesses around it, and wholly built of stone. The door, as has already been mentioned in the description of the outside, was of carved oak enclosed in a narrow pointed arch, and it presented a similar appearance on the interior, excepting that it displayed a large and bright steel lock and escutcheon curiously engraved. On the farther side of the room was fixed a German stove, set round with retorts, crucibles, fire-prongs, and other instruments of an alchemical laboratory. Nearer the windows stood the Astrologer's table, covered with divers odd shaped glass vessels, a few ancient yellow coloured books, paper, ink cruise and pens, and a large antique brass lamp. Behind the table, and on a line with the stove, was placed a tall oaken cabinet, fantastically carved with German arabesque ornaments, surrounding the scriptural subjects which were rudely wrought upon the pannels. One of the folding leaves being open, the interior showed a skeleton, and a few of the more extraordinary specimens of natural history, stuffed. The windows themselves having been described without, it remains only to be observed, that the sun-light streamed in broken and varied tints through their small, octangular, and storied panes. The deep recesses in which they were situate, formed a sort of glass case, which Sterndenter had filled with skulls, monstrous productions of nature preserved in spirits, tall glass bottles holding different coloured liquids, amulets, and a few of the more shewy drugs of the Materia Medica. The other side of the apartment received a strange and fitful light from the red glare of the fire and the reflected beams of a spring morning, which glanced upon the various instruments scattered there, and partly shewed the dark outline of the doorway through which Sterndenter had departed. On his return, he seemed in deep consideration upon a large and thick folio volume which he held in his hands, but he at length broke silence with,

"Daughter, I learn from the most authentic of historians on the nature of the Harz Spirits, that they may not lawfully be consulted, nor even beheld, unless it be in a case where it is to save another from their power. It is true, that my author, the learned Johannes Hornboofius, says farther, that such are actions rather to be admired than imitated, since they may not only endanger life from the revenge of those malignant Fiends, but that they are of such a nature, that few or none survive the performance of them."

"Unfortunate Michelle!" cried Laurette, "yet will I readily sacrifice my own temporal existence to ensure her a happy eternal one. But, Father, are there no spells nor charms which I must use on the mountains?"

"In these cases," replied the Astrologer, "they are vain; here virtue must be her own safeguard; remember, my daughter, to trust in God for yourself; and for Michelle, endeavour to keep her from accepting any favour at the hands of the Spirits, or at least from bringing it off the mountain with her. Nay, my child—I will not take thy gold. Farewell, and the benediction of Heaven be with thee."

Laurette then left the Astrologer's dwelling, and took the road to Harzburg.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

THERE is a willow in old Glenalm
  Where the brooks glimmer;—
When the wind wakes not, and cool and calm
  Evening grows dimmer.
Still that Willow waves, though no breath
Of air is near it, and mute as death,
Sleep the rills and the sedges green,
That hang their heads at it's root unseen:
And when not a flower is in the mead,
When the myrtle droops, and the rose is dead,
There is a garland fresh and young,
Every morn on that willow hung.

None can tell us how many days
  Memory has cherish'd,
Since in the glen where that willow stays
  A sweet bud flourish'd;
A maiden whose young heart was given
To peace and hope, such as live in heaven;
Whose eye was the light of summer-mirth,
And the lamp of her grey-hair kinsman's hearth;
But his hearth was in Raeburn's lordly tower,
And the maiden thought of Glenalm's green bower,
Where a violet every morn in May,
Hung on a bough of the willow grey.

* * * * * * * * *

Lonely and long over Raeburn's gate
  Sits the death-raven;—
Who is the guest that comes so late
  Welcome still craving?
There is no heir to this barren land,—
There lies on the hearth a dying brand;
The hall is desolate, and the hound
Moans the forgotten portal round.—
The pride of Raeburn's race is past,
But one, the loveliest and the last,
Clung to these ruin'd walls to keep
Watch by a kinsman's bed, and weep.
His hearth is silent now, and all
Lies hidden beneath that snow-white pall;
There is no life in the maiden's breast,
Only the flowers laid there to rest;
A willow-leaf and a violet,
Live in her sheeted coffin yet.

O Traveller!—hasten thy steed away,—
  Death is before thee!
Bid yon mound of the churchyard clay
  Cover thy story:—
Thou comest again too late to save
The flower that falls into Raeburn's grave!
Thou gavest the orphan's birthright back,
And the land of her sires shall bless thy track;
But a hope more dear than their heritage
Died in the dull cold damps of age:
And the love that in thy blushing youth
Fear'd to utter it's own fair truth,
Must live unseen in thy widow'd heart,
In a secret cleft from the world apart,
As the lonely violet droops it's bloom
On the withering willow at evening.

DEATHS OF ENGLISH PRINCES.

"With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate."

THE ravages of death in the Royal Family of England have, within the last few years, been too numerous and too striking, to require any introduction to give interest to the following historical memoranda of this important subject, and we therefore proceed at once to present our readers with the result of our enquiries, without farther preface.

It is a remarkable fact that the three Williams, Kings of England, all died in consequence of accidents which befel them whilst on horseback. The death of William the Conqueror was occasioned by an injury which he received during his French expedition, to recover the revolted Dukedom of Normandy. In leaping his horse over a ditch at the siege of Mantes, he struck his protuberant stomach against the pomel of the saddle, by which a mortification was produced, and his death shortly followed. William Rufus was accidently killed, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow from the hand of Walter Tyrrel; and William III. in riding near Hampton Court, met with a violent fall from his horse, by which his collar bone was broken; and, his constitution being weak, a fever succeeded, which soon terminated fatally. Of the twenty-nine other princes who have reigned over this kingdom since the conquest, twenty-two have died natural, and seven by violent, deaths. The three Richards, two of the Edwards, one of the Henrys, and one of the Charles's, came to an untimely end. Richard died of a wound received at the siege of Chalus,—Edward II. was barbarously murdered in Berkeley Castle, and his great grandson Richard II. in Pontefract Castle,—Henry VI. was assassinated in prison by command of Edward IV. —Edward V. and his infant brother were smothered in the Tower by order of their unnatural uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester; and that cruel usurper was himself slain in the battle of Bosworth Field. By his death the race of the Plantagenet Kings became extinct, after having been in possession of the Throne for 330 years. Last of all, Charles I. the unfortunate victim of party violence and ungovernable fanaticism, perished on the scaffold, January 30th, 1649. The deaths of the other Kings of England were natural, though some were hastened by various causes. Thus Henry I. died of a surfeit occasioned by eating stewed lampreys;—Stephen, of the iliac passion, and an hemorrhoidal complaint;—Henry II. of grief for the unnatural rebellion of his children;—John of anguish and disappointment at the loss of his dominions;—Henry III. oppressed by care, and the infirmities of old age, after a long reign of fifty-six years,—Edward I. and his grandson Edward III. of a dysentery,—Henry IV. in a fit,—Henry V. of a fistula;—Edward IV. of a quartan ague;—Henry VII. and his grandson Edward VI. of consumption,—Henry VIII. of corpulence and a complication of diseases;—Queen Mary of a dropsy;—Queen Elizabeth of deep melancholy, caused, it is said, by grief for the fate of the Earl of Essex, to whose execution she had unwillingly consented;—James I. of a tertian ague;—Charles II. of apoplexy;—James II. a fugitive in France;—Queen Mary, Consort of William III. of the small-pox;—Queen Anne of apoplexy:—George I. of indigestion occasioned by eating melons,—and George II. from the bursting of a blood-vessel.

Several princes of the blood-royal at different periods, also came to violent, or untimely deaths. Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, died in Cardiff Castle, where he had been a captive for eight and twenty years. His son, Prince William, Earl of Flanders, after many ineffectual endeavours to establish his right to the English Crown during the reign of Henry I. died of a wound received at the siege of Alost. His natural brother, Richard, was killed by a stag whilst hunting in the New Forest, and what is very remarkable, Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, was killed in a similar manner at the same place. Which two accidental deaths occurring about the same time as the fatal event which befel William Rufus, caused it to be remarked by the English nation, that as the Conqueror had been guilty of extreme violence in expelling so many of his subjects to make room for the New

Forest, the just vengeance of heaven was signalized in the same place by the slaughter of his posterity. Prince William, the only legitimate son of Henry I. was drowned off the Reculvers, on his return from Normandy; and the Countess of Perche, and Richard, two of Henry's natural children, perished in the same shipwreck. Another natural son, Robert Earl of Gloucester, after bravely supporting the Empress Matilda's pretensions to the English Throne, died suddenly of a fever in 1147. Eustace, eldest son of Stephen, was cut off by a fever brought on by the agitation of his mind, from his fears of being excluded from the succession. His brother William, Earl of Boulogne and Surrey, died at an early age, on his return from an expedition to Toulouse with Henry II. Prince Henry, eldest son of that monarch, died of a dysentery at Martel near Turenne. His second son Richard, King of England, was slain by an arrow at the siege of Chalus; and Geoffrey, his third son, was slain in a tournament at Paris. Arthur, Duke of Brittany, Geoffrey's son, was cruelly murdered by his uncle John, in order to prevent his succession to the throne; and his sister Eleanor was immured in a dungeon for life, also by order of that perfidious monarch. Richard, King of the Romans, brother of Henry III. died suddenly before the departure of his nephew Edward to the Holy Land; and his son Henry, who accompanied that Prince, was assassinated in his way to Palestine by Simon and Guy, sons of the rebellious Montfort, Earl of Leicester. In the reign of Edward II. the Earl of Lancaster, his cousin-german, was executed for high treason; and the Duke of Gloucester, the King's nephew, was killed in the battle of Bannockburn. The Earl of Kent, half-brother of Edward II. was beheaded through the intrigues of Mortimer and Isabella, in the beginning of the reign of Edward III. Of the five sons of this monarch, Edward Prince of Wales, called the *Black Prince*, from the colour of his armour, died of a consumption in 1375; Lionel [illegible]ntwerp, Duke of Clarence, died in Italy in 1368, soon after his second marriage, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in 1399; Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, in 1401; and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, was suffocated with pillows, by order of Richard II. in 1397. In that King's reign, Roger Earl of March, grandson of Lionel Duke of Clarence, by his daughter Philippa, who had been Viceroy of Ireland, was also slain during a revolt in an engagement with the insurgents. The Dukes of Surrey and Exeter, half-brothers of Richard II. were executed for high treason by Henry IV. In the reign of Henry V. the Earl of Cambridge, second son of Edmund of Langley, was beheaded for conspiring to place the young Earl of March on the throne; and his elder brother Edward, Duke of York, fell by the hand of the Duke d'Alençon in the battle of Agincourt. Thomas, Duke of Clarence, next brother of Henry V. was slain in an engagement with the allied troops of France and Scotland, at Baugé in Anjou. John Duke of Bedford, his third brother, who was appointed Regent of France during the minority of Henry VI. died suddenly of a fever at Rouen, and his youngest brother, the Duke of Gloucester, commonly called the *good Duke Humphrey*, fell a victim to the intrigues of his uncle Cardinal Beaufort. (*Vide the Spectator, No.* 210). During the wars of the Roses the kingdom was deluged with blood, the partizans of the two contending houses being alternately consigned to the scaffold by each victorious party. In the reign of Henry VI., Richard Duke of York* asserting his claim to the crown, in preference to that monarch, who was of the House of Lancaster, was slain at the battle of Wakefield; and his son the Earl of Rutland afterwards murdered by Lord Clifford in cold blood. Edward Prince of Wales, Henry's only son, was assassinated, after the battle of Tewkesbury, by the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. The same Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey for treason against his brother Edward IV.; and the young Earl of Warwick his son,

* This Prince was descended on the mother's side from Lionel Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. being the son of Anne, Countess of Cambridge, daughter of that Earl of March who was killed in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. His paternal grandfather was Edmund Duke of York, fourth son of Edward III. so that his right to the throne was prior to that of Henry VI.

after fifteen years confinement in the Tower, was beheaded by order of Henry VII. for attempting his escape. Thus fell the last male of the royal house of Plantagenet. His only sister Margaret, countess of Salisbury, was cruelly beheaded, with her son Lord Montacute, in the reign of Henry VIII. Henry Courtenay, Marquess of Exeter, who was related to the King, also suffered at the same time. Margaret's fourth son Reginald Pole, the celebrated Cardinal, who so strongly opposed the ecclesiastical measures of that fickle monarch, died a few hours after Queen Mary, by whom he was held in high estimation. John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of Edward IV. by his sister Elizabeth, Duchess of Suffolk, was slain in the battle of Stoke, unsuccessfully attempting to dethrone Henry VII.*—his second brother Edmund Earl of Suffolk, after a long imprisonment by order of that King, was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.—and Sir Richard de la Pole, his youngest brother, who had entered into the service of Lewis XII. of France, and whose surrender Henry had in vain required from that Prince, died in banishment at Metz, in Lorraine. William de la Pole, the first Duke of Suffolk and grandfather of these Princes, was beheaded at sea in his way to France; but the author of this atrocious act of violence escaped detection.

Many relations of Henry VII. perished in the fatal contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster. Sir Owen Tudor, his paternal grandfather, was beheaded by Edward IV. after the battle of Mortimer's-Cross. Of his maternal ancestors the Dukes of Somerset, Edmund, the Second Duke and grandson of John of Gaunt, was slain in the first battle of St. Albans. His two sons Henry and Edmund, who successively inherited the title, were also both beheaded by Edward IV. the first suffering the punishment of martial law after the battle of Hexham, and the second after the battle of Tewkesbury. Arthur Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII. died at Ludlow in the sixteenth year of his age, soon after his marriage with the Infanta Catherine of Spain.

Several princes of the blood-royal fell victims to the insatiable ambition and bloody policy of Richard III. After the battle of Tewkesbury, as we have before mentioned, he murdered with his own hand Edward Prince of Wales, only son of Henry VI.; and he is said to have assassinated that unfortunate monarch himself shortly afterwards in prison. He also treacherously caused to be beheaded in Pontefract Castle the Earl of Rivers, brother to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV. and her son Sir Richard Grey.† While Protector, he occasioned the Duke of Buckingham‡ and Lord Hastings to be brought to the block; and to the number of his victims he soon added Edward V. and his infant brother Richard Duke of York. The lady Anne Neville, second daughter of the famous Earl of Warwick, and widow of Henry's son, having been prevailed upon by the tyrant to espouse him, he cruelly caused her to be taken off by poison, in order that she might not impede his ambitious design of marrying his niece the Princess Royal. Edward Prince of Wales, the only son of this perfidious usurper, died at an early age at Middleham, in Yorkshire.

The reign of Henry VIII. was also marked by many severe and arbitrary

* This sovereign was the son of Margaret Countess of Richmond, grand-daughter of the Earl of Somerset, who was the natural son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford. The House of Somerset was afterwards legitimated by Act of Parliament; but the right to the throne remained in the descendants of Lionel of Antwerp. The Earl of Lincoln, therefore, being descended from this latter branch, and having been declared presumptive heir to the crown by his uncle Richard III. justly conceived his claim to be preferable to that of the reigning monarch.

† Sir John Grey, the first husband of Elizabeth, was killed in the battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of Henry VI. The Queen herself, after suffering various fortunes during the reign of Richard III. was on a charge of conspiring to dethrone her son in-law Henry VII. seized and confined in the nunnery in Bermondsey, where she died, at an advanced age, neglected and forgotten.

‡ This nobleman was descended on the father's side from Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; and his mother was the daughter of Edmund Duke of Somerset, who was slain in the battle of Saint Albans.

executions, of which some instances have already been mentioned. Two of his Queens, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, were brought to the block,—the unfortunate victims of his caprice and jealousy. Lord Rochford, the brother of Anne Boleyn, was beheaded through the arts of his wife the infamous Lady Rochford; and she soon afterwards met with the punishment due to her crimes, for countenancing the gallantries of Catherine Howard. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, son of that nobleman who lost his life under Richard III. was beheaded for High Treason. His grandson, the brave and accomplished Earl of Surrey, was executed on an unfounded charge of the same nature: and the Duke of Norfolk would soon have followed his son's fate, had not Henry's death fortunately intervened. Lord Surrey's son, who succeeded to the Ducal title on the death of his grandfather, was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for attempting to form a matrimonial alliance with Mary Queen of Scots.

In the reign of Edward VI.* the ambitious and turbulent Lord High Admiral Seymour was executed, for conspiring to remove his brother the Duke of Somerset from the dignity of Protector. Somerset soon after fell through the machinations of Dudley Duke of Northumberland; and Northumberland himself being taken some years after in open rebellion against Mary, experienced a similar fate. Lady Jane Grey, grand-daughter of the Duchess of Suffolk,† (youngest sister of Henry VIII.) was, together with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, beheaded by order of the implacable Queen Mary. The Duke of Suffolk her father, and his brother Lord Thomas Grey, were executed at the same time for being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. Her uncle Lord Leonard Grey had been beheaded some years before by Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots‡ was executed at Fotheringay Castle,—a sacrifice to the jealousy and duplicity of her more powerful rival. Her grandson Henry, Prince of Wales, (eldest son of James I.) died at the early age of seventeen of a fever, or, as some say, by poison. Henry Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I. died of the small pox in the year of the Restoration, before he had attained the age of manhood. His eldest sister Mary Princess of Orange, (mother of William III.) soon after fell a victim to the same disease; and his second sister Elizabeth did not long survive them, her life being shortened, it is supposed, by grief for her father's cruel fate. The Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. was beheaded for a rebellion against James II. his pretensions to the throne being utterly destroyed by the loss of the battle of Sedgemoor. George Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, died of the dropsy, and their eldest son William, Duke of Gloucester, was cut off by a fever in his twelfth year. Their five other children all died in infancy, so that on the death of Anne, the Protestant line of the House of Stuart became extinct. Frederick Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II. died of an abcess in the lungs; and his brother William Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, from the bursting of a blood vessel. Edward Duke of York, second son of the Prince of Wales and next brother of his late Majesty, died at Genoa of a malignant fever, in the 28th year of his age. His third and fourth bro-

* Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, (natural brother of this Prince,) a youth of brilliant talents and accomplishments, died at the early age of seventeen.

† This Princess was first married to Lewis XII. of France; but he dying soon after the celebration of their nuptials, she espoused in the second month of her widowhood, Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk. Their daughter, Lady Frances Brandon, married Henry Grey, third Marquis of Dorset, who, on the death of his father-in-law, succeeded to the vacant dukedom of Suffolk. Their issue were Lady Jane Grey and Lady Catherine Grey, the latter of whom being divorced from Lord Herbert her first husband, and afterwards marrying the Earl of Hertford, (son of the protector Somerset) against the consent of Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned in the Tower, where she died after a rigorous confinement of nine years.

‡ This unfortunate Princess was grand-daughter of James IV. of Scotland, who married Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII. Her father James V. was consequently first cousin of Elizabeth.

thers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, also died in the prime of life; and his youngest brother Frederick at the early age of seventeen. The fate of his sister Matilda, the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, is well known: and the deaths which have occurred in the Royal family since that period, are too recent to require repetition.

As an historical document, however, this paper will be more complete by also enumerating the deaths of the British Princes from the Saxon Heptarchy, A. D. 584, to the establishment of the English monarchy by Egbert in 827; and from that æra to the Norman Conquest, A. D. 1066; both together including a period of nearly five hundred years.—And first of the Princes of the Heptarchy.

"NORTHUMBERLAND. (A. D. 617-794.) Ethelfrid, King of Bernicia and son in-law of Ælla King of Deïra, having expelled his brother in-law Edwin from his hereditary dominions, was slain in a great battle* fought against the usurper by Edwin, in alliance with Redwald, King of the East Angles. In that battle Regner, the eldest son of Redwald, fell by the hand of Ethelfrid. Edwin himself, who then became firmly established in the sovereignty of Northumberland, perished some years afterwards, with his eldest son Osfrid, in an engagement with Penda King of Mercia and Cadwallon Prince of North Wales. Edfrid, his second son, was treacherously put to death by Penda, into whose hands he had surrendered himself; and Vuscfraea, his youngest son, died at the Court of Dagobert, King of France, where he had taken refuge with Yffi, the infant son of his brother Osfrid. King Edwin being slain, Eanfrid, the eldest son of Ethelfrid succeeded; but was soon afterwards killed in a battle with Cadwallon, together with Osric the cousin german of Edwin. Oswald, the next brother of Eanfrid, fell in an engagement with Penda, at Maserfield, in Shropshire. In the reign of Oswy his youngest brother, Oswin who had succeeded his father Osric in the sovereignty of Deïra, was assassinated by order of Oswy. Penda, King of Mercia, and Ethelhere, King of the East-Angles, having entered into a confederacy to dethrone that monarch, were both slain by his troops in the battle of Leeds. About the same time, Penda's son Peada fell a victim to the treachery of his wife Alchfleda, daughter of Oswy. Egfrid, Oswy's eldest son, perished in a battle with the Picts, and his brother Elfwin fell in a conflict on the banks of the Trent with the Mercians under the command of their King Ethelred. Osred, grandson of Oswy by his illegitimate son Alfred, fell a victim to a conspiracy formed against him by his kinsman Kenred, who after being in possession of the crown for two years, perished by a like fate. Oswulf, son of Eadbert, cousin-german of Kenred, was assassinated by his domestics. Ethelwald-Mollo his successor, fell a sacrifice to the treachery of Prince Alcred. That Prince was deposed and slain by his subjects; and his brother Elfwald met a similar fate. Osred his nephew, after a short reign, made way for Ethelred, the son of Ethelwald-Mollo; and his death was equally tragical with those of his predecessors.

EAST ANGLIA. (A.D. 617-792.) Eorpwald, the second son of that Redwald whom we have before mentioned as the conqueror of Ethelfrid, King of Bernicia, was assassinated in the year 633 by Richbert, a Pagan nobleman, in revenge for his having embraced the Christian faith. His father Redwold, whom he succeeded, fell in a conspiracy formed against him by his subjects in the year 617. Sigebert, half-brother of Eorpwald, perished with Egric, the successor of that monarch, in a battle with the famous Penda, King of Mercia. Anans, a Prince of the blood, who was next preferred to the vacant throne, was also slain, with his son, in an engagement with the victorious Penda. Ethelhere, his brother and successor, fell in the battle of Leeds, having conspired with Penda to expel Oswy from his Northumbrian dominions. Edmund was defeated with great slaughter by the Danes, and soon after murdered. Ethelbert, the last of the East-Anglian Kings, was treacherously beheaded at the Court of Offa, King of Mercia, whither he had repaired to solemnize his nup-

* This engagement was fought on the banks of the river Idel, on the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.

tials with Althrida, the daughter of that monarch.

Mercia. (625-825). We find no traces of the deaths of the Mercian Princes, (including Crida, the founder of this monarchy and his successors,) till the reign of his grandson Penda, who came to the throne in the year 625. This Prince, who has been so often mentioned as victorious over the rival Kings of the Heptarchy, was at length slain in the battle of Leeds, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. Ethelbald (who was descended from a brother of Penda,) the predecessor of the famous Offa, perished in a rebellion, or as some say, was assassinated by his guards. Cenelm, who came to the throne on the death of his father Cenulf, fell a victim to the treachery and ambition of his eldest sister Quendrida. Beornulf, who then usurped the crown, was slain in an engagement with the East-Anglians. His successor Ludican met a similar fate in a battle which took place two years afterwards. Withlaf, who was next elected to the sovereignty of Mercia, being defeated by Egbert King of Wessex, was compelled to abdicate the throne; but was soon after permitted by that monarch to reign, on condition of acknowledging himself to be the vassal of his conqueror. On his death, the kingdom of Mercia was entirely subjected by Egbert, and subsequently formed into a part of the English monarchy.

Wessex. (A. D. 754-800.) Sigebert, who mounted the throne of Wessex on the death of his kinsman Cuthred, having been deposed by his subjects for his tyranny and oppression, took refuge with Gumbra, the governor of Hampshire. Not liking the advice which this nobleman addressed to him on his fallen situation, and the remonstrances he made on the impropriety of his former conduct, Sigebert treacherously murdered his benefactor; but was himself soon after slain by one of Cumbra's retainers, in revenge for his perfidy and ingratitude. Cenulf who succeeded, was assassinated by Sigebert's brother Cyncheard, whom he had banished on suspicion of rebellious designs; and Cyncheard himself was soon after, with his followers, put to the sword by the friends of the murdered monarch. Brithric, who next possessed the crown, fell a victim to the arts of his wife Eadburga, by tasting a poisonous draught prepared by her for a young nobleman, whose favour with the King had excited her jealousy and hatred.

Sussex. (A.D. 684-686.) History does not present us with any thing remarkable as to the lives or deaths of the Princes of this kingdom of the Heptarchy, till we come to Adelwach, who in the year 685, was defeated and slain by Ceadwalla, a West-Saxon Prince, who afterwards became King of Wessex. His two infant sons, falling into the hands of the Conqueror, were cruelly sacrificed by him; and Berthun, who attempted to gain the crown on the death of Adelwach, was defeated and slain, in the following year, by the troops of the victorious Ceadwalla.

Essex. (A. D. 623-661.) Sexred, Seward, and Sigebert, the three sons of Sebert, who was the first Christian King of the East-Saxons, were all killed in an engagement with the West-Saxons. These idolatrous Princes, who reigned in conjunction on the death of their more enlightened predecessor, re-established Paganism, and banished from their dominions the bishops whom Sebert had appointed. Sigebert the Good was assassinated at a banquet, by a nobleman, whom the Bishop of London had excommunicated for his crimes.

Kent. (A.D, 664-796.) Egbert, who was the son of Ercombert, (the grandson of the famous Ethelbert), put to death his two cousins, the sons of his uncle Ermenfred, in order to prevent their succession to the throne. On his death, his brother Lothaire ascended the throne, although Egbert had left two sons, Edric and Widred. Edric, however, exerting his utmost efforts to obtain the crown, to which, as the son of the late monarch, he naturally conceived he had a better claim than a collateral kinsman, raised a large army, with the aid of Adelwach, king of Sussex, and marching against Lothaire, a general engagement ensued, in which the usurper was defeated and slain. Lothaire's son, Richard, whom, for the sake of security, he had associated with himself in the government, was obliged to fly to the continent, where, after many adventures, he died at Lucca. The reign of Edric was short and tumultuous, and ended, as was in those

times usual, in a violent death. In the reign of Widred, his successor, Mollo, who was aiding his brother Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, in the subjugation of Kent, perished in a battle with the forces of Widred, or, according to other accounts, he was burnt, with his attendants, in a house where he had taken refuge, and to which the enemy had set fire. History has transmitted very imperfect records of the reigns of the succeeding kings, until we come to Eadbert, who being invaded by Cenulf, king of Mercia, was in a great battle defeated, and taken prisoner by him, and carried in triumph to the Mercian territories, where the inhuman conqueror deprived him of his hands and eyes. The unfortunate monarch's death soon followed this act of savage barbarity.

The deaths of the British princes, from the foundation of the English monarchy to the period of the Norman Conquest, were for the most part natural, and undistinguished by any peculiar circumstances. We may therefore pass over Egbert, Ethelwolf, Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Alfred, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, Edred, Edgar, Ethelred II., Canute, Harold Harefoot, and Edward the Confessor. Of those, however, who died violent or sudden deaths, we may enumerate Ethelred, third brother of Alfred the Great, who died of a wound received in a battle with the Danes. Ethelwold, nephew of Alfred by his second brother Ethelbert, was slain in the battle of Bury, where, in conjunction with the Danes, he endeavoured to dethrone his cousin, Edward the Elder. Edmund I., the second son of the latter prince, fell by the dagger of Leolf. Edwy, his son, died at the early age of twenty, overwhelmed with grief for the cruel treatment of his queen, Elgiva, the rebellious conduct of his subjects, and the loss of his dominions. Edward the Martyr fell a victim to the treachery of his step-mother, Elfrida. Edwin, eldest son of Edmund Ironside, died at an early age in Hungary, soon after his marriage with the sister of Solomon, king of that country. His brother Edward, commonly called *the Outlaw*, the father of Edgar Atheling, being invited to this country by Edward the Confessor, died on his arrival. Edmund Ironside himself was murdered at Oxford by one Cedric, with the connivance, it is said, of Canute the Great. By order of the same monarch, Edwy, fifth son of Ethelred II. by Ethelgiva his first wife, was put to death in order to prevent any attempts upon the crown in his favour. Prince Alfred, son of Ethelred by his second wife, Emma, of Normandy, and elder brother of Edward the Confessor, was deprived of sight, and afterwards cruelly murdered by Godwin, Earl of Kent, a dependant of Harold Harefoot. Hardicanute died suddenly at a feast in Lambeth. The powerful Godwin also died suddenly at a banquet given by him to Edward the Confessor. His eldest son, Sweyn, was slain by the Saracens, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His second son, Tosti, Duke of Northumberland, was slain in an engagement at Stamford Bridge, near York, attempting to dethrone his brother, Harold II.: and Girth and Leofwin, the two remaining brothers of that monarch, perished with him in the fatal battle of Hastings.

D. F.

SONNET.

ON STOTHARD'S PAINTING OF THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

METHINKS I hear their horses' capering tread,
And now the merry groupe full blithe I see;
Genius, thou Sorcerer wild! by thee I'm led,
And my heart leaps with heavenly ecstacy.
First comes the brawling Host, the rest close join,
Pressing the greensward, hark! they troop with glee,
Next Chaucer view,—Behold the Bard divine!
Lock'd in bright mental thought, how sweet looks he;
Oh! would I were a horseman by the side,
Of yon fair nymph, prancing so courteously,
Or I should like with yon blithe Friar to ride,
His dewy eye full of rich roguery;—
Stothard! a peerless wreath thou here hast won,
And Painting hails thee as her matchless Son.

ENORT.

DOMESTIC TALES.——LOVE.

(*Continued from Page* 283.)

ON descending to the breakfast parlour, on the following morning, I found all the young misses engaged in canvassing the merits of our new inmate.

"Well, you may say what you please, but I declare him to be a divine-creature," cried the frank-hearted Maria Bentham; "do not you, Torriana, join with me?"

"Who are you talking of?" asked I, whilst shame's crimson ensign, mounting upon my cheek, reproved my lips' equivocation,

"Who? Can you ask? Why the beautiful Lieutenant; we are all dying for him; are not you?"

"Oh yes—no—that is, at least, I believe not," stammered I.

"There, there," cried Maria, capering and clapping her hands, "my life for it you are over head and ears in love with him. I always said you would lose your heart some of these days; now poor Sir Hubert will be revenged for your cruelty to him."

Sir Hubert Osborne was a gentleman residing at Bath; of handsome fortune and most amiable character; and who, from the marked attentions which he paid to me, was assigned as my accepted lover.

"How can you talk such nonsense, Maria?" said I, half offended, and walking away with an air of apparent indifference, though in reality I continued to listen eagerly to the debate.

"It does not signify," cried Fanny Lambton, "the Lieutenant is not a pleasant man in company. I like a person who studies to render himself universally agreeable, and is capable of setting a whole table in a roar of laughter. Certainly all that he says is very sensible, and he speaks in such a sweet manner, that one cannot choose but like him, but he is as dull as an owl."

"That may be owing to an amiable diffidence," suggested Mrs. Finch, with whose singing Loftus had expressed himself highly delighted, "considering we are all strangers to him yet."

"What a languishing expression there is in his dear hazel eyes," observed the deeply smitten Maria Bentham.

"And then what an enchanting —ce he has," rejoined another.

"Well, I dare to swear that you may exhaust all your artillery upon him, without being able to inflict a wound," said Fanny Lambton; "for my part, I think the man is made of marble; for when Patty Powell, whom all the gentlemen allow is a sweet pretty girl, thanked him so eloquently with her tender blue eyes for his appeal in her behalf, the brute did not make the least return, no more than if she had been a scarecrow."

"Ah! I am afraid he has left his heart among the vales of Devon," sighed Maria.

How did my jealous bosom throb with emotion; but some of the steady ones now entered the room, and put a stop to the discussion.

But Loftus was a theme of admiration to every one. My father declared that he felt quite attached to him, and often, when he rode into the country, the Lieutenant was his companion. I frequently was of the party. Enviable privilege! thought my young female friends. But so far was it from procuring to me a greater share of Loftus' attention and kindness, that his behaviour to me, more than to any one else, seemed distant and constrained; nay, I perceived that he even avoided my presence, and felt persuaded, that I had by some means, unhappily, heaven knows how unintentionally, offended him.

Yet sometimes if I suddenly raised my eyes to his, I found them fixed on my face with such an intense expression of tenderness and affection, as could not be mistaken. And once, when I chanced to be left alone with him, he took my hand, and, as he gazed on me with a look full of meaning, something seemed to be bursting from his lips; but in a moment it was gone; he dropped my hand, his countenance resumed it's wonted calmness, and he walked away in silence.

What was I to infer from such capricious conduct, or whence arose such strange inconsistency? Why did he look so kind, and speak so coldly? I longed for an explanation, but, alas! the footing of our acquaintance did not endue me with a right to demand it; and I pined in secret, a prey to the most torturing anxiety. My days were passed in harassing

solicitude, my nights were sleepless. I felt that I had never loved till now, and it was the very uncertainty of the possession of his heart, that heightened my desire to become the mistress of it.

But Loftus was altogether an unaccountable being. An impenetrable mystery seemed to envelope him. He knew no one at Bath, and no one knew him: he appeared to be alone in the world; for he never mentioned relative or friend. An air of sadness and reserve was diffused throughout his whole deportment; his noble aspect was clouded by a pensive expression; and often, as a smile began to beam upon his face, a gloomy thought chased it away, and it terminated in a sigh. It was obvious that he had some secret cause of unhappiness; a sore that festered in his bosom. Of late, his thoughtfulness had even encreased; a constant restlessness had displaced the benign serenity that distinguished him on his first entrance among us. He did not now attempt to stifle the hitherto half-smothered sigh; and when he sank into abstraction and silence the compression of his lip, and the contraction of his brow, indicated his reflections to be of the most painful nature; while, often starting from the uncomfortable reverie, he would hasten to engage any one who chanced to be near him in conversation, in order to prevent himself from again relapsing into those dismal communings with his own spirit.

When Loftus had been with us about three weeks, my father unfortunately happened to read in the newspapers of a mansion that was to be disposed of, near Sidmouth, in Devonshire; which, from the description there given of it, appeared so much in every respect to meet my father's wishes, that he resolved to go and view it: and the terrible mandate was given, that we were to quit Bath. It was now I discovered how dear Loftus was become to me; how essential to my happiness. I wept, I entreated, I implored my father to negociate his business by letter, or to take the journey alone. But my prayers were of no avail; my father had determined to go and inspect the estate himself, and he would not consent to leave my aunt and me behind him. The disquietude that I had heretofore suffered, was now augmented to agony. I fondly hoped, nay almost expected, to receive a declaration of Loftus' sentiments, when he should hear of our intended departure; but I fatally deceived myself. I fancied, indeed, that on being made acquainted with my father's intention, he turned somewhat paler, and I thought he sighed; but during the short remainder of our stay, he carefully contrived never to be left alone with me.

Too soon the day of trial came, and I took leave of my friends with a sorrowful heart, who all crowded to the windows to witness our departure. Loftus attended us to the door. He assisted Mrs. Dormer into the carriage; he returned to offer his arm to me; I took it in silence; but the tear which fell upon his hand spoke eloquently. -my foot was on the step; I attempted to gasp an "Adieu," but my parched lip refused their office: — I paused, - he pressed my arm, and, in a smothered tone of deep emotion, said, "God bless you, dear Miss Templeton!" I could not reply, but sank back in the chariot completely overpowered by my feelings; till the sound of the folding step and closing door recalled me to myself, and hastily drying my bedimmed eyes, I pressed forward to take one last look of my soul's idol;—he bowed, waved his hand, and continued to gaze after the vehicle till we were out of sight.

"That young man has interested me exceedingly," said my father to my aunt, as we caught the final glimpse of Loftus' receding figure. "I cannot tell what to think of him: he is the strangest combination of contradictions that ever I met with: an inexplicable compound of wealth and poverty; of ingenuousness and mystery; of ardour and apathy. I have heard him speak of large estates in Devonshire, yet he is only a lieutenant in the army. His sentiments, on many topics, were expressed with an almost unusual degree of candour; but on the subject of his own family and connexions he has ever maintained an inviolable silence and reserve. His heart was warmly open to friendship and benevolence, but apparently invulnerable to love; nor could the rarest exhibitions of female loveliness elicit from him a single exclamation of admiration or delight."

Some passing object at that moment arresting my father's attention, caused him to break off his remarks on Loftus'

character; but his words were food for meditation to me during the remainder of our journey.

After a rapid journey we reached Sidmouth, from which place the object of our visit was but two miles distant. My father lost no time in proceeding to inspect the house and grounds, the previous account of which had so much prepossessed him; and finding the reality even to exceed the description, and as Mrs. Dormer and I were equally pleased with it, he resolved at once on making the estate his own; and the necessary instruments having been prepared, I in a short time found myself mistress of this magnificent mansion; on which my father conferred the appellation of Mortlake Abbey, in memory of his deceased wife.

The superior style in which we lived endowed us with a power to choose our acquaintance; and accordingly, in the course of a few months, we were visited by all the first families in the county.

The next seat to Mortlake belonged to the Duke of Walmer; who, with his duchess and her brother, the Count Sestini, resided there during the major part of the year. A sisterly intimacy soon commenced between the Duchess, who was a captivating Italian, and myself. I had used to spend several days together at her house; and the elegant and polished society that I was accustomed to meet there, furnished me with a new train of adorers. But the matchless image which was engraven on my heart acted as a counter charm to all their pretensions and fascinations. Had not this been the case, it is probable that the Count Sestini himself would have succeeded in engrossing my attention. He was excessively handsome in his person, with a sparkling vivacity in his manner, and a brilliancy of wit in his conversation, that had doubtless ensnared the heart of many a susceptible fair one. But I had contemplated the pensive graces and dignified reserve of Loftus, and could view Sestini display his attractions unmoved.

Nevertheless, the Count was indefatigable in his endeavours to propitiate my favour. Every day he became more tender in his assiduities, more ardent in his professions; nor did the distant civility, and formal complaisance, with which I uniformly treated his advances, in the smallest degree disconcert or discourage him. Sestini had contrived, by ingratiating himself with Mrs. Dormer, to secure in her a zealous advocate in his cause. But notwithstanding the terms of warm commendation in which my aunt daily spoke of him to me, and the elevated panegyric that the Duchess never omitted to lavish on her brother in my hearing, they utterly failed to produce on my heart the desired impression. My constancy to my first attachment remained unshaken. A smothered love, it has been said, rages the fiercest: and it appeared that my affection for Loftus, from having been confined so long within my own bosom, had taken deeper root, and acquired a greater degree of solidity. Thus furnishing, at least, one instance to verify the observation, that though absence may eradicate a shallow passion, it will infallibly tend to strengthen a powerful one. The Count, however, was summoned to town on business, that he expected would necessarily detain him for a considerable length of time, and I congratulated myself on being relieved from the persecution of his addresses.

We had not resided at Mortlake Abbey more than a year, when my father's constitution, which had been impaired by his long residence abroad, began to give evident and alarming symptoms of debility and decay. He now very seldom quitted his chamber; and my time was principally occupied in endeavours to beguile the hours of languor and sickness by music, cards, or reading.

One evening, when my aunt was gone to a splendid entertainment in the neighbourhood, which I had refused to attend, though strenuously urged to it by my affectionate parent; after I had been engaged in reading to him for upwards of an hour, during which his attention appeared to be frequently abstracted and disturbed, he at length interrupted me by saying, abruptly,—

"I have had a letter from London to-day, Torriana; I suppose you can give a shrewd guess respecting the quarter it came from."

"No, sir," replied I, ingenuously, "indeed I cannot tell: I know of no correspondent that you have in London, excepting your solicitor."

"Nonsense! child," cried my father,

good humouredly, "none of this affected coyness; I thought that you and the Count would have come to a mutual understanding by this time. Here Sestini writes to me to entreat me to use my paternal influence in his behalf:—Read it yourself:"—and he put the letter into my hand.

"This is not what I expected from the Count," said I, having perused the communication, "after I had explained my sentiments so fully as I did to his lordship; it is not generous conduct in the Count."

"Well, well, I do not profess to comprehend how matters stand between you both. I only know, that some months since, when the Count besought my permission to address you, I gave him leave to try his fate, and even promised him my furtherance and support. I can assure you he has completely succeeded in ingratiating himself with your aunt; she has made up her mind to receive him as her nephew; and I acknowledge I certainly should have felt no reluctance to embrace him as my son-in-law. What do you say to it, Torriana?"

"Oh! no, indeed, papa, I cannot fulfil your wishes in this respect. I am very sorry, but I really could not think of it for a moment."

"And wherefore not, my child? The Count Sestini appears to me to be in every respect an unexceptionable character; his person and manners are both highly in his favour: what can be your objection to him?"

I was silent, and he resumed.

"Come, tell me, my love. Remember that there should be no reserve between a father and his child."

"I have no particular objection to the Count, but that I do not like him," faltered I.

"Really, Torriana, I begin to think that you are very capricious. Here is a third declared lover, who appears to have no better chance of success than either of his predecessors. I must not have you a coquette. I have hitherto refrained from interfering with your affairs of the heart, but I believe I must take upon me to choose a husband for you myself."

"I do not see that I am to blame if I cannot love the Count," said I, poutingly.

"No, but, my dear, you should have given his Lordship to understand the nature of your sentiments towards him before he had proceeded so far."

"And so I did, sir," replied I, eagerly, "I plainly told him that my heart was"——I stopped short, hung down my head, and turned rapidly over the leaves of the book that I held in my hand.

My father fixed on me a penetrating look, and waited a minute or two in silence; but perceiving no inclination on my part to finish the sentence, he took up the words as I had left them:—"Your heart was--what? already engaged, Torriana?"

My embarrassment became distressing, and I stammered out,—"Why you know, Sir,--that is,--I mean,—not."

"So so, is that the case! Well, and may I ask where you have thought proper to bestow your affections?"

My agitation rose to agony, and I almost bit through the binding of the book as a vent to my feelings, but answered not a word.

"Eh! you sly baggage!" said my father, assuming an air of gaiety, with a view to induce my confidence, "who is it? Some shepherd, whose aspiring spirit pants to follow to the field a warlike lord? Or has some gallant knight, in minstrel guise, gained entrance to my castle, and borne away with him your captive heart?"

Finding, however, that his pleasantry failed to call forth a smile on my thoughtful countenance, he continued, in a graver tone,—"I am sorry, my love, to give you pain by pressing this subject; but, to say the truth, I feel myself to be considerably worse to-night, and I cannot contemplate, without serious uneasiness, the prospect of leaving youth, and beauty, and wealth, and inexperience, without adequate protection. Your aunt, though a worthy woman, is not possessed of a vigorous mind; nor should I consider her discretion to be a competent security for your future welfare. Besides herself, there is no one whom I would choose to endow with authority to control your conduct, and direct your views. I am, therefore, naturally anxious to commit my treasure to the care of some one, whom I should deem deserving of the sacred trust, the study of whose life should be to promote your happiness when I am no more. You understand me, Torriana."

During this speech my tears flowed copiously; and when my father had finished speaking, I threw myself on his neck, weeping with uncontroulable violence. And it was more than a quarter of an hour before I became sufficiently composed and firm to bear a renewal of the conversation.

"Well, but, my dear Torriana," said my father, cheerfully, "though you have intimated to me that you have lost your heart, I am yet to learn where you have disposed of it. Are you afraid that I shall condemn your choice?"

"Oh no, sir," replied I, "you have often spoken in terms of commendation of him."

"Um!—that is some clue to my guess work. Let me recollect whom I have been in the habit of panegyrizing lately. Is it that pretty lad whom I fitted out for sea, Frank Hawkins? but no,--he is a mere boy. Is it the lawyer who drew up the writings of our estate, who I said was such an honest well behaved young man?"

I shook my head.

"Well, faith, I do not remember any one else whom I am in the habit of eulogizing; excepting, indeed, the steward, or the gardener, and I presume you have not such a plebeian taste as all that. Come, you must give my conception another jog. —Where did you meet with your swain?"

"At Bath, sir," murmured I, in a scarcely audible whisper.

"Bath! Bath!" repeated my father, "why I believed you considered yourself released from all engagement to Sir Hubert; though I really did expect that you and he would havemade a match of it. I do not remember any one else who appeared to pay you more than a general homage and attention; but perhaps my old eyes were not very discerning. Bath! let me consider again. Now I think I have got it; the handsome lieutenant there, what was his name?"

I instantly dropped my head on the table, covered my face with my arms, while an hysteric sob revealed the truth.

"So ho! Lieutenant Loftus is the man! Well, I confess you have a little disappointed my hopes; I thought your metallic tractors alone might have made a Countess of you. But never mind; it does not signify; 'tis all for the best, no doubt. I always said that I never would oppose your inclination; so hold up your head, Torriana, and tell me all about it. I protest Loftus was the last man in the world whom I should have suspected of making love to you."

The idea of exposing myself to ridicule by acknowledging that Loftus had never even expressed a preference, made me now immediately regret that I had suffered the secret of my foolish fondness to transpire.

"To say the truth," continued my father, "I do not think that Loftus has acted candidly and honourably in engaging your affections in an underhand kind of manner, without consulting me, or taking any measures whatever to sustain the connexion."

"Oh! do not blame him, he never strove to obtain my affection," cried I, forcing my own delicacy to exonerate my beloved from censure; "alas! it was the spontaneous offering of my heart to his graces and his virtues; he knew not, as I believe and hope, how I adored him."

"And did he not then declare himself your admirer?"

"No, sir," replied I, much abashed.

"What! did he never utter a single sentiment of affection?"

"No, sir,—that is,—not exactly; but he would look, and sigh, and then at parting: Oh! at parting"——and my tears gushed with the recollection.

My father smiled to himself, and said, "Cheer up, my child, I cannot endure to see you thus distressed. I am not angry with you; and to prove it, I will send for Loftus to come down here in a trice, if you will inform me where he is to be found. I suppose you have maintained a correspondence with him."

"Oh! dear father, no, that's my misery: I cannot tell where to find him; I know not what has become of him."

"What! have you never heard from him, or of him, since we left Bath?"

"No, never, sir; not once."

"Faith, girl! I must say that your constancy deserves to be rewarded. But I do not see how we shall be enabled to trace him. He used to say that he should proceed to London from Bath, but I know of no address that would reach him. There was a cottage, indeed, near, that he purchased,

as he said, for a friend, but I entirely forget the name of it."

"Albion Cottage was the name of it, sir," replied I eagerly, who never suffered the veriest trifle connected with Loftus to escape my recollection.

"Well, well, then we'll write to Albion Cottage," said my father, soothingly. "In the mean time, you will have no objection that I should write conditionally to Sestini, that in case we should not succeed——"

"No!" exclaimed I, with energy, "'tis Loftus only has my heart, and——"

"Ah, ah, you were always a perverse child," said my father, kindly patting my cheek; and, after some more conversation on the subject, my father took up his pen, and drew out two letters; the one, to Sestini, declining the honour of the alliance, on the ground of my extreme youth; the other containing a cordial invitation to Loftus to come and spend some time at the Abbey. I took especial care that both of these should be despatched on the following morning.

More than three weeks had elapsed since the invitation had been sent to Loftus, and no answer whatever had yet arrived. This silence, which was to me a source of insupportable anxiety, communicated a feeling of satisfaction to my aunt and the Duchess; who constantly expressed their conviction, that a letter sent at random, as that one had been, should not have come to hand; nor, in all probability, never would; and suggested, a motion which my father seconded, that after the expiration of a certain period, I should consent to waive all expectation in favour of Loftus, and devote my attention to some more attainable object. But I rejected the proposal with disdain. The hope still buoyed me up, that the letter in question must have been accepted by some one connected with him to whom it was addressed, or it would have been long since returned to it's original writer. Thus, though every authority that I respected, every opinion that I valued, though filial duty and friendship were enlisted against the cause of love and constancy, my rebel heart remained still fondly entwined in the fetters which itself had forged.

On our return from an airing that my father, myself, and Mrs. Dormer, had been taking in the barouche, the latter, while engaged in looking over the visiting tickets which had been left during our absence, cried out, "Bless me! Lieutenant Loftus come to see us after all."

I almost shrieked with joy as I snatched the card out of my aunt's hand; on which was merely inscribed, in his own writing, "Lieutenant Loftus, at the Royal Hotel, Sidmouth."

My father expressed much regret at not having seen Loftus, and immediately despatched a servant to Sidmouth, with a note inviting Loftus to dine at the Abbey on the following day How anxiously did my heart beat for the arrival of the answer; and in little more than an hour the messenger returned with a few lines from Loftus, stating that he had not received my father's former letter until three days previously to his present visit; when, being on the eve of setting out on a journey into Cornwall, he resolved to take Sidmouth in his route; that his stay must of necessity be a very short one; but that he would have much pleasure in availing himself of my father's invitation.

In a few hours then I should again behold the being most dear to me. Delightful anticipation! I scarcely closed my eyes all the night for the thought of it.

On the next morning I rose with the lark; and in the course of the day committed a thousand errors from my anxiety that the entertainment might be got up with every possible advantage. I spoiled half a dozen dishes of sweetmeats in attempting to assist the housekeeper: I broke a valuable set of porcelain vases while arranging them, as I fancied, in a more tasteful manner: the gardener was sulky for a week, from having had all his choicest fruits and flowers culled before their season: I provoked my waiting woman to request her dismissal, by exhausting her patience in the selection of my wardrobe; nor had scarcely concluded the important business of my toilet when the hour of dinner arrived.

I descended to the drawing-room, where the guests were all assembled. Loftus rose at my entrance, and, advancing towards me, extended his hand: I placed mine within it, with

an air of frank confidence, as if I felt myself already his affianced bride.

Our dinner party consisted only of Lord and Lady Meldrum, the Duke and Duchess of Walmer, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, and one or two others. I had invited several more of my young friends to join us in the evening, and the day concluded amid unmingled hilarity and pleasure. To me they were the happiest hours that I had known since I had quitted Bath.

As the stay which Loftus purposed to make at Sidmouth was so very brief, my father deemed it expedient not to delay the proposed explanation a single day, and accordingly desired to see Loftus early on the following morning. Loftus punctually attended the appointment, and was ushered at once into my father's study.

During this interesting conference, I was in a state of the most tumultuous agitation. I hurried from one apartment to another, without knowing whither I went. One moment hasted to my chamber, and began to make some trifling alteration in my dress; the next, I stole to the staircase, endeavouring to catch a tone of Loftus' melodious voice; finding this impracticable, I took my station in the drawing-room, to await his joining Mrs. Dormer and myself there, on the termination of the interview. But, to my infinite surprise and mortification, after having been closeted with my father for upwards of an hour, he abruptly quitted the house, without seeing, or even enquiring for, either my aunt or me.

As soon as Loftus was gone, my father sent a message requesting to speak with Mrs. Dormer only, and I was still destined to remain a prey to the most painful suspense. Such was my sanguine disposition, that I had conceived when the communication was once made to Loftus, all difficulties were at an end. Yet I now began to apprehend that some obstacle had arisen. "What could it be? Was Loftus poor? I had fortune sufficient for us both. Was he of mean birth? I knew my dear father too well to believe that he would measure worth by genealogy. Did disgrace or obloquy attach to his name or family? We might retire to some secured spot, where the voice of [illegible]r should not follow him. Or, had I indeed deceived myself, and did he love another? Just as I had started this torturing conjecture, my aunt's entrance broke off my cogitations.

"Well, poor Torriana!" cried she, before she had well closed the door, "you must learn to bear your loss with resignation,—Loftus is no husband for you, my dear."

"Why? what? how?" exclaimed I, with breathless anxiety.

"For the best reason in the world, my love," continued my aunt,—"Loftus is already married!"

Had a thunderbolt burst over my head, or had the earth gaped asunder at my feet, I could scarcely have experienced the ineffable sensation of horror and despair which these few words communicated to my heart. I only remember that I sank down in a swoon, nor recovered, as I was informed, for several hours afterward.

I was, however, aroused from the state of despondency which this disappointment of my dearest and long cherished hopes naturally engendered, by the most painful apprehensions for the life of my beloved parent, whose disorder had suddenly assumed a very alarming aspect. And I greatly fear that the idea of leaving me devoid of that protection which it had been his anxious desire to have placed me under, by exacerbating the acuteness of disease, tended to accelerate his dissolution. Medical skill was unavailing to check the progress of the fatal malady; death seemed to have marked him for his own. Every art that could renovate the exhausted frame was resorted to; and for ten weeks I beheld the revered author of my existence vacillating, as it were, between time and eternity; when having languished about three months from the period of Loftus' visit, he gently expired in the arms of his affectionate and disconsolate child.

On opening my father's will, it was discovered that he had constituted me a ward of Chancery, until such time as I had attained the age of one and twenty; when, with the exception of a handsome legacy to his sister, and a few others of no great value, I should become possessed of the whole of his property, amounting to nearly the sum of £100,000. Lord Meldrum, and Mr. Forbes, who, were appointed my father's executors, were likewise entrusted with the care

and guardianship of my person during my minority, unless with their joint consent I should marry before it's termination: with a provision that I should take up my abode, during that period, at the house of either, or of both of them alternately, according to my inclination. The Abbey to be inhabited and kept in repair till my coming of age.

Both of my guardians were family men; but as, for some time past, there had existed a coldness between Lord Meldrum's eldest daughter and myself, originating in a dispute that had occurred in the ball-room at Sidmouth respecting precedency, I, in consequence thereof, chose rather to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, at their beautiful villa on the coast of Devonshire; whither I now immediately removed, and where I gave myself up a prey to the most poignant grief.

Mrs. Dormer took up her residence at Bath.

On my father's death, I had desired to have his letters, his apparel, and all his personal property, given into my possession, and I derived a melancholy satisfaction from looking over the affecting relics.

One day, while engaged in this mournful occupation, I chanced to discover a large unsealed packet of papers addressed to myself, though not in my father's writing. Curiosity prompted me instantly to open it; when how great was my astonishment and my rapture, to find it a History of Loftus' Life, traced by his own hand.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL PROSINGS BY MAJOR LONGBOW.

The David, and He Goat;
Meryddygwdytwlly, North Wales;
Friday, October 12th, 1821.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

HERE I am!—Just arrived, all safe and sound, rump steak broiling below, while I keep my word, and write directly to say,—Why the devil didn't you meet me at Brighton? Kept a seat for you in the Tilbury, mounted George on the charger, and drove *Gunpowder* in harness. Never sat behind a beast that went better, drove ten thousand horses in my time, and never had such a beauty before:—all blood, bone, fire, and action; been five and fifty miles a day, for the last nine weeks, and never stumbled! Hills, or turnpike roads, all the same pace, and bolts at nothing but an old woman with a lanthorn.—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?

Since I saw you, been all over the three kingdoms; England, Scotland, and Ireland; seen them all! Laurencekirk, Prestonpans, Strathbogie, and Edinburgh Castle!—Ballyshannon, Knocklofty, Mullingar, Cork, and Dublin! Been up all the inaccessible mountains, slept in Fingal's Cave, and swam over the Lake of Killarney!—Wet weather all the time I was out, not a single dry day for the whole three months, but couldn't hurt me; hard as marble! never was ill in my life, and never took a dose of physic! You know my muscle,—double jointed! finest piece of anatomy on the face of the earth! Hercules was a fool to me!—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?—Bought ten score of Irish black cattle for my cousin Harry's farm in Norfolk; all prime beasts, such horns and tails!—One of them tossed me thirty feet over a haystack!—Would have killed anybody else, couldn't hurt me! Up I went,—down I came, pitched plump into my own arm-chair at the dinner table!—Nothing to what I met with in the East Indies once, at my Bungalow near Kuttygar;—Walking one morning with Colonel Rampart, met one of my red bulls, none of your little, English breed,—big as a rhinoceros, and strong as an elephant!—Away went the Colonel,—"Fly!" says I,—"I will," says he,—left me to face him;—walked leisurely to the hedge, five and twenty feet high, could have cleared that at a jump, but no! stood my ground, and met him manfully,—Bull came up, seized me by the middle, and over I went;—Another bull on the other side, caught me on his horns, and tossed me back again!—First flung me over to the second, and there was I, pitched backwards and forwards for three hours and twenty minutes!—I repeat it, for three hours and twenty minutes!—till the last bull was so tired, could only throw me to the top of the hedge;—upon which, up I sprang, and ran

home by a circuitous route, nine miles round, without stopping!—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?

There was muscle! why, that would have killed twenty common men;—didn't hurt me, drank five bottles of claret afterwards, and went to bed sober; hard as marble, hit me with a hammer, make no impression, a sledge hammer if you like! Double jointed! Strong as a Hercules and a half, and a match for Randall and any three prize fighters the Five's Court can furnish; five hundred guineas to five that I finish them all in twelve minutes. Punish them as I did the marble Melpomene at the Louvre, knock their noses off!—By the bye, I see Mathews told that story of me at the Playhouse last winter;—Shewed me off to the public, when I was climbing up rocks and tumbling down precipices in Switzerland; introduced all my private adventures; Old Twaddle frightening the fish at Battersea; splashing and dabbling like a cat in a water-butt;—Going up in the balloon, Indian juggler, Landing at Margate, and all that sort of concern. Pretended that I was afraid too! I, that never was afraid of any thing in my life, he knew that;—nothing alarms me;—Young lady set the bed curtains on fire at an inn where I slept last December, reading novels when she ought to have been dreaming about them: room in a blaze! staircase as hot as St. Sebastian, when I mounted the first scaling ladder!—what did I do? Shaved myself, and dressed in full uniform, quite cool and composed; took the whole family, two and twenty of them, up to the top of the house, nine stories high! tied them all up in blankets, three together, and flung them over the parapet; jumped myself last, with the young lady under my arm, and not a soul hurt!—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?—And after all this, Mathews to say that I was frightened! it's well for him I wasn't in London; but we shall meet yet, and he'll find that Major Longbow isn't to be affronted with impunity. What! escaped being taken off by the enemy's balls at Waterloo, and to be *taken off* at the English Opera House in London!—I'll shew him muscle! Why my own relations swore they saw me in the Strand, when I was rolling over the Glaciers!—Vowed, that I was retailing my own exploits at Westminster, when I was living peaceably at Zurich!—So warn Mathews of his danger, will you? for if I don't carbonado him, unless he makes an apology, never believe me again.

How go on things in London, eh, Mr. Editor? for the people about me here know nothing, how should they! Never in town; all their lives digging, and delving, and ploughing, and harrowing, and sowing, and reaping; planting drumhead cabbages, and Swedish turnips, and mangel wurzel; breeding hogs, and pounding jackasses; Pooh! mere clodhoppers! dolts! plenty of muscle but no brains, dull as their own donkeys; send me down twenty dozen of the European to give away to enlighten them; and if that charity don't do them good, they're incurable!—Fine coursing country I've been in lately, hares plenty as sprats at Billingsgate, loaded the heavy coach up last Friday, inside and out, all of my own shooting!—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie!—Hope your five and twenty came sweet, feast all your establishment for a month. Miss my dog *Mungo* though, never get such another; if once he saw a hare, never lost scent till he caught him, he'd have followed the brute for a month first. Started one in Sussex of a Tuesday morning, I remember; away they went; hare bolted in at a rabbit burrow, so did *Mungo*; there I waited, Tuesday night, Wednesday morning, never came out!—Countryman passed by with a pick-axe and shovel, told him the story, he felt as I did, at it we went, worked like tigers!—all day Wednesday, saw nothing of them, kept on night and day, till we dug nine miles under ground!—I repeat it, nine miles under ground!—and at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon the dog caught the hare just as we got up to them!—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?—*Mungo* died at last though, choked himself at a hunting dinner, where I was chairman, had a pair of gloves made out of his skin, and the hair stands an end now, whenever I go out coursing!

Hope to be in town soon, have my old lodgings, and stop all the winter; then I'll shew you muscle! Not an hour older than I was forty years

ago! hip three inches higher than any other man's in England! hard as marble, and the finest form in Europe!—Door opens, Waiter enters,—Rump steak, Oysters, Madeira, all ready, so am I!—eat nothing but a few sandwiches these two hours,—So, good bye, Beauchamp,—Haven't written to a soul but you, therefore let them all know I'm alive.—Print this in the Magazine, if you like, that's the shortest way;—Every body knows me, every body reads the European, and so they'll all have the news at once.—Don't forget to write to Mathews, privately though; for if he doesn't excuse himself handsomely,—I'll crack every bone in his body, like a boiled lobster.—There's muscle!

Your's truly,
MUNCHAUSEN LONGBOW,
Major H. P. His Maj. 123*d Foot.*

P.S. Send the twenty dozen of Magazines down here by mail to-morrow, and I'll give them away myself; I'll enlighten the boobies' ignorance; I'll drive sense into their heads, if I use a hatchet. At present, there are but ten copies in all the village, and six of those are read by Welch interpreters.—Sorry I couldn't be at the Coronation, but it was impossible; offered a thousand guineas for a post chaise, and couldn't get one; so we'd a feast of our own; and I sang, "*God save the King!*"—Four and twenty of us dined at the George, eat sixteen haunches of venison, and drank a pipe of wine.—Read all about the sight in your European.. Nothing to what I've seen abroad, when his mahogany coloured Majesty Ramjamjolliboo was crowned at Tangoree.—Procession reached nine miles long, and the folks were a month going through the ceremony! King rode on a Buffalo, and his outside robe covered an acre and a quarter! All the little black Royal Family were mounted on dromedaries, and her dingy Majesty the Queen followed cross-legged on a Bonassus!—'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?

To ALFRED BEAUCHAMP, ESQ. *Editor of the* EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE MIDNIGHT MINSTREL.

THE SHEIK'S WIFE.

CANTO FIRST.

DAMASHK's high towers and minarets
To the noon were glittering bright,
And there was not a cloud in the azure heaven
To shadow it's blessed light.

But all was calm as the summer morn
Of an Eastern land could be;
'Tis sad that the heart should of bliss be void
When the sun shines lovelily.

But he looks down upon sorrow's tear
As oft as a winter's sky;
The flowers may spread to his golden ray,
Yet he cannot that tear-drop dry.

There was joy in the Mosque of Saint Abraham,
And well the city show'd
That the flower of Damashk that day should be
On the old Sheik of Haleb bestow'd.

But there were two hearts which could not share
In the bliss which around was thrown;
The one was KELIDA, the weeping fair,
And one for her lover was known;

'Till MALOUK the SHEIK from Haleb came,
With a heart that profaned the sacred flame

That beauty inspires, and youth must feel,
As the adamant rock doth attract the steel:
And for him and his wealth was CALPHAR's fair bride
Forced to leave for another her own lover's side;
Thus the power of gold could their young hopes blight,
But after the darkness there shall be light.

'Twas plain that soul was all unfit for bliss,
Which sought to quench so pure a flame as this;
Self was it's love, and it was sad to bind
Kelida's beauteous form to such a mind:—
That thought was idle now, for nought remain'd
But—that her father should behold her chain'd.
To attend his promised victim, Malouk gave
Zaphti his friend command o'er many a slave
To guard her homewards, but no bridegroom shares
Their weary road;—they said, that "other cares,
Not of this world, had made him thus forego
The bliss which her possession would bestow:"—
Yes, it was true:—Could earthly feelings now
Keep back the virtuous lover from his vow?—
They were of darker climes, for nought of good
Would e'er protract the feast when such the food.
Bribed was the Imaun; gold has still the art
To form a powerful buckler for the heart;
On which the conscience may discharge in vain
Her keenest shafts the traitor to regain;
This Zaphti knew, and fee'd him not to feel,
Or if he did,—his pity to conceal.
Ere yet the ceremonial hour was o'er,
And bright Kelida's hand was free no more,
Her father claim'd that dower which Malouk told
Her priceless charms should recompense with gold!
For Avarice still at virtuous Beauty's shrine
To gain it's favours will it's God resign.
The coin was brought.—O Heaven! what dross is this?
For heartless man to change for wedded bliss;
It is as if the foulest fiends should try
To barter for an interest in the sky;
Or like that ancient tyrant's dark delight,
His dead and living victims to unite.
Seal'd was the contract, joy inspired each voice,
Save her's, which least had reason to rejoice;
She was all silent then, no tear, no sound,
Told how the heart had borne it's mortal wound:
Though, ere her father's doom had fix'd her fate,
She wept, entreated, prayed, 'twas then too late;
That dreaded hour in all it's woe had past,
And the soul look'd to other hope at last.
"Zaphti," the Imaun cried, "now may'st thou bear
Home to her future lord this wayward fair,
Whom time will teach to quiet these alarms,
And wealth shall dazzle with a thousand charms:
Fear not, when his she never can withstand"—
"By Allah's might, he shall not clasp that hand,
'Tis mine"—As on Calphar impetuous rush'd
And spake in thunder every voice was hush'd;
Yet seem'd those tones one bosom to revive,
The bride, who but of late scarce seem'd to live,
Now turn'd their eyes by sorrow glazed and dim
To fix their yet remaining rays on him,

Each hand, when enter'd there the brave Calphar,
Drew forth it's dagger, clasped it's scymitar;
His sabre too, when high those blades were thrown,
Flew out as swiftly and as brightly shone;
They cross'd,—what nearer had they met had been,
None know,—the Bride and Imaun rush'd between.
" Oh, save him!" cried Kelida.—" Wretch, away!"
Exclaim'd the Priest, " nor dare by longer stay
To stain this mosque with murder; thy profane
And daring outrage yet must prove in vain,
The contract is concluded;—Hope for thee
Hath fled for time and for eternity."
Calphar, unmindful of the curses shed
By that false Priest on his devoted head,
Turned to Kelida :—
" Loved one, let me say,
To brave thy kinsmen came I not to day;
Albeit 'tis they profanely would defile
The holy office of this sacred pile,
By linking thee to——but 'tis greater vice
Which hath demanded such a sacrifice.
Within this Mosque I came,—attend ye now,
To breathe to Heaven one pure and fervent vow;
Which ye shall witness all, to learn how well
Love in the breast despite of hope can dwell."
Calphar then rais'd his crimson turban there,
And loos'd the braid that bound his sable hair,
Which all unfetter'd, floated o'er his head
Like night's black tent o'er festive gardens spread,
Where thousand lamps in darkness brighter glow,
So look'd his face that raven hair below.
But there was one long brilliant flowing tress
That waved in sweet luxuriant wantonness,
Around his neck it's glittering length was thrown,
And on his white vest's folds more beauteous shone;
He clasp'd the lock, rear'd high his shining blade,
These words then utter'd, and this vow he made.

" By Kaf's dark mount,—By Zemzem's fount,
By every angel's power,
By joys beyond all mortal count
Within the Prophet's bower;
This lock shall grow, this tress shall flow,
Until that blessed hour,
Of hope my heart will not resign
When bright Kelida shall be mine!

It ever grew, as black in hue
Through years which long have past,
But when she broke upon my view,
I vow'd it still should last,
That o'er my head, it's plume should spread,
And it's dark lustre cast,
Till death should force me to resign
All hope Kelida might be mine!

By light and gloom;—By Mecca's tomb,
By life and death, I swear,
My deep revenge and mortal doom
Stern Malouk yet shall bear!
This lock shall grow,—this tress shall flow,
Till all my vows declare
Be done; for I cannot resign
The hope Kelida may be mine."

" Begone,—No more!" the friends of Malouk cried,
" Ere yet this holy spot with blood be died,
Long since thy breast had felt it's mortal wound,
If 'twere not shame to brave on sacred ground
A single foe, and one whose words have shown,
If love remain, his senses long have flown.
Begone, and to thy mad companions tell
With wonder too,—how thou did'st 'scape so well!
But yet, bethink thee ere thou tempt again
The warlike bands of Malouk's nuptial train;
Another time, when thou thy wrath shalt cast
On such as we, 'twill haply prove thy last."—
" Aye, ye may triumph now!" Calphar replied,
Then turn'd his glowing features to the Bride:
" Oh yet, Kelida! in thy face I see
The same sweet glance as when in Bedame
I first beheld thee, when that lovely vale
Heard my young passion plead it's fervent tale.
Think on me then, when thou shalt through it roam
To meet a tyrant lord, and dungeon home;
Think on me there, and spite of Malouk's band,
With power unlook'd for,—I will be at hand!"
Flight was his only safeguard; instant rose
With ready scymitars his ruthless foes;
Part watch'd the entrance,—while Kelida's eyes
Turn'd to the lattice:—
" Mahomet! he dies!
Unless thou guide his footsteps, turn thee here,
My loved Calphar, I have no other fear,
If thou can'st fly with safety."—Swift he roll'd
Round his left arm his Cashmeer mantle's fold,
To ward the deadly blows each weapon made,
Whilst death still follow'd his descending blade;
Some were o'erthrown, the tide of life hath gush'd
Forth from their breasts; the warrior on them rush'd,
Sprang o'er their corses to the window's height,
Then leap'd the walls, and vanish'd from their sight.
'Tis sad, the Poet's lines so slowly name
What life beholds as lightning's vivid flame,
While the chain'd tongue is labouring to relate
How each one speaks, how acts, and what their fate;
'Twas thus within Saint Abram's Mosque, that scene,
Though scarcely past, seem'd scarcely to have been.
On each dark brow desire of vengeance frown'd;
Each scowling eye was fixed upon the ground;
No heart which glow'd at that escape was there
Save one, whose joy to show it might not dare,
But swiftly panted in it's lovely seat,
As if 'twould burst the bosom where it beat.
There is a stupor which the thought enchains,
And chills the crimson current in the veins,
When scenes like this have flitted past the eyes,
Which binds up all the soul in ecstacies,
To think that life and living things should seem
So like a tale, a phantom, or a dream.
From such a trance the friends of Malouk started,
And hasty counsel thus their tongues imparted.
" Pursue,—Pursue!"—" 'Tis vain, far hence he flies:
If we should meet again, that hour he dies:"
" Bear off Kelida!"—" Why protract our stay?
Malouk commanded we should hence to day;

But his fond raptures will be somewhat less
When he shall learn his Bride's unworthiness."
To fair Kelida's features, that event
Which clouded other brows fresh lustre lent,
Despite her care, joy still would force it's way,
And hope would o'er her pallid features play:
Thus, if beneath the evening's glowing sky
Some streamlet pure as crystal glideth nigh,
Though pale and colourless it's waters fair,
The tints of Heaven are all reflected there;
So look'd Kelida, for her lover's light
Shone on her lifeless form, and all was bright.
Now from the sacred Mosque the Bride's array
Unto her father's dwelling takes the way,
That ere they mount their steeds to journey on,
And to their long and toilsome course have gone,
The nuptial banquet they might all partake,
And seal that pledge which pity fain would break.

K.

NOTES.

The Sheik's Wife. The foregoing tale is founded upon a circumstance related by Henry Maundrell, in his "Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem," edit. Oxford, 1749, 8vo. page 5. "Having," says he, "spent about two hours in this manner, we descended into a low valley; at the bottom of which is a fissure into the Earth, of a great depth, but withal so narrow, that it is not discernible to the eye till you arrive just upon it; though to the ear a notice is given at a great distance, by reason of the noise of a stream running down into it from the hills. We could not guess it to be less than thirty yards deep, but it is so narrow, that a small arch, not four yards over, lands you on it's other side. They call it the Sheik's Wife: a name given it from a woman of that quality who fell into it, and, I need not add, perished." The office of an ecclesiastical Sheik is equal to that of a Parish Priest, a Sheik-Bellet is the Governor of a City.

Damashk—Damascus. *Haleb*—Aleppo.

Imaun. A Priest of nearly the same rank as a Sheik. The word is also spelled Imam and Iman, and his office is termed an Imamate.

That ancient tyrant's dark delight,
His dead and living victims to unite.

The Emperor Nero is said to have tormented the Christians by causing the bodies of the dead to be bound to those of the living, and making them to perform the duties of life with such horrible appendages. Some commentators have thought that St. Paul alluded to this custom in Romans vii. 24.

Kaf's dark mount,—Zemzem's fount. The Orientalists suppose, that the mountains of Kaf, or Caf, surround the world, and that the sun rises and sets on the outer part of them. The Well of Zemzem is at Mecca, and is considered to be the fountain which was discovered to Hagar and Ishmael, when they were driven by Abraham into Arabia.

When in Bedame
I first beheld thee, when that lovely vale.

The Valley of Bedame is a short distance beyond the village of the same name, and the town of Shoggle near the river Orontes, and in the direct road from Aleppo to Jerusalem. Maundrell, in the work and page already cited, says, that the road through the valley leads under the cool shade of thick trees, or narrow valleys watered with fresh murmuring torrents, all decorated with myrtles, oleanders, cyclamens, anemonies, tulips, marygolds, and other aromatic plants and flowers.

K.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER;

OR, A PRIVATE EXPOSTULATION WITH THE EDITOR.

We give the earliest insertion to the subjoined caustic communication from our *lettered* friend *S. W X. Z.* in order to prove, that our impartiality is something more than a name. In truth, the severity of our Correspondent's epistle affects not us; and secure in conscious innocence, we can exclaim with Hamlet,

"Let the gall'd jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung!" EDITOR.

MY GOOD MR. EDITOR,

OR, rather, my dear Mr. BEAUCHAMP, what in the name of pistols and hair triggers, have you been about? Is there no fear of enraged authors, and exposed contributors, before your eyes? No misgivings of conscience? No Chalk Farm assignations haunting your "curtain'd sleep," or playing the night mair upon your pillow? To be sure you have the example of one tender hearted Caius Marcius Coriolanus for listening to a woman's request; but you should have had his fate in your remembrance also. For whilst, like a second Paris, you were won upon by *your* Helen, Troy Town may be lost, and the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, that "observed of all observers," "lie at the proud feet of a conqueror!" and all things you

"ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral."

It may do very well now and then to say, "I must be cruel only to be kind;" but do your imagine that the exhibition of your Balaam box treasures illustrates the hypothesis, or unravels the contradiction?—Of a verity,—No! Why, my good fellow, why destroy the confidence that should ever subsist between the freemasonry of scribblers? and why expose the poor human nature frailties of your unfledged bardlings?—Why divulge to this cynical world any portion of those offerings, which it is your profession to decide upon with *closed doors?* In my school days,—those days of vanity and weakness,—there was more real reformation wrought upon me by a holiday-cashiering imposition, than by all the apparent vengeance of apple twig applications; and there was "more peril" in the destruction of my ill concorded, and false quantity, verses, than in "twenty of their" stripes. There was a time, "that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end;"—but not so with your Balaamites. You keep them pent up for your first of the month dress party; you encage them in your lock-up house, and draw lots for their execution, like the Wood Demon, of dramatic notoriety, first exhibiting your condemned delinquents, like a butcher's prize beast, with gilded horns, at Christmas, displaying us to the public at large, before you give the final *coup de grace* —the ultimate knock on the head, that finishes at a blow.

Really, my dear Mr. Editor, although we are in the very midst of the season, this is hardly fair sporting, nay it is downright poaching. It is decoying the game into your own preserves, and then netting them by moonlight—knocking them off their perches "i' the night season," or laying wires at the meuses and runs of your own covers—*Proh Pudor!* "Springes to catch woodcocks." After all, however, as was most facetiously said at the conclusion of an elaborate essay, tending to prove our Third Richard a model of propriety and gentleness, and an angel of light—"after all, this may be but a paradox," and your Balaam box, and it's precious draught of sprats, like Mr. Lobski's fry, may be only gudgeons; an Editorial hoax, if not a downright take in.

But concede that you have put garments upon a scare crow, and taught us to think it a living being with —"a local habitation and a name,"— Do you not opine that the *real* Simon Pures may be frightened away as well as the counterfeit?—the game cocks as well as the dunghills? We are none of us infallible, and since your wise worship has assumed the "Sir Oracle," and "no dog must bark"

but as you please, who shall now dare put his trembling hand filled with the important paquet ambitious of acceptance into your "Lion's Head?" Who shall now dare the Granicus, when to fail would risque exposure for making the attempt? Genius, my good fellow, has not so much brass about it as a French cuirassier, or Mr. Elliston's perpetual Champion; and very often real ability is teazed with more qualms of suspense and agitation, than downright ignorance: and where bold effrontery, in the peacock feathered mantle of jackdaw vanity, would take the bull by his horns, retiring genius withholds the offering altogether; not choosing to incur the hazard of a rejection and failure. Oh! you may go whoop in future for my poetry to fill up your ranks, you have effectually alarmed all my modest and blushing aspirancy; for even I, modest, timid, meek, retiring creature as I am, who shudder at the uses of adversity, as a petted mouser shrinks from the intrusion of a strange dog, even I tremble with apprehension at the idea of beholding your next Number, lest I may see myself hung up *in terrorem* among your specimens, for I know and acutely feel that your Pandora's Box encloses evidences of certain "rejected addresses" which owe their imprisonment to me, and like a Shrovetide cock, I may find myself pelted for the amusement and fun of your more jocose and iron-hearted readers. But it is all up with you, my dear fellow!—you may promise to "pay the piper," but devil a hurdy-gurdy will drone for your amusement, Requiems and dirges alone will now be howled out over the faded glories of your deserted pages.—You may indeed exclaim,

Oh! now for ever
Farewell th'Orphean strain! farewell dear verse!
Farewell the poet's song, and the sweet rhyme
That made my pages pretty! Oh farewell!
Farewell the glowing line, and the rich thought,
The spirit stirring song, the tear calling theme,
The royal stanza, and all quality,
Pride, march, and circumstance, of glorious verse!
And, oh ye themes immortal! whose fine sounds
Apollo's music almost counterfeited,
Farewell!—the poetaster's occupation's gone!

But tarry yet,—"the law has yet another hold upon you," at least *I have*, which is one and the same thing,—the loss that others have sustained by your insatiate exposition of them, is as nothing when compared with *mine*. You have destroyed all my plans, unwinged my "great ambition," upset my hobby!—literally, disvelocipeded *me*. The airy visions I had formed, the sweets "of my creation," which I fondly fancied would "o'ertop the petty" flights of meaner men, you have demolished at a blow. My "pride and pomp and circumstance" you have contrived to extinguish, and my mountains are not even now worth the altitude of mole hills. There is but one excuse, one hope for you; your entire ignorance of the great things, the overpowering sweets I had prepared for your Magazine. But it is over now; my modesty, not my poverty, consents to forego even the offer of them *now* to you. The whole tribe of poets unite in one indignant band to applaud my resolution, and here I breathe the unanimously elected defender and supporter of the insulted rights of the Council of Ten Thousand, which I take to be about the number of your poetical Correspondents.

I cannot conclude, however, without causing you to bite your nails at the folly which has overreached itself, and therefore subjoin a list of a portion of those magnificent poems I had prepared for you,—Poems that would have dissipated the proverbial misery of a November fog, and quite irradiated the damps and mists of that suicidal month. This alone would have entitled me to immortality, and given me a statue in the Capitol. There is something uncommonly tantalizing in looking at the pine apples and grapes through the windows of a hot house *which you cannot enter*; and this curse, worse than that of Southey's Kehama, this thirst for refreshing draughts, worse than that of Tantalus, I entail upon you;—for you durst not call such fruits as mine are,—sour.

My first great work I had entitled, "A Narrative Poem, after the manner of, but very superior to, Cowper's Johnny Gilpin, descriptive of a certain

Sunday ride to Hammersmith, with various facetious and magnanimous adventures at Knightsbridge;—of the Hero's hair breadth scapes from guns, pistols, blunderbusses, and unarmed soldiers;—of his dangers "in the imminent deadly" causeway, and "his redemption thence;"—in fine, of "all his travelled history."

You should then have had "A Fragment of a Tragedy, consisting of the trial-scene, sentence, and execution of a whole regiment of Life Guards, for the fool-hardy and loyal valour displayed at Waterloo, by saving their country, and for their officious alacrity in protecting the peace and lives of his Majesty's subjects from the patriotic attacks of the Sovereign People."

"A pathetic Appeal, more moving, though something like the "Beggar's Petition," in behalf of the poor dear persecuted Radicals, and lauding to the skies"——but in pity I forbear, and torture you no longer.

Such, my dear fellow, such are a very few of the jewels I had set to be the "grace and ornament" of your Magazine. I will not dwell longer upon your loss, nor press more heavy upon your already festering wounds. This, however, in bidding you farewell,—receive in good part. When again you have riches enough in your grasp to set you up, with prudent management, for life, do not, like the youth of the East and his basket of glass, in fancied exultation destroy at one kick not only all your hopes, but also the foundations on which they rested.

I am, in the hope of your amendment,

My dear Mister Beauchamp,

Your's, in very truth,

S. W. X. Z.

MEMORANDA OF A TOUR FROM MARGATE, ROUND THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND TO PLYMOUTH, AND THENCE TO BATH AND BRISTOL.

(Continued from page 251.)

BROADSTAIRS

IS a village or hamlet on the sea shore, belonging to the parish of St. Peter's. It is two miles north from Ramsgate, and three miles and a half south-east from Margate. Situated between these two populous and much frequented bathing places, it has made no vain attempt to rival them, or at least to obtain a share of visitors, having become the resort during the summer of many respectable families, who preferring retirement to the gaiety and bustle of the larger and more frequented towns, find in the society and accommodations here, all the pleasures and amusements which they wish. Some vestiges of antiquity have been discovered here, and many coins of the Roman Emperors have been picked up on the shore. A stone arch or portal, with walls of flints, to which formerly belonged gates, a drawbridge, and a portcullis, to prevent the incursions of privateers, leads to the harbour and pier. Above which arch appears the following inscription—"York Gate—Built by George Culmer.—A.D. 1540.—Repaired by Sir John Henniker, Bart. 1795."

At a small distance from this gate, was an ancient chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, in which was an image of Our Lady, of such reputed sanctity, that it used to be saluted by ships as they passed; but the remains were long since converted into a dwelling house.

There is a small pier, with a harbour for light vessels, once having considerable trade, but it progressively decreased, until only a few fishing boats were employed, and remained little known for many years, until the conveniency of it's situation for bathing, the accommodation and privacy which it seemed to promise to those who preferred seclusion to the bustle of Margate and Ramsgate; and in some seasons the overflow of visitors to those places, concurred to bring it into repute.

This originally small village, has been very much encreased of late years by the erection of many new buildings for the reception of the visitors. New streets, and terraces, and many detached houses, have been built, but too much crowded, and in a great measure destitute of domestic conve-

nience. Those which directly front the sea, aided by their elevation, are exposed to the violence of the east wind, which often blows on this coast with great force. Is it for want of room, or want of money, that we find half a dozen, or half a score houses, with perhaps only four, or six small rooms, each ridiculously dignified with the title of a crescent, a terrace, or a place?

The Phœnix Hotel and Rose Inn both furnish good accommodations for strangers; and there are several lodging houses, where persons may live according to their own plan.

There is a well furnished library opposite the Rose Inn, commanding a delightful view of the ocean and Downs, and the French coast. On the cliff towards the Pier is also another library and toy-shop, presenting an equally fine marine view.

Off the mouth of the harbour is the bathing place. The machines and rooms are upon the same principles and terms as those at Margate and Ramsgate, between which places a constant intercourse is kept up, as they lie within an easy morning's walk. Lord Henniker has a seat here, and a handsome villa stands at the entrance of the Margate Road, called Belmont: while about a mile from Broadstairs is East Cliff Lodge, a handsome villa, enjoying the most picturesque views. Proceeding through the midst of fine and extensive corn fields, we next came to

RAMSGATE,

Which is in the parish of St. Lawrence, and lies within the liberty of the Cinque Ports, being an ancient appendage of Sandwich, the mayor of which appoints his deputy or constable here. Anciently it was a poor fishing town, containing a few mean houses; but somewhat more than a century ago, it's foreign trade encreased, and it began to emerge from its original insignificance; having since become known and frequented as a bathing-place, the old houses have not only been improved, but many new and handsome buildings have been erected. Yet in this respect it is still far behind Margate, except in it's capacious harbour, and fine Pier.

This Pier has been built of Portland and Purbeck stone, at the expense of several hundred thousand pounds: and it extends about eight hundred feet into the sea before it forms an angle. It is twenty-six feet broad at the top, and it's south front is a polygon; it's angles five on a side, each four hundred and fifty feet, with octagons of sixty feet at the ends, and the entrance two hundred feet: so that the harbour, which is thus enclosed, contains an area of forty-six acres. A substantially built light-house of white stone is erected at the west head of the Pier, and a handsome house has been constructed for the harbour master, another for the trustees to transact business in, wet and dry docks, storehouses, and every other appropriate appendage to this great and necessary work.

The Pier forms the grand promenade or fashionable walk for company, commanding views of the Downs, the coast of France, the towns of Deal and Sandwich, and many of the hills and fertile vallies of East Kent, whilst the blue expanse of ocean, covered with numerous white sails, gives animation to a picture highly interesting. At the back of the pier is kept the life boat in case of accidents. Nearly opposite to this harbour lie the dangerous Goodwin Sands, supposed formerly to have made part of the Kentish land, and to have been an estate of an Earl of Kent, but overflowed by the sea in the eleventh century.

There are several inns and houses of public entertainment for travellers and visitors, as the London Hotel, King's Head, &c. and lodging and boarding houses are so numerous, as to form various streets, and rows. The handsome buildings for the residence of strangers are in Albion-place, Chapel-place, Prospect-row, Nelson Crescent, and on Sion Hill, where the prospect is delightful. The Assembly room is situate near the harbour, with annexed coffee, tea, billiard, and card rooms.

The Baths at Ramsgate are most commodious. The bathing place is at the back of the pier, in front of a long line of high chalky cliffs; the machines are good, ply in the same manner as at Margate, and the beach is a fine firm sand. There are warm salt water baths, and also a plunging and shower bath, to which are attached waiting and dressing rooms.

The roads in the vicinity are good, and notwithstanding the bleakness of this part of the Isle of Thanet, neatness and fertility characterize the general features of the country; the

salubrity of the air induces health and longevity; and nothing but wood is wanting to make these parts beautifully picturesque.

Near the south extremity of Ramsgate harbour is an ascent from the beach, directly in front of the Crescent, by means of a frame of timber formed into something like a geometrical staircase, called Jacob's Ladder, and at the end of a handsome range of buildings, which are placed upon this eminence, and command a fine prospect of the Downs, is a small battery and station for artillery, which overlooks the harbour, and protects the coast.

St. Lawrence, three quarters of a mile from Ramsgate, is a pretty village, situated on a hill, commanding many extensive prospects over luxuriant corn fields and extensive meadows. The church is very ancient, and the tower in particular is of curious Saxon architecture. Before we leave the island along the coast for Sandwich, a concise description of the villages and other places that are generally the objects of the visitor's attention, may be pleasing to our readers. Manston is a truly romantic spot, and a pleasing and an agreeable walk, either from Margate or Ramsgate. Here are the remains of a curious cave, supposed to have anciently been a hiding place from the ravages of the Danes, no unique specimen of antiquarian credulity. It is a chalk pit, formed something like the aisles of a Gothic cathedral, by the whim of a Mr. Troward, who formerly lived here, and has been much frequented for many years by the company resorting to the bathing places. The chapel belonging to Manston Court is also a picturesque ruin, overhung with ivy.

BIRCHINGTON

Is a large village, about half a mile from the sea shore, and four miles west of Margate. The church is a handsome building, situated on a rising ground, and contains many ancient monuments of the Queux and Crisp families. At the mansion of a gentleman of the former name, near this place, King William the Third used to reside, whilst waiting for a fair wind to embark for Holland, and his Royal bedroom was pointed out, until the old seat was pulled down to make room for the modern house.

ST. NICHOLAS

Is a pleasant village, situated on an eminence, about two miles west of Birchington, in the midst of open fields; and it's ancient church, which has three beautiful Saxon arches, standing on rising ground, is a very interesting object.

SARR,

Now a small village at the western extremity of the island, was once a port, and a place of some repute. Being half way between Canterbury and the principal towns of Thanet, it has still two good inns for public accommodation.

MONKTON,

A village so named from having been the property of the Monks. The church is ancient; in the chancel are twelve stalls, and in the windows the portraits of several priors on painted glass. At the west end of which are the following Monkish lines in black letter—

"Insula rotunda Tanotos quam circuit unda
Fertilis et munda, nulla est in orbe secunda."

MINSTER,

Two miles from Monkton, is an ancient place, where Dourneva, the daughter of Ercembert, King of Kent, founded an abbey, in 670, and became herself the first abbess. Her daughter Mildred succeeded her, and became so eminent for piety, that the convent was called by her name, and she was canonized. The church of Minster is the most ancient in the island; it has three aisles, and eighteen collegiate stalls in the choir. On the floor are several ancient flat grave stones, probably memorials of some of the religious belonging to the house. At this place there are public gardens open for Public Breakfasts, and Tea Parties.

RECULVER,

Called Regulbium by the Romans; by the Saxons Raculf, and afterwards Raculf-cester, on account of it's castle, and lastly Raculf-minster, from the monastery afterwards built there. In the time of the Romans it had a fort and a watch tower, supposed to be built by Severus, anno 205, in which, as we are informed by the Notitia, lay in garrison the first cohort of the Vetasians. The walls of the fort, still remaining, seem about eleven feet thick, but the facings are nearly destroyed; they contain within them,

in the form of a square a little rounded at the corners, a level space of about eight acres, and are on three sides very visible; but the fourth towards the north is nearly destroyed, by the falling of the cliff on the sea shore. Fragments of unglazed vessels, and various coins, have been found, of great antiquity, from Julius Cæsar to Honorious, and some brass ones of Tiberius and Nero. Parts of various weapons, ornaments, and articles of dress, have also been collected here. Antiquarians have differed respecting the various articles found, some supposing there was a mint and a pottery established by the Romans; and others imagining, that the military chest, or a vessel laden with pottery, and coin to pay the Roman soldiers, was lost upon this dangerous coast. Many of the coins are defaced by corrosion, and some of them appear to have undergone the action of fire, but several have been found perfect.

Leland describes the Reculver as "withyn a quarter of a myle or lyttle more of the se syde. The towne at this time is but a village lyke. Sumtyme wheras the paroche chyrch is now, was a fayre abbay; and Brightwald, archbishop of Canterbury, was of that house. The old building of the chyrch of the abbay remaineth, having ii goodly spyring steeples."

The church dedicated to St. Mary, built on the site both of the palace of King Ethelred, and the more ancient Roman fort, stands very conspicuous; the two spires of it, in form of pyramids, usually called the Reculvers. It is a very ancient structure, and appears to have been the same building as was used by the abbey church; though from the many alterations it has undergone, it has a more modern appearance. In it is said to be buried the body of King Ethelbert, who retired hither about 597, and built for himself a palace, on the site of the old Roman ruins. It continued a royal residence, till King Egbert gave it to one Bassa, a priest, who built a monastery on it, from which time it was called, as has been before mentioned, Raculf-minster.

It is said that the remains of a church, or some other considerable building, has been formerly seen at low water upon the Black Rock near this shore; and it has been conjectured that in that building, and not on the site of the dilapidated church before mentioned, King Ethelbert was buried.

Tradition also has it, that these towers, usually called the Sisters, were erected by an abbess of Feversham, in token of her extreme affection for the memory of her sister, who, together with herself, suffered shipwreck here; and although rescued from the waves, died soon after, from the effects of fatigue and terror. The Two Sisters, so called by the seamen, was a constant sea mark for them to avoid the dangers of this coast. And such was the reverence formerly entertained for the sanctity of this structure, that it was usual for all vessels to have their topsails lowered when they passed the Reculvers.

The sea having made such inroads at this place, and washed away part of the churchyard, with the remains of those deposited there, it was considered necessary to take down this ancient structure and sea mark, and to erect a smaller one near the said spot.

A new church has been erected at about the distance of a mile to the south-west of the ancient edifice, and that remarkable fabric levelled to the ground, disregarding sacred antiquity, for it is asserted, that the money laid out in the erection of this new one, would have preserved the venerable structure for many years; such is modern taste, or rather such is modern folly.

Leaving Ramsgate in our way to Sandwich, passing through corn fields, and along the verge of the cliff, we came to Pegwell, a village pleasantly seated by a spacious bay of that name, where in the season the inhabitants resort for the purpose of catching soles, turbot, flounders, and shrimps. Parties of pleasure from the neighbouring towns are frequently made, particularly by the visitors in the bathing season, to the inn termed Belle Vue, which is most agreeably situated; the garden being fitted up with alcoves, and seats, and from the bowling green there is a fine view of the bay, including in the line of coast, the towns of Sandwich and Deal; and at a greater distance the castle of Dover; and the cliffs of Calais.

From Pegwell we passed by the remains of ancient Stonar, supposed by some antiquarians to have been the Lapis Tituli of the Romans. At the

Norman conquest it was a populous town; but being plundered and burnt by the French in 1385, it never regained it's former importance, but sunk to a few mean houses. It was on this spot that Vortimer defeated the Saxons.

About a mile, on the right of Stonar, are the interesting ruins of Richborough Castle. The Rutupiæ of the Romans is the name they gave to the city, which formerly stood without the walls of the castle upon the adjacent lands. Some historians state the castle to have been built by Vespasian, as a citadel or defence to the city of Rutupiæ; others that it was founded by Julius Cæsar, in the year 55; and the Itin. Cur. says, "This is one of those castles built upon the *littus Saxonicum*, or Saxon shore, in the time of *Theodosius*."

Leland, as well as Camden, supposes that the ancient town surrounded the castle on the slope of the hill; the foot of it being washed on the east side by the stream which formerly bounded the Isle of Thanet.

The castle was a square, one hundred and five paces one way, and one hundred and fifty the other, according to the Roman way of making camps, a third part longer than their breadth. The walls in some places are pretty entire, and measure twenty, twenty-five, to thirty feet in height without any ditch, and are twelve feet thick. The manner of the composition of the walls is seven courses of small hewn stone, which take up four Roman feet, then two courses of Roman brick, which are white. The outer face is cased with stone, but the inward body of them is filled up with stones and flints, imbedded in an excessive strong cement or mortar. The north side measures five hundred and sixty feet in length, the south five hundred and forty, and the west four hundred and eighty-four: the side next the sea being upon a kind of cliff, though the top of the wall is but level with the ground. These walls enclose a large piece of corn land, forming an area of about four acres.

Near the east wall are the foundations of a building, supposed by some antiquarians to have been a chapel, by others a *prætorium*, or pharos. On the south-west side of the castle, upon an eminence, are the scarcely perceptible remains of a Castrensian amphitheatre, made of turf, intended, as is supposed, for the exercise and diversion of the garrison.

Here the Roman forces generally landed, and many of their coins, and other vestiges of remote antiquity, have from time to time, and are still, discovered here. It continued to be a place of importance for nearly one thousand years, but was finally ruined by the Danes about 1010. It is a noble remnant of Roman antiquity, majestic even in decay, highly worthy the traveller's notice, more particularly an antiquarian.

(To be continued.)

DEISM.

AMONG the various objections which Deism has urged against Christianity, none has appeared more totally destitute of foundation, than, that the views of the Deity which it presents are unworthy of him. The Bible declares the Almighty to be omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, wise, just, and merciful; the source of life, of truth, and of happiness; this then is a character unworthy of the Governor of the Universe. The doctrine of the omnipresence of God, alone, then affords a strong presumption of the divine origin of Christianity; for how was it possible for a finite mind to conceive the idea of a Being unconfined by space, whose essence penetrates the utmost boundary of creation, if indeed creation has a boundary, to whom the past and the future are one eternal present; who controuls the motion of worlds, whose will is the sole cause of all existence, and whose being has neither commencement nor termination. His beneficence has animated matter with life, unceasingly active, it accompanies the exercise of his power, and produces happiness: it's operation is illimitable, and it's perfection admits neither of diminution nor decay. In the endless connections and dependencies he has established, there is no disorder, nor confusion, for wisdom and omnipotence have linked the chain which binds the whole together. Such is a faint outline of the

idea, which Christianity presents of the Supreme Being. Is this, then, I would ask, the picture of an imperfect, an inconsistent, or, as some have even dared to assert, of a capricious and cruel Being? Assuredly not; it comprehends every excellence which the human mind can conceive, exalted to infinity.

With the intellectual faculties unimpaired, and the heart undepraved, a man must believe there is a God. The arguments for this conviction are so multitudinous, that it would be impossible to state them here, even if it was necessary. After assenting to the belief in a God, the next question which arises is, what are his attributes? and here unassisted reason, if candid, will confess that she is blind, that her utmost labour cannot find out God, that her most arduous exertions cannot find out the Almighty to perfection; and notwithstanding the innumerable volumes which have been written to prove the contrary, Christianity, and Christianity alone, has imparted to the modern infidel that light which he impiously uses against the sources which supplied it. The only fair way to decide the question is, to examine the opinions of those nations not professing Christianity. Ask the Mohamedan or the Hindoo, question the inhabitant of the arid desert of Africa, or the trackless wilds of America. Their answers will uniformly be a tissue of inconsistency, contradiction, and absurdity. If we apply to the period antecedent to Christianity, the result obtained will be similar. To account for the fact that the ancient philosophers were unable to ascertain the attributes of a God, it is said that a decisive improvement has taken place in the human mind, from the experience and discoveries of a course of ages. Now though inventions have multiplied, and science has advanced, proving that the progress of intellect has been in many respects commensurate with the progress of ages, yet the works of God, which are the only means by which man can judge of his attributes, were as open to the examination of the ancient philosopher, as to the modern sceptic. Time has wrought no change in them. It is true that labour and continuous research have discovered the purposes of many of them, previously unknown; but this does not invalidate the argument, it only confirms what was before conjectured. The nature of the Supreme Being was a subject to which they attached as much importance as we can possibly do; they employed their acutest reasoning faculties in endeavouring to become acquainted with it, faculties equal if not superior to any that we can boast, and yet it is said that a just and satisfactory conclusion was reserved for the exclusively enlightened enquirer of the nineteenth century.

The enemy of Christianity is aware, that if he impugns it's doctrines, and derides it's moral obligations, he must substitute a more perfect system in it's stead, for the folly of overthrowing an institution which has served as a guiding star to millions of human beings, without an adequate and sufficient successor, is too grossly palpable to require refutation. In order to obviate this, the deist resorts to the very source he affects to despise, and pretends to illumine mankind with rays which have shed their brightest lustre over regions from which he is a self-banished exile.

The deist receives, as an elementary principle of his Creed, that truth which has the whole human race for it's witnesses; namely, that conscience passes judgment upon all our actions, and either soothes us to complacency by approving them, or goads us with remorse by condemning them; and if this sentence was never biassed by passion, partiality, or prejudice, we might obey it's mandates, with the conviction that we were fulfilling the will of our Creator. But where is the virtue that has not been degraded into vice? where the vice that has not been deified into virtue? Whole nations have united in renouncing the most indispensable of all social virtues, honesty; it is true, the example must be sought for in the untutored savage, but the original sense of rectitude was as strongly implanted in his breast, as in that of the polished and civilized European. It will be said, perhaps, that Deism acknowledges the immortality of the soul, and consequently affords the most powerful incentive to virtue. But the same argument which overthrows the morality of Deism, has a similar effect upon it's faith, for when reason is left to her own unassisted light, she obscures the doctrine of the soul's immortality with the

mists of error, and disguises it with the extravagancies of wilful falsehood. Is this, then, we would ask, a religion deserving by it's innate excellence to supersede Christianity? Is a system which commences in doubt, and terminates in uncertainty, to erect itself on the ruins of truth, and the wreck of morality? God forbid! The attempts to subvert an institution so fraught with good as Christianity, will only reveal it's beauties more completely, by contrasting them with the deformities of a theory, which has human reason only for it's origin, and human wisdom for it's guide.

R. C. Y.

A MISANTHROPE'S FAREWELL.

"My native Land! good Night!"

COME, place thy hand in mine,
And the goblet rear on high;
Think my heart is in the wine,
And then drink it's fountain dry.
For I still would live in thee,
For whom alone I grieve,
O'er the deep and purple sea
On a distant land to leave.

For the deserts I am bound,
Where many a saint of yore
Such divine enjoyments found,
As they never found before.
Though demons them beset,
All howling for their prey;
The world they left had yet
Many a fouler fiend than they.

Though the tempests pour'd amain,
As if ruin were abroad,
Yet the storm, and wind, and rain,
Did but form the voice of God.
E'en the sun's intensest rays,
And the winter's icy air,
Never check'd their voice of praise,
Never chill'd their breath of prayer.

Every passion was forgot,
Every thought was virtue then;
And I fly to such a spot,
From a world of heartless men.
My steed is at my gate,
All impatient of delay;—
I am rushing on my fate,
To the Deserts then,—Away!

THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN.

IN the beginning of the sixteenth century, a bloody tragedy was played in the small town of Loudun, in France, to contemplate which at this day, makes men blush to be of the same species with the actors in it.

Urbain Grandier was the curate of St. Pierre du Marché in this town; he had been educated at the College of Jesuits at Bourdeaux, and their influence had procured him this benefice. He was so unfortunate as to draw upon himself the envy of several of the Churchmen of the neighbourhood, and the ill-will of some of the principal persons of the town. His talents and good fortune were the cause of the first, and the second was produced by

his devotion to the fair sex, and a notorious turn for gallantry; habits it must be confessed neither honourable to, nor consistent with the sacerdotal character, but which would have been more justly punished by milder inflictions, than the cruel tortures by which he was deprived of existence.

He was of a tall and handsome person, which, with a vanity from which even priests are not usually exempt, he was fond of displaying it to the best advantage; for this purpose he always wore his clerical habit in the street. He possessed a strong mind and an acute genius, his eloquence was of a very finished and striking description; to this he was indebted for his good fortune in the church, and the reputation he gained in consequence among the female part of his auditory, seems to have been the origin of those exaggerated evil reports under which he fell. His temper was fiery and haughty, probably the consequence of his superior talents, and he was more prone to revenge than to forgive an injury. He had a suit with the Canons of the Church of the Holy Cross, in which he succeeded, but his triumph created him implacable enemies in several of the Chapter. At nearly the same time M. Trinquant, the King's Procureur, had reason to suspect that Grandier had debauched his daughter, and he made a public exposure of his suspicions by examining certain persons; the result was not calculated to remove them, although no part of his accusations against Grandier could be established. Grandier conducted himself with so little discretion on his enemy's defeat, that Trinquant, with others, confederated to ruin him, or at least to compel him to quit Loudun. The willingness with which people believe calumnious reports, added to Grandier's own deportment, induced many to take part against him; and most of the suspicious fathers and jealous husbands of Loudun, either openly or secretly lent their assistance to the plot. An accusation was lodged against him, in which he was charged with lewdness, profaneness, and impiety; the ostensible promoters were two wretches from the lowest order of the people. While this was pending, a person of some fortune and credit, named Duthibaut, having spoken of Grandier in very disadvantageous terms, the latter remonstrated with some severity, and Duthibaut, taking offence at it, struck him with his cane, although Grandier was at this moment in his robes, and about to enter the church, where he was to officiate. Enraged at this insult, and being convinced that it would be to little purpose to prefer his complaint to the local authorities, he went to Paris to commence his process. During his absence, his enemies made such use of the opportunity it afforded them, that they procured a decree from the Bishop, requiring his return, to answer the charges within three days, on pain of imprisonment. As it was impossible for him to comply, he was on his return imprisoned, and remained in confinement for two months. At the end of which time, in spite of the machinations of his enemies, they could not substantiate the principal points of their charges, but they succeeded in obtaining a sentence against him, by which he was interdicted *a divinis* in the diocese for five years, and in Loudun for ever.

Grandier appealed against this sentence, and on it's being examined before the Parliament of Paris, it appeared that the depositions of some of the witnesses had been falsified, and that others had been solicited by Trinquant. The result was, that he was totally acquitted and absolved, his accusers condemned to pay all his charges, and his benefices restored to him. He was now counselled to exchange his living, but resentment blinded him; he returned to Loudun in triumph, with a laurel branch in his hand, and pursued his suit against Duthibaut with so much success, that he was sentenced to a public censure and apology, with full costs.

The rage of his foes was now encreased to such a point, that they were resolved at all events to compass his ruin, and the means by which they pursued and finally accomplished their object, were as horrid and as atrocious, as their intention was nefarious. In the town of Loudun, there was a Convent of Urselines, who were so extremely poor, that they were obliged to take boarders to encrease their scanty revenue. Mignon, Grandier's first enemy, was the director of this Convent, and having invented a plot, he found these Nuns fit instruments to put it in practice. He proposed to them to feign that they

were possessed by devils, and to accuse Grandier of having sent the demons into their bodies. He represented to them that by these means the importance of the Convent would be encreased, and the donations of the charitable and curious would bring plenty to their houses, instead of the penury which they were cursed with at that time. The Abbess and some of the Nuns immediately embraced the offer, and Mignon, having tutored them properly, gave out, as soon as he thought they were fit to play the parts he had assigned to them, that they were possessed with demons, and that it was necessary to exorcise them. He took to his assistance one Pierre Barré, a fanatic, whose credulity rendered him as fit for the imposition, as his malice and ferocity qualified him for the final object of the mummery in which he was to be concerned. After several rehearsals, at which no persons but Barré and Mignon were present, a public exorcism was resolved on, at which two magistrates were invited to be present; the most wonderful part of the affair was stated to be, that the possessed answered in Latin to the questions proposed to them, although they had no previous knowledge of the language. On the day appointed, the magistrates repaired to the Convent, where they were shewn the Superior in one bed and Sister Laie in another. At the magistrate's approach, the Prioress was seized with violent convulsions; she uttered strange cries, and hid herself in her bed. Mignon then began his exorcism, which was in Latin, and addressed to the demon.

Q. For what reason have you entered the body of this virgin?

A. On account of the animosity I bear her.

Q. By what symbol did you enter?

A. By flowers.

Q. What flowers?

A. Roses.

Q. Who sent them?

A. Urbain.

The exorcised pronounced this name with much hesitation, and as if it was done by constraint.

Q. What is his surname?

A. Grandier.

This answer was also given with great difficulty.

Q. What is his quality?

A. He is a Priest.

Q. Of what Church?

A. St. Peter's.

Q. What manner of person brought the flowers?

A. A diabolical person.

After this answer, the Superior seemed to recover herself. The magistrates then retired to the window, when Mignon approaching them, reminded them that these circumstances very closely resembled those of Father Gaufrédi, who had been executed upon a similar charge. One of the magistrates wished him to ask the cause of the animosity of which the Superior had spoken; but he excused himself, by saying he was not permitted to propose questions of idle curiosity.

The mere circumstance of this affair being brought forward by Grandier's acknowledged enemies, was enough to discredit it, to say nothing of it's ridiculous nature. The victim of it treated it with contempt, until finding it engrossed the attention of the inhabitants, he complained to the Bishop, but here his adversaries' influence was too strong, and the exorcisms continued. The fame of these doings spread daily, and the examinations were conducted in the presence of various civil officers and priests, as well as strangers. The people have at all times been too ready to believe what they do not understand, and Grandier did not discover his imminent peril until it was out of his power to allay the storm. The demons answered, but always to his disadvantage; sometimes they spoke false Latin, and at others the imposture was so clumsily conducted, that none but persons willing to be deceived could have been gulled by such artifices. The object of Mignon and his confederates seemed to be nearly accomplished, when the sudden arrival of the Bishop of Bourdeaux put an end to the scheme. He sent his physician to examine the possessed; such a report was made to him, as induced him to forbid any further exorcisms, and Barré and Mignon found themselves entirely defeated.

It might have been supposed that so many rebuffs would at least have tired these savage assassins, if they had not worked upon their better feelings; but not so, this defeat only put them upon new and more formidable attacks against their victim.

Just about this time one Laubardemont, a creature of the Cardinal de Richelieu, came upon some of his affairs to Loudun; Mignon and the rest of his party having formed an acquaintance with him, contrived to interest him in their resentments against Grandier, and his sanguinary temper induced him to promise his assistance. A satirical work had been published against the ministers a short time previously, and the Cardinal had been the chief object of the attack; the conspirators resolved to attribute this libel to the unfortunate Grandier, which would be the surest method to accomplish his ruin, for the Cardinal's vengeance once roused, nothing but the blood of his victim, they knew, would allay it. There was one circumstance which gave a sort of colour to the charge: when the Cardinal was only the Prior of Coussai, he had had some disagreement with Grandier on a point of precedence, the latter insisting that he was superior to the Prior, and neither owed him nor would pay him any deference; but there is not the slightest reason to believe that he was the author of the book, or that he bore the Cardinal any ill will. The conspirators, however, made such use of this circumstance, that Laubardemont procured a commission, authorizing him to examine again into the affair of the possessed Nuns. The proceedings again commenced. The party had made so good use of their time in the interval, that they came to the combat stronger than ever; the possession was not now confined to the Superior and one of the Sisters, but there were seven devils brought into action. Unjust as the former examinations had been, they were perfectly equitable compared with those; no persons were present but those whose known animosity against Grandier would lead them to assist in any schemes for his ruin. The same mummery continued, the devils made the same accusations, to which were now added others, equally horrible and ridiculous. The depositions soon presented sufficient to induce Laubardemont to order Grandier's imprisonment; this done, a main point was gained. He was confined in a house belonging to Mignon, and occupied by a man in the employ of Trincant, who had been an early witness in the former ineffectual prosecution. Here he was subjected to the *surveillance* of persons who furnished the possessed Nuns with exact information of his motions and habits, by which they were enabled more accurately to identify him with their wicked fabrications. His house was ransacked, and his papers taken away, among which were the sentences in those suits where his enemies had been defeated, and he had triumphed. Nothing was found among them which could be made to prejudice him, but a manuscript treatise against the Celibacy of Priests. His mother and his brother made every attempt to shield him from the malice of his blood-thirsty pursuers; but the chicanery of Laubardemont managed to thwart them, or his influence with the Cardinal enabled him to evade their objections, by procuring an extension of his powers. The proceedings of these conspirators had been so specious, that nearly the whole of Grandier's friends had deserted him, and he had no hope of assistance but from his mother, and his brother, who was Counsellor to the Borough of Loudun. The exertions of the former, from her age and sex, were not very important, and the latter, who had gone to Paris for some purpose connected with his brother's defence, was arrested through the intrigues of Duthibaut, and locked up in a prison, from which he could not procure his release until some time after his brother's death. These circumstances present a dreadful picture of the administration of justice in France at this time;— there have been periods when arbitrary power prevailed in England to an unwholesome extent, but in our worst days we never groaned under such perverse tyranny as these men exercised.

The obstacles being removed, and the infernal machinery of the plot in proper order, the agents of it proceeded to their final object. Grandier had been in prison some months; his conduct during his confinement had been mild, and he had forborne from any violent expressions, trusting rather to some opportunity which might be afforded him to manifest his innocence of the absurd crime, and seeking consolation in religious offices and studies. He was now visited by surgeons, who had Laubardemont's authority to examine his body, to discover those infallible proofs of a Sa-

tanic compact, certain marks upon his body, which should be invulnerable, or rather insensible. They commenced this ceremony by binding his eyes, and then, the surgeon, having found small moles in various parts of his body, turned the blunt end of his knife to them, which the patient of course endured without wincing; but on the other parts of his body the merciless ruffian plunged his knife so deeply, as to make him cry loudly with the agony.

Grandier demanded to be confronted with the possessed, which, after much hesitation, was granted him. He began, with the permission of the Bishop of the diocese, to exorcise one of them, and he proposed to do it in Greek; but here the ingenuity of the Nun was more than a match for him; for at the first question he proposed, she answered, the devil speaking by her, "You know full well that the first condition of the compact between us is, that I am not to answer you in Greek." This was considered by the auditory as a conclusive proof against him. The Nun afterwards offered to answer his questions in any language, but before he could speak, all the others set up the most frightful howling and screaming, so that he could not be heard. He remained firm and unmoved in the midst of this cruel impiety, which was to cost him his life, protesting his innocence, and imploring the protection of God. Addressing the Bishop and Laubardemont in their respective offices, as the representatives of the Ecclesiastical and Royal power, he besought them to command the demons to break his neck, or to make some visible mark upon his forehead, which if done he would receive as a proof of his guilt; but they declined doing so. Grandier again made the most solemn protestations of his innocence, but without effect, his doom was already sealed. The Bailli of Loudun addressed a memorial to the King, complaining of Laubardemont's partiality; which only produced a censure from the King upon himself for his interference.

The conspirators then proceeded to the consummation of their designs. They procured a commission from the King, and the proofs similar to those before adduced having been again gone through, he was declared to have been convicted of the crime of magic, in causing the possession of certain Nuns of Loudun by Devils, and condemned to make the *amende honorable* bareheaded, with a rope about his neck, and a torch in his hand, before the door of his own church, begging the pardon of God and the King; —thence he was to be conducted to the market-place, and there burnt alive, his goods confiscated, and that nothing might be wanting to his punishment, the torture was to be previously applied. This sentence was passed on the 18th of August, 1634; and no time was lost in carrying it into execution. He was immediately put to the question; the custom of performing which ceremony at Loudun was by fastening two thick pieces of wood round the victim's legs; these were fastened by cords, within which wedges were inserted, and driven by mallets; the consequence being, that the sufferer's legs were most frequently broken. They put two more wedges than ordinary to Grandier; and the Capuchins who were present, thinking that the executioner might be too merciful, drove them in themselves. The wretched man fainted during the operation, but they continued their cruelty until he recovered. During his suffering the torture, he gave such astonishing proofs of firmness and constancy, as could scarcely have been expected from his previous character; he never once complained or inveighed against his enemies, but continued to pray fervently, and to assert his innocence of the crimes charged against him; though he confessed himself guilty of certain sins, for which he had done penance, and he hoped obtained pardon. At four o'clock in the evening, he was carried by the executioners from the place of torture in a sort of broad ladder. He bore in his hand a torch, and besought as he went along the prayers of the bystanders for his soul. His sentence being read to him, he was put into a sort of carriage, and carried to St. Peter's church, where Laubardemont made him alight and kneel while his sentence was again read to him; the torture had deprived him of the use of his legs, and when he attempted to kneel he fell prostrate. At this moment Father Grillard accosted him; and embracing

him, he said, weeping, "Remember, Sir, that our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to God his Father through the Cross and torments. Preserve your fortitude: I bring you the benediction of your mother: we both pray for God's mercy upon you, and that he may receive you into Paradise." Grandier's soul, which the cruelties of his enemies could not shake, was softened at this kindness; he conjured Gillard to be as a son to his mother, and to pray for him, assuring him that he died innocent. When he arrived at the place of execution, turning to the Priests, he begged of them the kiss of peace. The Provost's Lieutenant asked his pardon. "You have not offended me," he said; "you have done only your duty." The executioner then put an iron girdle round him, placing him with his back to the church. The place was filled with people, and the efforts of the archers to remove them were useless; a flock of pigeons were seen hovering over the place, which neither the shouts of the people nor the firing of the archers could drive away; some persons said it was a flight of devils waiting for the soul of the magician; others said, these innocent doves were a testimony of the innocence of the prisoner. The Priests exorcised the air and the faggots, and again asked the patient if he would confess. He answered, that he had nothing to confess, and that he hoped that day to be with his God.—The Grêfier then asked him if he persisted in his innocence: he answered that he did, that he had said nothing but the truth, and he had no more to say. Hereupon one of the Monks told the Grêfier, that he suffered him to talk too much. The Provost had promised him that he should address the populace, and that he should be strangled before the fire was kindled. The ferocity of the Monks, however, prevented both these mercies: when he was about to speak, they threw their holy water in his face; and finding he was still endeavouring to address the by-standers, one of them pretended to give him the kiss of peace. "This is the kiss of a Judas," said the dying man. This roused their choler so much, that under the shew of presenting him a crucifix which was made of iron, they struck him with it violently over the mouth. Finding his attempts were useless, he pronounced a *Salve Regina* and an *Ave Maria*, concluding with recommending his soul to the mercy of Heaven. The Monks, in order to prevent his being strangled, had with their own hands knotted the cord, so that the executioner could not draw it. Grandier seeing this, cried out, "Is this what was promised me?" and lifting up the cord, he adjusted it himself. Father Lactance then holding a lighted torch in his face, said, "Wretch, will you not confess, and renounce the devil; you have not a moment to live."—"I abhor the devil," said Grandier; "I renounce him and all his works, and I implore the mercy of God." This savage Monk then, without waiting for the orders of the officers of justice, applied his torch to the pile. "Is this thy charity, Father Lactance? said Grandier, Is this the promise which was made to me? There is a God in Heaven, thy Judge and mine, and before his throne I summon thee to appear within a month!" and lifting up his eyes, he said, "*Deus meus ad te vigilo, miserere mei Deus!*" The Capuchins then threw the remainder of their holy water in his face, that the people might not hear his last words. The contrivances of the Monks had prevented the executioner from making use of the cord; and as the fire mounted, the wretched victim fell into the flames, where he was burnt alive: and thus ended the most sanguinary persecution which since the days of the martyrs has been known.

Lactance died within the time mentioned by Grandier; and Laubardemont and all the other principal actors in this tragedy perished by violent or accidental means.

MISCELLANEA.

THE FAIR OF MAKARIEFF.

On the confines of Europe and Asia; and near the Wolga, is situated the miserable village of Makarieff, celebrated for the great fair which is held there every year in July. For the space of a month, a few wretched huts, built on a sandy desert, are replaced by thousands of shops erected with a promptitude peculiar to the Russians. Taverns, coffee-houses, a theatre, and ball-rooms, spring up, painted and adorned with exquisite taste. It is, indeed, impossible to form an idea of the throng of people of all nations who flock to Makarieff during this period. There are assembled, for the purposes of trade, Russians from all the provinces of the empire, Tartars, Tchouvaches, Tcheremisses, Calmoucks, Bucharians, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and Hindoos; and, besides these, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding this inevitable confusion of costumes and languages, the most perfect order prevails. The riches which are collected together in a space of less than two leagues are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, the merchandize of China and Persia, are displayed close to the commonest goods, and most ordinary articles.

The author from whom we have taken these preliminary remarks, adds the following singular description:—"I had almost forgot," says he, "one of the most remarkable articles of merchandize in this fair, and, perhaps, the most interesting to the ladies of Europe. Among the precious commodities from Asia which are to be found at Makarieff, the Cachemire shawls indubitably hold the first rank. For several years past they have been brought in large bales. I have seen a shawl for which eight thousand rubles were asked; though, according to my taste, it was better suited to be spread as a carpet on the Divan of an Indian Prince, than to cover the shoulders of a lady.

"One of my friends, who had an opportunity of attending as a witness at the purchase of a parcel of these manufactures, has given me an account of the transaction, which appears to me so curious, that I think the detail will be amusing.

"The conclusion of a bargain for shawls always takes place before witnesses. Having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and we were ushered into a kind of cellar. Though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages piled one upon the other against the wall.

"Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold, without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue which the Armenian broker, with much difficulty, procures from Cachemire. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down. He does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whisper in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. This negociation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great, so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought; and the two principals begin to negociate. The seller displays his merchandize, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises, as if going away. The brokers follow him, crying aloud, and bring him back by force; they contend and struggle;—one pulls one way and one the other;—it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill-treated. When this has continued some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which, [illegible] the hand,

and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand in that of the purchaser, who holds it open, and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, disengages himself, and wraps up his hand in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable voice. This comedy continues a considerable time; they separate, they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggling recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer.

"All at once the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser; they sit down to proceed to the final ceremony,—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable, because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken, if he has not had his collar torn, if he has not received the full complement of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the head, if his right arm is not black and blue, from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain till the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair in which I assisted as witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and came down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid 2 per cent. to the brokers.

"Our whole party, the seller, buyer, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses, sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet, with a broad fringe, spread on purpose. First of all, ices were brought, in pretty bowls of China porcelain; instead of spoons, we made use of little spatula of mother o' pearl, fixed to a silver handle by a button of ruby, emerald, turquoise, or other precious stones. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandize was delivered.

"The marks had been verified a second time, and all found right; new disputes arose about the time of payment; and, when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. I followed the example of the rest, and could not help being struck by the diversity of the faith of those who were here assembled: there were Hindoos, adorers of Brama, and of numerous idols; Tartars, who submitted their fate to the will of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsis, or worshippers of fire; a Calmouck officer, who adored the Dala Llama, the living image of the divinity; a Moor, who venerated I know not what unknown being; lastly, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself a Lutheran, all three Christians, but of different communions.—a remarkable example of toleration.

"My prayer was fervent and sincere: I prayed to Heaven to be pleased to cure the women of Europe, as soon as possible, of their extravagant fondness for this article of luxury. The prayer being ended, we saluted one another, and every one emptied his bowl; I never tasted a more agreeable beverage. We then separated, and each went his own way."

In the summer of 1816, a great fire unfortunately destroyed the buildings appropriated for magazines and shops; in consequence of which misfortune, it was proposed to remove the fair to Nishni-Novogorod. The Russians, however, were very much divided in their opinions on this subject, most of them thinking, that as St. Marcayi was the founder and patron of Makarieff, the fair could not be removed without offending the saint. Notwithstanding this superstitious idea, the removal of the fair to Nishni-Novogorod was determined on. A plan for the necessary buildings at Nishni-Novogorod was drawn up, and laid before the Emperor, who approved of it, and assigned a million and a half of rubles, annually, for it's execution, which it was expected would be wholly completed in the course of 1821.

A TALE OF TERROR.

CHARLES VIII. sent into Germany a gentleman named [illegible]ernage, Seigneur de Civré [illegible]oise, who proceeding night and day on his journey, arrived late one evening at a chateau, where he requested to remain till

morning, but was refused; Monsieur L. the owner, however, learning from whom he came, ordered him to be admitted, and prayed his excuse for the incivility of his servants; adding, that certain relations of his wife, who wished evil to him, rendered the caution he had seen necessary. Bernage told him the purport of his journey, and received from him the offer of rendering to the King his master what service lay in his power. The supper hour arriving, Monsieur L. conducted Bernage into an apartment most richly hung with tapestry, from behind which, as soon as they were entered, there came one of the most beautiful women eyes could behold, but with her head shaved and dressed entirely in black. After Monsieur L. had washed with Bernage, the water was carried to the lady, who did the same, and then took her place without speaking, at the bottom of the table. Bernage regarded her attentively, and found her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, save that her countenance was very pale, and her air extremely sorrowful. When she had eaten a short time she asked for some wine, which was presented to her in a most extraordinary vessel,—a skull mounted with silver. She drank two or three times out of the same cup; and when supper was ended, after making her obeisance to the master of the house, retired as she had entered, without uttering a syllable. Bernage was so surprised at what he saw, that he remained pensive; which his host perceiving, said to him, "You are no doubt astonished at the scene you have witnessed; but the honour and candour I have found in you will not allow me to keep secret the cause of this seeming great cruelty, lest you should deem me capable of it, without a motive to warrant it. The lady you saw is my wife, whom I loved more than man ever loved woman; I risked every thing for her, and against the will of her parents married her, she also returned my love so ardently, that I would have hazarded a thousand lives for her. We lived for some time in so much enjoyment and pleasure, that I considered myself the happiest man in Christendom. But honour obliging me to make a journey, she forgot herself, her conscience, and the love she had for me, and threw herself into the embraces of a youth I had brought up in my house; and so great was my passion for her that I was long ere I could bring myself to suspect her; till at last my eyes were opened, and my love was changed into fury and despair. Feigning one day to go into the country, I secreted myself in her chamber, where I had been only a short time when my wife and her paramour entered. I killed him in her arms; but as I thought death an insufficient punishment for her crime, I have inflicted one far more insupportable,—imprisonment in her chamber, the scene of their wicked pleasures,—in a cabinet of which I have hung the bones of her gallant. And that she may never lose the memory of it even at her meals, I cause her to drink opposite to me, out of the skull of the ingrate,—thus seeing *living*, him whom she has made her mortal enemy, and kept in remembrance of him *dead*,—for the love of her,—whose friendship she preferred to mine. In every other respect I treat her as myself, except having her hair cut off; for that is an ornament no more to be allowed to an adultress than the veil to a prostitute. This is the outline of her story; and should you wish to see her, I will lead you to her apartment." Bernage accepted his offer, and upon entering they found her sitting before a good fire, alone, and in deep sorrow. Bernage wished much to speak to her; but the presence of the husband withheld him, who perceiving by his looks what passed in his mind, said, You can speak to her if you desire it,—she will reply. "If your patience, madam," said Bernage, "be equal to your punishment, I regard you as the happiest woman in the world." The lady, her eyes bathed in tears, and with the utmost grace and humility, answered, "I confess, Monsieur, my fault to be so great, that all the ills the Lord of this house, who I am no more worthy to call husband, can do to me, are nothing to the regret I have of my offence;" and she burst into a more violent paroxysm of tears. Monsieur L. took Bernage by the arm, and they quitted the apartment. The latter proceeded on his journey the next morning, and in taking leave of the [illegible]er, spoke thus to him: "The [illegible]m I feel for you, Monsieur, and [illegible]spitality [illegible] experienced under your roof, induce me to urge

your attention to the great repentance of your poor wife: look on her in pity.—you are young and without children: consider the evil if a house such as yours should fall, or that perhaps those whom you dislike should become heirs to your wealth." Monsieur L. who had resolved never to pardon his wife, remained long silent: at last, feeling the weight of what Bernage had spoken, promised him, that if she continued in her humility, he would at length pardon her.

Bernage having returned to court, related what had happened to him to the King, who was so much struck, and especially at the account of her beauty, that he sent his painter Jean de Paris to take her portrait; which he did with the consent of her husband, who subsequently pardoned her, and had a large family, of whom she was the mother.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

The field of Culloden and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders, who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their secret glens; but still they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death, amidst the snows of winter. Savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust or subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in it's native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of it's own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for it's object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable, than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of it's live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive "Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey."

It was about this period, and, though it may surprise many, it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R. a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasing intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Livie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless waste frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R. forded the river to it's southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery, known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which it's bottom is here and there sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun.* There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rocks, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river, the

passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in midway air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

Such was the scene where Mr. R. posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a groupe, and stood bellowing, as if unwilling to proceed farther. In the rear of the last of the heard, Mr. R. saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claymore, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling pieces. Mr. R.'s party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R. and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R." said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself: if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me."—"I will treat," replied Mr. R.—"but can I trust to your keeping faith?"—"Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the other, with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each, towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle: Mr. R. had not so much about him, but he offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded,- the money paid,- the guns uncocked and shouldered,—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts to see that none of them be wanting." Mr. R. did so. "They are all here," said he, "but one small dun quey."—"Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath it's thick foliage; whilst Mr. R.'s people took charge of the cattle and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word; the next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and draggled appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

LETTER FROM DR. GIMBERNAT, RESPECTING A FRENCH TRAVELLER, WHO PERISHED IN THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

The last eruptions of Vesuvius, since the begining of the new year, in the valley which separates it from the mountain Somma, have attracted a great number of curious persons and travellers, to examine the extraordi-

nary sources of those burning streams. On the 16th of this month, one of them, a Frenchman, named Louis Gautret, perished in the new crater, which has lately opened at the foot of Vesuvius, a little above the hermitage. The day before, he had carefully examined the crater, and the stream of lava that flowed from it: he passed the night of the 15th in the hermitage, employed in packing up stones which he had collected, and in writing. He left it at day-break, accompanied by a guide, and ascended a small hill, in the form of a sugar loaf, which has been formed on the lava itself, by the accumulation of the scoriæ. The guide saw him approach the edge of an opening on the summit of the little hill, where the eye looks down into a dreadful abyss, at the bottom of which is a fiery stream On a sudden, the intrepid traveller disappeared: by falling into this immense abyss, the powerful suffocating vapours of which must have deprived him of all consciousness, even before his body was burnt, though it must necessarily have been immediately consumed by the stream of lava.

As soon as this event was known at Resina, the guide was arrested, grave suspicions being conceived of him; but it was soon discovered that the unfortunate Gautret had left in the album of the hermitage, a declaration, in his own hand writing, which did not admit of any interpretation unfavourable to this person. This declaration was drawn up in the following terms:—"Before I undertake a second examination of the crater of Vesuvius, it is necessary to make this declaration, that no suspicion may attach to my guide or others, for I am resolved to examine quite closely, the dreadful phenomena of this mountain, without fearing to lose the frail remainder of a life, of which I have for a long time felt only the pains.—Jan. 15th 1821. Louis Gautret of Clisson, near Nismes in France." I asked the hermit what remarks he had made on the deceased; and he assured me, that during two days and one night, which Gautret had passed upon Vesuvius, to collect materials and to make observations, he had shewn a sound understanding and composed mind, but no sign of melancholy or mental alienation. On leaving the hermitage, he gave him his watch, a sealed packet, with some stones and letters for his family, begging him to take care of these things. The letters, which have been examined, contain not a trace of deranged intellect, or of an intention to commit suicide. It therefore remains uncertain, whether this unfortunate man threw himself into the crater, or fell into it.

I had visited this dreadful opening four days before, and returned to it two days after this remarkable event, accompanied by the Duke de la Torre, who has frequently shared in the fatigues, the dangers, and the instruction, which this terrible volcano offers. In order to discover how the melancholy event might have taken place, I ascended the edge of the gulph, and convinced myself, that all those who are bold enough to approach this horrid furnace, without having been accustomed to go near the openings of volcanoes run a great risk of falling in. This danger is the greater for persons whom curiosity invites to see and examine every thing; such a passion causes absence of mind, very likely to be fatal at the mouth of a burning crater. Among other saline concretions, I have collected the muriate of copper, which is very rare among the productions that Vesuvius has afforded for some years past, and which I never found there before. Perhaps Gautret had also observed it, and fell in while he was endeavouring to collect it. This is, in my opinion, the more probable, as the muriate of copper is not to be found on the outside, but within the edge of the opening from which the exhalations of the volcano issue. If I have succeeded in obtaining without accident, this rare product of the present eruption, I attribute it to my having either more skill and practice, or a less cruel fortune, than the modern Empedocles.

C. DE GIMBERNAT.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

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IT is an invention of our own times to make the Tales which amused or affrighted our childhood, the entertainment and instruction of our maturer years. Upon this principle, the horrible thought exhibited in the wolf of Little Red Riding Hood, is exchanged for an elegant idea, which shews what wolves those become, who seek only the gratification of their own passions; and the vulgar. ludicrous, and inconsistent story of Dr. Faustus, is modelled into a sublime, moral, and metaphysical poem in the work before us. The grand tragedy of Faust, as written by that fine original genius, Johan Wolfgang Von Goethe, has not only astonished his own nation, but also all others which have properly considered this amazing production. But that which has the most contributed to render Faust more popular in England than any foreign work, except Undine, has been for a considerable time, is the series of beautiful outlines by Retsch, which delighted all those who had read the tragedy, and made those who had not. anxious to peruse it. Our readers are not unacquainted with what may be called the story of Faustus remodelled; since in our last Volume a poem on that subject occupied several numbers, and therefore it will be the more readily understood and more fully enjoyed.

After a short prelude on the stage, between the manager, a dramatic poet, and a clown. the commencing scene, both of the Prologue and of Retsch's Illustrations, is in Heaven; and in the former instance the idea is evidently borrowed from Job. The season is a short time before the festival of Easter; and the Deity is surrounded by the blessed spirits who are chaunting his praises, when Mephistopheles enters, and complains of the wretchedness he finds on earth. He then obtains permission to tempt Faustus, and the scene concludes. The artist has exquisitely expressed this part of the action in his first plate, which represents a large concourse of angels, placed in various attitudes of adoration round an ineffable glory, which streams from the very centre of Heaven. On the right hand is Mephistopheles, standing upright amidst a group of kneeling and prostrate figures, with a demon-like wildness in his face, which nevertheless possesses a considerable portion of his former beauty. In the present translation of the Tragedy, this Prologue has very properly been omitted, because it is wholly inconsistent with our English ideas of dramatic propriety. The Tragedy itself now begins, and Faustus is discovered seated at his desk, in a narrow, gothic, high vaulted chamber. The time is night, and he appears in a state of restlessness, not only of body but of mind, which is sufficiently evinced by the following grand soliloquy;—

"Now have I toil'd through all: Philosophy,
Law, Physic, and Theology: alas!
All, all I have explored, and here I am
A weak blind fool at last: in wisdom risen
No higher than before: Master and Doctor
They style me now; and I for ten long years
Have led my pupils up and down, through paths
Involved and intricate, only to find
That nothing can be known. Ah! there's the thought
That wastes my heart away! 'Tis true, most true,
That I am wiser than that silly herd,—
Doctors and Magisters, and Priests and scribblers:

No scruples startle me, no doubts perplex me,
Nor shrink I at the thought of Hell or Devil:
Therefore has joy departed from me; now
No sweet imaginings of hoarded blessings,
Which knowledge guards the key of,—no bright hopes
Of mending or enlightening dull mankind
Beam on my darkling spirit. Wealth, or rank,
Or worldly honours, I have none:—a dog
Would loathe such base existence: therefore have I
Given up my soul to magic, and essay'd
If from the lips of spirits I could gather
Secrets worth learning, that I may no more
In bitterness of heart attempt to teach
What my mind cannot grapple with, but fathom
The secret places of the earth, and trace
The seeds of things before they burst to being,
Nor deal in words alone. O, thou pale moon!
Would that those beams of beauty were the last
Should visit these sad eyes! thou, who so oft
Bright'ning my vigils, with the learned page
Hast shared my adoration, would that I
Could, by thy sweet light, wander on the tops
Of the far hills, in mountain-caves converse
With hov'ring spirits, flit o'er twilight meads,
And bathing in thy dew, free from the thirsts
Of knowledge, live in peace again! Alas!
Still am I rooted, chain'd to this damp dungeon,
Where through the painted glass ev'n Heaven's free light
Comes marr'd and sullied, narrow'd by dark heaps
Of mouldering volumes, where the blind worm revels;—
Of smoke-stain'd papers, piled ev'n to the roof,—
Glasses and boxes,—instruments of science,—
And all the old hereditary lumber
Which crowds this cheerless chamber. This is then
Thy world, O Faustus! this is called a world!
And dost thou ask, why thus tumultuously
Thy heart is throbbing in thy bosom? Why
Some nameless feeling tortures ev'ry nerve,
And shakes thy soul within? Thou hast abjured
The fair fond face of nature, ever beaming
With smiles on man, for squalid loathsomeness,
Dank vapours, and the mould'ring skeletons
Of men and brutes: away! away! is not
This wond'rous volume, by the pow'rful hand
Of Nostrodamus penn'd, society
Sufficient for thy soul? There, thou canst learn
To trace the starry course, and if instructed
By nature, she will strengthen thy mind's powers,
Till thou hast learn'd to hold with her high converse,
As spirits speak with spirits."

Faustus then turns over the magic volume, and in a very fine description of the feelings of a student of Necromancy, summons the Spirit of Earth, whose unsatisfactory intercourse is soon concluded; and Faust's pupil, Wagner, having heard the sound of his preceptor's voice, enters the apartment. A conversation follows, wherein the Doctor speaks feelingly upon the insufficiency of human knowledge; and on Wagner retiring, he again falls into his previous strain of spleen and despondency. At that moment, his eye glances on a phial of poison, which he is about to drink, when the anthems for Easter Sunday cause him to abandon his impious purpose. The next scene is before the Town gates, and the first part of it passes between the various groupes who are walking in the fields on the great Paschal Holiday. Faust and Wagner next enter, and the following beautiful description is spoken by the former:—

"The warm and vivifying glance of Spring
Has melted the cold fetters of the brooks;
Green with the young year's promise is the vale;
And Winter in his weakness hath withdrawn
To the rough hills. Thence his hoar frost he breathes
Upon the verdant meadow; yet the Sun
Permits him not that one poor trophy, but
Dries up the envious mists, and all things paints
With his own glittering hues; and even here,
Though bare of flowers, the human prospect spreads

In gay and glad profusion. Turn thee hither
And look back on the City. From the black
And yawning gate a many-colour'd swarm
Is pressing forth: all here to day will come
To feel the Sun's warm beams. They celebrate
Their Saviour's resurrection: they themselves
Have for a few hours risen above the cares
And miseries, and business of this world,
From the damp rooms of low roof'd tenements,—
From trades and manual drudgery,—from the oppression
Of beams and roofs, from dark and narrow streets,
And the monastic gloom of churches: all
To bask in heav'n's own brightness. 'Tis a sight
Of joy and wonder. How the active crowd
Sweep through the smiling gardens and the fields!
How many merry oars beat on the river,
Distant and near! behold that boat just starting,
Laden almost to sinking. The gay dresses
Gleam in our sight e'en to the far hill tops
Already do I hear the joyful hum
Of the glad village. 'Tis the people's heav'n!
And ev'ry loud huzza, which high and low
Conspire to raise, speaks of contented hearts.
Oh! here I feel that I am human still."

Faust is blessed by the villagers for the cures he had wrought with his father during the Plague; but he turns from these, to converse with Wagner on the feelings of his own mind for magic, which the latter endeavours to oppose in the following lines:—

"Do not invoke
That well-known host, whose countless myriads
People the atmosphere, and from all quarters
Swarm arm'd for man's destruction. From the north
With arrow-pointed tongues in clouds they come,
Or from the withering East they press and feed
Upon the spring of life; or from the South
Quick from the burning desert bring with them
Intolerable fires; or from the West
With deluging swarms first charm, then inundate,
Man, fields, and meads alike. They listen readily,
Awake to mischief willingly obey,
Because they willingly deceive; they seem
From heav'n commission'd, and like angels whisper,
When what they breathe in deluded ears
Is damnable as hell."

As they are about to leave the fields, Mephistopheles makes his appearance in the shape of a black dog, running round them in mystic circles, with fiery trains issuing from his feet. These supernatural powers are, however, visible only to Faustus, whom Wagner at length persuades to invite the dog home with him, deeming him to be simply what he appears. Retsch's second plate represents this scene. The study of the Doctor is next presented, and of this the artist's masterly delineation deserves every praise, as he has not only given it an air of romance, but has also kept strictly to the truth. "Forty years ago," says the Introduction to the first edition of the analysis of Goethe's Tragedy, designed to accompany Henry Moses' copies of Retsch's Outlines: by the way, that said Analysis, first edition, is out of print, and rather rare: "Forty years ago, a doctor's or chemist's study at Isny, Uberkingen, or some other towns in that neighbourhood, very much resembled Faust's chamber; even Kastner's study was like it." Here Faust endeavours to improve the tranquillity of the night, by translating the Greek Gospel of St. John; in which he is interrupted by the howling of the fiendish dog, who at length swells to an enormous size, like an hippopotamus; whilst a spirit is heard entreating Faust to assist the captive. The Doctor then tries several spells, but in vain, until by using a very powerful incantation and sign, the magic beast swells until he dissolves into a mist, out of which Mephistopheles appears in the habit of a travelling student. A conversation then passes on the spirit's nature, and his method of entering the study, when Mephistopheles desires to be dismissed; but Faust replies—

"I did not drag you here. You freely came
And fell into the trap without a bait.
He who has caught the devil should hold him fast,
He may not light on such a prize again."

The fiend then entreats that he may entertain Faustus with a display of his art, to which the Doctor having consented, his sight, smell, and hearing, are regaled with beautiful visions, harmonious sounds, and exquisite odours. Faustus is at length lulled to sleep, and Mephistopheles, to secure his future ingress and egress, invokes a rat to gnaw off an angle of a pentagon on the threshold of the study, which prevented his exit. This done, the demon departs; Faust wakes, misses the Spirit, and considers all that he had witnessed but a dream. The study scene is still continued, and the Doctor is again at his literary labours, when Mephistopheles enters, habited as he tells us

"Like a gay young lord
——— in gold and scarlet, wearing
My stiff silk mantle; in my cap a plume,
And my long pointed rapier by my side."

In the delineation of the fiend under this disguise, Retsch's genius has indeed shone out. He is represented with such a leering sarcastic countenance, that no doubt is left upon the mind of his being "Dan Sathanas," and yet he never appears as an object of terror; although as the Editio Princeps of the Analysis already cited, observes, he is "so much of a devil, that we can always see how much the mask of decency struggles to fall off. The lappels of his cap are continually striving to change into horns; his goatish physiognomy would fain assume the features of a demon, but is never suffered: this character, however, gradually developes itself in his looks as the scenes become more horrible. The true nature of the disgusting creature appears more and more as the scene maddens. At length, in the last plate, his malice bursts forth, and marks the destroyer." Well! in this sort of half disguise, Mephistopheles invites Faust to enjoy "the changing scene of life," habited in a similar garb, that he may view it the more freely. Faust replies in his usual strain of despondency, and adds, that death would be a blessing to his present existence; to which, after a chorus by invisible spirits, inviting the student to begin a new and more joyful course of life, Mephistopheles answers in the following terms:—

"O learn to dally with your misery,
Which like a vulture feeds upon your heart!
The very worst society will teach you
To feel you are a man, with men girt round.
Still must you not beneath your burden sink.
I do not rank among the great, and yet
With me you are content to spend your life:
If this be so then here I bind myself
Your firm associate, or if you please
Your servant or your slave.
Faust. And what must I
Perform in recompense?
Mephis. For that you have
A long, long respite.
Faust. Nay, nay,—answer me,
The Devil is an egotist, and ne'er
Does good to others for the love of God.
Let me know the condition. Such a servant
Brings danger to a house.
Mephis. Then Faustus here,
Here do I bind myself to be thy servant,
And at thy nod forsake repose and ease;
When in another place we meet hereafter,
Thou'lt do the like for me.
Faust. That other place
Gives me but small concern. When thou hast crush'd
This world to ruin, let another rise.
From this earth all my sorrows spring, this Sun
Shines upon all my sorrows; once set free
And separate from them, then let the worst
That will and may betide. I'll hear no more
On such a subject, nor enquire again
Whether beyond the grave man loves and hates,
Or the distinctions of mortality
Exist in yonder spheres.
Mephis. With such a feeling
You may proceed. Then bind yourself, and soon
My arts shall minister to your delight,
And I will give thee things which human eye
As yet ne'er feasted on.
Faust. What can'st thou give,
Thou miserable fiend? Can man's high spirit,
Full of immortal longings, be by such
As thou art, comprehended? Thou profferest food,
Which mocks it's eager appetite; yellow gold,
That melts like quicksilver in the grasping hand.
Games at which none e'er won; enchanting woman,
To lean upon my breast, and while she leans there,
Woo with her treacherous smiles another victim,
To sport and perish in them; and bright honour,

Object of highest worship, yet a meteor
Around which darkness closes. No, no, no:
Shew me the fruit that withers ere 'tis pluck d,
And trees that day by day their green renewing,
Bloom in perennial beauty.
Mephis. Thou demandest
Hard things, and yet I shrink not. Thou shalt have
The treasures which thou seekest; but, my friend,
The hour is coming when we may enjoy
All that is good in safety.
Faust. Would that I
Could but for one short moment rest in peace,
Though the next should destroy me. Could you by
Flattery or spells, reduce me to the feeling
Of one short throb of pleasure; let the hour
That brings it be my last. Take you my offer?
Mephis. I do accept it.
Faust. Be the bargain ratified!
And if at any moment I exclaim,
"Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions,"
Then throw me into fetters; then I'll sink,
And willingly, to ruin. Ring my death-knell;
Thy service then is o'er; the clock may pause,
And the hand fall, and time be mine no longer."

After this fine dialogue, the contract is soon concluded, and Faust leaves Mephistopheles to change his dress; and in the interim, the Demon having put on the Doctor's cap and gown, amazes and bewilders a poor student who was come to visit him. Upon his exit, Faust returns, and Mephistopheles proposes that they shall immediately take flight on his mantle. We pass over their first view of life in the vintner's cellar at Leipzic, as well as the curious scene in the witch's kitchen; and only remark, that here Faust has his first sight of his future love, Margaret, in a magic mirror, and that the witch gives him an elixir, that restores to him a handsome and youthful exterior. Both of these scenes Retsch's fifth, sixth, and seventh plates represent most admirably; but we think that the language of the latter of them is given with much more spirit in the first edition of the Analysis, than in the second. The next scene is Margaret returning from Confession (Retsch's Illustrations, plate 8), when Faust addresses her, and she turns from him with disdain. He then applies to Mephistopheles, to procure her for him, and also to prepare a present for her, which in the next scene they place in her bedchamber (Retsch's plates, nine, ten, and eleven). Margaret, who secretly admired Faust when he first addressed her, discovers the jewels left by the Doctor, but her mother coming to the knowledge of them, they are resigned in great fear to her Confessor. Faustus then commands Mephistopheles to procure others, and to get intimate with Margaret's neighbour, Martha, to aid their designs. Martha is an old and foolish woman, very much in doubt of her husband's death, and very anxious to be informed of it. The scene next changes to her house (Retsch's plate, twelve), where, says the Introduction, "you see old fashioned rubbish," and "in Margaret's chamber cleanliness and female neatness." While Mother Martha is lamenting her state of suspense, Margaret enters with her second set of jewels; and while both are admiring them, Mephistopheles comes in to enquire for Martha Swerdlein, to acquaint her with her husband's death, of which he promises to bring a certificate that same evening to her garden, with a friend who will attest the truth of it. Mephistopheles has considerable difficulty to get Faustus to go with him; but at last he persuades him, and they depart. In the next scene, the garden, is a beautiful specimen of the confiding infantile love of Margaret, which is sweetly displayed in Retsch's fourteenth plate, as well as their subsequent interview in the summer-house, plate fifteen. Faustus seems, however, to have been satiated with love; since in the next scene, we find him in "A Forest and Cavern," in delight at the majestic loneliness of his situation; when Mephistopheles enters, and relates to him the distressed state of Margaret in his absence. He immediately is anxious to return to her, and when the scene closes upon them, she is discovered at her spinning wheel, weeping and singing, and of her song, as it is almost the best rhyme in the volume, we shall give one short specimen:—

"My peace of mind's ruin'd;
My bosom is sore;
I ne er meet him now,
I shall ne er meet him more.

"I open my window,
And watch for him there,
I go forth and wander,
And search every where.

His firm stately tread,
His form manly and high,
The smile on his lip,
And the fire of his eye:

And his eloquent tongue
Dropping accents of bliss,
His hand's gentle pressure,
And, ah me! his kiss."

This, it must be allowed, is far, very far, from equalling the blank verse; and indeed the same may be said against all the rhyme in the volume. Margaret's hymn to the Mater Dolorosa, is also very inferior. We would venture to say, that even with our limited knowledge of the German language, we would have given a more pleasing version of these pieces than the present translator, who is evidently a great proficient, and who seems to feel his subject every where else. To continue with the Analysis: Faustus returns to Margaret, who questions him closely concerning his religious sentiments, and expresses her dislike for Mephistopheles, who, as she describes him, must very much have resembled Retsch's portrait.

"The man whom you associate with
Is hateful to my sight. In all my life
My heart has never felt so deep a stab,
As that man's hateful aspect gives to it.

"Oh his presence stirs my blood.
I have a kindly feeling for all men,
But, greatly as I long to see you, Henry,
I meet him with you, with an inward shudder,
And have a deep conviction he's a villain.
May Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong.

"I would not live with any such as he,
No, not for worlds. When in our house he enters,
He casts around him a malicious glance,
And almost grins,—'tis plain he feels for none.
'Tis written on his brow, that human soul
He cannot love: when on thy breast reclined
I feel so easy, fondly confident,
That man's appearance withers every feeling.

"It o'erpowers
So strongly every feeling of my heart,
That if his presence shock my sight much longer,
I think 'twill stifle even my love for you.
When he is near, I have not power to pray."

Faustus then requests Margaret to admit him to her chamber; and gives her a liquid, three drops of which, he informs her, will cause her mother to sleep so soundly, that they will be perfectly secured from interruption. Margaret takes the phial, after some hesitation; and, as the Analysis well expresses it, the rest is easily imagined; "the mother sleeps never to rise again. Margaret becomes pregnant, and the fiend exults over the ruin he has achieved." The scene next passes to the city conduit, where several of the young maidens meet with their pitchers; and Betsy, with an air of triumph, informs Margaret, that Barbara, in consequence of her seduction from virtue, is to perform penance at church. Margaret is deeply affected in consequence of the similarity of her situation, and reflects thus keenly on her former intolerance towards unfortunate guilt:—

"Alas! how sternly I could once reproach
When any poor young maid had gone astray;
To expose another's sins, my ready tongue
Could scarce find words enough to vent its spleen!
In vain they blamed; when all of blame was said,
Methought the crime was hardly blamed enough.
How did I bless myself, and raise my head,—
And now behold me pale with sin myself,
But oh! the cause that urged me to transgress,
How dear it was! O Heavens! how beautiful!"

Margaret is next discovered, kneeling, weeping, and offering fresh flowers before the effigy of the Mater Dolorosa, to whom she sings an hymn, the translation of which is very inferior to the remainder of the volume; but Retsch has embodied the scene in the most beautiful manner in his seventeenth plate. The action next passes to the street before Margaret's house, at night, and Valentine, her brother, a brave young soldier, enters.

He soliloquizes on the former glory which he had in his sister, and on the bitter taunts which her late loss of honour has exposed him to. While he is speaking, Faust and Mephistopheles approach to serenade Margaret; Valentine attacks them, the demon parries his thrusts, and Faustus runs him through. The two seducers then depart, but a crowd is soon drawn together by Valentine's cries, and Martha and Margaret enter from the house. The young soldier upbraids his sister with her infamy, expresses his detestation of the conduct of Martha, and expires. A fine scene either for the closet or the stage, then follows, of the inside of a cathedral at High Mass, Margaret is present, and the complaints of her remorse, and the tauntings of an evil spirit who stands behind her, are blended with the grand "*Dies iræ*" chorus from the choir. The unhappy female at length faints, and the scene closes. Plates twenty one and twenty two, and the following scene, again carry the action away from Margaret to the Harz mountains, on the first of May, or the Walpurgis night; when, as old Dr. Behrens tells us, all the wizards and demons in Germany hold a grand festival in that place. As, however, this scene does not forward any of the story itself, we shall omit all farther notice of it, and only observe, that Mr. Retsch's representation of the *diablerie* of the Brocken, would have done honour to Callot, or Peter Brueghel. In the next scene, "The Country, a gloomy day," Faust learns that after their flight, Margaret lay long and miserably weltering on the ground; and that bereft of her senses, she was then in prison for the murder she had committed. He furiously ubraids Mephistopheles, who replies calmly and ironically; until at length the demon promises to entrance the jailor's senses, that he may release her. They then mount two black phantom horses, and rush off. On their fearful journey, they pass a place of execution, where they view spirits and skeletons performing their horrible rites, and Retsch has shewn in his 24th plate, the future execution of Margaret. Both the plate and literary part of this scene, will remind the reader of the dreadful travels of Leonore and Wilhelm, in Büergher's exquisite poem, and Lady Beauclerk's fine illustrations. Faustus at length reaches the prison, where he finds Margaret in the wildest state of insanity, yet still retaining all her love for him when she recognizes him. Faust vainly endeavours to persuade Margaret to quit the prison, and she cries, "I yield to thee, O God, and to thy judgment." Mephistopheles, who is violently urging Faust's departure, cries, "She is judged," when a voice from above replies, "She is saved." The fiend then seizes on Faustus, but the voice of Margaret is heard growing fainter and fainter, calling to her lover to the last, to abandon his evil associate.

Thus ends this extraordinary drama, the grand last scene of which we would gladly have copied, if it's length, and our own already copious extracts, had not prevented us. Indeed, we know not how far our very close analysis of Faust, may accord with the interests of it's highly respectable publishers; since, as our Magazine goes into every part of the civilized world, it may chance to prevent the sale of some few scores of their very beautiful little volume. But there is much yet behind unextracted, equally delightful, amusing, and edifying, with what we have already given; and really the exquisite, yet maniac, tenderness of Margaret, in the last scene, is sufficient to counterbalance all the rest. With respect to the original composition of this drama, it would require an essay at the least, as long as the present review, to examine properly into it's construction, to point out all it's beauties, to palliate all it's defects, and to compare it with such pieces of it's own cast, which have been written in the English language; namely, *Dr. Faustus*, by C. Marlow, the *Duke of Guise*, by Dryden, and *Manfred* by Lord Byron; to the last of which it approaches the nearest. But our present business is with the translation. We have already stated that we have no doubt of it's fidelity; and we think our readers cannot entertain any of it's spirit, excepting in the rhyme; and even in that, the translator in one instance shews us that it was in his power to do considerably better. The extract will be rather ex Cathedra, but out of impartiality we insert it. Faustus and Mephistopheles are ascending the Harz, and

the demon thus describes the scene before them. Vide Plate 21, page 71.

"O'er the night a cloud condenses,
Through the woods a rush commences,
Up the owls affrighted start;
Listen! how the pillars part,
The ever verdant roofs from under,
Boughs rustle, snap, and break asunder!
The trunks incline in fearful forms,
Roots creak and stretch, as torn by storms;
In startling, and entangled fall,
Upon each other rush they all,
And through rent clefts and shatter'd trees,
Now sighs and howls the rushing breeze.
Hear'st thou voices in the air,
Now far distant and now near?
Yes, the mountain's ridge along,
Sweeps a raging magic song!"

There is a wild rush in the above lines, which at once makes them the very life they describe; they come upon the ear like the night blast over a bleak hill. Oh why are not all the other poems so translated, and so versified? Throughout the volume there is not the least hint at the translator; yet it is surely a work of which no man ought to be ashamed. Rumour says, the author of Christabelle tried at it and resigned it; and the same worthy authority next mentioned Mr. George Soane, as his successor in the undertaking. If the present volume be his, as Sir Toby Belch says, "wherefore are these things hid?" It certainly would not disgrace any former fame Mr. S. has acquired, for so perfect a feeling of the author's meaning throughout, shews that the same mind could invent, as well as imitate. The present analysis of Faustus contains an elegant head of Goethe as a frontispiece, and either with or without Retsch's Illustrations, it deserves a very conspicuous place in the library of every man of taste, virtu, and genius. R.

Memoirs of the celebrated Persons composing the Kit Cat Club, with a Prefatory Account of the Origin of the Association; illustrated with Forty-eight Portraits, from the Original Paintings, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. London, 1821, folio, pp. 320.

This is a very seasonable and important publication, and may in fact be considered as a sort of anecdotal history of the period to which it refers. The Kit Cat Club, which consisted of the principal noblemen and gentlemen of the reign of Queen Anne, was instituted about the year 1700. It's professed objects were the encouragement of literature and the fine arts, and the promotion of loyalty and allegiance to the protestant succession in the House of Hanover. Horace Walpole speaks of the members as the "Patriots that saved Britain." However this may have been, it is certain that they conduced, in a great measure, to bring about the Revolution; and the origin of the name of the Club is thus explained in the volume before us:-

"It's etymology has been variously accounted for. It in all probability derived it's name from the person at whose house the meetings of the Club were first held. Their earliest place of rendezvous was at an obscure pastry-cook's, (in Shire-lane, near Temple Bar,) entitled Christopher Cat. The dinners and suppers upon which this person banquetted his illustrious guests, were composed for the most part of *mutton pies*, for his skill in the manufacture of which he seems to have acquired considerable reputation. As Jacob Tonson the Bookseller, is said to have been upon terms of intimate acquaintainship with this pre-eminent pie-maker, it is not unlikely that the members of the Kit Cat Club had frequent opportunities of discussing the merits of his confectionary, before he was appointed chief baker and victualler in ordinary to the Society. Indeed, the excellence of his pastry might have led indirectly to his collation to this office. Certain it is, that assisted by his munificent friend the Bookseller, he removed in a short time to a more commodious residence, the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, where his guests became more regular in their attendance; and their numbers encreased from the thirty-nine mentioned by Malone, to the forty-eight, whose portraits were included by Faber in the splendid volume dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, in 1723. Besides their regular place of meeting, they were accustomed to resort to the country-house of their secretary, Jacob Tonson, at Burne Elms, in Surrey, where he had built a room for their especial reception. During the summer months, the members of the Club were also in the habit of meeting occasionally at the Flask Tavern, Hampstead. When the house was converted into a private abode, it became the property and residence of the late George Stevens."

The custom of toasting the reigning

Belles of the day peculiar to the Kit Cat Club, gave rise to the following epigram:—

"Whence deathless *Kit Cat* took it's
name,
Few critics can unriddle,
Some say from pastry cook it came,
And some from *Cat* and *fiddle*.

From no trim Beau it's name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from it's pell-mell pack of toasts,
Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*!"

The Kit Cat Club seems to have died away about 1720, as we hear nothing of their meeting after that period. The Duke of Somerset was the first who set the example of presenting Jacob Tonson with his portrait, which was soon after followed by the other members. These pictures were executed by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and authentic copies of them are given with each biography in the present volume. Among the members, besides many eminent for their rank and influence in the state, we notice the Duke of Marlborough, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Garth, Sir Robert Walpole, the Earl of Dorset, Kneller, Halifax, Somers, Walsh, and Jacob Tonson the Bookseller. It is hardly possible that a book treating of such men should be dull. The notices are written throughout with much candour and impartiality, and abound with anecdotes at once amusing and instructive. That of the Duke of Marlborough is perhaps the best written biography that has ever appeared of that illustrious commander; and our readers will admit, that his character is summed up with much smartness and discrimination.

"Viewed through the telescope of Time, he appears the scourge of France, the saviour of Europe, the boast of his own countrymen, the envy and admiration of foreigners; an invincible warrior; a profound politician; a subtle negociator, on whose lips dwelt the honied dew of persuasion; a master spirit, who riding upon the winds of conflicting interests, and antipathies almost deadly, could nevertheless reconcile the former, and not unfrequently remove the latter. Such is the portrait of Churchill in his public capacity, during the greater part of the reign of Queen Anne; but when the torch of history sheds its clear and penetrating light upon the deeds of the same individual, at other periods of his public career, or pursues him into the recesses of private life, our admiration of his unrivalled talents is chequered with surprise and indignation. We shall there behold him rising into prosperity through the medium of his sister's dishonour, and accepting offices and emoluments from the Prince, by whom she has been avowedly so degraded; as a friend, faithless to his first and greatest benefactor, in the hour of his extreme adversity; and a traitor to the sovereign who dethroned that benefactor, and by whom he had been employed, and his interests materially promoted. We shall see him intriguing for the restoration of the exiled monarch, and sacrificing to that end the success of an important expedition, the secret of whose destination he revealed to the enemy; and lastly, sullying the brightness of his laurels as a conqueror, by sharing in the inordinated gains of the contractor, for the supply of the confederate army; and descending from his dignity as a man, by the most revolting and rapacious avarice. Such and so various an admixture of light and shade is the character of the great Duke of Marlborough."

Of a work so voluminous as the one under our consideration, analysis is impossible. We can therefore, in our limits, only point out to the observation of our readers, such portions of these memoirs as would seem of particular interest and importance. In the life of Addison is introduced an extremely ingenious and conclusive defence of that great moralist, from the slanders of his enemies, as it respects his intercourse with the translator of Homer; together with an able and comprehensive view of the question, which has lately been agitated in the literary world, as to Pope, his merits as a poet and his character as a man. The author takes up the cudgels for Mr. Bowles, who has much reason to be proud of so accomplished and talented a champion.

The memoirs of Marlborough, the Earl of Wharton, Steele, Sir Robert Walpole, Addison, Congreve, and Jacob Tonson, are copious. In that of the Bookseller we have some interesting details, as to the progress of the *trade*, up to the present time, with anecdotes, illustrative of the prices usually paid for the copyright of books. From one of these we learn, that the Author of Waverley has received from one Bookseller, Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, nearly

100,000*l.* for his works! The author's view of old Tonson's character is most unfavourable; and the modern Booksellers are highly complimented for their liberality.

But we have already exceeded our intended limits, and must consequently draw this notice to a close; we shall, however, probably resume it at a future opportunity. For the present we may observe, that the "Kit Cat Club" is a work of considerable talent and research. It abounds with anecdotes and discussions, literary and otherwise, of a very amusing description; and illustrates minutely an important period in the history of this country, from the Revolution to the accession of George II. The author's name is not mentioned in the title-page of the volume; but it's character is such, that no one, whatever may be his rank in the literary world, need be ashamed of having written it. The Plates, however, are rather sketches, than finished Engravings.

The Caledonian; A Quarterly Journal. Nos. 1 to 5. Dundee, 1820-21.

ALBEIT it is rather unusual for one periodical miscellany to sit in judgment upon another, yet as there are divers goodly precedents in our memory for such a proceeding, and as excuses are never wanting to sanction any arrangement which Ladies or Gentlemen take a fancy to; so we have a vast variety of unanswerable arugments to prove that we are, as usual, right upon the present occasion. Our friends, however, have very long been acquainted with *our* very superior powers of eloquence, and we, therefore, most disinterestedly resist the tempting opportunity of obliging them with a fresh specimen on the present occasion, in order to introduce to their regard our new acquaintance, "*The Caledonian.*" It is announced by the Editor as a recommendation in his Prospectus, that this "is the only Scottish Literary Journal published *out of Edinburgh,*" which to our Southern judgment, appears a most suspicious piece of information, and a very equivocal eulogy; as most plainly inferring the general opinion, that no literary talent exists in Scotland out of auld Reekie; or, that Messrs. Jeffery, Blackwood, Constable and Co. having monopolized the principal ability of the country for their town supply, the trifling remainder is either too small in quantity, or too inferior in quality, to be worth bringing to market. To relieve the Northern Literati then from the stigma of this reproach, we presume, the *Caledonian* sprang into existence at Dundee; and since July, 1820, has continued to disseminate wisdom and information through an extensive circle of disciples, who most magnanimously resolved to become independent of the "gude town" even for their light reading, and Magazines. We have now therefore to examine how far the ambition of the one party, and the patriotism of the other, have realized the hopes of both; and have given eclat to a publication, which was professedly started to "supply a defect in Periodical Literature," and which a more recent prospectus tells us it has accomplished. For the loyal and the witty of Scotland, by far we would hope the most numerous, and we are very sure, the most respectable class, there was Blackwood; for the *Bluestockingish,* and the Prosy, there was Constable; and for the Opposition, and Radicals,—at least for such of the latter class as could read, there was Jeffery's Blue and Yellow Review. All these, and something more, therefore, were to be amalgamated in the Caledonian; and accordingly we have a little of Blackwood's wit, some of Constable's prosing; and not a little of Jeffery's whiggism, with an occasional *bon bouche* for the radicals. We have, however, in the five numbers now laying before us, several papers upon subjects more generally, and more deservedly interesting; and a few scientific articles, illustrated by engravings, which are certainly much above par. We had intended giving some extracts, but our kind intentions are defeated, from the circumstance of the good articles being too long; and the shorter pieces being undeserving. The Poetry is, we are sorry to observe in this Poetical age, very indifferent; and we think there are far too many papers, the entire locality of which renders them utterly unintelligible on this side of the Tweed; and must form

a most powerful objection to the work ever obtaining an extensive circulation in England. To the talent evinced in it's management we most unhesitatingly bear testimony, though the omission of a few very common and vulgar Scoticisms would render that talent far more apparent. The vauntings of the Prospectus will be, in due time, we doubt not, nearly all fulfilled; we shall then see the *Caledonian* "free from the trammels of every Party," which, at present can only be admitted, upon the principle of *Party* being always considered to consist of those, who think differently from ourselves; which we believe is, nine times out of ten, it's truest definition. Detesting monopoly, however, of every description, and well aware that there is an ample and uncultivated field for such a work, we most sincerely wish improvement and success to The *Caledonian.*

Exertion and perseverance, wherever there is gain to be acquired, or obstacles to be surmounted; have so long been the characteristics of our Northern neighbours, that we cannot but anticipate both the success, as well as the improvement, which in the sincerity of our hearts, we most honestly wish them, in this cause,—as a farewell word of caution, therefore, amongst other amendments, we would earnestly advise a reformation in the *Caledonian's* wood cuts, with which it boasts it's "lighter articles" to be embellished; for at present, alas! they have no resemblance to created being, and are fit only to scare children. But they may also, quite as probably, frighten the worthy Editor's purchasers, and injure the speculation. Indeed, taking the whole affair into consideration, we are much surprised, that he should consider *his* work made more valuable by it's having "*cuts on* WOOD!" But we augur better things to come, and shall very gladly bear testimony to the prosperity which we prophecy.

The Cavalier, a Romance, by Lee Gibbons, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1821.

WE really owe some apology to Mr. Lee Gibbons,—if we knew his *real* name we would address him by that, for having for several months mislaid, amongst a pile of very inferior volumes, his excellent Romance of the *Cavalier;* we have, however, in endeavouring to clear the prospect around our Library, once more luckily laid our hands upon it's interesting pages, and to preclude further delay, or, another disappointment, we proceed to our too long neglected duty immediately.

When the author of Waverley terminated one of his recent tales, he confessed that there was still a rich harvest standing in the field in which he had been reaping, and that there lacked only labourers to gather it in. He complimented the writer of "*Marriage*, a brother or a sister shadow,"—as a labourer well qualified for the task; and he has since had to congratulate, with equal justice, another aspirant, who bids fair to dispute even with him the honour of celebrating the deeds which have been done of yore, in the once blood-besprent champaign of merry England.

The present tale, as may be inferred from it's title, is founded upon some events, which occurred in the time of the first *Charles;* in the period of the Commonwealth; and in the early part of the succeeding reign. It's heroine is a niece of the redoubted president *Bradshaw*, and it's hero is *Colonel Sydenham*, afterwards *Lord Falconridge*, descended from *Aben Seyd Namrah*, a Saracen leader of great valour, who accompanied Richard of the Lion's Heart on his return from the Holy Land. This *Aben Seyd* was rewarded for his services, by a magnificent grant of lands in the county of Derby; and, from motives of gratitude for such munificence, as well as from other motives, conformed to the Christian faith. He was knighted by his sovereign under the name of Sir Richard Seydnam; was next created Baron Falconridge of Banner Cross; which title descended, *cum terris*, to the Sydenhams, his posterity.

A succinct memoir of the family, which the reader must peruse ere he hastens "into the midst of things," which he soon does, as in Paradise Lost, informs us that Norman de Sydenham, one of the sons of the second Lord Falconridge, attended prince Edward, son of Henry the Third, on his croisade to Acon, in Palestine; that he returned with that hero, by way of France, to England, on the death of

his royal father; and that he bore a worthy part in the famous "petite bataille de Châlons;" which battle is thus very spiritedly described.

"The lists were marked out in the public square, and surrounded with seats for the spectators. Those houses which overlooked it were superbly hung with tapestry and painted devices; emblazoned pennons and silken streamers glittered to the sun; and all the magnificence of Burgundy the magnificent, all the beauty, the fashion, the courage, the religion, the *tout ensemble*, graced on that day the grand square of Chalons. At an early hour the seats were taken, the windows of the adjacent houses occupied, and all impatiently awaited the arrival of the Count of Chalons, who was appointed, by the parties mutually, the marshal, or umpire of the field. A raised seat, at the upper end of the lists, surmounted with a canopy, over which floated his household banner, was prepared for the Marshal; and at the other end was the throne of that beauty chosen to dispense the rewards of valour, and the prizes of chivalric superiority. The seat was enclosed by silver-gilt pillars, which supported a canopy of white velvet, and above which a silken flag, bearing a Virgin Mary, embroidered on a field *blanc*, encompassed with the rays of the sun *argent*, streamed in unison with the banner of the Marshal; the pillars were entwined with garlands of flowers; and the whole was executed in that style of elegance, for which the Burgundians were even then admirable. Beatrix, daughter of the Count of Chalons, was appointed Queen of the lists; and from a fairer hand Sir Tristram himself would not have desired to receive the palm of victory. The Marshal having arrived and taken his place, commanded the usual proclamations to be made; after which the barriers were thrown open, and the trumpets sounded. They were answered from without, as well on the part of the King as on that of the Lord of Charent; and immediately Edward galloped into the lists, attended by his Knights, at one barrier, as did Lewis de Grand Pré and his friends at the other. The King of England, although his beaver was closed, was as easily distinguishable from his Knights, as they were from the enemy; not so much by richness of armour, or even majesty of figure, (for they were all men of gallant persons,) as by the length of his legs, (from which he derived the surname of Longshanks,) and the inconceivable grace and ease with which he managed his weapons and his battle-horse. His lance, though by the laws of arms obliged to be of equal length with those of his adversaries, was much thicker, and required the arm of the vanquisher De Gourdon to wield it. His horse, sixteen hands to the full, and of a bone and muscle seldom seen in France, could alone be governed by his matchless rider; and his hauberk, made more for need than show, proclaimed him a son of battle, not a *petit maitre* of the tournament. The only mark of his Royalty was a slight golden coronet set around his head-piece; otherwise he was accoutred as his companions, who wore scarves, decorated with the red cross of the croisaders to designate them from their rivals.

"The Lord of Charent and his friends wore jointed armour (which began about that time to be the fashion), richly ornamented with golden studs and chasings; and their helmets, instead of the griffin dragon, or lion crests, usually worn, were decorated with plumes of party-coloured feathers.

"The trumpets having sounded a charge, and the word being given by the Marshal, each Knight fixed his lance in his rest, slackened his curb, and gave the spur to his horse. The King met De Grand Pré in the midst of the career, and the concussion was so strong, that the Count's horse reeled under his rider; many of his friends were no less unhappy, several more so; for Sir Norman Seydnam, Sir Reginald Bigod, and Sir Hugh Molyneux, whether by the goodness of their horses, or the superiority of their skill in arms, bore down their antagonists; and the former jousted with force so great, that he carried his rival (Philip de Grand Pré, the brother of the Lord of Charent), nearly a dozen yards from his horse. The contest now became animated; but the French Knights perceiving their inferiority in the career, threw aside their lances, and to the astonishment of all present, attacked Edward and his friends with sharp and deadly weapons, contrary to all the laws of honour and chivalry. At this sight the Marshal exclaimed; but not having a force sufficient to second his authority, his remonstances were disregarded: the ladies on all sides flew from their seats; an universal uproar and confusion ensued; and this band of assassins, knowing the English to be provided but with blunt weapons, set upon them with sword and battle-axe. It was in this dilemma that Edward showed himself in his true colours; the gentleness, the majesty, and equanimity of his kingly character, upon this piece of treachery, fled to heaven; and in their stead, remained only the hot passion, sanguine fearlessness, and decision of the warrior. He reined up his steed until the animal reared nearly upright, and waving his hand, as a signal to his companions; they, in an instant formed in a line, at the

upper end of the lists, presenting a resolute front to their deceitful enemies. Hence he called to those of their party without the lists, to furnish them with arms! which order being heard by Grand Pré, he judged it expedient to fall on, before the King and his Knights were prepared.

"He therefore encouraged his party; and they setting up the cry of war, '*Montjoie, Saint Denis!*' dashed into the English rank; which, not disturbed by their onset, sustained and repulsed it. By this time, Sir Norman Seydnam, who had caught his battle-axe, thrown over the lists by his squire, threw away his lance, and leaving the rank, spurred his horse into the midst of the French. His antagonist in the tourney he first selected as the object of his vengeance; and, rising in his stirrups, he dealt that Knight so heavy a blow, that he drove away the plume from his casque, and laid him senseless on the saddle-bow: upon this success, he reiterated his blows so heavily and successfully, that he found the whole of the Burgundians sufficient employment, until the King and his friends were completely armed, who, as they received their weapons, entered into the combat. The traitors now began to perceive the probable reward of their treachery; and Grand Pré cried aloud to his friends to open the barriers; but several English Knights and Squires in the suite of the King, stood guard over them, with the concurrence of the Marshal, who declared, that, as the Lord of Charent and his party had begun so base a work, they must now go through with it, for they should neither have escape nor assistance.

"Edward, in the mean time, having seen all his friends provided, before he would accept a weapon, now drew that famed sword which had chastised the rebel Montfort, and quelled the pride of the valiant De Gourdon. He advanced like the lion rejoicing in the pride of his strength, or the ravenous eagle pursuing the hunter who had stolen her young. For a moment, with a smile of joy, he surveyed the combatants engaged! but perceiving Sir Norman Seydnam oppressed by Lewis de Grand Pré, and several others of their enemies, he galloped into the *mêlée*, and attacking the traitor, drew him from Sir Norman. The combat lasted not long; Edward with one blow clove the helmet of the Lord of Charent, who fell dead from his horse; and, in the space of a few minutes, out of the twelve who commenced the treacherous strife, three only remained, who threw down their arms and begged the King's mercy. Edward, learning that they were instigated by Grand Pré to this horrid treachery, who had paid for it with his own life, and those of many of his friends; and thinking that sufficient blood had been shed for the trespass; and on their degradation from Knighthood by the Count of Chalons, in whose territories their fiefs were situate, remitted their further punishment to him."

The scene being laid in Derbyshire and the neighbouring counties, in the time of the civil wars, it will at once be guessed that the gallánt cavaliers of that day, among whom *Colonel Sydenham* shone pre-eminent, are contrasted with the sanctimonious and fierce Roundheads, who passed their time in psalm-singing and the cleaving of sconces. This contrast is very ably managed. The author exhibits his cavaliers in those colours which harmonize so well with the sunset of chivalry in England; they are brave, pious, loyal, hospitable, and generous; he paints the Roundheads somewhat after the style of Butler, though giving at the same time full effect to their few nobler qualities.

As a proof of the skill with which the tissue of fiction is raised on the web of history in this tale, we shall select, from a multitude of others equally good, parts of a passage in the third volume. After giving a spirited portrait of that "chief of men," *Oliver Cromwell*, as he looked in the last year of his mortal existence, the author thus exhibits him in action:—

"Oliver, as was his custom, had spent a week in retirement, at the palace of Hampton Court,—his favourite summer residence, when Murray, one morning, made his appearance at the gate, and requested admission. On entering the palace, he was informed the Protector was at prayer with his Chaplain, Goodwin, and had desired that he might not be disturbed. Notwithstanding this information, Caryfort made his way to the chamber, where he found Oliver and his lecturer on their knees, engaged in silent devotion. The peer knelt beside his master, and instantly appeared as intent upon spiritual exercise as his companions; he elevated his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, groaned and grunted as deeply as Cromwell himself, who was far from being deficient in those exterior testimonies of a broken and contrite heart. When this scene had been enacted about half an hour, the Protector arose, and was imitated by Caryfort and Goodwin. Cromwell seated himself on a chair, cushioned and lined with red leather, and motioned to his friends to take places. 'What may

bring ye here, Caryfort?' said the Protector. 'Have you and Thurloe put your heads together, and found out some invasion of the realm by the King of the Cavaliers?' He smiled, and turned, towards Goodwin, as if to receive credit for the ridicule conveyed in his speech: the chaplain, like a true parasite, simpered in reply.

"'God protect us!' said Caryfort, your Highness may not smile when my tale is told: Charles Stuart is more potent than he should be for our safety and that of the commonwealth,—we have news of import.' 'Out with it man,' cried Cromwell, whose tone was now changed from cold ridicule to trembling wrath; 'out with it,—How! what,--what mean ye?' 'The King,'—pursued Caryfort. 'The King!' interrupted Cromwell. 'Nay, the Cavalier King, Charles Stuart, has now an army of many thousand men at Bruges.' 'What!' cried the Protector, as if struck by a sudden blow,—'What! and where, —and where, in the Lord's name, gat he them?' 'The Spaniard,' replied Murray, 'hath holpen him to men, arms, and ammunition.' 'The fire of God consume him for't,' exclaimed Oliver. 'Ah, would to the Lord! Blake,--Blake were living, —the Spaniard?—Blake!—he hath rued his false dealing before now; and if a squadron I have left, he shall again.—Blake!—Blake,—I need thee.' 'And more,' continued the peer. 'They have intelligence here.' 'Who? where? how?' cried the Protector, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog; 'what hair-brained traitor dare correspond with the King? Speak, man. He is dead before thou sayest,—' 'The Cavaliers of the North,' answered Murray, 'if not up already, await but the presence of that traitor Sydenham: Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, are numbered, and pledged to rise.' 'Where,—where is Snell?' cried Cromwell. 'Let him march, —march forward instantly,--and,—' He ended not the sentence, but clenched his fist, and paced the room from side to side, like a wild beast. 'Sir Harry Slingsby and Dr. Huet,—' said Caryfort. 'Ah, —what of them?' cried Oliver, stopping short, 'are they,—' 'Traitors!' replied Murray; 'and Mordaunt is closely implicated' 'Are they,—are they fast in prison, by the neck and heels?' said the Protector. 'Yea; but worse than all,' said the Peer, 'Ormand is known to be in England, yet he is in darker hiding than we can penetrate.' 'Set a reward upon his head, and another on Sydenham,' cried Cromwell. 'God give me patience, this is news indeed!—Slingsby! Huet! they are friends of the president, —Bradshaw! where is he? and Waller! Haslerigg! Lambert! and Fairfax! The Lord's vengeance over,—overtake them.' He sat down again in his chair, nearly overcome with the strength of his own passions, and the sweat coursed down his brow like drops of rain down a window pane."

Some further communion ensues.—

"Cromwell seemed now to be seized with a kind of lethargy, which usually succeeded to the delirium of his passion; he leaned upon the arms of the chair, and for some time spoke no word; his companions also preserved silence: it was a considerable space before he resumed his self-possession, gradually awakening from his disorder, as if from a sound sleep. When he raised his eyes and beheld Caryfort, he put his hand to his brow, as if striving to recall something past to his recollection, and then bowed his head in token of remembrance. He spoke slowly, but audibly. 'Hie ye strait to Whitehall,—bid colonel Snell march,—march on towards Cheshire,—bid him take possession, by fair means or foul, of the president's house;—give him, Caryfort, what other instructions you may, by the revelation of the Lord, be enabled.—Watch, and sleep not, for the enemy are at hand; and let that ram, Sydenham, be taken in the thicket, to be offered up as it were, a sacrifice, instead of the blood of our Isaacs,—the people of the land.'"

We have not noticed the love scenes in this story, though they are well drawn; and the heroine, *Hester Bradshaw*, is truly beautiful. A good relief of the comic also runs through the volumes; and we have no hesitation in ranking them in the nearest row to the Wizard of the North. The *Cavalier* is indeed a very excellent romance, and as such we recommend it. Among it's many other merits we have poetry; and the following example attached to the death of the Sir Norman above mentioned, will show it's quality.

"In the first battle with the Welsh, he commanded the van division under Edward, and routed the mountaineers with great slaughter; but to the great grief of the King, and all true Knights, he was himself slain by an arrow, shot at random by the enemy, on the close of the fight. He was observed to be thoughtful, and almost wild in his demeanour, from the time that he joined the King at the rendezvous; spoke little to any one but his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, who was much in the same condition; and if questioned with too much pertinacity, he turned fiercely on the querist, or fled without speaking. In his burgonet, he wore the beautiful tresses of a lady's hair; and frequently

he was seen stamping on the ground, and muttering to himself, as if in a fit of frenzy. He became more sedate on the evening previous to the battle, and requested the command of the van division from Edward, who granted it, with a caution to take care of himself. He smiled bitterly, and retired. The next morning, he was 'stirring with the lark,' and had attacked and routed the enemy, and was brought in a corpse, before the King had imagined he had marched from the rendezvous.

" After his death, his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, in stripping him of his armour, found an esquisse, of which the following is a translation, carefully placed in his breast:—

" The moonshine sparkled on the wall,
On the wall of the abbey that's ruin'd and bare;
And the dusky light in the desert hall,
Show'd that she I loved was there.

I flew to my own dear Adeline;
My Adeline welcomed her faithful knight;
We reposed by the side of Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
And we talk'd of the coming fight.

Ah! how shall I live when thou art gone?
To-morrow's wind thy plume will wave;
And yon bright moon that sees us now,
May light my Norman's grave.

I smiled whilst I watch'd the playful beam;
The beam as it shot through the broken wall,
For it danced on the shrine of the patron saint,
And spangled his sable pall.

Hark! Hark! Do you hear? cried Adeline,
'Tis the groan of Death that comes from the tomb;
Again! now a third! see, behold the shrine!
Ah! it opens it's yawning womb;

I beheld with affright the tomb was rent,
And the corpse of St. Cuthbert I dimly descried;
In his hand was the crosier in life he sway'd,
Whilst hollowly thus he cried:—

'Sir Norman, prepare to meet thy doom;
Thy doom will in battle. with victory come;
Neither mail of proof, nor a maiden's love,
Can shield thee from the tomb.'

The spectre sank and the marble closed;
The monument closed on his boneless head;
I turn'd to seek my life's best hope;
God! my Adeline was dead!

Sir Norman was seen in the battle's roar;
In the battle's roar, 'mid the bloody tide;
His Knightly plume was red with gore;
He conquer'd, but he died!"

" The last verse was added by the Father Adrian, his tutor and friend, and his body was embalmed and magnificently interred at Banner Cross Abbey.—Author of the MS."

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The Croisade, or the Palmer's Pilgrimage; a Metrical Romance, by Charles Kerr, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IN November will be published, with the Almanacks, Time's Telescope for 1822; containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, Notices of obsolete Rites and Customs, and Sketches of Comparative Chronology and Contemporary Biography; including Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, and a Diary of Nature, explaining the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms; the whole being interspersed with amusing Anecdotes, and illustrative and decorative Extracts from our first living Poets. An Introduction to the Study of Conchology will be prefixed, with an accurately coloured Plate of some of the most rare and beautiful Shells.

The Rev. Edmund Butcher has a Volume of Prayers in the Press, intended for the Use of Families and Private Persons; including a Prayer adapted to each Discourse in the three Volumes of Sermons of the same Author.

Miss Macauley has a new Work in the press, entitled "Tales of the Drama," founded on the most popular acting Plays.

A new and improved Edition of Mr. Henry Siddons's Translation of Engel on Gesture and Action is in the press, and will appear in the course of November.

Preparing for publication, Miscellaneous Works of the late Robert Willan, M.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. comprising an Enquiry into the Antiquity of the Small-pox, Measles, and Scarlet Fever, now first published. Reports on the Diseases in London, a new Edition, &c. &c. in one volume octavo. Edited by Ashley Smith, M.D. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

In the press, Cicero de Officiis, de Amicitia, et de Senectute; printed in 48mo, with diamond type, by Corrall, uniformly with Horace and Virgil, recently published.

A new edition, being the third, is in the press, of Rolle's Trader's Safeguard, and Counting-House Guide; containing the Laws relating to Masters, Apprentices, Clerks, Shopmen, Journeymen, Manufacturers, Sureties, Partners, Agents, &c.; Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes; Contracts and Agreements for the Sale and Purchase of Goods; Bankruptcy; and a variety of other topics indispensable to be known by every person connected with trade.

A new and improved edition will be shortly published of the Rev. David Wil-

liams's Laws relating to the Clergy; including Instructions to Candidates for Holy Orders, with the requisite Papers and Documents respecting Ordination, Licenses, Institutions, Collations, &c. &c. &c. To this edition many new heads of Ecclesiastical Law will be added, which are not to be found in Dr. Burn's Work on the same subject: and the whole will be adapted to the greatest practical utility.

Early in this month will be published, Original Tales of My Landlord's School, collected from the Writings of the Brachmins, and translated from the originals in the Shanscrit. By William Gardiner, late Master of the Lydney and Aylburton Grammar Schools, author of the Fortnight's Visit, Tales of My Landlord's School, &c. &c. Embellished with engravings on wood, by G. Branston, from designs by Cruickshank.

On the 1st of January, 1822, will be published, a new Poem, by the author of the "Widow of Nain," &c. and entitled, "Irad and Adah; a Tale of the Flood;" to which will be added Lyrical Poems, principally sacred, including translations of several of the Psalms of David.

Mr. Gill is preparing for publication, a Technical Repository of Practical Information, on subjects connected with the present daily Improvements, and new discoveries in the useful Arts.

Mr. Edward Baldwin, the author of Fables, Ancient and Modern, the Pantheon, &c. &c. has in the press a compendious History of Greece, from the earliest Records of that Country, to the Period in which it was reduced into a Roman Province, to be adorned with Maps, and Authentic Portraits of the most eminent Greeks.

Mr. Joseph Lowe has in the press an octavo volume on the Prospects of England in regard to Agriculture, Trade, and Finance.

Proposals are now circulating for publishing A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking; in which will be found a full and accurate Account of the Panoramic Views from Box-Hill and Leith-Hill; also descriptive Sketches of the several Gentlemen's Seats, &c. &c.

The Memoirs of her Majesty, which will probably be published early in November, and which will be written by Mr. John Wilks, jun., will contain her Private Correspondence with several distinguished Individuals; part of the intended Case of Recrimination; the Evidence collected in Italy on her behalf, and which did not arrive in time in England; and other Facts and Documents of State Importance, as well as her Travels on the Continent.

Mental Discipline, or Hints on the Cultivation of Intellectual Habits, addressed particularly to Students in Theology and Young Preachers. By Henry Forster Burder, M.A.

The Rev. Mark Wilks is preparing an English Edition of the Old Cevennol, by Rabant St. Etienne.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, author of a Tour to Aleb, Narrative of the Demolition of Port Royal, &c. has in the press a work entitled "Biblical Fragments," to be published in 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Brewer's "Beauties of Ireland," is ready for publication. The work is to be published in Parts, and is embellished with Engravings after original Drawings.

The Rev. H. Cotes, Vicar of Bridlington, is preparing for publication a course of Sermons on the Resurrection of Lazarus, from the French of Beausobre.

Mr. Mills' new work, Elements of the Science of Political Economy, will appear early in November.

The Synopsis of British Mollusca, by William Elford Leach, M.D. will be ready for publication on the 10th of November.

Mr. Samuel Frederick Grey's Natural Arrangement of British Plants, is also very near it's completion.

Shortly will be published, in 3 volumes, Memoirs and Oddities, entitled, Is n't it Odd? by the Descendant of an ancient and important Family, who came in with the Conqueror.

The first two Volumes, with an additional Volume, containing Abstracts of the British Navy, of Mr. James's Naval History, comprising the whole of the War from 1793 to the Peace of Amiens, will, it is understood, make it's appearance before the Public in the early part of November.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"Veluti in Speculum."

DRURY LANE.

Oct. 22. Gold lace, and glory; Peers, Bishops, and Aldermen; trumpet-charges, and steel-clad Champions, yet attract crowding thousands to the gorgeous spectacle of Mr. Elliston's Coronation; and we are really

happy to find, that a piece so well deserving of general patronage for it's correct splendour, and scenic magnificence; and as affording to so large a portion of the public an opportunity of witnessing, in fac simile, what they were necessarily withheld from seeing in reality, should be thus powerfully countenanced. The success of the experiment also most completely confutes the sagacity of those, who would have persuaded us, that the Coronation was unpopular, when even it's imitative splendours have now for *Fifty-eight* nights drawn such immense crowds to hail a theatrical resemblance. In praising the Drury-Lane Coronation, we beg to be most explicitly understood as invariably excepting that climax of absurdity, called the "introductory scene," the author of which loyal nonsense, if author the learned gentleman may be called, ought to be specially prohibited all future use of pens, ink, and paper.

Geraldi Duval has continued to lead about his banditti, and *Monsieur Morbleu* to be haunted by *Monsieur Tonson* nightly since our last notice, with the exception of one evening devoted to the performance of "*The Dramatist*," to introduce our friend Harley for the winter season, in the stupid part of *Ennui*. A new Comedy has long been promised, and we might be equally learned and lengthy, in proving that we ought to have had some such novelty long since, but while the Public will throng the Theatre as it is, who is to censure Mr. Elliston?

We must not omit to mention that Miss Kelly reappeared here this evening as *Variella*, in "*The Weathercock*," as the commencement of her *last* season previous to her finally leaving the stage.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Sept. 27. Geraldi Du al — Coronation — Monsieur Tonson.
Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
Oct. 2. Ditt o—Ditt
4. Ditto—Dit o—Ditt
6. Dra atist—Ditto—
9. Ger Duval—Ditto—Ditto.
11. Ditt —Ditt -Ditto
13. Ditt —Ditto

1821.
Oct. 15. Geraldi Duval — Coronation — Monsieur Tonson.
16. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
18. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
20. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.
22. Dramatist—Ditto—Weathercock.
23. Geràldi Duval—Ditto—Monsieur Tonson.
25. Ditto—Ditto—Ditto.

COVENT GARDEN.

Oct. 17. Until this evening we have had but little to record in the way of novelty; previous, however, to noticing the attractions of to-night, we must pay our respects to the new performers. A Mr. Meadows, from Bath, having made a most successful debut as *Scrub*, in "*The Beaux' Stratagem*," has since appeared in one or two other parts with equally distinguished approbation. This gentleman, who seems more fitted for Mr. Harley's line of characters than any other's on the stage, will, we doubt not, very speedily become a valuable performer, and a popular favourite, and we very sincerely congratulate the managers of Covent Garden upon their acquisition of his talents to their already powerful Company. We ought indeed to have recollected *Place aux Dames!* but the gentleman having made a prior appearance, our gallantry waited upon our memory. Mrs. Brudenell, from the Haymarket, for we understand that this lady is a Mrs. and not a Miss, has appeared here as *Mrs. Haller*, to Young's *Stranger*: and fully justified all the warm expectations excited by her previous performances. She is certainly not yet a first rate tragic actress, but she already approaches nearer to Miss O'Neill than any of that lady's successors; and study and perseverance will, we think, rapidly add all that is yet deficient.

This evening, however, introduced what we must perforce accept as a novelty, in the absence of more legitimate pretensions; by the revival of "*The Exile*," extended by songs, duets, chorusses, marches and countermarches, from three acts to four. This Play, founded on Madame Cottin's popular novel of *Elizabeth*, was brought forward some years since with extraordinary success, and was remarkably fortunate in it's performers. Young, who had already attracted great notice at the Haymarket, made his first appearance as *Daran*, and by his admirable vigour and feeling, confirmed

his fame. Mrs. Dickons, then in the height of her powers, was *Katherine.* The songs had been composed for her powerful and rapid execution, and the performance of this part was among the ablest and most effective of the vocal successes of the stage. The other leading performers were persons either established, or rising into reputation; and the Play, the authorship of Reynolds, unequivocally triumphed. To night Young resumed *Daran*, and sustained it with great force and interest. His rescue of *Alexina*, (Miss Foote) from her importunate admirer and persecutor, and his pleading her cause before the *Empress*, were spirited displays of acting and declamation; and he was loudly and deservedly applauded. Farren was the *Governor*, and a very happy portraiture of the quaint humour, and military etiquette of the veteran: he looked, indeed, a moving portrait of Frederick the Great. Liston was *Baron Altradoff*, with little to do, except to exhibit his merriment in the caricature of an Italian song, which he managed very well. Miss Foote was tender and timid to the full requisitions of the part, and Mrs. Faucit, as the *Empress*, looked all majesty and ermine. *Katharine* was a Mrs. Tennant, her first appearance here, and a tolerably favourable one.—Our readers may remember that she last season appeared at the Adelphi, and was formerly a favourite Concert Singer. She has a good voice, though her face and figure are but ill calculated for the heroines of the stage.—But the *Cynosure* of the night was the Coronation. This was preceded by a procession of the Deputies from the Russian Provinces, and the Ambassadors from the European Courts. The description of their variety of costumes would be unprofitable to our readers; but all those who desire to be enraptured with silks and ermine, plumes and helmets, Chinese dragons and Circassian boots, in Imperial superfluity, let them see *The Exile*. First came Russian body guards, then military of other corps; the Tartars were headed by a horseman who *caracoled* his charge in a very handsome style: various other cavalry, and last her Empress-ship, riding in a superb Car, drawn by six neighing chargers. The Coronation scene then opened: we have observed nothing more beautiful in stage perspective than this scene. It extended to an extreme depth, and was highly furnished with chandeliers and banners. The ceremony of the crowning was so much like what has been lately exhibited in every form before the public, that it is incapable of novelty in the description. A crimson carpet covered the entire floor of the stage, and the effect was most complete; the audience were charmed, and the whole pageantry of *The Exile* supplied a striking proof of the elegance, variety, and magnificence to which we have attained in the decoration of the stage.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Sept. 26. Pizarro—The Irish Widow.
28. The Beaux Stratagem—Aladdin.
Oct. 1. Hamlet—Undine.
3. Rob Roy Macgregor—The Rendezvous—Tom Thumb.
The Stranger—Blue Beard.
Hamlet—Undine.
The Antiquary—Blue Beard.

1821.
Oct. 12. The Stranger—Blue Beard.
15. Hamlet—Undine.
17. The Exile—The Lying Valet.
18. Ditto—Love, Law, and Physic.
19. Ditto—Husbands and Wives.
22. Ditto—The Padlock.
24. Ditto—The Poor Soldier.
25. Ditto—A Roland for an Oliver.

HAYMARKET.

Oct. 10. We have had nothing to notice at this House in the shape of novelty very recently, except a few introductions and revivals, which have, however, all proved completely successful. Bishop's adaptation of "*The Marriage of Figaro*," which, by the bye, we ought to have noticed last month, has experienced a degree of popularity beyond any earlier musical performance of the season. Miss Carew sang delightfully as the *Countess*, and was equally well supported by Miss R. Corri in *Susanna*. Mrs. Chatterley's *Page* was perhaps rather too dashing an exhibition, though we scarcely know if that is a fault; and Jones sustained his original character of *Almaviva* with due vivacity. De Camp made a tolerable *Figaro*, and Tayleure a good drunken gardener, the more subordinate parts

were all well filled, and Mozart's beautiful music was very correctly executed throughout.

Colman's "*Jealous Wife*" has also been brought out here with much effect; due, however, almost solely to the Play, for, with the exception of some very few of the performers, we cannot conscientiously say much for them. Terry's *Major Oakley*, De Camp's *Lord Trinket*, Williams' *Russet*, and Miss Boyce as *Lady Freelove*, were all excellent; but all the remainder, even including the *Jealous Wife*, by Mrs. Johnson, and her forgiving husband by Mr. Conway, were not performances for a Theatre Royal. We much wonder, that the part of the heroine was not given to Mrs. Chatterley, who would, we are certain, be found peculiarly efficient in that difficult character.

After importing "*The Marriage of Figaro*" from Covent Garden, "*Rob Roy*" was also introduced here tonight. This Opera has now been popular for a considerable time; and it's natural, vigorous, and interesting qualities, are sufficient to give distinction to any work in which they may be found. The cast of characters was filled with the principal comic and operatic force of the Company, and Terry was *Rob Roy*. De Camp, *Major Galbraith*; Tayleure, the *Baillie*; Williams, *Owen*; Russell, *Dugald*; Mrs. Johnson, *Helen*; Miss Carew, *Diana Vernon*; and Leoni Lee, *Frances Osbaldiston*. The performance was carried on with spirit, and very frequently applauded. Mrs. Johnson made a clever *Helen*, bold and characteristic, but very inferior to her contemporaries, Mrs. Faucit and Mrs. Egerton. It was certainly the misfortune of the present representation, that the play has been exhibited at other Theatres, until the respective parts have been identified with individuals. Terry's *Rob Roy* differing of course from Mr. Macready's energetic delineation, seemed to deviate from nature, and yet his acting was unaffectedly powerful, and in many instances deserving of every eulogium. Miss Carew's singing was of it's usual sweetness; but why will she not condescend to pronounce her words? Lee's voice was fuller than usual; but his shake requires the most diligent amendment. Tayleure was a lively *Baillie Jarvie*, but he ought to learn Scotch as speedily as possible. In criticising the performance of an Opera, however, in the production of which all the lavish expenditure, and distinguished talent of Covent Garden was exhausted, we are bound to be lenient, where the capabilities are so much reduced; and it is but justice therefore to observe, that the piece is well acted, well got up, and has been several times repeated, amidst the acclamations of overflowing audiences.

OCT. 18. "*Every one has his Fault*" was revived here to-night. This was perhaps the most popular Comedy of one of the most popular writers of her day, Mrs. Inchbald, and it has sufficient intrinsic merit to sustain it now, when it's novelty is no more. This Play is more remarkable for tenderness than vigour. It bears the evidence of a female pen; for it is delicate and graceful; but character is often sacrificed to this feminine delicacy, and the interest of the Play is sometimes impeded by the anxiety to detect goodness in all it's personages. Nothing but the unquestioned and unquestionable magic of the stage could effect this beneficent trick, for some of those individuals are of rather sterner stuff than to be easily melted into the mould of human kindness. The plot is simple, *Lord Norland* (Younger) is a harsh father, who has expelled his only daughter (Mrs. Chatterley) for making an injudicious alliance. The daughter and her husband, *Captain Irwin*, (Conway,) are driven to extremity by want, and *Irwin*, in a frenzy of passion and despair, attacks his father-in-law in the face of day, and robs him. The wretched wife is driven into double terror and misery by this proof of her husband's guilt. This scene was painfully interesting, and Conway's acting was more than usually animated, natural, and pathetic. His forcing the notes on his wife, his reluctance to acknowledge the mode which they were obtained, and his final burst of indignation against the cruelty that had undone him and his, were received with loud plaudits. But there is an unexpected source of reconciliation. *Lord Norland* had adopted the child of his daughter, which was supposed to have been lost in infancy. The *protegé* meets his mother, feels the impulses of natural

affection, and decides to adhere to her through good and evil. *Lord Norland* touched by this generous feeling, and the presence of his exiled daughter, at length gives way, and consents to receive the whole unhappy and overthrown family into his mansion. The underplot is tolerably spirited and diversified. *Sir Robert Ramble*, (Johnson) is a man of fortune and dissipation; his wife has obtained a divorce and resides with her guardian, *Lord Norland*, whose first occupation seems to be that of finding another match for her. *Mr. Harmony*, extremely well played by Terry, is an universal peace-maker, whose labour in life is to reconcile people to each other, by the invention of complimentary opinions for them. The catastrophe brings all the characters forward, without much contradiction of nature, and it ends in a general submission to matrimony. *Irwin* and his wife, as foremost in the interest and sorrows of the play, are first in it's joys. *Sir Robert* and his former lady, are determined on matrimony once more. *Mr. Solus*, (Oxberry) an old bachelor, is drawn in by this matrimonial current, and marries *Miss Spinster*, (Mrs. Pearce,) a fantastic old woman, in a hoop. *Mr. Placid* (Baker) resolves to endure his *Xantippe* still longer, and *Harmony* is the only remnant of single life that preserves his liberty. The acting was altogether spirited, and when the next performance was announced, the notice was received with very general and very loud applause.

Mr. Johnson from the Bristol Theatre, who made his debut as *Sir Robert Ramble*, appears likely to be an useful performer in the style of Jones, but will require much London drilling before he is at all equal to that gentleman.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Sept. 26. Match-Breaking — Matchmaking — Tom Thumb.
27. Ditto—Marriage of Figaro—Sylvester Daggerwood
28. Ditto—Fontainbleau—Lovers' Quarrels.
29. Ditto—Marriage of Figaro—Seeing is believing.
Oct. 1. Mountaineers—Match-Breaking.
2. Jealous Wife—Ditto.
3. Marriage of Figaro—Matchmaking—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
4. Guy Mannering—Matchmaking—Bombastes Furioso.
5. Heir at Law—Ditto—Roland for an Oliver.
Marriage of Figaro—Match-Breaking.
Jealous Wife—Ditto
Match-Breaking—Marriage of Figaro.
Rob Roy Macgregor—Lovers' Quarrels—Fortune's Frolic.

1821.
11. Ditto—Matchmaking—Mogul Tale.
12. Marriage of Figaro — Lover's Quarrels—Matchmaking.
13. Rob Roy—Match-Breaking.
15. Ditto—Ditto.
16. School for Scandal — Matchmaking— Day after the Wedding.
17. Rob Roy—Match-Breaking.
18. Every one has his Fault—Matchmaking—Day after the Wedding.
19. Rob Roy—Day after the Wedding—Roland for an Oliver.
20. Every one has his Fault—Review.
22. Ditto—Ditto.
23. Match-Breaking—Beggar's Opera.
24. Beggar's Opera—Spoiled Child—Bombastes Furioso.
25. Ditto— Matchmaking — Roland for an Oliver.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Sept. 27. This very pleasant Theatre closed it's very brief season this evening; during which the Proprietor has struggled against difficulties apparently insurmountable, and in spite of them all has afforded to the public much varied and delightful amusement. The wonder is, how with so short a season he found means to collect so good a Company, and to bring out so many successful novelties. The following farewell Address was delivered to-night by Mr. Bartley, as Stage Manager ;—

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" Our short season is this evening brought to a close. The aggressions of the larger establishments have this year reached their climax, since Drury-lane Theatre has continued open during the whole of the limited period allotted to our performances, and thereby deprived us even of the slender harvest which on former occasions we had been allowed to reap. How far the wisdom of Government may deem it fitting to allow of these gradual encroachments on the Summer Theatres, or may condescend to take an interest in the fate of those public amusements, is beyond our power at present to ascertain; though, under all the circumstances, we may be allowed to indulge a reasonable hope of speedy and effectual relief.

" The Proprietor, Ladies and Gentlemen, begs leave to offer, through me, his grateful acknowledgments for the share of patronage he has received. It

has been far greater than, under the oppressive difficulties he has had to contend with, he could reasonably have hoped for; and it will not, he trusts, be deemed an idle boast, when he reminds you of the great and flattering success which has attended every novelty, without exception, that has been brought forward for your entertainment.

"Our exertions, Ladies and Gentlemen, will be redoubled, to ensure a continuance of your favour when we are permitted to meet again; and in the mean time, in the name of the Proprietor, of all the Performers, and for myself, I respectfully thank, and bid you Farewell."

The oppressive encroachments thus alluded to by Mr. Arnold would indeed appear intended to finally and entirely close the doors of the Summer Theatres Royal;—Shakspeare long since told us, that

"'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a Giant."

This gigantic strength is, however, now used most gigantically, and the Proprietor of the English Opera seems to have discovered the only mode of successfully combatting with such mighty antagonists. Novelty is ever a sure attraction, and we are much surprised that it is not more constantly adopted, as a constantly available means of contributing to theatrical prosperity. In the present instance it has been more than usually fortunate; and in recording the New Dramas of the past Season, we are gratified in being able to state, that they were all completely successful.

New Pieces, 1821.

Love's Dream, Petite Opera, *by S. Beazley, Esq.*
Two Pence, Musical Farce,—*R. B. Peake, Esq.*
A Squeeze to the Coronation, Operetta,—*James Thomson. Esq.*
The Witch of Derncleugh, Melo-drame,—*J. R. Planché, Esq.*
Two Wives, or a Hint to Husbands, Operetta,—*John Parry, Esq.*
Miller's Maid, Melo-drame,—*J. S. Faucit, Esq.*
A Cure for Coxcombs, Operetta—*S. Beazley, Esq.*

PERFORMANCES.

1821.

Sept. 26. Blind Boy—Vocal Concert—Love's Dream. Sept. 27. Devil's Bridge—Vampire.

SURREY THEATRE.

OCT. 22. This house was re-opened for a brief season of six weeks this evening, prior to the commencement of the regular winter campaign at Christmas. The performances were all new, and all successful: and as the pieces are announced to be changed at least once a week, the succession of novelty will, we trust, secure a succession of patronage. Amongst the new performers, is that popular actress, Miss S. Booth, from Covent-garden, whose talents were originally introduced to public regard at this Theatre; and a fair Debutanté, who has been equally successful.

CIVIC REGISTER.

1821.

Right Honourable John Thomas Thorp, Lord Mayor.
John Garratt, Esq. Alderman .. ... } Sheriffs.
William Venables, Esq. Alderman .. }

COMMON HALL.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 28.

THIS being the usual day for swearing in the new Sheriffs, at a little before one o'clock the Lord Mayor arrived in state, and held a Court of Aldermen; and was followed by the Sheriffs-Elect, Aldermen Garratt and Venables, in new and splendid carriages. The carriage of Alderman Garratt was green and gold, with the arms of the Goldsmith's Company, and the arms of his family, emblazoned on the panels and hammer-cloth, and the servants in splendid liveries of green and gold to correspond. The carriage of Alderman Venables was of a sky blue, with hammer-cloth, &c. of silver,

and the footmen in blue liveries with silver lace.

The Sheriffs-Elect, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs Waithman and Williams, and the Court of Aldermen, then entered the Hall, and ascended the platform, where the new Sheriffs were sworn in by H. Woodthorpe, Esq. The last ceremony was to invest them with the insignia of office, when some surprise was occasioned at a variation from the old costume of wearing gold chains with the plain link, instead of which the new Sheriffs were invested with gold ornaments, consisting each of three coils of gold chain cord, attached to a superb gold ornament, fixed to the breast of the waistcoat. The new costume was much admired, and generally considered far more appropriate than the old.

The new Sheriffs then proceeded to the Court of Common Pleas to receive the custody of the prisoners in Newgate and Whitecross-street; when Mr. Brown, the keeper of Newgate, on giving in the list of the prisoners in his custody, observed, that he had examined the prison accounts, and that there never had been so small a number of prisoners transferred to the Sheriffs on such an occasion since the prison had been built. He took the opportunity of congratulating the Sheriffs on the circumstance.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Thackray then delivered up the keys to the Sheriffs, who transferred them to the new Sheriffs, by whom they were re-delivered to the Keepers.

Mr. Sudlow, of Monument-yard, was appointed Under-Sheriff to Alderman Garratt; and Mr. Smith, the late Under-Sheriff, was re-appointed Under-Sheriff to Alderman Venables.

COMMON HALL.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 28.

Michaelmas Day being the customary period for the election of Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, the Lord Mayor this morning opened the Common Hall in the usual form; and having attended divine service with the Corporation at St. Lawrence, upon their return to Guildhall, the business was proceeded in: when Messrs. Magnay, Heygate, Cox, and Waithman, were put in nomination, as the only Junior Aldermen qualified to serve. The Lord Mayor and Court having retired, the show of hands was taken, and the choice was declared to have fallen upon Christopher Magnay, Esq. and Robert Waithman, Esq. who were consequently returned to the Court of Aldermen, by whom Mr. Magnay was declared Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, and invested accordingly. Thanks were voted to Messrs. Waithman and Williams, the late Sheriffs, and also to the Lord Mayor; who having severally returned thanks, the Hall was dissolved.—On the following day, the new Sheriffs were sworn in before his Majesty's Barons of Exchequer at Westminster, when the accounts of the late Sheriffs were also returned as customary.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29.

This morning a Court of Aldermen was held for the purpose of public business.

The Chamberlain laid before the Court an account of the produce of the Orphans' Fund, for the half year ending at Michaelmas last, and the Court directed the sum of £18,100 to be paid off the debt.

The thanks of the Court were unanimously voted to the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, for his sermon preached previous to the Election, and he was requested to print the same, and send a copy thereof to every Member of the Court.

Various orders were passed for the payment of salaries, &c.; and the Inquest of the Ward of Dowgate made a presentment of sundry encroachments and nuisances within the Ward, which was referred to Mr. Alderman Scholey to enquire into, and report to the next Court.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, OCT. 9.

A Court of Aldermen was held this day at Guildhall, for the general despatch of public business.

A Petition was presented from sundry freemen, complaining of the violation of their privileges by non-freemen being employed in the manufacture of silver spoons, which was referred to a Committee.

A Petition from the Coal-whippers in the Port of London, in respect of various grievances, was presented; and also a Petition of the Ship-owners of Newcastle and Sunderland, for a reduction of the wages of the Coal-whippers; when all parties were heard, and the farther consideration adjourned.

The usual precepts for Lord Mayor's Day next, and the usual orders for the procession were ordered to be issued.

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, OCT. 18.

This day a Court of Common Council was held for the purpose of receiving the Report from the Lord Mayor Elect and the Sheriffs of the City of London, relative to the invitation to his Majesty to dine at the

Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day next, and to consider such resolutions as may be deemed expedient thereon.

The Report detailed the circumstance of the interviews which the Lord Mayor Elect and the Sheriffs had with Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary for the Home Department, and concluded by stating that as the King would be on the Continent next Lord Mayor's Day, he could not then dine with the Corporation. His Majesty requested, at the same time, that the usual ceremonies which took place on Lord Mayor's Day should not be postponed on his account.

The Report having been read, Mr. Oldham then moved two Resolutions, expressing regret at the circumstances which prevented his Majesty from dining with the Corporation on next Lord Mayor's Day, and proposing that it should be left at the option of his Majesty, on his return, to appoint any day in the ensuing year, or some future Lord Mayor's Day, for honouring the Corporation of the City of London with his presence to dinner.

These Resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and ordered to be communicated to the Secretary for the Home Department.

A Petition was presented from Mr. Prinsep, the Bailiff of Southwark, praying that his salary, as an Officer of that Court, might be exempt from certain deductions to which it was at present subject.

The question being put that the Petition should be referred to a Committee,

Mr. Alderman Brown moved, that it be an instruction to the Committee to enquire into the circumstances which attended the late refusal of the Bailiff to call a meeting of the Borough of Southwark; which was agreed to.

The Report of the Committee appointed to enquire into the compensation to be granted to the gunsmiths, Mr. Beckwith, Messrs. Brander and Potts, and Mr. Rea, for the losses sustained by them in consequence of the Spa-fields riots in 1816, was then read. The Committee, for various reasons stated by them, came to a decision of granting compensation; which was subsequently agreed to, after a violent discusion relative to the conduct of Mr. Alderman Wood, as Lord Mayor upon that memorable occasion.

The remaining routine business being disposed of, the Court adjourned.

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1821.

THE King has been pleased to grant unto Rear-Admiral Sir John Pole Beresford, Bart. Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, his Majesty's licence and permission, that he may accept and wear the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Portuguese Military Order of the Tower and Sword, which his Majesty the King of Portugal hath been pleased to confer upon that Officer, in testimony of his distinguished services before the enemy.—It also notified, that his Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Richard Birnie, Esq. Chief Magistrate at the Public Office, Bow-street.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29.

WHITEHALL, SEPT. 29.

On Tuesday, the 25th instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the King embarked at Ramsgate, on board his Majesty's yacht the Royal George, and set sail for Calais, where his Majesty arrived in perfect health, at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

Their Excellencies the Lords Justices met at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, on Wednesday, the 26th September, and opened their Commission; when they were pleased to appoint William Hamilton, Henry Goulburn, and Henry Hobhouse, Esqrs. to be their Secretaries.

This Gazette also notified, that the King has been pleased to appoint Charles Chamberlain, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul for the province of Murcia, to reside at Carthagena; and has approved of Mr. Henshaw Latham as Consul at Dover for the King of the Netherlands, and Vice-consul for the King of the Two Sicilies; Don Ignatio Perez de Lema, as Consul General in London for the King of Spain; M. Lingi Andrea Lautard-Vigola, as Consul General at Gibraltar for the King of Sardinia; Mr. Henry Hancke, as Vice-Consul at the Cape of Good Hope for the King of Denmark; and Mr. Christopher Kreeft, as Consul in London for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Schewerin;—and that his Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood on Henry Askew, Esq. Major-general of his Majesty's Forces, and Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath.

The King has been pleased to permit the under-mentioned Regiments to bear on their colours the following words; viz.

3d (or King's own) Light Dragoons.—"Vittoria" and "Toulouse."

60th (or Royal American) Regiment of Foot.—"Rolica,"—"Vimiera,"—"Ta avera,"—"Fuentes d'Honor,"—"Ciudlad

Rodrigo,"—"Badajoz,"—"Salamanca," "Vittoria,"—"Nivelle,"—"Orthes"—and "Toulouse."

SATURDAY, OCT. 6.

The King arrived at Brussels on Thursday, the 27th of last month, in good health.—His Majesty left that city on Monday morning, the 1st instant, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Clancarty; and after visiting the fields of Waterloo, slept at Sombrief that night.

TUESDAY, OCT. 9.

Member returned to serve in Parliament.

Borough of Shaftesbury.—Ralph Leycester the younger, Esq. in the room of the Hon. Edward Harbord, now a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16.

A despatch was this morning received by Viscount Sidmouth, from the Marquess of Londonderry, dated Hanover, Oct. 9, and stating that the King arrived in that city on the preceding day, at three P.M. in good health; and had been received by his Hanoverian subjects, on his Majesty's approach to the capital, and throughout the journey, with the utmost demonstrations of joy and attachment.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

ON Monday, September 24th, the King left Carlton Palace for Ramsgate, escorted by a large party of Lancers. In passing through the Park, his Majesty was greeted with the loudest acclamations from the populace, and as the carriage passed through the Horse Guards, the Life Guards were drawn up in a line, and gave a royal salute.—As his Majesty passed Shooter's Hill, the horse and foot artillery, the 48th regiment, and royal marines, were drawn out in single lines, on each side of the road. A great number of persons had also assembled from the neighbouring country to greet the King as he passed, and his Majesty seemed highly gratified by this mark of respectful attention, frequently taking off his travelling cap, and bowing most graciously to the assembled multitude.

His Majesty arrived at Rochester about four o'clock, where he was received with every demonstration of loyalty. Flags were hung out at different stations, the bells were rung, and the roads and streets were literally lined with people. The Corporation were in attendance; and the whole formed a scene of the most gratifying enthusiasm. When the King left Rochester, the West Kent Yeomanry fell into the rear of the carriage, and thus accompanied their Sovereign.—At Sittingbourne, as well as on the fine hills near it, immense numbers were assembled, and the greatest loyalty was displayed.—The preparations made at Canterbury to give effect to his Majesty's reception were most extensive. By twelve o'clock the doorways and windows of almost every house in the main street were literally covered with fresh and large oak-boughs. The effect produced by this novel sight was delightful in the extreme. The street was covered with new gravel. The East Kent Yeomanry, under the command of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. M.P. were in attendance, fully equipped. The crowds assembled, of ladies as well as gentlemen, to meet his Majesty, were immense. The Corporation were in attendance soon after noon, but it was intimated to them that time would prevent his Majesty from receiving here, as well as elsewhere, the dutiful addresses of his loyal subjects. His Majesty reached Sir Wm. Curtis's residence at Ramsgate a little after eight o'clock, and dined with the worthy Baronet. The town was splendidly illuminated, and the streets covered with triumphal arches. On Tuesday morning, a little after ten o'clock, his Majesty proceeded from Cliff Lodge to the shore, in the best health and spirits, and went on board the Royal George, amidst the loudest acclamations of tens of thousands. Previous to embarking, his Majesty received an address from the inhabitants and visitors of Ramsgate.

His Majesty landed at Calais by half past four o'clock on Tuesday, where he was received by the French authorities in suitable style, and welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm by the British residents at Calais, as well as those of Boulogne, who came in crowds to witness the landing of his Majesty.

On Wednesday, September 26th, his Majesty proceeded to Lille, and on Thursday to Brussels, where the King remained for several days, and was escorted to the various public departments, &c. by the Royal Family of the Netherlands. On Monday, October 1st, his Majesty left Brussels, and on his route visited the memorable field of Waterloo, in company with the Duke of Wellington, under whose command the military went through the various evolutions of that distinguished battle. After journeying with every speed, which the wretched state of the roads would permit, the King at length entered Hanover at nine at night, on Monday, October 8th, where his Majesty was met by his Royal Brother, the Duke of Cambridge, &c. and the principal authorities; and received by the assembled thousands

with the loudest acclamations of delight. His Majesty completed his very rapid and difficult journey without experiencing any material fatigue, and arrived at Hanover in the best possible health and spirits. The rapidity of the King's travelling was so great as to occasion the greatest exertions necessary on the part of the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir Benj. Bloomfield, to keep sufficiently forward to make the requisite preparations for his Majesty's approach.

It is we believe not generally known, that when His Majesty's yacht was endeavouring to double the Lands-end, on the return from Ireland, the weather was terrefic; it blew a hurricane, and seemed setting in. Sir Charles Paget told the King that he would not be answerable for the consequences of persevering. His Majesty said, "Paget, do nothing but what is right; act as you would do if I were not here."

In altering the course to run for Milford, a thick fog came on, and it was impossible to see a ship's length, the gale increased, and Sir Charles, naturally anxious in having a charge so precious in his care as our beloved King, again felt it his duty to state the danger in which he thought the vessel. His Majesty received the communication with the greatest coolness, and again desired him not to think about him.

Still the weather grew worse, and while the yacht was under bare poles, or nearly so, a sea struck her wheel, and unshipped her tiller ropes; to any person acquainted with nautical matters this occurrence, in a storm, needs no remark; and Sir Charles felt it his duty, not able himself to quit the deck, to despatch an officer to report the accident to the King. "Tell Paget," said the Monarch, "that I am quite satisfied in having as gallant and skilful officers, and as active a crew as Europe can produce,- for the rest we must rely upon Providence."

Similar fortitude and presence of mind marked his Majesty's conduct in his short excursion to Calais: when the yacht arrived off that port, it was blowing hard, with a heavy sea running, the waves rolling in struck her on the weather side, and dashed furiously over her quarter-deck. It was reported that as his Majesty's barge was not arrived, and no means of ensuring a safe landing were at hand, they must stand out to sea for the night. The King asked if there was no French boat. a French fishing-boat was dancing before the yacht at the moment; the people offered their services. Sir Edmund Nagle and Sir Charles Paget, both experienced naval officers, wished to deter his Majesty from going, but he called to the Frenchmen in their own language, and asked them if they could carry him safe ashore; they affirmed that they could: upon which his Majesty, turning with a smile to his nautical attendants, said, "Come,—I am quite sure *you don't mind a ducking*,"; and instantly went down the side,—they of course followed.

"The boat having got entangled in some ropes which were adrift, a sea completely washed the whole crew. Sir Charles Paget, alarmed for the King, was about to seize the helm, when the King, touching his arm, said. "Be quiet, my good friend, leave the Frenchmen to manage their own boat in their own way, and I'll be bound for them, they shall land us safe." They however struck *three times* on the bar, and were very nearly swamped.

The Whaler, Fame, having returned to Hull, Capt. Scoresby has confirmed all that was previously stated respecting the important advantages to be derived from the use of the Congreve Rockets in the Whale Fishery. The Fame has brought home nine fish, in the capture of the whole of which the rockets were successfully employed, after being struck by which the largest whale became an easy prey to it's pursuers. In one case, instant death was produced by a single rocket, and in all cases the speed was much diminished, and it's power of sinking limited to three or four fathoms. One of the largest finners, of one hundred feet in length, a species of fish seldom attacked by the ordinary means, and of the capture of which there is scarcely an instance on record, in the northern seas, was immediately tamed by a discharge of rockets, so that the boats overtook and surrounded it with ease. Six out of the nine fish died in less than fifteen minutes; and five out of the number took out no line at all. One only survived nearly two hours, and one only took out more than one line, by getting into a pack of ice, where the boats could not follow. The peculiar value and importance of the rocket in the fisheries, is, that by means of it, all the destructive effects of a six, or even a twelve-pounder piece of artillery, both as to penetration, explosion, force, and internal fire, calculated to accelerate the death of the fish, may be given with an apparatus not heavier than a musquet, and, without any shock or re-action on the boat; whereas, it is obvious that no boat applicable to the Fishery of the Whale can ever be made capable of sustaining the shock necessary to produce the same, or any thing like the effects of the six or twelve-pound shell, by the ordinary means of artillery. In fact, nothing larger than the harpoon-gun could be applied; and the missile which could be discharged from such an implement, could neither have penetration, nor explosive force, sufficient to do any serious injury to the fish.

With respect to the rockets also, it is a fact, that some of the smallest, fired in the late experiment in the Fame, penetrated completely through the body of the fish, so that the effect of the explosion was visible on the opposite side,—the fierce fire of the rocket fixed in the fish's inside, rapidly destroying life; and the effects and report of the explosion being distinctly perceivable within him, as in one instance as above stated, produced immediate death. Indeed, it is certain that this might, in almost every case, be insured by encreasing the power of the rocket without encreasing the inconvenience or incumbrance of the apparatus required to discharge it, and equally without re-action on the boat, as when the smallest rockets are used. In addition to this it may be stated, that there is no doubt of the rocket ultimately dispensing with the operation of the hand harpoon, by conveying the line, and destroying the animal at the same time, and that without requiring the approach of the boat to the fish, within the limits of perfect security.

His Majesty's dismissal of Sir Robert Wilson from the army, having created a strong sensation in the opposition Party, to which he was attached, Meetings of the *Ex* Major General's friend have been held amongst his constituents in Southwark, and also in the City; when subscriptions were entered into to indemnify the gallant officer for the loss of his commission, the amount of which is already nearly £7000. In the present state of the business we abstain from all observations on any part of the preceedings.

The population in Great Britain, at the Census in 1811, was 11,800,000, exclusive of the army and navy, then about 50,000. From the returns, so far as published, under the present census, it appears the increase is about fifteen per cent. This will make the population of Great Britain at present to be 14,000,000 of souls. Ireland contains 6,500,000 people, making the population of the British dominions in Europe 20,500,000. The population of our North American possessions cannot be less than 1,500,000; the population of the West India colonies, 900,000; Africa, about 130,000; in the Mediterranean, 150,000; colonies and dependencies in Asia, 2,040,000; and our other extensive territories in the East Indies, perhaps 70,000,000 of souls. The whole population of the British Empire will, at that rate, contain 95,220,000 of souls. The Russian, the next highest in the scale of civilized nations, contains 50,000,000; France, 30,000,000; and Austria an equal number. The Roman empire, in all it's glory, contained 120,000,000, one half of whom were slaves. When we compare it's situation with that of the British empire, in power, wealth, resources, and industry, in the arts, sciences, commerce, and agriculture, the preponderance of the latter in the scale of nations and empires, is great and most remarkable. The tonnage employed in the merchants' service is about 2,640,000 tons for Great Britain; the exports 51,000,000, including 11,000,000 foreign and colonial; the import, 36,000,000. The navy during the last war consisted of 1000 ships of war; the seamen at present in the merchants' service are about 174,000; the net revenue of the state £57,000,000. The capital of the empire contains 1,200,000 persons, the same number which Rome contained in the days of her greatest strength. The value fixed on landed property in Great Britain, as calculated by Mr. Pitt in 1797, £1,600,000,000, and it may now be fairly taken at £2,000,000,000. The cotton manufactures of the country are immense, and reach in the exports to £20,000,000, or one half of the whole. In short, taking every thing into consideration, the British empire, in power and strength, may be stated as the greatest that ever existed on earth, as it far surpasses them in knowledge, moral character, and worth. On her dominions the sun never sets; before his evening rays leave the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone three hours on Port Jackson, and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Mouth of the Ganges.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER.

The general growth of Wheat would probably have proved a fair annual produce but for the extensive effects of a late mildew, and the damage sustained by continued rains, the accounts of which are lamentable from all parts, but more so from the northern and western districts, where much Corn still continues abroad, and great part of that got up has been in so damp a state as to occasion many stacks to be taken down. It is to be feared that a large portion of this year's Bread Corn must pass over the kiln before it can be ground, even with the dryest grain. From the large quantity of this inferior corn, the average price is not likely to reach that which will warrant the opening of the ports. The Barleys are generally dis-coloured, and those which lay long on the luxurant young Clovers are more seriously damaged by speering. Oats have been injured less than any other crop. Early-sown Peas, on tender soils, have been harvested well; the latter ones have suffered alike with the Beans, which, by remaining so long on the ground after cutting, have shelled more than probably the oldest farmer can remember.—The calculations of the duty on Hops, in the Borough, have proved much over-rated, the quantity and quality being found defective on picking in the chief grounds of Farnham, Kent, and Sussex. The Potatoe crop turns out a very pro-

ductive one in all quarters. Turnips and Coleseed continue promising, but the Cabbages put out early continue to run, from the moisture and mildness of the season. The Grazing countries abound with better feed, yet the graziers continue to deal with caution for their new Stock Beasts, though they are offered by the Scotch and Welch droves full 20 per cent. under the last year's prices. Store Sheep are worth rather more money. The dealers have found but few purchasers at the late fairs even for their best Field or Cart Horses. The Meat Markets are supplied on the low terms of last month, for every article, except small prime Beef, which commands in Smithfield rather a better price.

THE REVENUE.

Year ended Oct. 10,	1820.	1821.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	8,746,105	8,765,865	19,760	
Excise	26,488,508	26,471,363		17,145
Stamps	6,115,482	6,146,986	31,504	
Post Office ...	1,446,000	1,331,000		115,000
Assessed Taxes	6,279,547	6,297,777	18,230	
Land Taxes ...	1,207,630	1,217,856	10,226	
Miscellaneous .	360,538	297,954		62,584
	50,643,810	50,528,801	79,720	194,720

Deduct Increase 79,720

Decrease on the Year 115,000

Quarters ended Oct. 10	1820.	1821.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs ...	2,670,683	2,844,231	173,548	
Excise	7,552,021	8,149,226	597,205	
Stamps	1,581,204	1,625,220	41,016	
Post Office ..	375,000	342,000		33,000
Assessed Taxe	760,576	793,532	32,956	
Land Taxes .	174,522	207,481	32,959	
Miscellaneous	71,642	61,222		10,420
	13,184,648	14,022,912	880,684	43,420

Deduct Decrease 43,420

Increase on the Quarter.... £.837,264

In most sincerely congratulating the public upon the very peculiarly favourable result of the present Quarter's Revenue, we beg to observe, that even the trifling deficiency on the whole last four Quarters, ending with the present, is exceeded by the surplus of the last three months, by no less a sum than £722,155.

The Irish Revenue, made up to the same period, Oct. 10, has *encreased* during the year then ended, £216,325 16 2½, and £147,000 during the last Quarter, English currency.

BIRTHS.

OCT. 1. At Sarsden, Oxon, the lady of the Rev. Charles Barter, of a daughter.

2. At Bury St. Edmund's, Mrs. Badlin, wife of J. Badlin, Esq. Steward to the Duke of Norfolk, of a son.

5. At Worthing, the lady of Edward Morse, Esq. of Drayton, of a still-born son.

8. At Adbury House, Berkshire, the lady of Sir James Fellowes, of a son.

At Government House, Jersey, the lady of his Excellency Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B. and G.C.H. of a daughter.

10. In Upper Bedford-place, the lady of William Loftus Lowndes, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

OCT. 1. Mr. Charles Marmaduke Wilson, of York-street, Portman-square, to Frances Maria, daughter of R. W. Elliston, Esq. of Stratford-place.

2. George Farley, Esq. of Henwick, Worcester, to Hannah, daughter of W. C. Trenow, Esq. of Honiton.

Major James Hackett, of the Hon. East

India Company's Service, to Marguerite, daughter of the late Colonel Gledsdale, of Whitehaven, Cumberland.

3. H. B. Sober, Esq. of White's Stanton, Somerset, to Miss Elizabeth Dashwood, daughter of Sir John Dashwood King, Bart. M.P.

4. Mr. Royle, surgeon, of New-street, Dorset-sq. to Maria, daughter of Thomas Barnes, Esq. of Brook House, Chester.

6. Thomas Henet, Esq. of Montague-street, to Louisa, daughter of the late Dr. John M. Lettsom.

Henry Charles Hoare, Esq. of Barn Elms, Surrey, to Mrs. Price, daughter of the late General Ainslie.

Henry Fisher Sloane, Esq. of Reckbear Court, Devon, to Sarah, daughter of the late Thomas Porter, Esq.

10. B. R. Haydon, Esq. historical painter, to Mrs. Hyman, of Stonehouse, Devon.

13. The Hon. Captain Campbell, R.N. M.P. to Charlotte, daughter of General Gascoyne, M.P.

DEATHS.

SEPT. 30. At Frankfort, the Lady Charlotte Hill, daughter of the Baroness Sandys.

Oct. 1. At Richmond, Mrs. Katharine Leslie, after a severe and long illness.

At Broughton, near Manchester, Mrs. Loyd, wife of Lewis Loyd, Esq. banker, Lothbury.

2. John Cracoft, Esq. of Hackthern, Lincoln, aged 73.

3. At Upper Holloway, Mr. William Oaks, sen. of Houndsditch, coppersmith, aged 54.

Mrs. Sarah Crosier, of Chancery-lane, aged 28.

4. In Stamford-street, in the 64th year of his age, John Rennie, Esq. the celebrated engineer, after a long illness, from which he had in part recovered, but suffered a sudden and unexpected relapse on the Monday preceding.

5. In Kensington-square, Mrs. Louisa Chauvet.

6. At Rosehill House, near Southampton, in the 47th year of her age, Harriett, wife of Charles Plunkett, Esq. and third daughter of W. Villebois, Esq. late of Feltham-place.

8. At Sevon Oaks, Thomas Ponton, Esq. aged 73.

At Hastings, in the 43d year of his age, Francis Frederick North, Esq.

9. At Reading, George Goodwin, Esq. of the Inner Temple, aged 43.

11. Of an enlargement of the heart, Horatio Nelson Matcham, son of George Matcham, Esq. and nephew to Admiral Viscount Nelson of the Nile, aged 18.

13. Maria Matilda, wife of S. F. T. Wilde, Esq. of Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street, barrister-at-law, aged 33.

15. After a most tedious and painful illness, protracted upwards of two years, Henry, fourth son of Robert Edmonds, of New Cross, Esq. aged 22.

16. In Han's-place, Henry Phillips, Esq.

On the 13th of February, at his house in Lower Thornhaugh-street, Bedford square, after a lingering illness from anasarca, Thomas Cusac, Esq. universally lamented; and in whom the scholar, patriot, friend, and gentleman, were eminently united. His researches into several abstruse branches of science were deep, particularly into the nature of Comets;—the result of which, we understand, will be made public, and the outline of which theory is as follow:—He supposes them to be globes of water: on their perihelion, the sun's rays, striking on the vast mass of water, converge to the centre, diverging forward after decussation. In this state they emerge from the liquid globe, and form the phenomenon in the heavens called the Comet's Tail. As to the use of these heavenly bodies, he thinks they are designed to give a due temperature to our system. Should this hypothesis even prove erroneous, it shews a sublimity of genius, and must rank the author high among the greatest philosophers, and excite anew all the Scientific of Europe to a reconsideration of the important subject. He has also left some interesting tracts relative to the History of Britain and Ireland several centuries before Christ, and previous to the entrance of Alexander the Great into Babylon; in whose reign King Fergus, having conquered the northern part of this island, then called Albany, became Sovereign of the two Scotias; wherein the long disputed question, whether a feudal union of the three countries then existed, or if one was considered as paramount over the rest? is impartially examined. His researches upon the subject seem to have indicated his intention of writing the history of both Islands prior to the time of Alexander, and must prove a most valuable acquisition to a future historian. Tacitus, the Icelandic and Norwegian Chronicles, appear as his chief guides in this laborious pursuit, that seemed to discourage all previous investigation. There are also some dramatic pieces founded on the great events of the remote age before stated, and which may ultimately once more rescat our three kingdoms on their ancient pinnacle of grandeur.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, TO SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES,

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at GUILDHALL, unless otherwise expressed. The Country and London Attornies' Names are between Brackets.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

CLEAVE, SAM. Warrington, Lancaster, shop-keeper. *Oct.* 20.
FIRMSTONE, JOHN PARSONS, and Co. High-fields, Stafford, iron-masters. *Oct.* 20.
GRIFFITH, GEO. Grantham, Lincoln, timber-merchant. *Oct.* 16.
GOODWIN, JOHN, Bristol, coal-merchant. *Oct.* 20.
LAMBERT, ROB. Ardwick, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. *Oct* 6.

BANKRUPTS.

BEESTON, JAS. Drayton in Hales, Salop, mercer, Nov. 6, Talbot, Drayton in Hales. [Stanley, Drayton in Hales; and Baxter, Gray's Inn-place.] *Sept.* 25.
BARNBY, JOHN, late of New Malton, Yorkshire, dealer and chapman, Nov. 10, Black Swan, York. [Smithson, Malton; and Smithson, Old Jewry.] *Sept* 29.
BOWER, JOSEPH, Tothill-st. Westminster, grocer, Nov. 17. [Tottie and Co Poultry.] *Oct.* 6.
BURSEY, JOHN, jun. Goodge-st. Tottenham-court-road, bookseller, Nov. 20. [Warrand, Mark-la.] *Oct.* 9.
BELCHER, JOHN, late of Enfield, stone-mason, Nov. 24. [Harmer, Hatton-garden.] *Oct.* 13.
BARTON, JAS. Blackburn, Lancashire, upholsterer, Nov. 2, 3, and 24, White Hart, Hartlebury. [Bigg, Southampton-bu. Chancery-lane; and Hallen and Son, Kidderminster.] *Oct.* 13.
BUTT, THOS. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, miller, Nov. 1, 2, and 27, Hop Pole, Tewkesbury. [Clarke and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Cheapside; and Boughton, Tewkesbury.] *Oct.* 16.
CLAYTON, JOHN, late of Bury, Lancashire, undertaker, Nov. 6, 7, and 24, White Horse, Manchester. [Appleby and Co. Gray's Inn; and Parker, Bury.] *Oct.* 13.
CHUBB, WM. PATTEN, Aldgate, chemist, Nov. 10, and Dec. 4. [Parton, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside.] *Oct.* 23.
DU BOIS, JOHN and Co. Copthall-co. merchants, Nov. 24. [Gregson and Co. Angel co. Throgmorton-st.] *Oct.* 13.
DUNDERDALE, NATH. Holbeck, Leeds, clothier, Nov. 24. Court House, Leeds. [Robinson and Co. Essex-st. Strand; and Ward, Leeds.] *Oct* 13.
DAVIES, JOHN, Mitcheldean, Gloucester, draper, Nov. 5, 6, and Dec. 4, Bush, Bristol. [Daniel, Bristol; and Pearson, Pump co. Temple.] *Oct.* 23.
DRAY, JOHN, Great Windmill-st. Haymarket, dealer, Nov. 6, and Dec. 4 [Hodgson, John-st. Adelphi.] *Oct.* 23.
EVANS, THOS. BRADSHAW, Strand, wine merchant, Nov. 17. [Stephens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-st.] *Oct.* 6.
FRANCIS, ROB. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter, Nov. 14, 15, and Dec. 4. Crown and Thistle, Newcastle upon-Tyne. [Fisher and Co. Thavies-inn, Holborn; and Wilson and Co. Newcastle upon-Tyne.] *Oct.* 23.
GIBSON, THOS. jun. Liverpool, ship bread-baker, Nov. 6, George, Liverpool. [Hinde, Liverpool; and Chester, Staple inn.] *Sept.* 25.
GIRD, HEN. Park-la. saddler, Nov. 6. Albion, Birmingham. [Bourdillon and Co. Bread-st. Cheapside; and Simcox, Birmingham.] *Sept.* 25.
GREEN, THOS. Alfreton, Derbyshire, grocer, Nov. 7, 8, and 24, White Hart, Duffield. [Bromley, Gray's Inn-sq.; and Rickards, Alfreton.] *Oct.* 13.
GILBERT, RICH. TAYLOR, Stockbridge, Hampshire, coal-merchant, Nov. 3, and 24, Mitre, Portsea. [Collie and Co. Aldermanbury; and Tayler, Portsea.] *Oct.* 13.
GARDNER, BENJ. Leigh, Worcester, farmer, Nov. 7, 8, and 27, Pack Horse, Worcester. [Becke, Devonshire-st. Queen sq.; and Hill, Worcester.] *Oct.* 16.
GEORGE, WM. Haymarket, saddler, Nov. 3, and Dec. 4. [Matthews and Co. Castle st. Holborn.] *Oct.* 23.
HAMELIN, PETER, Belmont-pl. Surrey, plasterer, Nov. 20. [Denton and Co. Gray's-Inn-square.] *Oct.* 9.
HOLE, WM. MARGARY, of Kingskerswell, Devonshire, tanner, Nov. 3, and 24, at the office of Bartlett and Co. Newton Abbot. [Bartlett and Co. Newton Abbot; and Darke and Co. Red Lion-sq.] *Oct.* 13.
HAMELIN, PETER, Belmont-pl. Vauxhall, plasterer, Nov. 20. [Denton and Co. Gray's Inn-sq.] *Oct.* 13.
HORROCKS, WM. Liverpool, corn dealer, Nov. 13, 14, and 27, George, Liverpool. [Ramsbottom, Liverpool; and Blackstock and Co. King's Bench-walks, Temple.] *Oct.* 16.
HUMPHRIES, SAM. Witham Friary, Somerset, innholder, Nov. 2, 17, and Dec. 4, Wheat Sheaves, Frome Selwood. [Perkins and Co. Holborn-co. Gray's inn; and Miller, Frome Selwood.] *Oct.* 23.
HUGHES, ROGER, Althrey Woodhouse, Flint, cheesefactor, Nov. 7, 8, and Dec. 4, White Lion, Whitchurch, Salop. [Toone and Co. Craven-st. Strand; and Watson and Co. Whitchurch.] *Oct.* 23.
INMAN, KESTERTON JOHN, Blackman-street, Southwark, brazier, Nov. 3 and 27. [Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-sq. Southwark.] *Oct.* 16.
IRVING, NANCY, Carlisle, innkeeper, Nov. 7, 8, and Dec. 4, Lion and Lamb, Carlisle. [Battye, Chancery la.; and Robinson, Carlisle] *Oct.* 23.
JACKSON, WM. Lusted-Farm, Cudham, Kent, farmer, Nov. 24. [Taylor, Furnival's Inn, Holborn.] *Oct.* 13.
KNOWLES, JAS. and Co. Salford, Lancaster, machine-makers, Oct. 5, 6, and 15, Star, Manchester. [Willis and Co. Warnford-co.; and Healey, Manchester.] *Sept.* 25.
KNIBB, BENJ. Billingborough, Lincoln, grocer, Nov. 1, and Dec. 4, Lion, Sleaford. [Lambert, Gray's Inn-sq.; and Cheales and Co. Sleaford.] *Oct.* 23.
LAVENDER, JOHN, Leominster, Hereford, mercer, Nov. 6, Star and Garter, Worcester. [Gillam, Worcester; and Cardale and Co. Gray's Inn.] *Sept.* 25.
LOUND, WM. Sloane-st. Chelsea, linen-draper, Nov. 20. [Dobson, Chancery la.] *Oct.* 9.
LLEWELYN, JOHN, and Co. late of the Old Jewry, ship brokers, Nov. 24. [Lester, New-co. Crutched-friars] *Oct.* 13.
LEE, GEO. Bath, baker, Nov. 7, and Dec. 4, Castle and Ball, Bath. [Burfoot, King's Bench-walk; and Physick, Bath.] *Oct.* 23.

MERCER, HEN. Liverpool, merchant, Nov. 13, George, Liverpool. [Lodge, Liverpool; and Battye, Chancery-la.] *Oct.* 2.
MOODY, STEPHEN, Frome Selwood, Somerset, baker, Nov. 1, 2, and 17, Wheat Sheaves, Frome Selwood. [Perkins and Co. Holborn co. Gray's Inn; and Miller, Frome Selwood.] *Oct.* 6
POOLE, SAM. GOWER, King's-ro. Chelsea, brewer, Nov. 10, and Dec. 4. [Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-sq. Southwark.] *Oct.* 23.
RICHARDSON, JOHN, Manchester, dealer in cotton and twist, Nov. 10, Star, Manchester. [Whitlow, Manchester.] *Sept.* 20.
ROWBOTTOM, WM. Oldham, Lancaster, machine, maker, Nov. 17, White Bear, Manchester. [Whitehead, Oldham; and Milne and Co. Temple.] *Oct.* 6.
ROSE, RICH. NOTTINGHAM, Holborn, book-dealer, Nov. 24. [Edwards and Co. Castle-st. Holborn.] *Oct.* 13.
STUART, HEN. late of Worcester, wine-merchant, Nov. 10. [Hannam, Piazza Chambers, Covent-garden.] *Sept.* 29.
SPEAR, JOHN, late of Sheffield, merchant, Nov. 24, Angel, Sheffield. [Tilson and Co. Coleman-st.; and Staniforth, Sheffield.] *Oct.* 13.
STEEL, WILLIS, Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-sq. baker, Nov. 3, and Dec. 1. [Isaacson, Broad-co. Long-acre.] *Oct.* 20,
SURREY, JAS. and JOHN, Mark-la. mealmen, Nov. 3, and Dec. 1. [Druce and Son, Billiter-sq.] *Oct.* 20.
THOMPSON, JOHN THOS. Long-acre, coach-joiner, Nov. 17. [Stephens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen st.] *Oct.* 6.
TATE, ROB. late of Market Weighton, Yorkshire, shopkeeper, Nov. 24, Old Sandhill, York. [Jaques, Charles-st. City-road; and Harle, York.] *Oct* 13.
TRAVIS, JOSEPH, late of Oldham, Lancashire, grocer, Nov. 5, 6, and 24, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Searle, Doctor's-Commons; and Kershaw, Fountain-st. Manchester.] *Oct.* 13.
THOMPSON, PATRICK, and Co. Tom's Coffee-House, Cornhill, wine-merchants, Nov. 24. [Wadeson and Son, Austin-friars.] *Oct* 13.
WHITEHEAD, RALPH, Withnell, Lancaster, corn-merchant, Nov. 13, Sun, Preston. [Greenhalgh, Manchester; and Hall and Co. Great James-st. Bedford-row.] *Oct.* 2.
WARD, THOS. Seamor, York, maltster, Nov. 13, Bell, Scarborough. [Thornton, Scarborough; and Lever, Gray's Inn.] *Oct.* 2.
WELLS, SKINNER, Middleton garden, Middleton-terrace, Pentonville, fruiterer, Nov. 17. [Tatham, Castle st. Holborn.] *Oct.* 6.
WALKER, FRANCIS, Ripon, York, money-scrivener, Nov. 27, Star, Ripley. [Stocker and Co. New Boswell-co. Carey-st.; and Powell, Knaresborough.] *Oct.* 16.
WHITNEY, WM. Ludlow, Salop, innkeeper, Nov. 5, 6, and Dec. 4, Angel, Ludlow. [Pugh, Bernard-st.; Russell-sq.; and Adams and Co. Ludlow.] *Oct.* 23.
WRIGHT, JOS. Mill-wall, Poplar, anchor-smith, Nov. 10, and Dec. 4. [Dennis, Westmorland-pl. City-ro.] *Oct.* 23.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1821.

ATMORE, R. Foulsham, Norfolk, Oct. 24.
Atkinson, R. and Co. Fenchurch-st. Oct. 27.
Anthony, J. Clay-next the-Sea, Norfolk, Nov. 7.
Anderson, J. jun. Whitby, York, Oct. 31.
Austin, T. and Co. Bath, Nov. 24.
Akers, W. Uttoxeter, Stafford, Nov. 14.
Abbott, P. D. Powis-pl. Great Ormond-st. Nov. 10.
Blackett, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 2.
Bateman, J. and Co. St. John's-st. West Smithfield, Oct. 30.
Bevans, J. City-road, Oct. 30.
Bulpin, R. Bridgewater, Dec. 5.
Bingley, W. and T. Tavistock-st. Covent garden, Nov. 3.
Boyes, G. F. Anlaby, Kingston-upon-Hull, Nov. 6.
Boyes, J. jun. Wansford, York, Nov. 6.
Barclay, J. Old Broad st. Nov. 3.
Bates, J. Bishop Stortford, Hertford, Oct. 30.
Barnwell, J. Leamington Priors, Warwick, Nov. 13.
Bromley, J. Circus-st. New road, St. Mary-le-Bone, Nov. 10
Brown, W. A. College-hill, Nov. 10.
Barker, S. and J. G. Billiter sq. Nov. 27.
Brown, T. Longdon, Stafford, Nov. 13.
Bird, I. Brampton, Cumberland, Nov. 13.
Bernecker, C. Birmingham, Nov. 21.
Cave, T. Hindley, Lancaster, Oct. 29.
Cohen, M. Devonshire-st. Queen-sq. Nov. 3.
Cousens, G. Gray's-inn-la. Oct. 30.
Cruickshank, W. London-st. Oct. 27.
Corney, I. and R. East India Chambers, Nov. 3.
Cooper, W. Fleet-market, Nov. 3.
Cawood, D. Newton, York, Nov. 3.
Clough, J. and R. Leadenhall-st. Nov. 3.
Cruse, T. Chatham, Kent, Nov. 10.
Carruthers, J Bristol, Nov. 13.
Cobden, T. Chichester, Nov. 16.
Drummond, J. P. London-st. Oct. 27.
Davies, J. Canterbury, Nov. 3.
De Quiros, J. M. Size-la. Bucklersbury, Oct. 30.
Dowley, J. Willow-st. Bank-side, Surrey, Nov. 6.
Dawson, T. and J. Keith, York, Nov. 17.
Edwards, W. Langford, Oct. 22.
Emery, T. Worcester, Nov. 6.
Emett, H. Liverpool, Oct. 31.
Eveleigh, T. High Holborn, Nov. 3.
Field, J. Pickett-st. Strand, Nov. 3.
Fisher, T. and Co. Cheltenham and Winchcomb, Nov. 15.
Frears, E. Birmingham, Oct. 23.
Fox, R. W. and Co. Plymouth, Nov. 15.
Garbutt, T. Manchester, Oct. 27.
Groning, R. Broad-street-bu. Oct. 30.
Golding, J. Colchester, Essex, Nov. 20.
Gompertz, A. Great Winchester-st. Nov. 10.
Glover, J. Walsall, Stafford, Nov. 12.
Gyles, D. Lyford, Berks, Nov. 13.
Greetham, C. Liverpool, Nov. 19.
Harris, W. Birmingham, Nov. 1.
Hall, H. and J. Sun-wharf, Upper Thames-st. Oct. 27.
Hepworth, J. Leeds, York, Nov. 6.
Harris, H. Chipperfield Wood Mill, Herts, Nov 10.
Harsant, E Wapping st. Wapping, Nov. 6.
Howard, R. Stockport, Cheshire, Nov. 7.
Holmes, T. Long-acre, Nov. 10.
Hudson, J. Birchin-la. Nov. 10.
Henley, J. Sol's row, Hampstead-road, Nov. 20.
Howett, J. St. Martin's la. Nov. 13.
Hurry, J. Liverpool, Nov. 14.
Hunsley, W. Wetherby, York, Nov. 15.
Hart, G. Cheltenham, Oct. 31.
Jones, T. P. Caermarthen, Oct. 24.
Jones, W. Newport, Oct. 22.
Ivens, W. Flecknoe, Warwick, Nov. 6.
Ivens, M. Catesby, Northampton, Nov. 6.
Ivens, R. Byfield, Northampton, Nov. 6.
Jones, M. London-road, Surrey, Nov. 10.
Kempster, T. Bouverie-st. Fleet-st. Nov. 17.
Kay, T. Princess-st. Ratcliffe-highway, Oct. 23.
Lancaster, T. J. Cateaton-st. Oct. 27.
Lee, J. and Co. Bread-st. Oct. 20.
Latham, T. D. and Co. Devonshire-sq. Oct. 27.
Lawrence, W. H. Bath, Nov. 7.
Ledieu, J. Richmond bu. Soho, Nov. 3.
Lewis, W. and Co. Little Tower st. Nov. 10.
Lace, S. Liverpool, Nov. 20.
Mitchell, J. sen. West End Cottage, Essendon, Herts, Oct. 20.
Mason, J. Liverpool, Oct. 30.
Miles, W. Oxford-st. Oct. 13.
Mott, W. R. Brighton, Oct. 31.
Maddock, E. Liverpool, Nov. 12.
Neville, R. Colchester, Oct. 16.
Nicoll, T Ware, Herts, Oct. 30.
Nedby, W. Lamb's-conduit-st. Nov. 10.
Neild, J. Saddleworth, York, Nov. 17.
Ollivant, W. Manchester, Nov. 3.
Ollivant, T. Manchester, Nov. 3.
Phillip, E. Narberth, Pembroke, Oct. 24.
Patterson, A. T. and Co. Liverpool, Nov. 1.

Pitt, J. Cheltenham, Nov. 19.
Portlock, R. Andover, Hants, Nov. 3.
Parsons, S. Hanover-st. Long-acre, Nov. 3.
Pratten, M. jun. Castle-green, Bristol, Nov. 8.
Paine, E. jun. Lawrence-Pountney-hill, Nov. 6.
Pain, P. Romford, Essex, Nov. 13.
Peele, J. Tower-st. Nov. 13.
Parker, J. Mortimer-st. Cavendish sq. Nov. 17.
Plaw, H. R. Riches-co. Lime-st. Nov. 13.
Preston, W. Dove co. George-st. Mansion-house, Nov. 17.
Roddam, H. B. North Shields, Oct. 23.
Ralph, R. and Co. Ipswich, Suffolk, Oct. 30.
Rose, G. Sheffield, York, Nov. 13.
Roose, T. Liverpool, Nov. 3.
Reid, D. Prince's-st. Spital fields, Nov. 17.
Riley, T. H. Crawford-st. St. Mary-le-Bone, Nov. 10.
Ridout, J. P. Bridport, Dorset, Nov. 10.
Shuffrey, T. Worcester, Oct. 20.
Shirley, W. and J. Stoke-upon-Trent, Oct. 20.
Shirley, J. and B. Worship-st. Oct. 20.
Samson, T. Lynn, Norfolk, Nov. 3.
Stammers, T. Sudbury, and Stammers, J. Foxearth, Essex, Oct. 29.
Searle, J. Lower Grosvenor-st. Nov. 3.
Snow, S. Albemarle-st. Piccadilly, Nov. 10.
Shorey, J. Croydon, Surrey, Nov. 13.
Seaman, G. Bishopsgate-st. Nov. 10.
Troughton, B. sen. and J. Wood-st. Nov. 17.
Turner, B. West Bromwich, Stafford, Nov. 1.
Taylor, R. Sandal-Magna, York, Oct. 30.
Trix, F. South Molton, Devon, Nov. 6.
Troughton, B. sen. and J. Wood-st. Nov. 17.
Tyrrell, J. Maidstone, Nov. 10.
Webb, W. and H. Bristol, Oct. 24.
Williams, W. and Co. New Bond-st. Oct. 27.
Ward, H. V. Birmingham, Oct. 26.
Woodcock, C. Norwich, Nov. 3.
Woodcock, W. Preston, Lancaster, Nov. 5.
Wilkinson, J. and Co. Leeds, Nov. 9.
Watts, W. and Co. Oldham, Lancaster, Nov. 19.
Wood, W. Wimpole-st. St. Mary-le-Bone, Nov. 10.
Wilson, R. Bow-churchyard, Nov. 17.
Williams, J. Bishopsgate-street Within, Nov. 10.
Wabey, J. Wellwyn, Hertford, Nov. 10.
Winstanley, T. Manchester, Nov. 14.
Whiteside, R. and Co. Whitehaven, Nov. 14.
Young, J. Ware, Herts, Oct. 30.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CERTIFICATES,

FROM TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, TO SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1821.

BASS, J. Holbeach, Lincoln, Oct. 16.
Brown, J. Tavistock, Devonshire, Oct. 20.
Boyd, A. White-horse st. Commercial-road, Oct. 27.
Bayly, W. H. Cheltenham, Oct. 27.
Badcock, J. Upton-Pyne, Devon, Oct. 30.
Bushell, E. sen Bath, Oct. 30.
Bowman, R. Manchester, Nov. 10.
Bedford, T. Bristol, Nov. 10.
Cope, C. Berkeley-mews, Portman-sq. Oct. 16.
Chinn, T. Maidstone, Kent, Oct. 20.
Carver, J. Lancing, Sussex, Oct. 23.
Crosby, R. Stationers'-co. Oct. 27.
Clough, J. Leadenhall-st. Oct. 30.
Dalton, J. Bury St. Edmund's, Oct. 23.
Drake, J. Lewisham, Oct. 23.
Davies, J. Canterbury, Nov. 3.
Dark, H. Bath, Nov. 3.
Dickinson, J. Manchester, Nov. 6.
Foster, T. William st. Newington, Oct. 20.
Fox, J. Dartmouth, Devonshire, Oct. 20.
Flindt, G. London-wall, Oct. 27.
Fordick, J. Gower-pl. Euston-sq. Pancras, Oct. 27.
Gower, R. St. Austell, Cornwall, Oct. 23.
Garton, S. Wood-st. Cheapside, Oct. 23.
Hoile, J. Beech st. Oct. 16.
Holmes, W. Birmington, Derby, Nov. 5.
Higgs, R. Bristol, Nov. 3.
Holding, W. Devonshire-st. Queen-sq. Nov. 3.
Higgs, W. Strand, Nov. 3.
Hammond, V. Ludlow, Salop, Nov. 6.
Hillary, J. P. Mark-la. Nov. 13.
Hurndall, J. Bristol, Nov. 13.
Jagger, J. East Stonehouse, Devon, Oct. 16.
Johnson, T. jun. Wakefield, Nov. 6.
Kay, T. Prince's-sq. Ratcliffe-highway, Oct. 16.
Lawrance, J. Pimlico, Oct. 23.
Lynch, J. Liverpool, Oct. 27.
Lubbren, P. M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 3.
Lowes, J. Angel-co. Throgmorton st. Nov. 10.
Lauder, J. Birmingham, Nov. 13.
Morgan, J. Stroud, Gloucester, Nov. 3.
Nicoll, T. Ware, Hertford, Nov. 3.
Prowse, J. S. Botolph-la. Oct. 27.
Rist, C. Cornhill, Nov. 13.
Snowdon, J. B. Lynn, Norfolk, Oct. 16.
Smith, H. W. Bird's bu. Islington, Oct. 16.
Skait, H. Whitley, Yorkshire, Oct. 20.
Stibbs, J. Cully-hall, Bitton, Gloucestershire, Oct. 20.
Tredwen, R. Chepstow, Monmouth, Oct. 16.
Tabberer, W. Hyde-st. Bloomsbury, Nov. 10.
Vipond, T. E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 10.
Waddington, J. Reading, Berks, Oct. 23.
Wilkinson, M. Whaley, Lancaster, Oct. 30.
Whiteside, R. and Co. Whitehaven, Nov. 3.
Worsley, J. Liverpool, Nov. 6.
Wilson, H. jun Nottingham, Nov. 6.
White, H. Gracechurch st. Nov. 10.
West, J. R. Louth, Lincoln, Nov. 10.
Wight, J. Leadenhall-st. Nov. 10.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATIONS,

FROM TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, TO SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1821.

ATKINSON, J. Glasgow, currier.
Beck, W. Hawick, manufacturer.
Campbell, W. and R. Linlithgow, brewers.
Caverhill, W. Galashiels, merchant.
Edie, J. Cupar Fife, merchant.
Graham, T. Glasgow, merchant.
Wilson, R. Thornton, Killbride, corn-dealer and lime-merchant.

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP.

FROM TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1821.

ADAMS, J. and Platt, J. Liverpool, cart owners.
Amies, J. and Robinson, J. Manchester, manufacturers.
Aylwin, G. A. Aylwin, R. Payne, J. and Nelmé, R.
Ashby, H. and Wyld, G. Bakewell, Derby, mercers.
Adams, R. and Sutton, W. Sunbury, brewers.
Andrews, J. and Mann, S. insurance brokers.
Alexander, H. Perkins, T. and Alexander, J. Pendleton, Manchester, common brewers.
Anderson, R. and Barnes, J. Church, Lancaster, copperas-makers.
Abbott, W. and Roser, E. Lamb's-bu. Bunhill-row, soap-makers.
Ashton, S. T. J. J. and B. Newton, Cheshire, calico-printers.
Applegarth, A. and Cowper, E. printers.
Brewin, F. and Ryland, F. Fulham, schoolmasters.
Beer, I. and Beer, W. Canterbury, grocers.
Blachford, R. and Lane, W. Leadenhall-st. chart-publishers.
Bakes, J. M. and Stowell, J. Horton and Bowling, York, coal-merchants.
Brough, J. and Baddeley, G. Leek, Stafford, silk-manufacturers.
Bristow, M. and Bristow, J. Ratcliffe-highway, engine-manufacturers.

Butters, J. and Armstrong, J. Spalding, Lincoln, grocers.
Bishop, C. Score, G. and Hollingbury, C. P. Tokenhouse yard, attornies.
Bath, M. Tyler, E. Danks, J. and Danks, I. Birmingham, carriers.
Bull, B and Young, J. B. Salisbury-st. Strand, manufacturing jewellers.
Byss, G. and Symonds, H. Great st. Anne st Westminster, corndealers.
Bishop, H. and Bishop, W. Chatham, tea-dealers.
Bankart, I. S. C. and S. Leicester, and Benson, W. Bradford, Yorkshire, wool-staplers.
Ball, P. Hamilton, J. M. and Wood, B. St. Austell, Cornwall, bankers
Byrne, A. and Eccles, J. Whittle-in-le-Woods, Lancashire, coal dealers.
Budd, W and Jones, R. Nelson-pl. City road, Leghorn hat pressers.
Collison, G and Dryden, J. Wood st Cheapside, silk-merchants.
Cotton, T. D. and Cotton, T. Finch-la. stock-agents.
Carter, R and Spredbury, J. Warren-mews, Fitzroy-sq. common carriers.
Clarke, H Clarke, H. jun. and Cullington, D. Little St Thomas Apostle, attornies.
Cayme, J. jun. and Watts, T. B. Yeovil, Somerset, wine merchants.
Cotterell, S. J. and Cook, J. High Holborn, paper-stainers.
Chalner, T. and Wilson, J Lincoln, leather-sellers.
Christopherson, A. and Birdsall, W. Syston, Leicester, surgeons.
Chuter, R. and Marriott, F. Bishopsgate-st. Within, ship and insurance brokers.
Chipchase, J. and Chapman, T S Stockton, Durham, tallow-chandlers
Cuffley, J. sen. and Cuffley, J. R. jun Ipswich, Suffolk, seedsmen.
Coates, R. and Coates, J. Manchester, cotton-dealers.
Cooper, T. and Cooper, S. Henley upon Thames, attornies.
Cuffley, J. sen. and Cuffley, J. R jun. Ipswich, seedsmen.
Crookshank, J. and Ralph, J. New Bond st. woollen-drapers.
Collegde, T. Kilsby, Northampton, and Jones, T. R. Bettws, Carnarvon, cattle dealers
Dallinger, J. G. and Coventry, E. P. Union st. Southwark
Dewes, R. and Ansell, G. Osborne-st. Whitechapel, sugar refiners
Dearden, E. Todmorden, and Dearden, G Rochdale, Lancaster, corn-dealers.
Davis, G. and Hooker, J jun. Bermondsey, hair-merchants
Dewes, C. Dewes, R. and Ansell, G. Wentworth st Spital-fields, sugar refiners,
Davis, G and Davis, D. Birmingham, opticians.
Dunn, A. Johnson, J. and Bird, G. New Bond-st. tea dealers.
Ely, I. and Downing, I. Hope wharf, Wapping, wharfingers
Edwards, W Edwards, D and Munchamp, C. Beverley, York, common brewers
Entwisle, R. Entwisle, T. Holland, R. and Greenhalgh, N. Bolton
Evill, L. Else, R. and Evill, A. Bath, solicitors.
Figie, G T. and M Lincoln, attornies
Evans, F F. and Dunn, J. M. Bristol, wool-brokers.
French, W. and French, S. St. John's st. West Smithfield, ironmongers.
Fillingham, W. and Kinning, T. Oxford-st linen-drapers.
Foster, W. Foster, S. and Thurman, S. N. Nottingham, lace-manufacturers.
Foster, J. and Atkinson, G. Liverpool, tobacco and snuff manufacturers.
Fox, P. and Pilkington, J. Liverpool, bricklayers.
Fox, J. and Kittle, A. Bridlington Quay, York, chemists.
French, W. H. French, G. and French, P. T. Pudding-la. Little Eastcheap, brokers.
Gray, A. Gray, M. and Baratts, M. A. Crooked-la. Cannon-st. wine-merchants.
Greenwood, M. and Eley, E. Thornbury, Gloucester, straw bonnet makers
Godwin, J. Dawe, J. Reeve, J. Mills, W. and Rickman G. Portsmouth, contract-butchers.
Hodgson, W. Hodgson, I. and Hodgson, H. Poulton, Lancaster, wine merchants.
Hutchinson, J. and Hopkinson, B. Lincoln's inn.
Hodgkinson, C and Simpson, A. Derby, jewellers.
Hilbourne, J. Watts, T. B. and Cayme, J. jun. Yeovil, Somerset, maltsters.
Hannah, A. and Hughan, P. Norwich, tea dealers.
Higgins, R. and Higgins, R. Doncaster, plumbers
Hewitt, J. and Osborn, J. Gainsburgh, Lincoln, ironmongers.
Harding, A. and Wright, T. Birmingham, button-factors.
Harcourt, J. and Harcourt, F. Ipswich, ironmongers.
Hilder, J. King, E. and Sisley, R Salehurst, Sussex, millers.
Hosking, H. and Hosking, J. South Brent, farmers.
Hall, J. and Wallworth, J. Cartarett st Westminster, curriers.
Howell, E. and Fenn, P. Hyde-st. Bloomsbury, school masters.
Hearsey, T. sen. Hearsey, T. jun. and Bezzant, J. U. Botolph-la. orange-merchants.
Henzell, J. Henzell, P. and Cooper, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironmongers.
Hill, J. Carlisle, and Holme, J. jun. Botchardby, Cumberland, mercers.
Hodgkinson, C and Simpson, A. Derby, jewellers.
Hamilton, J. M. and Ball, P. St. Austell, Cornwall, iron-founders
Hine, W. and Scarlett, T. jun. Clement's-la. provision-dealers.
Hoyle, T. Chatburn, J. Lord, J. and Fothergill, W. Manchester, calico-printers.
Handsworth, H. Bandeira, J. J. Marc, S. Gazeau, —, and Tacombe, L. Radcliffe-row, City road, distillers.
Irish, E. Whittaker, E. J. and Perkins, S Southwark, chemists.
Inmmire, F and Bone, C. Margate, tailors.
Jervis, J. and Wright, J St ... port, wheelwrights.
Kendall, E. and Kendall, J. Tooley st haberdashers.
Kay, J. and Shepherd, J. Bury, Lancaster, machine-makers.
Kettlewell, R. and Emerson, R. Friday-st. warehousemen.
Lucas, C Christie, R. and Heathfield, R St. Swithin's-la. Lombard st. wine merchants
Lucas, C. and Heathfield, R. St. Swithin's la wine-merchants.
Lerescee, S. and Marris, G. Manchester, Manchester-warehousemen.
Listen, J. and Holsted, I. Bowling, York, iron mongers.
Letton, S. J. and Sherman, T Greenwich, plumbers
Mills, J. and Baker, R. Ashbourne, Derby, chemists.
Mathew, R and Mathew, P Holles st. Cavendish-sq haberdashers
Martelly, I H and P. and Wright, W Size la. general merchants
Maycock, S. Jones, M. and Davies, B. Runcorn, Chester
Matson W. and Whitehouse, G. Watling-st. ... wine merchants.
M'Intyre, I and Buck, I. W. of the Clapham ... Academy, Surrey
Marrell, W. and Marchant, J. Waterloo st. Lambeth, bakers.
Moser, L and Atkinson, W. King st. Cheapside, linen drapers.
Merriman, A. F. and Cotton, W. A Crutched-friars, tin plate workers.
Mayhew, J. Price, R. and Styan, G. Chancery-la. attornies.
Owen, G. and Griffith, T Liverpool, cotton spinners.
Owen, R. and Owen, J Liverpool, sugar-refiners.
Pedder, F H Redhead, L and Hackett, C. H. Gould sq. ship and insurance brokers.
Pugh, L J. and Rowsell, J P. Devonshire-wharf, Bank side, coal merchants
Pretty, J. R and Pretty, J. Bilston, Stafford, ironmonger.
Patrick, E sen. Hector, C. J. and Patrick, L jun. Petersfield, Hants, bankers.
Pinder, W. and Casson, T. Bridge-mill, Barnsley, millers.
Philpott, J. and Philpott, W. Cricklewood, Devon, farmers.
Perkins, J. Fairman, G. Heath, C. Heath, G. I. and Bull, M. Fleet st. engravers.
Rowe, B. and Barrett, J. Yeovil, Somerset, butchers.

Roskell, R. Roskell, J. and Johnson, J. Liverpool, watch-makers.
Ray, J. and Montague, J. Denmark st. jewellers.
Reynolds, R. and Gregory, J. Manchester, upholsterers.
Read, J. and Singer, J. T. Trowbridge, Wilts, coal-merchants.
Rigby, E. and Rigby, J. Manchester, silk-manufacturers.
Spencer, J. and Wright, J. Belper, Derby, nail-manufacturers.
Searle, R. Brian, J and Gill, J. Horrabridge, Devon, yarn-manufacturers.
Shaw, W. and Rothwell, J. Halifax, York, worsted-machine makers.
Stonestreet, T. and Poile, W. Oxford-st. pawnbrokers.
Stiles, J. M. and Laverton, J. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothiers.
Smith, J. and O'Reilly, E. Bucklersbury, merchants.
Scott, J. and Hoyle, J. Rossendale, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers.
Sugden, J. and Woodcock, J. Leeds, machine-makers.
Sandell, S. and Cobham, T. Oxford st. brewers.
Tinson, G. and Peltoe, F. B. Little St. Thomas Apostle, wine-merchants.
Thom, J. Smith, A. and Salter, T. F. Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Tutton, W. and Bigham, S. Wigan, Lancaster, fustian-manufacturers.
Temple, T. and Williamson, J. Crosthwaite, Cumberland, woollen-manufacturers.
Turnley, J. sen. Turnley, J. jun. and Turnley, H. lightermen.
Tappenden, W. and Knight, A. Newick, Sussex, grocers.
Taylor, H. and Beavan, M. Newgate-st. milliners.
Tanner, J. Sowdon, T. and Drewcatt, T. Reading Berks, brewers.
Vining, T. and Vining, C. Bristol, corn-factors.
Vincett, N. and Halselden, C. City-road, linen-drapers.
Willcox, J. S. and Titterton, T. J. Theobald's road, St. George the Martyr, coach-builders.
Westlake, J. and Atkinson, W. Plympton, Devon, common-brewers.
Wallace, J. and Knight, A. Lamb's-conduit-st. Red-lion-sq. dress-makers.
White, E. and White, S. Red-lion-st. Holborn, surgeons.
Wilson, G. Browne, G. and St. Barbe, J. Bett's-st. Ratcliffe-highway, brewers.
Whitehead, M. A. and Gordon, C. New Bond-st. milliners.
Welcker, M. and Wehnert, H. Leicester-sq. tailors.
White, C. and White, W. Edmonton, linen-drapers.
Winsbury, J. Badgery, A. and Voss, J. Serle-st. Lincoln's-inn-fields, shoe-makers.
Wilmot, T. and Kruse, P. Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, coal-merchants.
Younge, S. Younge, C. Walker, H. Kitchen, G. and Gregory, J. Sheffield, York, silver-platers.
Yeadon, J. and Matthews, J. Sheffield, cutlers.

NEW PATENTS.

WILLIAM LANE, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Jackmaker; for certain improvements on horizontal roasting jacks; which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. Dated August 23, 1821.

DAVID GORDON, of Edinburgh, at present residing in Stranraer, Esq.; for certain improvements in the construction of harness for animals of draft and burthen. Dated September 8, 1821.

BEVINGTON GIBBONS, of Wrelin Crythen Works, near Neath, Glamorganshire, Chemist (one of the people called Quakers), and CHARLES HEMMINGS WILKINSON, of Bath, Somersetshire, M.D.; for an improved retort or vessel for making coal or other gas, and for distillation, evaporation, and concentration of acids and other substances. Dated September 8, 1821.

DOMINIQUE PIERRE DEURBROUCQ, of King-street, Soho, Middlesex, Gentleman; for an apparatus for the purpose of condensing the alcoholic steams arising from spirituous liquors, such as urine, brandy, beer, cyder, &c. during their fermentation. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated September 11, 1821.

RICHARD FRANCIS HAWKINS, of Plumstead, Kent, Master Mariner; for improvements in the construction of anchors. Dated September 11, 1821.

WILLIAM WEBSTER, of George court, Prince's-street, Soho, Middlesex, Gun-maker; for certain improvements in the mechanism of, and appertaining to, Forsyth's Roller Magazine, for the discharge of fowling-pieces and fire-arms in general by means of percussion. Dated September 14, 1821.

WILLIAM LOSH, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Iron-founder; for certain improvements in the construction of iron rails for railways. Dated September 14, 1821.

JAMES GLADSTONES, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Ironmonger; for a method of encreasing the strength of timber. Dated September 20, 1821.

LICENSED SHIPS, &c.—(OCTOBER, 1821.)

Appointed to sail.	Ships' Names.	Destination.	Tonnage	Captains.	Where lying.	Owners or Brokers.
1821						
October 22	Windsor Castle..		600	Simon Lee	City Canal	Short and Brinley.
October 30	La Belle Alliance	Madras and Bengal.	850	William Rolfe..	Blackwall	Fletcher, Alexander, &Co. John Pirie and Co.
Nov. 5	Apollo		700	George Tennent	City Canal	Isbister and Horsley.
30	Hooghly		470	James T. Lamb	Blackwall	.. Buckles and Co.
Dec. 30	Golconda		850	J. J. Edwards ..	Blackwall	.. Fletcher, Alexander, &Co.
October 20	Hannah		492	John Lamb......	Blackwall	.. Smith, Inglis, and Co.
..	Hadlow		450	John Cragie	City Canal	.. Rickards Mackintosh&Co John Pirie and Co.
October 30	Nestor	Bombay.	400	Edward Theaker	City Canal	.. John Lyney, Jun.
Nov. 15	Medina		500	Hugh Mattinson	City Canal	Isbister and Horsley.
24	Swallow....... ..		400	Andrew Ross.. .	City Canal	John Lyney, Jun.
30	Brailsford		450	John Spring ..	City Canal	Rickards Mackintosh&Co John Pirie and Co.
Nov. 15	Lady Kennaway			Charles Beach ..	City Canal	Smalls and Lane. John Lyney, Jun.
20	Mellish	Bengal.		Alex. Chrystie..	City Canal	S. Marjoribanks and Co.
30	Nancy			John Thomson..	City Canal	James Thomson.
10	Globe	—Maur. and Ceylon		Thomas Cuzens	City Canal	Buckles and Co.
October 31	Marianne	Cape.		George Parker.	London Docks	L. Swainson.
Nov. 30	Garland.........			Alex. Brown	London Docks	P. Home.
October 31	Denmark Hill ..	Van Diem.'s Land and New South Wales	250	John Foreman..	London Docks	Buckles and Co.
Nov. 30	Macclesfield		282	John Moore..	London Docks	Buckles and Co.
..	Louisa		300	And. Anderson..	London Docks	Joseph Pinsent.
..	Deveron		300	William Wilson	London Docks	John Lyney, Jun.
1822 March 5	William Money	—Mad. and Bengal	600	James Jackson..	Blackwall	W. and C. Tarbutt.

LONDON MARKETS. Oct. 19th 1821.

COTTON.—The purchasers of Cotton since our last consists of 1100 Bengal, 5¾d. a 6½d. in bond; 1000 Surats, 6¼d. a 8d. in bond. The arrivals from the 12th to the 18th instant, inclusive; Rotterdam, 41. In addition to these purchases, about 1000 bales of the late India sale have been disposed of at an advance of ⅛d. a ¼d. per lb. and one parcel Surats at ⅛d. advance on the India-House prices; Surats at 6d. a 8d. in bond; Bengals, 5½d. a 6¼d. Yesterday a public sale of 863 bales New Orleans Cotton were brought forward, only about 50 bales sold, 10½d. a 11d. in bond; it is however reported 500 were disposed of by private contract. Generally the Cotton market may be stated firm, with the appearance of an improvement.—The letters received from Liverpool this morning state that market very heavy.

SUGAR.—There is no alteration in the Sugar market this week: the demand for good qualities continues general; the inferior descriptions are still exceedingly heavy. By public sale this forenoon, 329 hds. 26 tierces St. Lucia Sugars were brought forward; the best sold fully 1s. higher than the previous prices, the low qualities fully supported the former rates; low brown 50s. 6d. a 53s. the remainder 54s. a 58s. 6d. There is an improving request for Lumps this week, particularly for the low descriptions, and, from the limited supply of Refined Goods, the market looks firm: little alteration in the prices can be stated. There has been no purchasers of Foreign Sugars by private contract this week. By public sale this forenoon, 320 chests Havannah Sugars were brought forward, and for which there appeared no buyers; the good and fine yellow, of which the principal part consisted, were all taken in at 29s. fine strong white at 45s. good brown 23s. 6d.

COFFEE.—The prices of Coffee declined 1s. a 3s. per cwt. on Tuesday last, since which the market has been steady. At the extensive sale of yesterday, there appeared few buyers, and, it is calculated, only about one-third of the quantity brought forward was disposed of, yet the prices were fully supported, and the holders would not sell at any depression. There were three public sales of Coffee this forenoon, a great proportion consisted of middling and good middling Demerara and Jamaica Coffee; the whole of these descriptions sold heavily at a reduction of full 2s. per cwt; 100 bags and barrels Ceylon 101s. and 101s. 6d.; there were so few ordinary descriptions of Jamaica or Plantation coffee, that no decline can be stated in the latter, but the market was very heavy, the biddings exceedingly languid.

TOBACCO.—The demand for Tobacco lately has been extensive, about 900 to 1000 hhds. have changed hand within ten days, at the advance of ⅛d. a ¼d. per lb.; the chief purchases are in Virginia descriptions.

HOPS.—The good parcels of Hops are in great demand, on account of the inferior quality of the new crop: the prices of good are 10s. higher, inferior at the advance of 2s. a 4s.

OILS, FISHERIES, &c.—Accounts were received this morning, stating the arrival of two ships at Newcastle, and three at Hull, from Davis' Straits, all well fished; the previous reports respecting the produce of the two fisheries were about 16,000 tuns of Oil: the market is exceedingly heavy.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The purchases of Rum by private contract are quite inconsiderable. the public sale this forenoon will have an unfavourable effect on the market, the prices were lower than any preceeding sale: it consisted of 104 puncheons Jamaica Rum. One or two lots went high, on account of particular circumstances, but they could not be taken as any criterion of the market prices. Brandy is heavy at the quoted currency. —Geneva is without alteration.

TALLOW.—The Tallow market for the last few days has become exceedingly heavy, and parcels of yellow candle are currently offered at 11s. 6d. The letters from Petersburgh state a considerable advance in the prices of Tallow; the Exchange had been so high as 9½, but at the date of the last letters it was a fraction below that quotation. Town Tallow is to-day quoted 18s. 6d. which is 1s. lower than last week.

FROM THE 24TH OF SEPTEMBER, TO THE 22D OF OCTOBER, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

	Sep. 24 to Oct. 1.	Oct. 1 to 8.	Oct. 8 to 15.	Oct. 15 to 22.
BREAD, per quartern	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 0
Flour, Fine, per sack	60 0 a 65 0	60 0 a 65 0	60 0 a 65 0	60 0 a 65 0
——, Seconds	50 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 60 0
——, Scotch	50 0 a 58 0	50 0 a 58 0	50 0 a 58 0	50 0 a 58 0
Malt	56 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0
Pollard	15 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0
Bran	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0
Mustard, Brown, per bushel	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0
——, White	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0
Tares	5 0 a 8 0	4 0 a 5 0	4 0 a 5 0	4 0 a 5 0
Turnips, Round	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0
Hemp, per quarter	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0	45 0 a 50 0
Cinque Foil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Clover, English, Red, per cwt.	36 0 a 80 0	40 0 a 84 0	40 0 a 84 0	40 0 a 84 0
——, White	50 0 a 98 0	62 0 a 98 0	62 0 a 98 0	62 0 a 98 0
Trefoil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Rape Seed, per last	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Linseed Cakes, per 1000	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Onions, per bushel	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Potatoes, Kidneys, per ton	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, Champions	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Beef (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	2 3 a 3 4	2 2 a 3 2	2 2 a 3 2	2 0 a 3 0
Mutton (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	2 2 a 3 2	2 4 a 3 2	2 2 a 3 2	2 0 a 3 0
Lamb (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	2 0 a 0 0	2 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Veal (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	2 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 8
Pork (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	3 0 a 5 0	3 0 a 5 0	2 8 a 4 8	2 8 a 4 8
Butter, Dublin, per cwt	76 0 a 78 0	78 0 a 80 0	78 0 a 80 0	80 0 a 0 0
——, Carlow	82 0 a 84 0	82 0 a 84 0	84 0 a 86 0	68 0 a 0 0
——, Dutch	94 0 a 0 0	94 0 a 0 0	94 0 a 96 0	90 0 a 0 0
——, York, per firkin	46 0 a 48 0	44 0 a 0 0	46 0 a 48 0	42 0 a 44 0
——, Cambridge	46 0 a 48 0	46 0 a 0 0	46 0 a 48 0	44 0 a 46 0
——, Dorset	48 0 a 50 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 50 0	44 0 a 0 0
Cheese, Cheshire, Old	56 0 a 80 0	56 0 a 76 0	60 0 a 80 0	70 0 a 80 0
——, Ditto, New	50 0 a 52 0	52 0 a 66 0	50 0 a 60 0	52 0 a 56 0
——, Gloucester, doubled	74 0 a 76 0	66 0 a 74 0	67 0 a 74 0	56 0 a 58 0
——, Ditto, single	42 0 a 56 0	50 0 a 56 0	44 0 a 56 0	46 0 a 0 0
——, Dutch	46 0 a 0 0	46 0 a 0 0	46 0 a 0 0	42 0 a 44 0
Hams, Westphalia	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, York	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Bacon, Wiltshire, per stone	4 0 a 0 0	4 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, Irish	2 10 a 0 0	2 6 a 2 10	0 0 a 0 0	2 4 a 2 6
——, York, per cwt.	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Lard	50 0 a 52 0	50 0 a 52 0	54 0 a 58 0	52 0 a 56 0
Tallow, per cwt.	2 8 0	2 9 0	2 9 0	2 8 0
Candles, Store, per doz	0 0	10 6	10 6	10 6
Ditto, Moulds	0 0	12 0	12 0	11 6
Soap, Yellow, per cwt	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
Ditto, Mottled	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
Ditto, Curded	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
Starch	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Coals, Newcastle	38 6 a 0 0	36 9 a 40 9	34 6 a 44 3	34 6 a 44 3
Ditto, Sunderland	44 9 a 0 0	39 0 a 45 3	36 9 a 45 9	36 9 a 45 9
Hops, in bags, Kent	2 0 a 3 15	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 4 0	2 0 a 4 0
Hops, in bags, Sussex	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 2 10	2 0 a 2 10
Hay (St. James' averaged)	3 12 0	3 14 6	3 14 6	3 14 6
Clover (St. James' averaged)	4 1 0	4 0 0	4 0 0	4 0 0
Straw (St. James' averaged)	1 11 0	1 11 0	1 11 0	1 11 0
Hay (Smithfield averaged)	4 12 0	3 12 0	3 12 0	3 12 0
Clover (Smithfield averaged)	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0
Straw (Smithfield averaged)	1 12 3	1 13 0	1 13 0	1 13 0
Hay (Whitechapel averaged)	4 12 9	3 18 0	3 18 0	3 18 0
Clover (Whitechapel averaged)	4 13 0	4 14 6	4 14 0	4 14 0
Straw (Whitechapel averaged)	1 11 0	1 11 0	1 11 0	1 11 0

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, from the Returns received in the Week

	Ending Sept. 22.		Ending Sept. 29.		Ending Oct. 6.		Ending Oct. 13.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
WHEAT	68	10	70	7	64	7	61	4
RYE	33	3	35	1	35	9	33	5
BARLEY	22	7	23	4	22	10	21	11
OATS	32	2	34	6	31	11	28	4
BEANS	33	11	36	8	34	9	33	3
PEAS	33	2	35	10	33	3	31	6
OATMEAL	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0

Published by Authority of Parliament, WILLIAM DOWDING, Receiver of Corn Returns.

AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN OR MUSCOVADO SUGAR,

Exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the Importation thereof into Great Britain, Computed from the Returns made in the Week ending

Sept. 26, is 30s. 7¾d. per cwt. | Oct. 3, is 31s. 2¼d. per cwt. | Oct. 10, is 30s. 5¼d. per cwt. | Oct. 17, is 30s. 9¼d. per cwt.

SEASON, 1821—22.

EAST INDIA SHIPS,

With their Managing Owners, Commanders, Principal Officers, Surgeons, Pursers, Time of coming afloat, Sailing, &c.

Voyages	Ships' Names.	Consignments	Tonnage	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.
												1821.	1821
4	Earl of Balcarras ..	*Beng. & China*	1417	Company's Ship	Pet. Cameron	Tim Smith	W Longcroft	Alex Bell	F G Moore	Henry Arnot	John D. Smith		
1	Sir David Scott ..		1300	Joseph Hare	Wm Hunter	John A Tween	Lindsay	John Manley			Joseph Hodson	11 Oct.	1 Dec.
3	Thomas Coutts ..	*Mad. & China*	1334	S Marjoribanks	W. Marjoribanks	Thos Addison	Filmer Phipps	Arth Vincent	Alex Hay	Jero Simoens	Wm. Maltman		
1	William Fairlie ..		1300	Joseph Hare	Kennard Smith	Wm Pascoe	Wm Haylett	Thos Blair		Wal. Lorimer	Christ. Fearon		
"	Dunira .	*Bomb & China*	1325	George Palmer	Mont Hamilton								
3	Duke of York ..		1327	S Marjoribanks	Arch H Campbell	Wm. Pitman	H Is Thomas	T Shepherd		Wm. Lang	Wm. Dallas	9 Nov	31 Dec.
1	Berwickshire		1300	S Marjoribanks	John Shepherd	Sam. Holbrow	Fred Madan	John D Orr		T Davidson	Joseph Wm. Rose		
1	Duchess of Athol	*Beng & China*	1300	Wm E Ferrars	Edw. M. Daniell	Rob. Dudman	Chas Steward	John Gisborne	Henry Rivars	John Austin	Edward King		1822.
3	Orwell . .	*St Hel Bomb*	1345	Matthew Isacke	Thos Sanders					W. Bremner	W. M. DeCharme	24 Nov	14 Jan
1		*& China*	1300	John Campbell	James Walker		H B. Bax		Aud. Pitcairn				
2	Thames	*Benc & China*	1330	Hon Blanshard	Wm Haviside	H H Sumner				Thos Godwin		9 Dec	31 Jan
3	Buckinghamshire	*Bomb. & China*	1330	Company's Ship	Fred. Adams	James Head	Wm Pulham	Amb Rivers	Thos. Aitchin	Wm Hayland	J Wm Graham	1822	
5	Castle Huntly		1200	J H Gledstanes	H A Drummond	Thos. Dunkin	S. V Wood	W. Ticehurst	G.C. Kennedy	J. Campbell	Henry Wright	7 Jan	27 Feb
6	Marquis of Huntly	*China*	1200	J Mc Taggart	Don Mac Leod								
5	Lady Melville		1200	Sir Rob Wigram	John Stewart								
5	London		[illegible]	Company's Ship	John B Sotheby	B Broughton	Philip Baylis	T. B. Penfold	W K. Pickman	D Mackenzie		7 Mar	27 April
3	Canning ..		1326	Company's Ship	Wm Patterson	R. Glasspoole	Robert Lowis	K. MacDonald	John Griffiths	Rob Simmons			

11th October, 1821.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	The	Wind	Obser.	1821	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.
Sept. 23	29.81	60	SW	Rain	Oct. 4	29.67	54	SW	Rain	Oct. 15	30.18	55	N	Rain
24	29.73	62	SW	Fair	5	29.58	55	W	Fair	16	30.10	45	N	Fair
25	29.93	56	W	Ditto	6	29.97	51	SW	Ditto	17	30.05	54	NW	Ditto
26	29.86	61	W	Ditto	7	30.00	61	SW	Ditto	18	29.86	53	W	Ditto
27	29.74	57	W	Rain	8	29.84	54	W	Rain	19	29.84	50	W	Ditto
28	29.69	61	S	Fair	9	30.18	49	S	Fair	20	29.15	45	SW	Rain
29	29.39	56	SW	Ditto	10	29.98	53	E	Ditto	21	29.00	46	S	Fair
30	29.77	52	WSW	Ditto	11	29.64	53	SE	Ditto	22	29.14	43	S	Ditto
Oct. 1	29.74	51	W	Ditto	12	29.71	54	N	Rain	23	29.96	49	SW	Rain
2	30.07	51	W	Ditto	13	29.99	51	NW	Fair	24	29.43	47	SW	Fair
3	29.93	56	SW	Rain	14	30.16	50	W	Foggy	25	29.84	48	SW	Ditto

PRICE of SHARES in CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, ROADS, WATER-WORKS, FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c. Oct. 16th, 1821.

	Shares of	Present Price per Sha.	Div. received per Ann.
	£.	£.	
Barnesley Canal	160	169	
Chesterfield	100	120	
Coventry	100	970	
Derby	100	135	
Erewash	100	1000	
Grand Junction	100	217	
Grand Surrey	100	58	
Grand Union	100	—	
Do. Loan	—	93	
Grantham	150	130	
Huddersfield	100	13	
Kennet and Avon	100	17	
Leeds and Liverpool	100	315	12
Leicester		290	14
Loughborough		3600	170
Monmouthshire	100		10
Nutbrook	100	105	6
Oxford	100	645	32
Shrewsbury	125	165	9
Shropshire	100	140	7
Somerset Coal	50	107	7
Ditto Lock Fund		74	
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	100	700	40
Stourbridge	145	210	9
Thames and Severn, New		24	
Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk	200	1810	75
Warwick and Birmingham	100	224	12
Warwick and Napton	100	210	11
Bristol Dock	146	15	—
Commercial Dock	100	71	3
East India	100	164	10

	Shares of	Present Price per Sha.	Div. received per Ann.
	£.	£.	£.
London	100	101	4
West India	100	178	10
Southwark Bridge	100	13	
Vauxhall	100	15	
Waterloo	100	5	
Commercial Road	100	106	
Ditto East India Branch	100	100	
East London Water-Works	100	91	
Grand Junction	50	55	2 10
Kent	100	32	
Liverpool Bootle	220	75	
London Bridge		50	
West Middlesex		50	
Albion Insurance	500	45	
Atlas	50	4	
Bath	—	575	
Birmingham Fire	1000	300	
County	100	39	
Eagle	50	2 1[illegible]	
Globe	100	123	
Imperial	500	90	
London Fire	25	24	
London Ship	25	20	
Royal Exchange	—	250	
Union	200	40	
Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.)	50	58	
City Gas Light Company	100	103	
London Institution	75 gs.	30	
Surrey	30 gs.	6	
Auction Mart	50	22	
British Copper Company	100	52	

Rate of Government Life Annuities, payable at the Bank of England.

When 3 per cent. Stock is 78 and under 79.

Single life of	receives for 100*l.* stock			average-rate 100*l.* money		
35	5	5	0	6	13	9
40	5	12	0	7	2	8
45	6	0	0	7	12	10
50	6	11	0	8	6	10
55	7	5	0	9	4	8
60	8	2	0	10	6	4
65	9	7	0	11	18	3
70	11	6	0	14	7	11
75 and upwards	14	7	0	18	5	7

All the intermediate ages will receive in proportion.

Reduction National Debt and Government Life Annuity Office, Bank-street, Cornhill.

COURSE *of the* EXCHANGE, *from Sept. 25, to Oct. 23, 1821, both inclusive.*

Amsterdam, c. f.	12—16 a 12—17	Barcelona	35½
Ditto at sight	12—13 a 12—14	Seville	35½
Rotterdam	12—17 a 12—18	Gibraltar	30½
Antwerp	12—9 a 12—10	Leghorn	47 a 46¾
Hamburgh	38—1	Genoa	43¾
Altona	38—2	Venice Italian Liv.	27—60 a 27—0
Paris, 3 day's sight	25—70 a 25—75	Malta	45
Ditto	26—0 a 26—5	Naples	39¾ a 39½
Bourdeaux	26—0 a 26—5	Palermo per oz.	116d.
Frankfort on the Main, ex money	157	Lisbon	50
Petersburg, 3 Us. per ruble	8¾	Oporto	50
Vienna, Ef. 2 m. flo.	10—23	Rio Janeiro	48½
Trieste ditto	10—23	Bahia	59 a 58
Madrid	36	Dublin	9¼ a 8¾
Cadiz	36	Cork	0
Bilboa	35½		

PRICES *of* BULLION, *at per Ounce.*

Portugal Gold, in coin	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*	New Dollars	0*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* a 0*l.* 4*s.* 9½*d.*
Foreign Gold in Bars	3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*	Silver in Bars, Standard	[illegible] 4*s.* 11*d.* a 0*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.*
New Doubloons	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*	New Louis, each	——

The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices.

JAMES WETENHALL, SWORN BROKER.

Printed by Joyce Gold, 103, Shoe Lane,

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS FROM SEPTEMBER 25, TO OCTOBER 24, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1821. Days.	Bank Stock.	3perCt Reduc	3perCt Consol	3½pCt. Consol	4perCt Consol	5perCt. Navy.	Long Anns.	Irish 5perCt	Imp. 3 per Ct.	Omnium.	India Stock.	So. Sea Stock.	Old So. Sea An	Nw So. Sea An	4 per cent. Ind. Bon.	2 per Day Ex. Bills.	Cons. for Acct.
Sept. 25	—	—	76⅞ 6⅝	—	—	109¼ ½	—	—	—	—	234¼ 4	—	—	76¼	64spr	par 2pr.	76¾ ½
26	—	—	76 ⅛	—	—	109⅜ ⅛	—	—	75⅞ ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	par 2pr.	76⅝
27	—	—	75⅞ 6¼	—	—	109¼ ⅛	—	—	—	—	233¾	—	—	—	64spr	1pm. 1dis.	76¼ ⅜
28	—	—	76⅛ ⅜	—	—	109¼ ½	—	—	76⅛	—	234½	—	—	—	64s 63pr.	par 1dis.	76½ ¾
29		Holida															
Oct. 1	—	—	76½ ⅜	—	—	109⅜ ⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	62spr	1pm. 1dis.	76⅜ ⅞
2	—	—	76⅜ ⅞	—	—	109½ ¼	—	—	—	—	—	84⅝	—	76¾	63s 64pr.	par 2pr	76⅞ 7⅛
3	—	—	76⅞ 7⅛	—	—	109⅞ 110	—	—	76¾ ⅞	—	—	—	—	—	63s 64pr.	1s 2pr.	77⅛ [illegible]
4	—	—	76⅞ 7½	—	—	110 9⅞	—	—	—	—	235	—	—	—	64s 66pr.	2s 3pr.	77⅛ [illegible]
5	—	—	77⅛ ⅜	—	—	110⅛ ¼	—	—	77 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	66s 69pr.	2s 4pr.	77¼ [illegible]
6	—	—	77⅛ ¼	—	—	110⅛ ¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	67s 68pr.	1s 4pr.	77¼ [illegible]
8	—	—	77⅜ ⅛	—	—	110⅛ ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	66s 65pr.	3s 1pr	77⅜ [illegible]
9	—	—	77⅛ ¼	—	—	110⅛ 110	—	—	—	—	235½	84½	—	—	65s 66pr.	3s 1pr.	77¾ [illegible]
10	—	—	77¾ ⅜	—	—	110⅛ ¼	—	—	77 ¼	—	236	—	—	—	66s 64pr.	3s 1pr.	77⅝ [illegible]
11	—	—	77½ ⅞	—	—	110¼ 110	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	68 67pr.	3s 5pr.	77⅞ [illegible]
12	—	—	77¾ 78	—	—	110¼ ½	—	—	77 ¾	—	238 ½	—	—	—	70s 68pr.	4s 5pr.	77¾ 78
13	—	—	77⅞ 9	—	—	110½ ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	85½ 6¼	—	—	71s 69pr.	4s 5pr.	77⅞ ¾
15	—	—	78 7⅞	—	—	110⅜ ⅝	—	—	—	—	238	—	—	—	70s 72pr.	5s 4pr.	77⅞ 78
16	—	—	78⅛ 8	—	—	110⅞ 111	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	72s 71pr.	4s 5pr.	78⅛ ¼
17	—	—	78⅛ 7⅞	—	—	110⅞ 111	—	—	—	—	239	—	—	—	71s 73pr	5s pr.	78⅛ ¼
18		Holida															
19	—	—	77⅞ 8¼	—	—	110⅞ 111⅛	—	—	78	—	238 ½	—	—	—	72s 74pr	5s 4pr.	78¼ ½
20	—	—	78¼ ⅜	—	—	111 ¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	74spr	5s 6pr.	78⅜ ½
22	—	—	78½ ¾	—	—	111⅜ ⅝	—	—	—	—	—	87	—	—	73spr.	6s 4pr.	78¼ 9
23	—	—	78⅛ ⅜	—	—	111⅜ ⅝	—	—	—	—	240¾ 241	—	—	—	73s 74pr.	4s 6pr.	78⅞ ¼
24	—	—	78 ½	—	—	111⅜ ¾	—	—	—	—	240	—	—	—	72s 73pr.	4s 6pr.	78¼ ⅝
25																	

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to Oct. 1820, have been advertised to be paid off.

N. B. *The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1718, and now published, every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by*

JAMES WETENHALL, Stock-Broker, No. 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London;

On application to whom, the original documents for near a century past may be referred to.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
NOVEMBER, 1821.

With a Portrait of the late JOHN RENNIE, Esq. F.R.S.

CONTENTS.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND SOLD AT THE LATE JAMES ASPERNE'S,

BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,

32, CORNHILL:

(*Where Communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed, Post paid.*)

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE EDITOR'S CONVERSAZIONÉ.

DESIROUS as we feel upon all occasions, to the utmost of our power, to advance the best interests of all those numerous benevolent Institutions, which are so deservedly the boast of our native Island, it is with regret that we are compelled to decline compliance with the request of "*The Provisional Committee for the Encouragement of Industry, and the Reduction of the Poor's Rates.*"—Wishing, as we most sincerely do, the utmost success to the Committee's patriotic exertions, we are still quite unable to oblige them in the way solicited.

If *H. W.* will address his Queries respecting *Georges Petrowich* to our good friend the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, we doubt not of his receiving every satisfactory information. The enquiries referring to a Memoir formerly inserted in that excellent Publication, it will also, of course, be "more germain to the matter," to go to the same source for further intelligence.

The communications of *Enort* being constantly returned to the Post Office, they must, of course, continue to remain unattended to, until forwarded to us *Post paid.*

Our fair friend *S.* of *Surrey*, is far too diffident of her own abilities, which require only confidence and perseverance to ensure their successful cultivation.—We can assure her, that *she* need not dread consignment to the *Balaam Box*.

Dr. Rigmarole has our best acknowledgments, and we shall take *his* prescription with great pleasure; which is more than we would say to any other M.D. within the bills of mortality.

The Greek Stanzas to "*my Infant Daughter*," from *Willow Grove Cottage*, not being worth the postage, we took the liberty of returning them; and though extremely sorry to interfere with the young Lady's classical education, yet we are very much inclined to question the judgment evinced in teaching Infants Greek before English. More especially, as, with all due deference to the Ladies, the propriety of giving additional tongues to females has been in all ages very much disputed.

To our Friend who writes as follows, in excuse for not enclosing a promised communication, we scarcely know what to answer:—

"MY DEAR BEAUCHAMP,

"*When, a few days since, I promised to transmit you a Poem, I spun out a thread of hope upon which I have been dancing ever since,—but I am sorry to say to no tune. My benevolent intentions have been frustrated from day to day,—the thread has snapped! and I have given myself a very uncomfortable jerk. I have, however, sustained no other injury, unless I have forfeited your good opinion in promising, what I have been physically unable to perform. Your wit flows faster than mine, therefore throw this scrawl for fuel under the cauldron of your imagination, and summon up a few delightful spirits to edify and amuse us next month.*

"*In haste, ever your's,*

"*Thursday Morning.*" ***"

Threads, *Anglice*, ropes, breaking, and uncomfortable jerks by the fall, are rather hazardous experiments; and, as he regards our good advice, we recommend our Correspondent to discontinue such practices in time, or we may lose a Contributor.—Our friend of the *three stars*, however, then quitting the *rope*, and taking to another *line*, attacks us with flattery and compliment; though by all such covert modes of cajoling us, we here publicly declare that we are perfectly unassailable.—We are no Magician, as he would insinuate; the only article in our possession resembling a Cauldron, is the tea-urn, which has just made it's exit; and though, 'tis very true,—

"We can *call* spirits from the vasty deep,
Yet,—will they *come*, when we do call for them?"

This gentle rebuke, however, we trust, will be amply sufficient; our respected Contributor's punctuality will never more require an apology; and in this hope, we bid him most heartily, Farewell!

We shall be happy to hear again from the young Gentleman, to whose "*Sonnet on Aldgate Pump*" we are now compelled to refuse admission, upon his arriving at years of discretion.

The sighings of *Strephon Sensitive* shall be faithfully recorded in our next.

Professor Dabblewit's Porte-feuille is very safe in our possession, and it's contents shall very speedily be applied "as the Law directs."

The EDITOR presents best respects to *Miss C. A. T. Addleclack*, and regrets the necessity which compels him thus *publicly* to decline the honour of inserting her "*Private Observations on Things in general.*"

The *Archbishop of York's Coronation Sermon* being inserted in the *Miscellanea* of this Month's Number, we have now the pleasure of including in our present Volume every particular connected with that august National Ceremonial.

Our kind Correspondents not separately noticed, will, we are sure, believe us grateful, and feel certain they are not forgotten.—*The Baron's Bridal*, we hope, in our next.



John Rennie Esq.r F.R.S.
Civil Engineer.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
JOHN RENNIE, Esq. F.R.S.
CIVIL ENGINEER, &c. &c. &c.

ENGRAVED BY JAMES THOMSON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BEHNES.

Of manners gentle, and affections mild,
In wit a man,—simplicity a child. POPE.

MONGST those numerous distinguished individuals, of whom Great Britain has such just reasons to be proud, for elevating her fame in the ranks of art and science far above all contemporary kingdoms, the subject of this brief notice is one of the most celebrated; and the monuments of his ability are such as must transmit his name to all posterity. They must remain coeval with the existence of the land which they adorn and dignify; and must excite admiration in the remotest ages of her future history.

JOHN RENNIE, Esq. was born June 7th, 1761, at the small village of Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland; and was the youngest of a family of nine children. He had the misfortune to lose his father, a most respectable and extensive farmer, at the early age of five years, and subsequently acquired a taste for mechanical pursuits by the mere accident of becoming acquainted with the sons of Mr. Andrew Mickle, the inventor of the thrashing machine, who tenanted a mill upon the estate, and whose talents were brought into action by Mr. George Rennie, of Phantassie, the elder brother of John, and much celebrated as an agriculturist. Young Rennie's whole delight consisted in watching the labours of Mr. Mickle, but he never neglected his studies in consequence: on the contrary, his ardour for the sciences encreased to such an extent, that he did not forsake his schools until he could acquire no more instruction; and such was the rapidity of his progress, that he far outstripped the whole of his companions. At the age of eighteen he went to Edinburgh, and there acquired fresh knowledge under Professors Black and Robison, of that university; with the latter of whom he formed an intimacy which led to his introduction to Messrs. Boulton and Watt, into whose service he entered about the year 1784; having, however, previously erected several mills with great credit to his abilities. Messrs. Boulton and Watt were not long in discovering his extraordinary merit, and employed him, in conjunction with themselves, to erect the Albion Mills, at Blackfriars, planning and executing the machinery, which was driven by two steam engines of considerable power, and then considered the finest mill work in existence. The whole were, however, destroyed by fire in the year 1791, when Mr. Rennie commenced business on his own account, and soon afterwards commenced his career as Civil Engineer to the Crinan Canal, so remarkable for the very extraordinary labour and difficulty required in it's erection; and the Lancaster Canal, famous for it's aqueduct over the River Lune; every particular of which is given in *Rees's Encyclopedia*, article *Canal.*

Mr. Rennie married, early in life, Miss Mackintosh, a beautiful young lady, whom he had the misfortune to lose some years since, but who

left him an interesting and accomplished family. They have now to lament the loss of a second parent, who, though possessed of a constitution and frame so robust as to give the promise of a long life, sunk under an unexpected attack at the early age of sixty.

The death of Mr. Rennie is, indeed, a national calamity; and his loss cannot be adequately supplied by any living artist with whom we are acquainted; for, though we have many able engineers, we know of none who so eminently possess solidity of judgment with profound knowledge; and who are gifted with the happy tact of applying to every situation, where he was called upon to exert his faculties, the precise form of remedy that was wanting to the existing evil. Whether it was to stem the torrent and violence of the most boisterous sea;—to make new harbours, or to render those safe which were before dangerous or inaccessible;—to redeem districts of fruitful land from the encroachments of the ocean, or to deliver them from the pestilence of the stagnant marsh;—to level hills, and to unite them by aqueducts or arches, or by embankment to raise the valley between them;—to make bridges that for beauty surpass all others, and that for strength seem destined to endure to the latest posterity;—Mr. Rennie had no rival. Every part of the united kingdom possesses monuments of his glory, and they are as stupendous as they are useful. They will present to our children's children objects of admiration for their grandeur, and of gratitude for their utility. Compare the works of Mr. Rennie with the most boasted exploits of the French engineers, and mark how they tower above them all. Compare the Breakwater at Plymouth with the Cassoons at Cherbourg;—any one of his Canals with that of Ourke; and his Waterloo-bridge with that of Nuilly; and our country may justly glory in the comparison. Their superiority is acknowledged by every liberal Frenchman; and M. Dupin, who is so well qualified to do justice to his merits, has, in a *Notice Necrologique* respecting him, addressed to the Royal Institute of France, paid a tribute to the virtues and amiable qualities of Mr. Rennie, and given a brief, but masterly, account of his principal works.

"Mr. Rennie," says M. Dupin, "raised himself by his merit alone. In a country in which education is general, he received from his infancy the benefit of instruction, which he afterwards knew how to appreciate.

"Scotland has the glory of having produced the most of the civil engineers, who, for nearly a century, have executed the finest monuments of the three kingdoms, and the most ingenious machines; James Watt, John Rennie, Thomas Telford, &c. seconded with so much ability by the Nimmos, the Jardines, and the Stevensons."

After enumerating the works executed by Mr. Rennie, for Messrs. Watt and Boulton, and his application of steam to machinery for clearing canals, he observes—

"Mr. Rennie learned immediately from Smeaton the art of directing hydraulical constructions; he formed himself by the counsels and example of that great engineer, and by the study of the works of a master whom he was to equal in some respects, and surpass in many others."

M. Dupin then alludes to the East India, the London, and the West India Docks, and observes,—

"At the very moment he was snatched from us by death, he was busied in finishing a new construction, equally ingenious for it's architecture and it's mechanism, Vast roofs, supported by lofty columns of cast iron, present in the middle of their structure aërial roads, on which are made to run carriages, whose mechanism is so contrived, that by their means enormous mahogany trees, kept in these fine magazines, may be raised and let down at pleasure. By means of this ingenious system, a few workmen now execute in a few minutes what required formerly whole hours, and a number of workmen."

Our limits will not allow us to follow M. Dupin through his account of the various works of Mr. Rennie. We cannot, however, omit the following observations, with which he concludes his notice of the Breakwater of Plymouth:—

"This unalterable solidity, secured by the judiciousness of the forms and the prudence of the dimensions, appears to us to be the essential and distinctive character of the great works of Mr. Rennie. This charac-

ter is particularly remarkable in the two most beautiful bridges which adorn the metropolis of the British Empire.

"The Southwark Bridge is the first in which the bold idea of using cast iron in solid masses, and of an extent greatly surpassing that of the largest stones employed in arches. The arches of this bridge are formed by metallic masses, of a size which could only be cast in a country in which metallurgy is carried to the highest degree of perfection. Mr. Rennie derived from this advanced state of industry all the advantage which it could furnish to his talents. When we consider the extent and the elevation of the arches of this bridge, and the enormity of the elements of which it is composed, we acquire a higher idea of the force of man, and we exclaim involuntarily, in our admiration of this *chef d'œuvre*, 'this is the Bridge of Giants!'"

* * * * * * *

"If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day what was formerly the New Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea?—the most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the bridge built by Rennie, in the centre of the commercial world, will subsist to tell the most distant generations, here was a rich, industrious, and powerful city. The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great Prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure. But if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing of this work; if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostris or Cæsar, he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens."

Mr. Rennie culivated his art with the most enthusiastic ardour, and instead of being merely a theorist, he prepared himself for practical efficiency, by visiting and minutely inspecting every work of magnitude in every country that bore similitude with those which he might be called upon t construct. His library abounded in a richer collection of scientific writings than that of almost any individual; and we repeat, that the loss of such a man is irreparable. Cut off in the full vigour of his mind, his death would almost seem to suspend for a time the march of national improvement, until the just fame of his merit shall animate our rising artists to imitate his great example, and to prepare themselves by study and observation to overcome, as he did, the most formidable impediments to the progress of human enterprise, of industry, and of encreased facility in all the arts of life. The integrity of Mr. Rennie in the fulfilment of his labours, was equal to his genius in the contrivance of his plans and machinery. He would suffer none of the modern subterfuges for real strength to be resorted to by the contractors employed to execute what he had undertaken; and every thing he did was for futurity. An engineer, unlike an architect, has no commission on the amount of his expenditure, or Mr. Rennie would have been one of the most opulent men in England; for upwards of forty millions have been expended under his eye. But his glory was in the justice of his proceedings, and his enjoyment in the success of his labours. It was, indeed, only as a millwright that he engaged himself to execute the work he planned, and in this department society is indebted to him for so economizing the power of water, as to give an encrease of energy by it's specific gravity, to the natural fall of streams, and to make his mills equal to four-fold the produce of those which, before his time, depended solely on the impetus of the current. His largest mills thus work as smoothly as clock-work, and by the alternate contact of wood and iron, are less liable to the hazard of fire by friction. If the death of such a man is a national loss, what must it be to his private friends, and to his amiable family? Endeared to all who knew him by the gentleness of his temper, the cheerfulness with which he communicated the

riches of his mind, and forwarded the views of those who made useful discoveries or improvements in machinery or implements, procured him universal respect. He gave to inventors all the benefits of his experience, removed difficulties which had not occurred to the author, or suggested alterations which adapted the instrument to it's use. No jealousy nor self-interest ever prevented the exercise of this free and unbounded communication; for the love of science was, in his mind, superior to all mercenary feeling.

In the active exercise of these virtues, and of these talents, Mr. Rennie was suddenly seized with a long and lingering illness, and died at his house in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, on Thursday, October 4th, 1821.

His remains were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral; and among a vast number of distinguished persons who followed him to the grave, were Admiral Sir Joseph S. Yorke, Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. Sir R. Seppings, Sir George Cockburn, Sir T. B. Martin, Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Sir James Shaw, Bart. the Chairman of the East India Company, F. Chantrey, Esq. R.A. and several other private friends, who attended to offer that last tribute of respect to the memory of one so deservedly beloved, and so unfeignedly lamented.

Mr. Rennie was a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; of the Royal Academy of Ireland: of the Royal Linnean Society; the Astronomical and Geological Societies; of the Royal Society of Munich; and of the Antiquarian Society; as well as of many other scientific institutions; which received additional distinction by enrolling his name amongst their Members.

LADY MORGAN VERSUS THE REVIEWERS.

WITH OBSERVATIONS UPON OTHER INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

BY ARTHUR MERTON TEMPLETON, ESQ.

SOME observations being necessary to introduce the following remarks upon LADY MORGAN'S "*Italy*," we avail ourselves of the opportunity to acknowledge the entire correctness of our friend TEMPLETON'S conjecture, as to the motives which induced our lenient neglect of her Ladyship's bulky volumes. The additional, though artificial, public interest which they have more recently excited, in consequence of Lady M.'s very extraordinary Letter, inserted amongst the advertisements of the October New Monthly Magazine, having, however, rendered it a duty to our Subscribers to take some notice of the Work, an article on the subject was in preparation, of which our very severe indisposition utterly prevented the completion in time for our last Number. Our friend's kindness having now rendered it unnecessary, we most willingly adopt his labours to spare our own; it being almost needless to add, that our Editorial sentiments most entirely coincide with every remark to which we have here given insertion. We hold ourselves quite ready, therefore, "*to be stirred up with a long pole!*" as LADY MORGAN most elegantly phrases it in her vituperative Epistle to the Reviewers, whenever her important Ladyship next takes the trouble of becoming her own trumpeter, and of being angry with the critical opponents of her Rodomontade about "*Italy*;"—faithfully assuring her, that "we shall laugh at the malice, though we can't at the wit!"—EDITOR.

Mark, how a plain tale shall set you down! SHAKSPEARE.

Royal Hotel, Cheltenham,
November 8th, 1821.

MY DEAR BEAUCHAMP,

THREE long letters filled with Tea-table gossip, Family anecdotes, Ellen's commissions, and divers other *private* matters, have left me so entirely without a subject for my present missive, that I must even look abroad for something new to be eloquent upon: and, like a country Manager, prove my versatility by appearing in Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, or Farce, as may be most wanted, or most serviceable.

First, then, for an enquiry.—How came you to omit all notice of little Lady Morgan's "*Italy*" in your Review? Your answer, I dare swear, will be,—"That you could say nothing favourable, and therefore, out

of pure tenderness and consideration to the fair novel-writing authoress, you very kindly left her ponderous Tour to shift for itself."—This, no doubt, was very gallant, and polite, and well behaved, and all that sort of thing, but was it justice? Most undoubtedly not. Her diminutive Ladyship's lucubrations deserved exposure, and should most certainly have received it at *your* hands, as well as from all those other Reviews, which dare to call things by their right names, and censure disloyalty, Jacobinism, impiety, and such like Lady-like peccadilloes, even when sanctioned by so mighty a name upon the title-page as that of the authoress of "*Italy*." Besides, Alfred, there being *two* little Ladies bearing the name of Morgan, and both rambling over the face of the earth as public characters, it was a duty in you to prevent mistakes, and tell the world which was which; thus precluding the possibility of any usurpation of coveted notoriety on either side. As EDITOR of the EUROPEAN, of course, you know, or ought to know, every thing, and this illimitable knowledge should be constantly and munificently spread abroad, *pro bono publico*. Why, then, not have told the world all about these "rival Queens," and not have left the task to my inferior ability? But since it must be so, *Alons donc!* Both Ladies are rather dwarfish; both are wholesale destroyers of writing paper; and both are great travellers; the one Lady Morgan journeys from town to town in a caravan, traversing the country from Bow Fair to Bartholomew in a showman's vehicle, cutting out watch-papers with her toes, and astonishing the vulgar by her expert use of the scissors:—the other Lady Morgan also whirls about in a four-wheeled carriage, travels "from Dan to Beersheba" to see and to be seen, and then, like her namesake, spoils many goodly reams of hot-pressed post, by inflicting her Tour upon the public in the shape of a couple of huge quartos. In the present instance, however, from some unexplained cause or other, her Ladyship's labours have dropt still-born from the press: and notwithstanding the noble art of puffing was exercised in all it's varied ramifications, both before issuing from Conduit-street, as well as afterwards, yet the work is still "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable;" all four to the readers, and the last more peculiarly to the Publisher. After being neglected, however, by several of the more respectable Reviews,—that's one good excuse for you, Alfred;—censured by those few who did notice her Ladyship, and praised by the opposition newspapers, *Miladi* M. hit upon a novel and most ingenious expedient to secure fresh attention by addressing a "*Letter to the Reviewers*," which was for a considerable time advertised to be published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for October last. But, alas! this hapless epistle was most unfortunately publicly abjured by your worthy contemporary Editor, Thomas Campbell, Esq. who disclaimed having even seen it!—the ground was then shifted, and it was announced to be given *with* the Magazine, and not *in* it: stitched up with the monthly collection of Lottery Puffs, New Perfumery, and recommendations of Lip-salve. Thus giving her Ladyship, in these days of economy and saving, a very tolerable chance of being at last fairly read. This manœuvre, indeed, evinced real ability; though, alas for her Ladyship's invention! the scheme was not entirely new, being palpably copied from the Machiavelism of a certain Irishman, who once most sagaciously passed a bad half guinea, by placing it in the midst of sixpennyworth of halfpence when paying a turnpike toll!

This famous letter, however, at length appeared; and was much more conspicuous for attempting to display Lady Morgan's wit, than for vindicating Lady Morgan's innocence; and in my opinion, the charges against her ponderous volumes remain just where they did; wholly unrefuted, and, reasoning by analogy, perfectly irrefutable; because the pretended defence in octavo is distinguished by an equal quantity of those similar perversions of fact, that characterized the original infliction in quarto. If you doubt this, Alfred, read the Reviewer's unanswerable reply to the Lady's Letter, in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for last month.

It was, indeed, neither more nor less than a new puff of her Ladyship's Tour, which not travelling quite so fast as she did, required some such experiment to urge it forward. As to

the Work itself, I am quite at a loss how to characterize it impartially and correctly;—Why did you not save me the trouble, Alfred?—Her Ladyship has most undoubtedly superior talents for vivid description, and, at times, a rather powerful command of language for writing a popular work; but to counterbalance these good qualities, her descriptions are very frequently one half imaginary, and truth and mendacity are so closely interwoven in the warp and woof of her Ladyship's tapestry, that it would require double the ingenuity that so twisted the fabric, to disentangle them. The subject of Religion is almost invariably treated with the grossest levity, and most disgusting ridicule! Female delicacy is frequently outraged, both in description, as well as allusion! Royalty is insulted, in more than inuendo, whenever and wherever an opportunity offers; the English Government is inveighed against with all her Ladyship's little satire; and facts and circumstances are distorted to suit the party feelings, and political penchant, of the amiable authoress. Such is the honest character of Lady Morgan's two volumes; and for her own sake, I am really sorry, that no change of practice is to be hoped for; but that the *Loyalty*, the *Learning*, the *Piety*, and the *Discretion*, of the fair Tourist are fixed and unalterable.—"Tel je fus,—tel je suis,—tel je serai toujours!" Such are her Ladyship's own words, in her motto to the luckless quartos; and improvement being hopeless therefore, she must, I fear, be left to pursue a career so well calculated to exalt the character of a *soi-disant* respectable female!

It is somewhat amazing, though, for a Lady so constantly boasting of her patrician connexions and acquaintances, that the language of our fair Authoress should, in many instances, be the very antipodes of either elegant or fashionable, and not only words but phrases be frequently introduced, which "would obtain their habeas corpus in any court in Christendom." Her last Letter is, indeed, made up of a most barbarous nomenclature; coarse, vulgar, and unintelligible: and the weapons with which she fights her battle, appear to have been collected for the purpose from the dirtiest missiles in her vicinity. The quartos also introduce not a few extraordinary epithets, which must send the wisest of us to our dictionaries; and it would have been but kind in her erudite Ladyship to have enlightened our ignorance with a glossary, enabling us to comprehend the meaning of—"*Obscurantism*,"—"*Impudicity*,"—"*Domesticity*,"—"*Love making through philological varieties!*"—"*The pis aller of unappropriated loyalties!*"—"*Deserts dominated!*" &c. &c. *ad infinitum.* In many parts, indeed, her Ladyship's writing is a species of slang, mixed up with sundry scraps of misplaced quotations in all languages, and, as a whole, intelligible to neither "Christian, Pagan, nor Jew!"—These, however, are trifling objections, and were there none others, I had never troubled myself about Lady Morgan; but I cannot patiently think of a voluminous work like "*Italy*," written by a female, and professedly for publication, containing within it's pages a series of heartless slanders upon all that is great and good; and an attempted vindication of all that is infamous and impure. The author's sympathy and praise is apparently reserved for those only whom the better part of mankind have unanimously consigned to merited disgrace; and last, and worst, and greatest, a perpetual sneering at all that is high, and holy, and venerable, either in the established institutions of our country, or in the solemnities of Religion;—all that is our boast and blessing here, and all that is mankind's glorious hope hereafter. The pitiable subterfuge may, indeed, be resorted to, of saying that it was not *our* Church's ritual which is thus ridiculed, and that it was not *our* form of faith which is thus jested with; but will they, whom *any* people's rites of worship of their Creator provoke to contemptuous ribaldry, hesitate at slandering *all?* and remembering, that "A witty sinner is the worst of fools," can we withhold our censure from such unpardonable jesting? or, when mingled with so many other deformities, must we not feel still more disgusted, when the party implicated is a female? Is it to be endured,—"that Cities are visited, and tours are made, not to paint the world's beauties, but to caricature it's pitiable deformities?—not to cull the sweets of nature, but to collect

the poison of infidelity? Not to bestow instruction, but to purvey to the insatiable appetite of slander, and teach the rising generation to *prey on garbage?*"—This quotation from Morton's excellent comedy of "*Education*" was too apposite to be omitted, Alfred; and his sentiments are mine, to the very letter, I can assure you.—Think of all this, and then recollect her Ladyship's motto,—

"Mais, ferme dans ma route, et vrai dans mes discours,
Tel je fus,—tel je suis,—tel je serai toujours!"

Oh fie! Lady Morgan!—Taste, feeling, decency, morality, patriotism, and truth, all outraged by a female, who boasts,—"*Tel je fus!—tel je suis!—tel je serai toujours!*"

Apropos of plays, though, Beauchamp,—Sheridan's *Mrs. Malaprop*, in the "*Rivals*," tells us, that "lying doesn't become a young woman!" and I had marked several extracts from Lady Morgan's large work, as well as her small one, to shew how very slightingly her Ladyship treats such excellent advice: but further exposure is quite unnecessary, and in truth, the passages are not worth the trouble of quotation. As it is, indeed, I half expect you will tell me that I have wasted ammunition upon a subject not worth powder and shot, but that will be *making game* of her little Ladyship; and an ample motive for such an exertion is, that "*Italy*" having been so violently bepuffed by the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Scotsman*, and sundry other whig radical journals, some antidotes were really requisite to prevent the accident of their being for once believed. These puffs, by the bye, being generally understood to be her Ladyship's own writing! The thing, however, may now be left to the trunkmakers and pastrycooks, who will be heirs in reversion for the remaining copies. It has been fairly convicted of all it's many errors, in the *Edinburgh Magazine*; it has been thoroughly exposed in all it's quackery, by the *Quarterly Review*; a few falsehoods have been detected in the *Literary Gazette*, and *Guardian*; and, not to enumerate any more events in it's brief history, the climax has been reached by it's eulogiums in the radical newspapers!—All this ought to have been told in the EUROPEAN, as well as elsewhere, and having now done so for you, Alfred;—Adieu to Lady Morgan!

Sir Robert Wilson's Subscription proceeds most prosperously, as far as regards the sum total, but seems rather deficient in numbers, for if we subtract those holders of one, two, three, four, and five hundred pounds shares in the concern of the gallant Knight's Independence, it will be found, that had the purchase been left to the public, the biddings would have been very,—very inadequate. For all the details of this mysterious story, we must wait patiently for the present; but there does appear to me one difficulty, which will, I should fear, puzzle the honourable member for Southwark occasionally. We learn from the *Old Times*; odd as it is, as Cobbett said of the *Edinburgh Review*, that we can *learn* any thing from that,—we learn, however, that the people, or rather the Subscribers, have purchased Sir Robert; now then, when the large purchasers, who are also members of Parliament, bring forward any measure, no matter what, how can he vote contrary to their wishes, whatever may be his own? though holding, perchance, privately and conscienciously, a directly opposite opinion!—I only mean, however, to infer, that this *may* be a difficulty, which it would be as well to provide against; and which ought to be specially included in the terms of the bargain.

Your City of London Tavern Meeting in Sir Robert's behalf, was, indeed, rather an anomalous proceeding after all; for while met to complain, and most vociferously they did complain, of the hard heartedness and injustice of refusing to hear the worthy Knight in his own behalf, yet did the leaders of this very public meeting, "open to all comers, like the Red Cow on a field day," refuse to hear two worthy orators who presented themselves to share the fame to be acquired upon that glorious occasion. The one a medical quaker, named Walker, of Vaccine notoriety, who, I understand, has put forth his griefs and lamentations in a posting bill all over London; and the other, Mr. John Gale Jones, who having been a previous sufferer for doing what became him not, had a very peculiar claim to have been listened to. But the real truth is, I believe, and really

to me it is a very gratifying one, that the Whigs and the Radicals will not amalgamate. In vain do the lofty leaders of the one faction, bow in all humility to the orators of the mob;—in vain do they sing the everlasting song of their discontent, in as low a key as that of any who join in the "common cry of curs;"—there is pride on one hand, and suspicion on the other. The beasts of the desert hunt in concert till the division of the spoil; and buccaneers and pirates cut not each other's throats, till their prey is within their grasp;—but alas!—the gentle Reformers, the enemies of all despotism, the assertors of all liberty of speech and writing, cannot avoid a little tyranny among themselves;—and, what is worse, they will, even now, fly off into violence and acrimony. Cobbett belabours Sir Francis Burdett, and John Gale Jones calls Mr. Lambton an *Aristocrat!* You will please to recollect, Alfred, that I am no friend nor admirer of this Mr. Jones, but it is really laughable to see the manœuvres of these folks, who denied him a hearing, and whose preaching and practice are usually as opposite as one could possibly desire in such political opponents.

Mr. Jones, however, has not, any more than Dr. Walker, suffered in silence, but has published a very spirited letter, complaining of what he calls, "the rude and unmanly treatment he experienced from Mr. Lambton and his friends at the City of London Tavern;" and he really puts the grievance in a very striking form:—

"I blush to declare, that in one of the first taverns of the first metropolitan City, an assembly of Englishmen, *calling themselves* Friends of Freedom, arraigning the Government for an act of Despotism, *and disputing it's authority for dismissing one of it's paid Servants*, exerted the whole weight of it's collective influence to insult, bear down, and trample upon a humble and defenceless individual. Was this their boasted liberality, their love of liberty, and their hatred of oppression? Was this consistent with the professions and principles of the Whigs, with whom the Sovereignty of the People was once the first and favourite toast at their tables, and who held that Kings are amenable to public opinion, and may, at any time, be cashiered and punished for their misconduct!

"I grieve to say, that Mr. Lambton's conduct was neither candid nor impartial. He made not the slightest effort to restore order, nor obtain me a hearing. On the contrary, when, indignant at the treatment I had received, I addressed a short note to him as Chairman, requesting to be informed whether the Meeting was to be considered as convened for free and open discussion, and what offence I had committed, that should preclude me, as an Englishman, from delivering my sentiments; he kept this note till the conclusion of the business, and then, instead of reading it's contents to them, coolly told them, that a person, unknown to him, wished to be heard!

* * * * *

"I shall certainly make an appeal to the public on this daring encroachment of the Whig Aristocracy on our little remaining privilege of free discussion, *belying as they do*, by their daily conduct, *their boastful professions, and proceeding much farther, whenever they have an opportunity, in curtailing our rights and liberties, than has ever been attempted or practised by any Tory Administration!*"

Mr. John Gale Jones has, however, like many other letter-writers, put the best part of his epistle in a postscript:—

"My valued friend, the late Mr. Felix Macarthy, once stood up at the same Tavern, and boldly arraigned the conduct of Mr. Fox, when he himself was in the Chair. But Felix Macarthy *was an Ajax in personal size and strength, as well as in argument*, and had he been assailed as I was, *he would have used his manly fist*, and laid at least half a dozen of his vulgar antagonists sprawling on the floor!—

'For when to quarrel folks incline 'em,
The *argumentum baculinum*,
Administer'd in dose terrific,
Was ever held a grand specific!'"

This excellent Mr. Felix Macarthy was indeed a model for Reformers; and it is to be hoped, that some master genius will improve upon Mr. Jones's hint. If the liberty of the *Fist* were to go hand-in-hand with the liberty of the *Press*, what a glorious rivalry should we have in patriotism; and what powerful allies would the Five's

Court furnish to the cause of Radicalism and Reform. Knock down blows would supersede knock down arguments, and club law would become the invaluable substitute of Magna Carta!—Now is not all this from beginning to end truly ridiculous!—The worthy Mr. Gale was long since called "*an ill wind which blew nobody good*," and Mr. Lambton and his Whig allies will doubtless now very readily agree in the opinion. I have, however, neither time nor patience to pursue the subject farther, and here conclude, therefore, my animadversions, literary and political.

Your last letter tells me that I *must* send some Poetry; in paying obedience to which imperial mandate, I have been not a little puzzled how to compromise between my own personal laziness, and my wish to be accommodating. After dinner yesterday I started the subject, and mentioned my dilemma, when three of our party volunteered to write a verse each on any subject which I should set them an example by commencing. This I could not refuse; and the following Stanzas, therefore, are the joint composition of your humble servant, my sister Ellen, your cousin Rosamond, and Charles A., who was dining with us.—Insert them in the Magazine, if you think proper, but you will not find us very unforgiving, if you consign them to the Balaam Box; and that is, I think, on *our* parts, unaffected modesty.—The subject is quite an old one, you see.—

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Though Earth were a Paradise bower'd with roses,
Where Winter's rude blast never wither'd their bloom;
Though Spring gave each flower, that it's chaplet composes,
And gifted the wreath with her sweetest perfume:—
Yet Eden itself must a wilderness prove,
If bereft of the blessings of Friendship and Love!

Though Youth's every feature with beauty is beaming,
And Fortune's gay smile gilds the morning of life;
Though the banners of Fame o'er it's lineage are streaming,
With laurels empurpled in Victory's strife:
Yet the heart must a desolate wilderness prove,
If uncheer'd by the blessings of Friendship and Love!

Let Heroes seek fame where the battle storm rages,
And Glory's bright beams all their radiance impart;
An ardour more pure my ambition engages,
A passion more tender is fix'd in my heart;—
All it's dearest of wishes and hopes only rove,
To the home that's made happy by Friendship and Love!

Like the Spring's fickle breeze, though this heart has been changing,
Wealth, Beauty, and Fame in their turns to pursue;
Now wearied, it sighs for repose from it's ranging,
It seeks an asylum, dear Rosa, with you!
And flies on the wings of affection to prove,
That the ark of it's rest is the bosom of Love!

Your very anxious craving for a long letter, will now, I hope, be fully satisfied; if not, you are very difficult to please, and my kind and valuable exertions are thrown away upon you. The company are departing hence so rapidly, that to avoid being left absolutely by ourselves, we must very soon make our *exeunt omnes* also; but whether we shall go next to Bath or London, is not yet quite decided. Your reply to this may, however, be sent here; and I shall then be better able to announce our route. In the mean time, accept our united regards, and believe that no change of either time or place can diminish the friendship of,

My Dear Alfred,
Your's ever, and most truly,
Arthur M. Templeton.

Alfred Beauchamp, Esq., *European Magazine Office, London.*

THE LAST LEAF OF THE PARISH REGISTER.

" YES, Monsieur Denon," for I thought myself entitled to borrow my friend's travelling name, and my ci-devant tutor had thus introduced me to his patron,- " it is true, no well in our King's dominions is fairer than that which my reverend neighbour has shewn to you this day. And I know none more sanctified by a good monarch's touch, except it be Robert Bruce's well in Ayrshire, which he called the King's Ease, and allowed eight bolls of meat, and twenty eight pounds of Scottish money, by which I understand pence, to the lepers who had faith in it. And, M. Denon, each person had a drinking-horn provided for him, one of which I require you to examine, when it is filled with purifying Champagne."

Sir Launcelot Vivian finished the speech of my company with the grace of an old English host; and the young Hebe, who still kept her station on a l[illegible] of [illegible] his knee, rose and presented a horn far more ancient than the notable one of Rory More. The coral inlaid in it's silver edge was not ill matched by the colour which enriched her cheek, as she obeyed her adopted father's command. And I made a farther step into his favour, by comparing it to one of the horns, said to have been the only instruments of music used by Bruce at Bannockburn.

" Sir," replied my antiquarian, " I can hardly believe that Ritson's guess is accurate on that point; for as the Scotch have always been famed for their nice ears in music, and the very seals on their coasts were good judges of it long before that day, I will not think they could have endured the sound of such horns blown, as tradition says, by every man in Bruce's army; but if indeed they were so blown, it is no wonder that our King Edward ran away. However, it is more probable that the historian spoke metaphorically, and that Bruce gave every man a horn full of wine to cheer him."

" Which, being constantly at their mouths," said I, " might make their enemies suppose they were sounding them in another way; and if they were filled with wine like this, the victory of Bannockburn was no wonder."

Sir Launcelot's sightless eyes turned towards me with a gleeful smile, and he repaid my comment by an ample quotation from Archdeacon Barbour's Metrical history of the Bruce, ending by a request to his pretty handmaiden, to read from the huge quarto in her lap the names of those that fell near the brook of Bannock. The young student, either in carelessness, or to shew her skill in Latin, began with " Abbatis de Newbottle, - - Prioris de Pettyweam.- -" " Stop, child!" interposed my host, -- " those are the signatures annexed to the ecclesiastical mandate in favour of Bruce, dated vi. Die Novembris. 1301, from the monastery of Cambuskenneth; and I do not think they are very correctly given, for though I can believe an Abbot of Newbottle, there is no likelihood of a Prior called Pettyweam. I wish you, M. Denon, to hear the list of the slain from Trivet's Annals, and to ask you if your travelling companion, whose name, as I have heard, is Thibaut or Teapottus, is any ways descended from the brave Payan de Tybetot, distinguished among the Barons killed on our Edward's side, or from Thobaude, his archer." My smile would have betrayed me if my questioner had not been blind. " My companion," I replied in the most indifferent tone I could command. " is a descendant from the poetical King Thibaut of Navarre, who flourished about those days, and his family traditions say his ancestors were anglicised and placed among the oldest knights-bannerets in Wharfdale, from whence they fled to their countrymen in the western world, in the red days of Cromwell. And now, like myself, he is a researcher into the natural wonders and ancient tales of the Western Isles, to enrich our memoir for the National Institute."

" Then," said Sir Launcelot, " I imagine you can hardly find any not already published in prose by Martin or Pennant, and in poetry by the college of Scotch Advocates. And if there were not always two or three hundred pages of notes, vouching for their

authenticity, I should think the personage called the father of fibs must have been educated there. As King James assured us that Adam was a Scotsman, this was probably the reason he was so outwitted."

"These gentlemen might have outwitted me too, Sir Launcelot, if I had not appeared their countryman. For I changed my French name, which implies only a non-entity, into one in their ancient Gaelic language, signifying nothing but a name; and they were pleased with it's affinity to the title bestowed on their most familiar and friendly goblin."

"Ah!" exclaimed my host,—"the facetious Nienevin, in England called Robin Goodfellow!—and as you truly say, the last two syllables from the old English word also for a name, that is, of honest renown, as you may find in the metrical history of my ancester Sir Launcelot du Lac,—

"He saw Sir Gawain by him keep
With more folk than men can *neven*"—

meaning, as all commentators on the Harleian MS. say, more than poets can celebrate. But, Sir, I will not believe, though King James averred it, that Adam was a Scotsman, for he was neither wise nor brave. I have read many learned tracts and essays by Johannes de Stuckins, striving to prove that Sathanas came from the west,—meaning, perhaps, the West riding, which I might have believed if it had been certain that he cheated a north-countryman."

"But," I replied, "we had the good fortune to find a tradition not recorded even in the Auchinleck library, or among the ballads which Norway seems to have borrowed so familiarly from Scotland. And if you will permit me to place in my cabinet one fragment of the stone brought from King Robert's well, you shall hear the first reading of this unpublished manuscript."

"No," said Sir Launcelot, half rising on his crutch and his blooming child's shoulder—"though the stone on my chimney-piece is a fragment of the true charter stone, and though the elder Caledonians believed a stone laid on a fasting minstrel's breast would inspire him, you shall have it's weight of English venison and French grapes before it begins."

I was not sorry to hear this respite proposed, and to see the old man recruit his spirits with a large flask of champagne, for I knew a heavy task awaited both his and mine.

"Near that Sound which divides the two hundred isles of the Hebrides from the shores of Argyleshire,"—

"You may call it Morven," interrupted Sir Launcelot, misconstruing my hesitation,—"there is no other place in Scotland so windy and so misty; and every body has agreed Ossian must have lived there if he lived at all, on which point I reserve my opinion."

"There lived a chieftain with two nephews, one called Ivone Blackknee, the other Ogg of Macgrynill."

"Then I doubt not they came from the race of that Ivone de Kirkpatrick, who witnessed Robert Bruce of Annandale's charter in 1141. The grandson of one Macgrynill was Prince of the Isle of man, in the year when the Lord of the Isle had a drinking-cup made, dated 993. Had not your chieftain the merk lands of Mosskessen and Glengrip?"

"He had those of Birkthistle and Blackmire, from whence his elder nephew Ivone, who usually went bare-legged, might have derived his surname. Yet Ivone was the reputed son of the chief's elder brother; and Ogg, his presumptive heir, sprang only from the youngest."

"M. Denon, that comment indicates your non-acquaintance with Scottish custom. Bruce, claimant of the crown of Scotland, was the son of Isabella, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and his rejected opponent, John Baliol, was grandson of the eldest. Which proves that primogenitureship anciently gave no right of succession there; and going bare-legged, was no token of disgrace then as we may see now."

"Well, Sir Launcelot, this Ivone, surnamed Black-knee, appears to have been like John Baliol, a rejected claimant for favour. And while his cousin was educated in all the arts of the camp and the court, he was left among these wild shores to play the bagpipe and catch seals, which were probably the only admirers of his music."

"That is more than you should say," interposed my auditor, "for

the red deer have a mighty notion of melody, and he might prefer them for his dinner. A dish of venison, M. Denon, is no contemptible thing, washed down with a glass of Marasquin, or a bottle of Chateau la Rose, — ay, or even a tass of honest Lochaber usquebaugh."

"As you say, Sir Launcelot, he might have or hoped to have, other listeners, for his uncle had a daughter, the beautiful Marjorie."—

"Woe is me!" again interrupted my antiquarian, "there is always one too many even for a Scotsman. That wicked Martha, Countess of Carrick, carried off Robert Bruce's ancestor to her castle by force, and his brother Edward lost a housefull of provisions, by looking after a pretty Miss Ross,— and they must have been choice ones, for the Abbot of Cambuskenneth had them lodged in his cellar."

"Marjorie Angus would neither have needed to take a husband by force, like the lady of Carrick, nor to lure one from his wife, as did Sir Walter Ross's sister. Her father designed her for his favourite nephew, and there was, in the manner of feudal times, much preparation for their spousals in the hall, which was to be crowded for six nights. On the third———"

"After the fashion of Sir Roderic M'Cleod, I guess, as we find in a bard's praises of Dunvegan castle. Had the hero of your tale a Marischal Tach, or master of the ceremonies?"

"The chieftain of Blackmire chose his elder brother's son Ivone to perform that office, and to usher the lady-guests as attendant on the bridegroom. Tradition says, as the nephew walked with his uncle in that hall, he stopped suddenly and said,— 'You have given my kinsman all that he asked or desired,—what have you reserved for me?'" There was a little pause in my reading, but Sir Launcelot did not fill it up, as usual, with a comment, and I proceeded.

"The uncle answered,—'I must give my daughter to him who keeps the name and the lands of our clan,— but I give you this inventory of all the silver in my coffer, and I bid you take it as your portion.'—It was an inventory as long as that found in the sovereign jewel-house of Scotland, in 1478, for there were plates of silver, basons and dishes over-gilt, three cups, no less than King Robert's, and——"

"And what said the nephew?" interrupted Sir Launcelot, forgetting the ideas I hoped to have awakened by my reference to Bruce's treasures.

"He replied as the last Earl of Douglas replied to James III. 'Sir, you have kept me and your black coffer too long, for neither of us can now do you any good: I, because my rights have fallen from me, and your trunk of silver is too far from you. If you had shewn all it's contents at first, they would have done you honour, and if you had favoured me in due time, I might have done you service.' So saying, he turned his back and went from his uncle's hall, taking only one knife from the table, and followed only by one sleugh-hound, who had slept with him always on the straw allotted for his bed."

"And not insufficient neither;" muttered my hearer, mingling his antiquarian notions with those that stirred in his memory. "King Robert charged the land of Shiels, near Ayr, to provide annually straw for eight beds———"

"True," said I, "but it was for lepers and paupers. Well, my MSS. inform us that the nephew went his way, and was seen no more. The bridegroom, his more favoured cousin, heard of his removal with no word either of joy or anger, and the bride was sought for, — she was gone. There was search in every cranny of the shores, and in every boat on the Sound of Mull, but no trace of her was found. Foot-marks and a broken torch were seen under her window, and some had heard, or dreamed they had heard, screams near it. There was a door or postern, and an ancient staircase, which the laird her father had caused to be barred up. Both these had been opened, and a handful of wet sand, mixed with a lock of her long bright hair, was brought by a fisherman from the beach. Small doubt could be held that Ivone had forcibly carried off his cousin's bride; and the few that knew him assented to his guilt, when it was discovered that his uncle's chest of plate and jewels had been stolen also. The bereaved bridegroom was in despair and eager for vengeance,—the uncle

was slower in both, but a time came for him also. The sleugh-hound so greatly and long loved by Ivone, was found howling and half-famished near that huge upright stone called the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake for his famous grey dog Bran. But Ivone's hound was grievously wounded, as if he had struggled for his life. He was brought back to Blackire's hall, and when his strength and speed were restored, the servants led him to all the corries and hollows in those glens, hoping to trace his master. They were patrolling that long lonely neck of land which leads to the ruin of Dunolly, when the dog suddenly sprang on a heap of loose earth and underwood. A man was seen to leap from beneath it, and throw himself into the sea. He swam across the narrow amulet of the bay, and plunged into a rocky ravine on the other side; but though he had waded through water, the sleugh-hound did not lose his scent, and he was taken, half bruised to death, at the foot of a precipice he had striven to climb. The fugitive was Ivone: but till he was forced into his uncle's presence, he grasped the plaid that covered his face with such ire, that his hands met through it. Meanwhile, the shrewdest of the highlanders, whose speed had overtaken him, returned to the spot where he had first been seen, and digging deep, discovered Blackire's black coffer with nearly all it's treasures, and in another spot, the bride clothes of his daughter buried in a sheet. The miserable nephew saw them brought into his presence, and heard his uncle's bitter accusation, without any defence but silence. He was arraigned before the criminal court of his country, on a double charge of robbery and murder. There was no evidence in his favour,—a host against him. He denied both charges with an intrepid coolness, very inconsistent with the desperate efforts he had made for flight and concealment. The chest, he said, had been brought there by the reputed master of a low-changehouse, a ruffian notoriously allied to a gang of pirates, and not unsuspected of secret commerce with Angus Ogg; but of this no witness could be found, and Angus Ogg asked his judges how it could be assumed possible that he, the avowed heir of all Blackire's worldly goods, and the possessor of his daughter, would thus covertly remove a part of one, and dispossess himself savagely of the other. What motive had he, or what benefit had accrued? Ivone swore the chest and it's silver contents were undiminished, and he appealed to his uncle to confirm his words. But instead of proving his innocence, this appeal conveyed an indirect proof of guilt, since it was impossible that he could have known the state of Blackire's coffer unless he had searched it, and he refused to give any farther explanation. He was sentenced to die, and escaped the night before his execution was expected, no one ever guessed or discovered by what means. Angus remained a widower, and his only sister dutifully came to attend the heart-broken father."

"I should like to know," said Sir Launcelot, lifting up his head and his glassy eye, with a struggling recollection of recent facts, arising among habitual and deeprooted ideas of his favourite subjects—"what was left in that coffer. The Deputy Register of Scotland has a memorandum of a gold chain, with seventy-six links, three silver plates, twelve saltcellars, four mazers or drinking-cups, fifteen dishes, a water-vat, of which I cannot guess the use, since in those days, they carried away their guests in wheelbarrows,—a bottle of rose water, and an item which nobody can decypher, but which I think means King Robert's sark, or shirt of mail."

I seized on this lucky coincidence between my story and the Antiquary's remembrances of the royal Scottish jewel-house in 1478. "Sir Launcelot, only the last two articles were deficient,—one of them was not a sark or shirt, but the materials of it,—a ball of tow or yarn unspun."

"A ball of tow!" he repeated,—"I have a dim recollection of such a matter in the records of the high court of Justiciary,—or was it in Winton's chronicles? or the Culloden papers? Pray, go on, if it is knit with the thread of your narrative."

"Sir, it will unwind presently.—Ten years after, when old Angus, the chieftain of Blackire, was sunk in total, and as it seemed incurable stupor of insanity, a stranger presented him-

self to one of the officers of that high court, and claimed a second trial. This was his youngest nephew, the husband of his daughter, and his presumptive heir :—He surrendered himself to justice, only desiring that the sleugh-hound which accompanied him might be allowed to guide three strong men into the cavern of Strathaird. These persons were chosen, and properly instructed. They went as ordinary travellers do, to the rich gallery of crystalized frostwork in that cave, and from thence to the pool which opens beneath, clear and bright as if it was a mass of that diamond from whence Catharine of Russia caused a piece to be taken as a cover for her picture in a favourite's snuff-box. Beyond this transparent pool is an arched portal, composed by two columns of spar, whose silvery whiteness reveals them even when a traveller's torch grows dim. The sleugh-hound, no less faithful yet fatal to his master than your beloved Bruce's, instantly swam across, and climbed up a few rude ledges or steps in the rock beyond. The servants of justice, seeing no other means to follow him, plunged into the pool, gained the subterranean staircase, and ascended till they saw gleams of light, and emerged, not into a mermaid's palace, but into a lovely little valley, surrounded by inaccessible walls of granite, thrice the height of an ordinary church. A few huts were constructed of the small fragments which lay scattered in the centre, and a few wild shrubs composed a kind of curtain for one whose door opened into a little garden of the simplest vegetables. Here they found only an old man, whose sons gained their livelihood by shewing strangers the wonders of the cavern. He was asked if any had been there lately, and he answered, none of any note. But his reply was attended by a conscious look of dismay ; and the dog, renewing his scent, beat fiercely and joyfully against the back-door of his hut. Then he confessed that a boat, with two strang[illegible] had [illegible]en wrecked in the creek of the isle, and one had perished. The other had refused all help for many days, only begging to be buried in the same grave. He conducted them to the coffin of stone which the survivor had instructed him to shape, and shewed the body wrapped in a plaid within it. One of those who heard his evidence was an old retainer of the Angus family, selected to attend the officers of justice, that he might identify the body. He gave a doleful cry when he recognized the face of his young mistress, and saw stretched on a mattrass near her coffin, his master's eldest nephew, Ivone. The wailings and caresses of the unfortunate sleugh-hound would have been sufficient to discover his master in any disguise, but Ivone attempted none. He was removed with the corpse of the fair lady of Angus in safe custody, and rigorously confined, though he seemed incapable and heedless of escape. There was a general and angry belief that he had been the real purloiner of the black chest, and the lady whose disappearance had caused his cousin's ruin. When searched, a ball of yarn was found upon his person, which he most earnestly endeavoured to conceal ; and when unwound, the antique silver essence box, embossed with his uncle's arms and cypher, one of the articles missing from the black chest, was found within it ; and, strange to say, another ball of tow was discovered wrapped in the plaid which served for the lady's shroud, and within it lay a paper carefully and curiously rolled up. When compared with the last leaf of the register of Blackire's parish, it proved to be a remnant mysteriously torn from it thirty years before. Ivone gave his deposition in writing, attested by the mayor of St. Kilda, and the steward of the Laird M'Cleod, sovereign proprietor of that island. Here is an authentic copy taken from judicial record."—"Read it, Isabel," said Sir Launcelot to his young nurse,—"it will be a glad task to you who love so well all legends of the Green Isle of the West, to read in manuscript a matter thought worthy M. Denon's communication to the antiquarians of his National Institute."—I was not unwilling to place this part of my narrative in another hand, but I had self-command enough to reply in a tone of mere courteous raillery, "It is not unworthy a more gentle reader than a learned critic, for it shews an example of constancy not far beneath Penelope's, and, like her's, exemplified by a *web of yarn.*"

V.

THE MIDNIGHT MINSTREL.

THE SHEIK'S WIFE.

CANTO SECOND.

THE sun was high, but in the hall were set
The velvet cushions, and the guests were met;
Carpets were spread upon the cedar floor,
And silver cups with red sherbet flow'd o'er.
" Health to the Bride!—May love her life employ,
Nor death, till utmost age, that love destroy.
But round her bower a numerous offspring rise,
Bright as their mother, as their father wise."
Thus those rude wishes deeper wounds imparted
To *her*, already sad and broken-hearted.
So pass'd the banquet. Near it's final close,
A cry tumultuous from the guests arose:
" Time wears, and brief this marriage feast must be,
Far hence the hour when we shall Malouk see;
Full many a mountain on our path looks down
Betwixt this city, and fair Haleb's town.
Yet it were sad without one nuptial lay.
To bless the bands which love hath twined to day;
For that rash slave, on whom Heaven's curse be laid,
Who 'scaped the fury of my sabre's blade,
Calphar might smile, and all revenge forego,
To see the gloomy frowns our faces show:
Then would we ask, ere yet from hence we ride,
One farewell strain of music from the bride."
" Kelida," cried her father, " when we part,
If thou would'st bear one blessing from my heart,
My last command dare not to disobey,
Wake on thy trembling wires some tuneful lay;
If haply thou thy lovesick voice can frame
To any other sound than Calphar's name."
" My father, though with grief my soul is wrung,
At thy request my lute shall still be strung:
Until this hour, when hateful Malouk's hand
I clasp in mine, at thy most dread command,
Thou hast been ever kind:—and I might deem
Thou still wert so, if wealth's gay dazzling dream
Could charm me:—but my soul it cannot fill;
Though gold my fetters,—they are fetters still.
Yet let me hope, when far away from thee,
Thou wilt retain this lute to think on me;
Haply when o'er it shall the gale sweep past,
'Twill mind thee who it's notes awaken'd last:
And when Death's hand shall close my tearful eye,
Then shall my spirit to it's chords be nigh;
And while my voice to earth a farewell sings,
Unseen shall tune my death song on it's strings.

" Farewell to my home! where sorrow entwined
    Her poison'd chaplet around my brow;
  Where the truest of love which this heart enshrined
    For ever is blasted and blighted now,
    Though stedfast yet is my maiden vow:
  And till on my last sad couch reclined,
    Till the Angel of Death my soul shall bow,
  It never shall be by that heart resign'd.

Farewell, my Father! for never again
My feet in the courts of thy house shall stray;
But vacant my bower shall ever remain,
And my lute shall unstrung and neglected lay.
Thou wilt not weep though I be away;
For if mine absence thy bosom could pain,
Thy cruel command would at least delay
Till the finger of Death should have made it vain."

When ceased that song, which to her sire convey'd
The heartfelt woes of that unhappy maid,
'Twas thus he spake, with scornful look and smile;
"Mark ye, my friends, Kelida's artful wile;
'Tis true, she hath obey'd,—but woman still
No earthly power can hinder from her will;
And e'en this song, as seem'd in our despite,
Might call forth every feeling, but delight.
Yet were I not her father, if my heart
Felt no emotions since we now must part;—
But these I would o'ercome:—for it will be
To cause her life pass yet more happily,
More soft to make her future moments glide,
That I resign her to be Malouk's bride."

Zaphti the signal gave:—the nuptial train
Sought with their charge old Haleb's walls again;
And form'd their long-extended bright array
Homeward to march their wild and rocky way.
Well-mounted guards led on the van before,
Who shining arms and powerful sabres wore;
Them followed Persian minstrels, whose glad voice
Made valleys, mountains, hills, and plains rejoice;
While thousand echoes would the sound prolong,
And spread the cadence of their bridal song:
A train of graceful camels march'd behind,
Where, rear'd on high, by roseate tints enshrined,
Kelida's maidens rode, conceal'd from view,
And veil'd from noontide suns and evening's dew.
In midst of all beneath the sacred screen,
For brides may not by stranger eyes be seen,
Until their blooming loveliness and charms
Have been enfolded in an husband's arms;
Kelida came, upon a palfrey led,
And oft she blest the veil that o'er her spread,
Beneath whose friendly covering and disguise
Uncheck'd might flow the fountains of her eyes;
While slaves before her, and on every side,
Were placed alike to guard her, and to guide.
Last, at a distance due, with steps more slow,
Were borne the victims of proud Malouk's foe;
Those, who within the Mosque, were doom'd to feel
Calphar's deep vengeance, and his keen edged steel:
Who vainly thought, that when they travell'd o'er
The rocky mazes of that road before,
They should return with loud triumphant breath,
Not motionless, and on the car of death.
Stretch'd by the side of each pale corse, there lay
The arms he wore upon that fatal day,
While still their bent and lowering brows declared
How much in life those haughty spirits dared,
Since death could not destroy their angry tone,
But gave a fierceness greater than their own.
Such was the train which o'er the mountains wound,
And trod the deep defile's unequal ground;

Or march'd where shadowy vales their gloom bestow'd,
To cool the noontide fervour of the road.
Morn rose to noon, and noon grew night, before
They pass'd that long and distant journey o'er;
Day follow'd day, and still beyond appear'd
Plains after plains, and hills on hills were rear'd:
So shall the blest behold, when life hath past,
Ages of joy glide by, but ne'er the last.
First, where Barrady's mountain-torrents pour,
Kelida's guards with hasty steps pass'd o'er;
To that high rock from whence our Prophet's eyes
Beheld fair Damashk greet the noontide skies,
Yet would not enter, lest such earthly bliss
Should tempt his heart from Heaven's bright world to this;
So turn'd his feet to wilder climes to roam,
For earth was not his Paradise nor home.
Onward they march'd, where Abilene's plains
Yet boast the primal martyr's cold remains:
Where on a mount, which clouds around have spread,
Abel's gigantic tomb still rears it's head;
A mark from Heaven, a beacon to the soul,
To teach fierce man his passions to controul.
'Twere long to follow where their footsteps paced,
Tell where they halted, and what paths they traced;
Describe each scene that open'd to their sight,
Bocat's wide vale, and Balbeck's city bright,
Which to the lamp of day high praise once pour'd,
And the fair sun it's thousand tongues adored:
Libanus' Mount,—Kanobin's lonely cell,
Where Christian freres, and hermit zealots dwell:
Tripoli's Mart, Merakia's central town,
And Sihoun's village on their course look'd down;
Till far from old Damashk, the eye might see
The lovely entrance to fair Bedame.
The tenth morn rose, and as the waning night
Fled o'er the hills which shone with purple light,
Zaphti, whose falcon glance afar had seen
The flowers and shrubs which bloom'd that vale within,
His courser rein'd by sad Kelida's side,
And thus in haughty strains address'd the bride:—
"Another hour, perverse and self-will'd fair,
And we shall prove how thy rash Love will dare
To keep his vow, and in yon valley stand
With unskill'd arm against our warlike band.
I too revenge have sworn, and he shall feel
No holy walls shall here restrain the steel;
For Malouk's honour well demands the blow,
Nor shall Calphar again escape me so.
'Tis near the place, the time, when he would fain
Have thy fond wishes fix'd on him again;
That with unlook'd-for forces, yet might he
Thy brave deliverer and thy lover be;
But, trust to that, and thou shalt find it seem
Like sunbeams flashing on a flowing stream,
Their image bright may shine, and glitter fair,
But neither substance, light, nor heat are there.
We do not fear his forces; he shall find,
Keen is each sabre, firm is every mind;
Our warriors' hearts are proof to such alarms,
His vows we reck not,—and disdain his arms,
Court his revenge, his utmost hate defy,
And ask no bliss like that,—to see him die.

Chaunt loud the nuptial song, that all may know
Whose bright procession treads the vale below;
And raise your voices to the mountain air
To wake Calphar, perchance he slumbers there."
So Zaphti spake:—on high the chorus rose,
Whilst echoing vales returned each stanza's close;
From many a harp responsive notes were flung,
And many a voice this nuptial anthem sung:—

"The Bride at her casement
Is fair to the sight;
But the bride in her bower
Is an Angel of light.
Like the moon in perfection
Her beauties all shine;
What joy for the bridegroom
Who cries,—"She is mine!"

Though life may pass onward,
And years glide away;
Yet the band which unites them
Can never decay:
But even round life and death
Firm shall it twine;
Then Malouk be joyful,—
Kelida is thine."

"Hark! was it distant thunder shook the ground,
And moan'd the rocky precipice around?—
No,—all is calmness in the valley's air,
And not a single leaf is trembling there:
List!—it returns!—and seems with answering strain
To mock our songs, and breathe our notes again;—
Albeit with varied words,—and now more near
The accents break distinctly on the ear."

"Oh, Malouk! rejoice not,
Till safe in thine arms,
The bright flower of Damashk
Hath yielded her charms:
I have sworn by the brightness
Of Mahomet's shrine,
That the hand of Kelida
Shall never be thine!"

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" from every voice was pour'd,
Whilst every hand scarce conscious seiz'd it's sword,
"It is Calphar! no longer doubt remains,
Who mocks our triumph in those taunting strains;
Rash boy, come on!—thou untaught slave appear,
Death, or a bride, are waiting for thee here."
On either side of Bedame were seen,
With beauteous flowers and fragrant shrubs between,
Vast mountain piles, which from creation's day
Had stood the giant boundaries of the way;
Where peak surmounting peak arose on high,
And form'd a rocky ladder to the sky.
There too, by Nature's wildest hand were thrown,—
Their tints and perfumes to put forth unknown,
As modest virtue hides her shining rays,
And seems to dread no evil like her praise,
There bloom'd unseen the tulip's varied pride,
The lowlier myrtle blossom'd by it's side,

Whilst the pale cyclamen around was cast,
And it's white leaves unfolded to the blast.
Far up the rude ascent, and steep to tread,
A rocky pathway to the summit led;
But ruinous and broken, it would seem
The channel of some wasted mountain stream,
Which down the gulph would once in fury pour,
And fill the valley with it's deafening roar.
Thence came the song, which loud and nearer grew,
Till all the foemen shew'd to Zaphti's view;
Led on by young Calphar, no trivial band.
But one well known and fear'd in every land,
Arabia's wandering children, whose employ
Is still to waste, to plunder, and destroy.
High up the mountain track that army rear'd
It's plumes, and helms, and lances bright, appear'd,
Soon levell'd to the charge, with loud acclaim,
With steeds as lightning swift, and swords of flame,
Downward they rush'd, Calphar their battle-cry,
" Love and our Chief,—we win his bride, or die."
Calphar threw off his helmet, and his hair
Wav'd in dark lustre on the mountain air,
But chief that lock by which his vows were made,
It's sable beauties on his breast display'd;
Then, as he rear'd the shining tress to view,
Forth from it's sheath his glittering blade he drew,
And, ere the battle in confusion broke,
Thus to his foes the Arab lover spoke:—
" Said I not, we should meet this valley nigh?
Heaven heard my vow, and bless'd it from on high.
When last we met, ye bade me hope forego,
Scorn'd at my blighted love, and mock'd it's woe;
Now on yourselves recoils the doubled shame,
For with a conqueror's force, my bride I claim!
Friends, be this lock your signal, while it flies
Let not compassion in your hearts arise;
Save but from death those maidens and the bride,
But bear my vengeance upon all beside."
No more the spirit of their wrath reposed,
In the fierce conflict then the armies closed:
Loud rang the deep tambour, while notes of war
Were heard from sabre's blade and scymitar,
As on the iron mail their strokes descended,
And shining helmets into atoms rended:
Thick flew the pheons, lance to lance replied,
The faint drew back,—the brave stood firm and died.
More swift, more fierce, than tigers on their prey,
The Arab chieftain led his band that day
Upon their hapless foes;—but most of all
On Zaphti's name in fury would he call,
And sought, with hatred burning on his brow,
On him to wreak his vengeance and his vow.
They met,—they fought,—the conflict soon was o'er,
And Zaphti bleeding fell to rise no more;
But hatred kindled in his closing eye,
A spark which shone as if it would not die;
Well might it seem immortal,—since it's birth
Was in the realms of Eblis,—not on earth.
Life stiffen'd cold in death, his frame grew weak,
And twice his faultering voice refused to speak;
Gone was it's utterance, fled it's wonted power
In the dark anguish of that parting hour;

Set were his teeth, whilst foam of livid hue
O'er his pale lips a deathlike venom threw;
Yet with collected force he gazed around,
And half uprear'd his body from the ground,
In speechless fury on Calphar he cast
One look of hate,—his longest and his last.
The Chief scarce waited for that dying groan
Which made Kelida's hand once more his own;
But all impetuous to the fair he rush'd,
His brows at once with love and conquest flush'd,
O'er Zaphti's broken host, which scatter'd lay
The bleeding fragments of that fatal day,
To where those maidens sought, with trembling feet,
From scenes of blood to find a safe retreat.
With brightest transport gleaming from his eyes,
Calphar exclaim'd,
"Now to my beauteous prize,
Kelida is mine own! In her I see
All that of life was ever dear to me;
And other pleasures I to air resign,
The bride I loved, wept, fought for,—she is mine!"
Calm was the morn, and lovely, yet the sky
Still shew'd as if some gathering storm were nigh;
Though not one breath of heaven's most gentle air
Waved the light blossom of the wild flower there;
And fair seem'd all things in that solitude,
Save where the vestiges of strife were strew'd;
And nature look'd all placid and serene,
As if to mock the horrors which had been;
When the young victor, with exulting brow,
Exclaim'd, "Nor fiend nor angel parts us now!"
He spake, and midnight darkness from on high
Appall'd each heart, and clouded every eye;
Whilst livid fires swift flashing, scarce could show
How the rocks trembled o'er the vale below;
Till with a whirlwind's force the gloom was broke,
And swooning nature from her trance awoke,
To feel her bosom rent by loudest thunder,
To view the yawning valley burst asunder,
E'en where those fair ones stood,—and buried deep
The lost Kelida, and her maidens sleep!
There was no piercing shriek, no fearful cry,
From those who died, or those who saw them die;
For terror burst so sudden on the view,
That wild amazement scarce could think it true;
Fancy would all a passing vision deem,
And Hope would whisper—"Fear not, 'tis a dream!"
No vision that, with fierce yet fleeting glare,
Which spread around such deathlike terrors there;
It was no dream, whose influence would pass o'er
When it's dark phantoms should appal no more;
No! all was truth! and e'en ecstatic grief
Was forced to yield her slow, but firm, belief.
Towards the dark brink of that deep yawning den,
The Arab lover spurred his charger then,
Whilst his keen sabre's swift descending blow
Hurled his long tresses to the gulf below;
Kelida lost, those locks no more might spread
Their dark luxuriance o'er his youthful head.
With arm still reared on high, and voice of pride,
Calphar thus loudly to his followers cried:—

"Form into line, and these commands revere,
The last which I shall speak, or you shall hear;
All hope Kelida shall be mine is o'er,
Her beauteous form shall bless mine eyes no more;
To you descends my vow, for life and breath
Are gliding swiftly from me, and kind death
Hath marked me for his own, then onward speed,
And unto Haleb turn each foaming steed;
There, upon Malouk's evil heart and head,
Let my long debt of vow'd revenge be shed;
And every soldier's arm and scymitar
Strike home for love, for vengeance, and Calphar;
That duty done, some other leader find,
Or rove ungovern'd as the mountain wind.
Could aught of earth my parting spirit grieve,
'Twould surely be that such a band I leave;
Valiant and faithful, worthy of the fame
Your fathers bore; while Kedar's honour'd name
Shines with new lustre as your story runs,
And Ismael's self might glory in such sons.
Friend of my heart, Assouf, to thee are due
This bow and sabre; and these arms to you,
My brave companions; that ye still may bear
Some fragments of your Chief, that he may share
Some portion of your love:—Now life hath past,
And Allah gives this rest to me at last!"
Swift to his bounding courser's wounded side,
Calphar the spur with desperate force applied;
High rear'd the steed,—wide yawn'd the gulph below,—
They plunged!——No farther human sight can go;
For rushing down with wild and furious sweep,
The mountain torrent seem'd their fall to weep,
Pour'd it's blue waters on the senseless clay,
And still shall pour till time shall pass away.
Albeit unused to tenderest sympathies,
Assouf one tear-drop scatter'd from his eyes;
From his touch'd heart one rising sigh represt,
Then to his friends his counsel thus address'd:—
"Comrades! this day our Chief has fallen;—yet we
May shed no tears, for it was gloriously,
In nature's fierce convulsions, while around
The bleeding trophies of his sword were found;
And e'en in death he own'd not death's controul,
The storm of heart, the earthquake of the soul,
Wrought on that mind nought else could e'er subdue,
And his own act, his own destruction drew!
Aye, here Calphar hath fallen! but the foe
Still lives, and yet our hands must lay him low;
But ere we leave this valley, which contains
Kelida's beauties, and Calphar's remains;
Placed in one dark sepulchre side by side,
As death unites those life doth oft divide;
Ere yet we leave them, from our band should rise
That hasty anthem, those brief obsequies,
Which still are o'er our fallen brethren said;
And living warriors give to warriors dead.
Then to your swords, and deep in Malouk's breast
How ye adored your leader write the rest."
Loud rose the anthem,—not as anthems rise
Which spring from choirs and cloisters to the skies;
But all impetuous rush'd the notes along
Of the rough soldiers martial requiem-song,

As in these strains their rude regrets were shown,
And these harsh accents round the vale were thrown.
Then,—Malouk dead, to Al Cahira's plain,
In sorrowing triumph, back they turned again.

"Champion rest! for death hath spread
The tent of the grave around thee;
And the pillow of earth which supports thine head,
Is the sod where his javelin found thee.

It were shame if thy mouldering corse were seen
Elsewhere than as Aziael placed it;
May the turf on thy bosom for ever be green,
For a thousand honours have graced it,

For there lay the forms of the vanquish'd foe,
And the weapons thy hand once wielded;
The lance and the scymitar, pheon and bow,
To a mightier conqueror yielded.

We give but one sigh to the death of the brave,
Who live to repeat their story;
We carve but one line on a Champion's grave,
'He fell!—And his death was glory!'" **K.**

NOTES.

In midst of all, beneath the sacred screen. The bridal veil, according to Taylor, in his admirable "Fragments," appended to his Translation of Calmet's "Dictionnaire de la Bible," covered the whole person of the wearer; and was affixed to a species of canopy, having the curtains so long as to hang down to the ground. It was hung so close about the bride, that her own shape, with the form of the horse on which she rode, were indicated upon the outside. Opposite the face, there were small breathing holes cut in the veil, which in Aleppo was made of a red gauze. "Fragments," No. clxiii. It is also farther stated, that Maids were called Alma, which signifies Virgin, Secret, or Shut up.

Barrady's mountain torrents. The places mentioned in this route are in a North-West road, by the sea coast, from Damascus to Aleppo; a distance of about 280 miles. The river Barrady pours down the mountains a stream about twenty yards in breadth, yet so plenteous in it's source, that it is sufficient to supply the city and gardens of Damascus with water.

- *that high rock from whence our Prophet's eyes.* About two miles from the source of Barrady, on the brink of a high precipice, is a small structure resembling the tomb of an eastern Priest, which is said to have been the station of Mahomet when viewing Damascus. Tradition adds, that the prospect was so enchanting, that he was resolved not to tempt his frailty by entering the city; considering, that as there was but one Paradise intended for man, his should not be in this world. "You have indeed," says Maundrell, when writing of this place, "from the precipice the most perfect view of Damascus. And certainly no place in the world can promise the beholder, at a distance, greater voluptuousness."

Abilene's plains,
Yet boast the primal martyr's cold remains.
The country which was anciently denominated Abilene, is spread around the small village of Sime; close to which is a large structure on the top of a high hill, called the Mountain of Abel, and said to be his tomb. The fratricide is supposed to have been committed near this place, in a cavern called Magharat-Adam, or the Cave of Blood, and the whole country derives it's name from Abel's murder. The tomb itself, although it be thirty yards in length, is believed to have been only proportionate to the body: this accords with the Talmudical legend, which makes Adamah to have been 120 feet in height. Cain's tomb is about twenty-five miles from Damascus.

Bocat's wide vale, and Balbeck's city bright. A large valley about six miles in width, and several days' journey in length, in which the city of Balbeck is situate. The latter is supposed to be the ancient Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, which was formerly worshipped here in a magnificent Temple, whose ruins are yet remaining.

Libanus' Mount, Kanobin's lonely cell. Libanus, or Lebanon, is a chain of mountains which bounds the Valley of Bocat next Damascus; while those on the opposite side

are called Anti-Libanus. Kanobin, or Canobine, is a valley near Lebanon, formerly very much resorted to for religious retirement, and is filled with deserted Monasteries, cells, and hermitages, but it is now inhabited only by a Convent of Maronites.

Tripoli's Mart, Merakia's central town,
And Sihoun's village.

Tripoli is a large city, seated about two miles to the North East of the sea, and about seventy from Damascus. Merakia is a small town nearly half way between Aleppo and Damascus; and Sihoun lies a short distance from it, to the North-East.

Another hour, perverse and self-willed fair. "It must be observed," says the author of 'A Journey from Aleppo to Damascus,' London, 1736, octavo, page 23, "that the common way of computing the distances is by hours, and we might have travelled at the rate of about three English miles an hour."

Pheons. Arrows.

Eblis. An Arabian corruption of the Greek word Diabolos: he is supposed to be the chief of the Apostate Angels, and the Arabians usually add "Accursed of God" after his name.

Kedar's honoured name. This was the son of Ishmael, and the most ancient chief of the Arabs, under whom they commenced their wandering life, by living in tents in Arabia Deserta; although some authors state, that it was on the plains of Al-Cahira, or Cairo. The Arabians regard Ishmael, and his descendant Cahtan, as the fathers both of their nation and language.

Azrael. A fictitious being, whom the Moussoulmans have borrowed from the Talmud, and whose office is to separate betwixt the soul and body. K.

HALLOWE'EN IN GERMANY, OR THE WALPURGIS NIGHT

Communicated by the Baron Reichart von Versmacher, *of Crackkenburg;*

And translated by a Student of the University of Gottingen.

PART THE SECOND.

LAURETTE, continues the Lienalle Manuscript, returned to the village of Harzburg in the same meditative silence with which she had quitted it; somewhat, however, less oppressed in spirit, since she had learned a way, although a hazardous one, of preserving her friend from the fearful consequences of associating with the Hartz Demons. As she entered the valley in which their cottage was situate, she heard the voice of Michelle singing merrily at a distance; and as the strain was of a bold impetuous character, it seemed to rush up the defile with a fine warlike swell, like the march of an army played upon a distant trumpet. "Alas!" said Laurette, "still gay, and insensible of her danger, though not unconscious of the awful step she is about to take. Oh, Father of brightness! whom all good angels continually praise, give strength to my soul to undergo all the terrors and temptations of the coming night, without fearing or yielding; and above all grant to me, that my dear Michelle may be protected from the evil ones, and brought back to her home in safety, sorrowing for nought but for her sin." As Laurette continued to approach, the tune swelled into the words to which it was adapted; and she soon discovered it to be the war song which her favourite Heinrich Reimer had written for Michelle Fluchterfelt, and which she had secretly given to her lover Carl Brandtenbelt, in lieu of the more pious, but at the same time more heavy, compositions of the Curate Von Fuddlemann.

BATTLE SONG OF A GERMAN SOLDIER'S MISTRESS.

BY HEINRICH REIMER.

Go forth!—like the sun in his might;
Go forth!—like the dawning of day:
May the plume on thy helm be the star
And thy brand be the flash of the fray

I love thee, yet ne'er be it said,
That love did thy spirit restrain;
I had rather behold thee a hero, and dead,
Than a coward in life to remain.
Then "Forward and Fear not!" thy battle-cry be,
With glory return, or return not to me!

I could joy o'er thy corse, though my tears
Should wash the red wounds Death had made;
For each crimson gash like a ruby appears,
On the front if it be but display'd.
But, Oh! my soul never could bear
The thought that thou fled'st from the foe;
One scar on thy back would awaken despair,
And give to my heart it's death-blow!
Then "Forward and Fear not!" thy battle-cry be,
With glory return, and be welcome to me!"

"So meine hochgeehrte frau," said Michelle, stopping her song as Laurette came up; "and where have you been straying so early on the Walpurgis Morning?"

"I have been to Altenau," replied Laurette.

"And to whom there? young Damosell, as the Curate saith."

"To Astragal Sterndenter, the Astrologer."

"Aha! what the pious one going to the Witcheries of En-Dor, as the Curate says; and tell me, I pray thee, meine artig Magdleine, for I find I must draw out all my information by questions, what made thee betake thyself to Astragal Sterndenter?"

"Oh, Michelle!" cried the artless Laurette, "how can you thus trifle with me? You are my only earthly care, and second but to my own soul in my heavenly hopes; what then could cause me to seek Sterndenter, but to gain the means of saving you from everlasting perdition?"

"Well, really Laurette," answered Michelle, "if you were to preach instead of our Curate, I should not be half so bad:- Nay now, my dear girl, don't weep, but go with me to night, and my life for it we shall never repent the meeting with Riebezhahl."

"It is my intention to go with you, Michelle," returned her friend; "and Heaven grant that my prayers and endeavours may be rewarded, even though I pay that forfeit which my own crime will draw down upon me."

"Thanks! thanks!" cried the volatile Michelle; and without staying to hear the conclusion of her friend's speech, she ran hastily into the house to make preparations for their departure, while Laurette followed her, sighing heavily. Although it was early in the day, yet the road leading to the top of the Harz Mountain was, in 16.., so fatiguing and dangerous, that fair day-light, and the labour of several hours, were requisite to ascend it. There were not only the extensive remains of that amazing forest of fir, oak, and beech, which once, under the name of Sylva Hercynia, stretched from North to South throughout Germany; the very fragment of which is sixty miles in length by thirty in breadth, where it freezes in the midst of summer; but there were also morasses, rocks, and mountain-streams, to pass over, ere they could arrive at the flat plain on the top of the Brocken, where the spirits meet. After a short and early repast, the two females set out upon their daring adventure; each so occupied with her own thoughts, that she spoke not to the other. Michelle carried with her a small basket, in which were various dried herbs given her by Astragal Sterndenter, as preservatives against witchcraft, and some offerings to be presented to the Harz spirits, in order to obtain their favour and assistance. Round her neck was the famous Drake or Dragon Stone, a curved fossil found about Goslar, in the fields near Gandersheim and Brunshusen, which the inhabitants of those parts believe to be a powerful remedy against enchantment; and in this belief they are somewhat supported by the learned Johannes Reiskius, who wrote a treatise upon this interesting subject. Laurette carried none of these charms with her, but took only her Rosary, Missal, the means of procuring a light, and some provisions. In this order, then, they set

forward, well wrapped in their mantles, for the last gales of spring were howling around the Brocken, as if to form a fitting concert for the day, and the haunted mountain. The Lienalle Register, from which the whole of this edifying history is extracted, does not immediately follow the two courageous maidens up the mountains, but proceeds to consider the history of the Harz fiends, and those of Germany *in general*; and, that the reader may not find himself in strange company on a future page, a breviate of the account shall be here inserted.

The country of Germany is so wild, lonely, and romantic, so filled with the deepest mines and caverns, and darkest forests and the loftiest mountains, that none can hesitate in believing it to be a land which spirits would love to haunt, and one in which they carry on their midnight revels. Nor is this belief founded upon such evidence only; since to mention all the eminent and learned men who have supported it, and their arguments for doing so, would be to fill this paper with contentions and hard names, things, by the way, that usually go together, instead of the story which I have undertaken to relate. Wermius, Helwig, Kircher, Dr. Behrens, and the Missionary Mathæsius, have all expressed their belief in the Spirits of Germany; and even the great Luther himself has left on record something very like his coincidence in the same faith. It is said, that when the Elector of Saxony offered to that disinterested Reformer the profit of a mine at Sneburg, he refused it, saying, "*No! lest by accepting it, I should tempt the Devil, who is Lord of those subterranean treasures, to tempt me.*" The spirits, then, which haunt the Harz Mountain in Hanover, may be divided into six grand classes. Of these, four are those who are employed in the four elements; namely, the Guebres for Fire, the Sylphs for Air, the Gnomes for Earth, and the Oudins for Water. Besides these, there are the Forst Geister, or Forest Fiends, which include the Holtz-Konig, or the Wood King; Waldebock, the Wild Jager, or Huntsman; and the Wehr Wolves, or Men Wolves, who, according to Gaspar Peucerus, were men, who once in a year were turned to wolves, partly in shape, and partly in their habits. The sixth class consists of those spirits who are peculiar to the Harz Mountain. Of this kind there were also six sorts; the first of which consisted of the old Pagan Deities of Germany, to whose worship the amazing caverns found in the Brocken Hill are supposed to have been anciently consecrated. The principal of these false Deities was Saturn, who was adored as the God of Security and Plenty; and next in superiority was Pustrich, literally Blow-Flame, or the Idol emitting Fire, whose effigy is made of an unknown metal, and represents him kneeling on one knee, with a malicious visage, having one hand upon the head, and the other upon the left knee. The third Spirit who belongs to the Harz, is Schattenmann, or Shadowman, commonly called by travellers the Giant of the Brocken, and who appears in the form of the gigantic shadow of a man, five or six hundred feet in height, traversing the Worm and Achtermanshohe mountain, about sunrise. Many tourists who have had the chance of seeing this very rare apparition, have referred it to the height of the mountains, the horizontal position of the sun's rays, &c. reflecting their own shadows on the opposite hills towards the South-West. Oh! amazing incredulity! because the spirits they beheld mocked them by imitating their motions. M. Jordan, however, who made this wondrous discovery, ought to have been convinced, when himself and his landlord were standing on the Brocken, and two shadows had appeared, suddenly *a third* stood before them! Who then was that, but Schattenmann himself, to vindicate his own existence. Schattenmann is very often confounded with Riebezhahl, the Lord of the Waste and the Mine, and King of the Brocken; but although he also is a superior Spirit on the Harz, yet he is wholly different in nature from the fiend last mentioned. Riebezhahl is prince over all the precious minerals which so abound in his mountains; and these he sometimes bestows on the peasants around, though his gifts are always fatal in the end. His usual appearance is as a savage man, naked, but wreathed about the head, and encircled about the middle with oaken garlands; having a pine-

tree torn up by the roots in his hand. This figure he, however, sometimes varies, as he is of a more sociable nature than Schattenmann, and he has even been known to form contracts with the peasantry to serve them, and to enter into treaties offensive and defensive with them, till his demon nature burst forth, and all their covenants were at an end. The third sort of Spirits peculiar to the Harz, is the Dwarfs, who were, it is supposed, descended from the most ancient inhabitants of Germany; and who, when Attila, King of the Huns, overran Bavaria, Franconia, and Thuringia, fled from his armies into the boundless caverns of the Brocken. Here they have remained ever since, apart from all human society, with which indeed originally they had only a very distant sort of connection; as it is said, that they were a species of beings formed at the creation, between men and spirits, who partook of both natures, and yet belonged wholly to neither. They eat, drink, propagate their race, and dwell in the Harz mines, where they form the ore and precious stones; but their lives are short; since about the fifth year they generate, and in the ninth they die. Their bodies are flexile, and the bones only a sort of cartilage, like those of the inhabitants of the Happy Islands, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus; and they have also the power to pass through stone walls, and othe solid bodies. The Dwarfs of the Brocken still retain some affection for that race of which they consider themselves a part; since to those of Elbingerobe, it was common for the country people to come, and ask for household utensils, and to solicit other acts of friendship, which the Dwarfs always complied with, by placing whatever they requested at the mouths of their caves, and allowing it to be taken away. But none who thus sought the assistance of the Dwarfs ever looked upon them. The favour was asked, and those who solicited it retired to a distance with their faces averted, and returning in a short time found all their wishes complied with. In a similar manner was the return of these favours conducted; the borrowed things were placed at the entrances of the Dwarf holes, with some food as an acknowledgment and offering; and when those who brought them had departed, the Dwarfs came and received their property again. Such is the account of this subterranean nation, given by the most pious and authentic writers; such as Rivander, Spangenberg, Valvasor, Homer, Ovid, Juvenal, Ludolf, Paracelsus, and Abraham Seidel. There are, indeed, those incredulous people, who, notwithstanding all these great authorities, doubt not only the supernatural powers of the Dwarfs, but even their very existence; and it may be dubitated, if a sight of the Lienalle Register itself, where this account is to be found, would satisfy such unbelievers. It is, however, more grievous to reflect, that many of the above authors disputed each other's works, deeming that they were deceived, credulous, or mocked by Satan. The fourth Spirit of the Harz, is called Erdtengeist, literally Earth-Ghost, because he is the peculiar genius of the Miners, and at one period regularly worked in a mine at Rammelsburg, where he received a weekly pay like the rest, although he performed more labour than any other ten; in which instance he greatly reminds me of what Milton of England said of the household goblin once common in that country,

> ——" One night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
> Which ten day-labourers could not end."

Erdtengeist, however, at last gave up his profession, in consequence of a dispute with the miners, who defrauded him of his share of the ore, which till then he had regularly carried away. They, however, had cause to repent it, since he came back in the shape of a fire-damp, and blew up the mine, in the ruins of which Fritz Engelhertze, and Johan Flüchterfelt, the fathers of Laurette and Michelle, were both destroyed. The mine of Rammelsburg is now in ruins; and the story is ancient; but it is still known by the name of the "Devil's Mine." The black Mastiffs, which are found guarding the concealed treasures of Bauman's Hole, are a fifth sort of Spirits, known in the Brocken Mountain. These Demons influence the mind by dreams of buried riches, which excite many persons to venture through the terrors of Bauman's Hole to possess them; and then they scare them away with dreadful sights, after

shewing them the Iron Chests which contain the gold. The White Woman, whose existence is attested by Christopher Helwig, in his Mountain Stories, is the sixth and last of the Sprites peculiar to the Harz; but there are many other subordinate Demons, inimical to mankind, to be found in the various caverns of it; the which if I were to detail, the reader would find it much to resemble what the great Shakspeare of the English observes of a Welsh Magician,

"He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lacquies."

Such, then, was the society with which Laurette Engelhertze, and Michelle Flüchterfelt, were to assemble on the midnight of the first of May.

We are reluctantly compelled to defer the third Part of this interesting Tale until our next Number.

EDITOR.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

IN a crowd I beheld thee,
With sweet smiles we met;
And the chain which compell'd me
Compels my soul yet
To remember that minute
Of rapture and joy;
For the bliss that was in it
Years cannot destroy.

Few were the words spoken,
Not long those smiles dwelt;
But we needed no token
To shew what we felt.
One glance swiftly darting
Like thought through the breast,
One wild look at parting
Proclaim'd all the rest.

Oh! oft have I mingled
With many since then,
And have sought to have singled
Thy dear form again;—
Like a bright star when banish'd
From out it's pure place,
It but shone,—flash'd,—and vanish'd,
And left not a trace!

I ask Heaven if any
Of thy prayers for me;
It hath heard for the many
I've whisper'd for thee.
But unheeding, they proudly
The question decline;
And their silence is loudly
Prophetic of thine.

Now as sadness comes round me,
And visions of fear
With their dark spells have bound me,
And no friend is near;
Yet my bosom thus lonely,
Would cease to repine;
If it knew it shared only
One dear thought of thine.

BENEVOLENCE.

Homo sum!—humani nihil a me alienum puto. TERENCE.

OF all the qualities which adorn the human character, Benevolence is, perhaps, the most amiable and praiseworthy, and is calculated to confer the most lasting benefits upon mankind. He who possesses the greatest portion of benevolence resembles most the Deity, who, in forming the universe, has evinced his benevolence in every part of the creation, from the glow-worm of the field up to his favourite creature man. His benevolence, like the overflowings of the fertilizing Nile, is vast in extent, imparting it's vivifying and beneficial effects with a liberal and unsparing hand. It pervades the whole creation; but man, "a little lower only than the angels,' 'enjoys a greater share of it than his less favoured fellow-creatures. The Deity could have created him very differently; he could have denied him the capacity of enjoying many pleasures of which he is now susceptible, or have given him an anxious craving for still greater pleasures, without putting them within his grasp, and thus have tantalized him throughout the whole of his existence. If GOD had confined man to what was absolutely necessary to his existence, without any regard to his enjoyment and gratification, he could have created him an unsocial being, and thereby have denied him the most exquisite gratification of friendship. He could have so constituted his mind as to have rendered it totally insensible of the exalted sentiments of generosity, and of all those endearing ties which constitute the greatest portion of human happiness. Our great Creator was too kind and beneficent to form such beings. He has furnished us with ten thousand sources of enjoyment and delight, and has established it as an invariable law of our nature, that in promoting the happiness of others we encrease our own; and in diminishing the misery of the wretched, we feel a pleasure and secret satisfaction which more than compensate for the inconveniencies, however great, by which our object may be attained. It is quite unnecessary to attempt any description of the pleasures arising from benevolence;—for who has not felt it's soothing power, when engaged in ameliorating the afflictive and heart-rending condition of the poor and disconsolate? when employing our time, our talents, our influence, and our fortune, in the education and protection of the orphan, in relieving and defending the indigent stranger, and in befriending the oppressed and "him that hath no helper?" The votaries of Benevolence do not only enjoy the smiles of an approving conscience, but they are also held in universal respect, esteem, and veneration. Their contemporaries, whatever may be their opinions on other subjects, or however they may differ as to the merits of other men, cheerfully acknowledge the worth of the benevolent, and award that praise which is due to such virtuous actions. We have a remarkable instance of this in our far-famed philanthropist, the excellent Howard, who exerted himself so strenuously in behalf of his suffering fellow-creatures. His fame extended throughout the known world; he was received with the utmost cordiality in every clime and country; respect and admiration were evinced wherever Benevolence led it's votary: he was every where hailed as the friend and benefactor of the human race, and acquired univeral esteem solely by his benevolence. He practised no mean arts to render himself popular; he flattered not the weaknesses and vanity of men; he did not conform himself to their customs, nor participate in their amusements, but was constantly employed in performing acts of kindness to the wretched and the indigent. He did not raise himself to the eminence he attained by coercive means; not with the assistance of the cruel, and often too potent sword, but by his exquisite sensibility and his constant solicitude to bind up the broken heart, and heal the wounded spirit. His praise infinitely transcends that of the most exalted heroes, and renowned conquerors. And when the name of Napoleon, and those of other sanguinary characters, shall be forgotten; or remembered only to be execrated; the memory of Howard will cause the eyes of a British posterity to sparkle, and their hearts to exult that they were his countrymen.

The effects of charity are highly beneficial, not only to the individual who is the object of it, but to the community at large. How acceptable is the hand bearing relief to the man destitute of the necessaries of life, but whose finer feelings of independence, and elevated mind, will not suffer him to unveil his distresses, or to solicit that relief, without which he must inevitably perish. What must be the feelings of such an one, when he sees the benevolent man making it his business to find out his sorrows, and to relieve them? and that he, with all his modesty and delicacy, has not been unnoticed. In what terms will he acknowledge his obligation to him who has screened his frigid limbs from the inclement wintry blast: and who has rescued him, when on the very confines of the grave, by supplying him with relief? If we would fully appreciate the benefits of benevolence, we have only to enquire what effects it produced in such an one, and he will tell us from how many heart corroding pains it has delivered him, when hunger, like a relentless wolf, was preying on his vitals, and consuming his strength and spirits; he will tell us what power it had in removing the icy hand of death, and in restoring him to healthful vigour, to his profession, to his country, and to his friends. Let us attend to the future conduct of this man, and we shall find, that the high sense of honour which prevented him from disclosing his distress, and that fortitude which enabled him to sustain it, have excited him to devote himself diligently, and therefore successfully, to the future service of his fellow-creatures. These are but a few of the good effects produced by benevolence; to relate them all would be as impossible as it is unnecessary. To urge it's practice would be a libel on the English character: for where is the man, who, unmindful of the resemblance he originally bore to his Creator, the great source of all Benevolence, ere sin obscured the image of his Maker's virtues,—does not commiserate the sufferings incident to humanity, nor endeavour to relieve them? In our happy country, rank, opulence, and talents, all unite their mighty aid in this great and glorious cause; and the lesson of Benevolence which Britain teaches to contemporary kingdoms, speaks, in it's voice of thunder,—"Go, and do thou likewise!"

HOMO.

DOMESTIC TALES.——LOVE.

(*Continued fr[om] Page* 335.)

THE manuscript commenced it's affecting detail as follows:—

"I am descended from a Welch family of extremely ancient and honourable extraction; and am the only son of a Baronet whose name was Kenyon. But my father, like too many of his countrymen, was proud, profuse, and ostentatious. And in illustration of a ridiculous notion, that the dignity of his ancestry must be supported by an excessive munificence and generosity, the castle which we inhabited on the borders of North Wales, presented a constant scene of festivity and profusion.

This extravagant way of living, however, pursued during a period of more than twenty years, had sensibly impaired a once ample patrimony.

My father was a man of an indolent, careless disposition; who took no care to regulate his disbursements by his receipts: the consequence of which was, that when, at length, upon the death of his steward, he undertook to investigate the state of his pecuniary affairs, he discovered them to be in a most embarrassed and dilapidated condition; and reluctantly assented to the necessity that existed, for retrenching his expenditure, and restraining his liberality. Had my father been permitted to have carried his good dispositions and resolutions of reform into practice, the impending ruin might yet have been averted; but the sudden failure of a speculation in some iron-works, wherein my father had embarked a very considerable portion of his property, reduced our family, at one blow, to a state of absolute bankruptcy.

At a meeting of the creditors, my father was commanded to surrender every iota of his property. Compunctious visitings of conscience, however, for the evil which his thoughtless prodigality had principally tended to en-

tail on his children, actuated him to make a secret reservation of the sum of £2000. But as this act, had it been discovered, would have convicted him of felony, he instantly quitted Wales, and fled to Ireland. Alas! here, my father's besetting sin again enticed him. He could not contract his spirit to his limited means: the love of amusement and company preponderated over every prudent consideration, and the money that had been intended for the benefit of his family, was squandered in the entertainment of strangers: while Lady Kenyon, whose first desire was to see her husband happy, made no attempt to check this ruinous propensity; inasmuch as she perceived, that it constituted now the only charm which could distract his self-upbraiding spirit from dwelling, with bitterest repining, on the irrevocable past. And though I, reversing the order of nature, sometimes presumed to dictate to my parent the indispensable need of economy, and to enquire respecting his future views, my suggestions were invariably received with contemptuous indifference, or I was perhaps reproved for my officiousness.

In little more than six months, however, from the period of our departure from Kenyon Castle, my father fell a victim to care and sorrow, and to the intemperate measures that he had adopted to extirpate them: manifesting his natural disposition even on his death-bed, he charged me with his latest breath never to crave assistance from any of our former friends, nor sully the honour of my name by any degrading employment. My father left no will; and after a defrayment of the costs of the funeral, and various other expenses, I found myself possessed of a residue of something more than £1200.

On this sum did I commence the world, with a mother and three sisters looking up to me for support.

My first advice to my elder sisters was, that they should divest themselves, as far as possible, of the aspiring hopes and supercilious deportment to which the high rank they had formerly held in society had given rise; but which, under their present situation and prospects, were highly inconsistent and ridiculous. And, by way of illustrating my precept in my own conduct, I instantly resolved, so far from assuming the title, which now, in right of hereditary succession, descended to me, to drop the name of Kenyon altogether, since I was incapacitated from maintaining it in it's primitive dignity, retaining only that of Loftus, which had been conferred on me, at my baptism, in reference to some expectations that were entertained, with regard to my future aggrandizement, from a gentleman of that name, who had stood as one of my sponsors, but who had subsequently taken little notice of me, and at this period resided in London.

My next step was to leave Ireland; having conceived a rooted aversion to both the country and the people; and, influenced by motives of economy, retired with my family to a small cottage, obscurely, but pleasantly, situated in a remote part of Devonshire, nearly on the confines of the county of Cornwall.

Having stocked and furnished our humble tenement to the utmost limits that prudence warranted, having strained every energy, and surrendered every selfish consideration, to render my revered mother as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, I began to think of quitting the bosom of my family, and visiting the metropolis, in the hope that I might be enabled, by the exertion of my talents, in some way or other to obtain a livelihood for myself, and, perhaps, to contribute something in aid of the general fund.

On arriving in London, my first application was made to my godfather, who received me with much cordiality and kindness; nor was his friendship confined to civil words alone; for, after hearing the unreserved relation of my father's imprudence, and the misfortunes of our family, he appeared to be greatly interested in my behalf, and offered to take charge of our pecuniary concerns. I declared myself most happy to avail myself of his kindness, and, with Lady Kenyon's concurrence, the remnant of the property was laid out in advantageous annuities, on private security.

Mr. Loftus succeeded, likewise, in procuring for me an eligible situation in a banking-house, of the highest respectability; and I, who was born the heir to a valuable estate, the last representative of a noble race, was

reduced to become a banker's clerk, with a salary of £100 per annum.

I then hired a lodging for myself, and lived in the most private and economical manner possible. My worthy patron, indeed, pressed my acceptance of a seat at his table, and a bed at his house; but I chose rather to bury myself in solitary obscurity, subject to all the inconveniencies and privations which an inexperienced young man, with a very small income, might be expected to encounter, than to appear in company where I might be regarded, by those who knew not my history, in the light of a poor dependent, or incur the imputation of trespassing too far on the bounty, to which I could not establish any real claim.

When I had been in the office about a year and a half, I obtained leave of absence from my employer for the space of four weeks, and hastened to return home to Devonshire; where I found every thing going on entirely to my satisfaction. All around wore an air of cleanliness and economy; my mother bestowing all due care and attention on her household affairs, and little darling Jane, my youngest and favourite sister, a pattern of diligence: with regard to my other two sisters, I was willing to make every allowance for the habits of indolence in which they had been brought up.

In order, if possible, to preserve Lady Kenyon from relapsing into the error which had been the destruction of my father's fortunes, I had, on our parting, left a strict injunction not to enter into society, nor to contract any intimacy, that could, by any means, be avoided; a prohibition which, I was gratified to observe, had been punctually attended to, with only one exception, in favour of an highly-respectable maiden lady, named Miss, or rather Mrs. Hopkins, whose various marks of kindness and attention my sisters protested that they felt themselves compelled to acknowledge, and, as far as lay in their power, to repay; though I afterwards learned, that it was they who had been the first to commence, and afterward to sedulously promote, the acquaintance. On the second day after my return, I was informed, with an air of triumph, by my mother, that Miss Hopkins had, with the utmost affability, promised to take tea, *en famille*, at the cottage. The day was spent in busy preparation; but often as my mother surveyed the homely furniture, she sighed, and cast back a longing wish, for the elegant decorations of Kenyon Castle.

Evening came: and, soon after the appointed hour, the wealthy spinster was announced, and ushered in, with much ceremony. She was a tall, stout, lusty woman, apparently turned of fifty, with by no means a prepossessing countenance; and though the shrewdness of her remarks evinced an acuteness of observation, and a share of intelligence, that rendered her a very agreeable companion, yet her manners and conversation, occasionally, betrayed a deficiency in politeness, and the accomplishments of a genteel education, that was strangely at variance with the elegance of her external appearance, and the elevated sphere in which she moved. The evening was enlivened by cards and music; for in order that my sisters might not feel the irksomeness of their present retired mode of life, I had furnished the cottage with a piano-forte, having, by dint of self-denial, contrived to save the purchase money from the emoluments of my situation; and, after having partaken of a somewhat more expensive supper than I deemed to be consistent with the narrow limits of my mother's income, our visitor departed, apparently much pleased with her evening's entertainment.

"Oh, my dear Charles!" said my artless little Jane, who was at this time about twelve years old, to me, on the following morning, "What do you think Miss Hopkins said, last night, when you were out of the room? she said, you were the most enchanting creature that she had ever seen in all her life; and that, if she were your mama, she should do nothing else all the day long but sit and look at you, and listen to you; you had such a heavenly face, and such a melodious voice, those were the very words she said. Do you hear me, Charles? Charlotte says, she dare say Miss Hopkins would like to be your wife, better than to be your mama, though. But she can't marry you, can she, Charles? because she's so much older than you; thirty years older, Charlotte says, so that makes her to be fifty-five. I'll

tell you what, Charles," continued the little prattler, clinging round my neck, and whispering in my ear, "if Miss Hopkins is so fond of you, she should give you all her money; and then we could all go and live at Kenyon Castle again."

Here the entrance of Lady Kenyon checked the child's loquacity, and I thought no more of her words; notwithstanding, Miss Hopkins continued to be a frequent visitor at the cottage during the period of my stay there.

On the next evening but one preceding my departure, Lady Kenyon, after expressing the painful regret which the loss of my society would occasion to the family circle, with a little hesitation hinted, how happy she would feel if I could afford to offer some trifling testimony of gratitude to Miss Hopkins.

I, at first, resisted the imposition of this tax on my generosity, as totally unnecessary; but, my mother continuing to press the point, filial affection triumphed over frugality, and I was prevailed upon to expend five guineas in the purchase of an elegant emerald brooch, curiously inscribed with the letters C. L. intended to have been a present from my sister Charlotte. My intention, however, in this respect, was defeated, by Lady Kenyon's presentation of it in my name, as an expression of the sentiments of respectful regard, which her kindness towards my family had excited in my breast. This was transacted, however, without my knowledge, and I took an affectionate leave of them all, and returned to town; where a fond retrospection of the joys of home, and a distant anticipation of the period when I might hope for a renewal of them, alone sufficed to support my spirits, and to enliven the dull round of my daily occupation. The anxiously-counted hours, however, daily diminished in number. Time glided smoothly, though slowly, on. Summer came; and, by the kindness of one of the junior partners in our firm, I was again enabled to revisit the spot which contained all that was dear to me on earth; with permission to prolong my stay a fortnight beyond the usual time allotted to my fellow labourers. As I drew near to the gate of the White Cottage, the whole of it's dear inhabitants rushed forth to bid me welcome; an unfeigned expression of delight illumined every countenance, and they strove with each other who should obtain the first embrace. On entering the dwelling, however, I could not but perceive that the aspect of things had undergone a strange and portentous alteration during my absence. Several new articles of furniture were conspicuously displayed; the walls were adorned with well-painted cabinet pictures; and even the piano, that had been the product of my own industry, was exchanged for one of a more modern and elegant construction. My sisters were fashionably dressed, and had been engaged, previously to my entry among them, in making up pastebroad fire screens, work boxes, and similar trash; which, so far from being intended for sale, as I had fondly hoped, were designed merely as presents to Miss Hopkins, or as ornaments for the cottage mantleshelf. While, on the contrary, the repast that was prepared for my reception was of the plainest kind, and that coarsely and carelessly set on. In short, in every respect, negligence and confusion had usurped the place of cleanliness and good order.

When I briefly noticed, in a tone of surprise, perhaps not unmixed with disapproval, the additions that had been made during my absence, of which nothing had been signified to me in our frequent correspondence, Lady Kenyon replied, with an expressive look towards her daughters, "It shall all be explained to you by and by."

"I hope you have sprung a mine," returned I, smiling.

"Something like it," said Charlotte; and the subject was dropped.

One of my first enquiries was for Miss Hopkins; of whose kindness to them, my mother, in every letter that I received from her, never failed to speak in terms of the highest eulogium.

"Dearest and best of women!" exclaimed my mother, in reply, "I esteem her as if she were one of our own family; her goodness has been unparalleled. Not a day passes in which she does not take one of us airing in her carriage; and she is so doatingly fond of Jemima, that I

should not wonder if she were to take her to reside at the Hall, as her companion."

"I would rather maintain my sister by incessant toil, than suffer her to live as a dependant on any one," said I.

Lady Kenyon looked mortified, and seemed to be framing a reply; when the subject of our discourse appeared in her chariot, at the door of the cottage. On perceiving me she hastily alighted, and certainly greeted my return in the most cordial and affectionate manner; infusing a suavity and softness into her demeanour which should have pleased me; but I know not whence it was; whether owing to the malignant expression of her eye, or the repulsive harshness of her voice, there was that in her nature which was at variance with gentleness; and I could not persuade myself to believe her the amiable and benevolent being which she had been represented to me.

Lady Kenyon, very adverse to my inclination, requested her to honour us with her company for the remainder of the day; to which the lady readily acceded. Shortly after dinner, however, I complained of fatigue from having travelled all night, and retired to my own room; nor returned to the parlour again the whole evening.

I now carefully revolved in my mind every point of Lady Kenyon's behaviour since my return; and the more I contemplated it, the more it puzzled me. A singular degree of constraint and embarrassment marked her manner throughout. She was silent and reserved; and if I fixed my steady gaze on her, would attempt to smile, and turn away confused and abashed. This, together with the complete transformation which had taken place in our humble establishment, excited in my breast a vague apprehension that things were not going on as I could have desired; and I came to a determination to seek an early elucidation of the mystery.

Accordingly, I took an opportunity on the following morning, after adverting to, and admiring, the improvements and embellishments recently made in our rural retreat, to enquire, laughingly, "By what process the philosopher's stone had been discovered?"

"Have patience, my dear Charles," replied my mother, in a tone that seemed to entreat my forbearance; "you shall know in a few days."

"Don't you teaze my mama," cried little Jane; "she is preparing a surprise for you."

"And not very disagreeable one, I hope," said Charlotte, complacently; who then shifted the topic of conversation, by making some allusion to our intended excursion; Miss Hopkins having engaged the whole family to dine with her at the Hall; which was nearly four miles distant from our own habitation, and where we, in company with some of the first families in the county, spent a tolerably pleasant day.

It was on the fifth day after my arrival in Devonshire, that I was sitting alone with my mother, my sisters being all of them absent from home; when, after a silence of some duration, she said, abruptly,

"My dear Charles! what a blessing have you been to your family. I often think that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to Heaven for having given me such a son,—you will make a treasure of a husband:" and then, after an apparent effort, added, "Have you ever yet seen a woman whom you would have considered capable of making you happy?"

"Upon my word, madam," replied I, carelessly, "I have never suffered my ideas to stray in such a direction. I have taught myself to think of love, as a brilliant toy that is hung out of my reach, and to regard a beautiful woman with the same eyes that I should view a Madonna of Raphael."

"Rare philosophy that, at your age, Charles," returned my mother, evidently pleased.

"Why, my dear madam, would it not be the height of folly and rashness in me to add an incumbrance to our limited income by marrying a portionless wife?—and I could not expect——"

"Ay, but suppose that some lady of large fortune should conceive a violent affection for you," said Lady Kenyon, emphatically.

"Indeed, madam, I have not the vanity to suppose any thing of the kind."

"And yet you might not be far from the truth if you were. I can assure you," continued my parent, colour-

ing as she spoke, "that I know a lady,—a very great lady,—that is,—who,—at least,—who says that she should consider it the happiest event in her life, if she might be permitted to reinstate you in the rank which you were destined to adorn."

"Really, I feel myself infinitely flattered," answered I, with a smile, perhaps of irony; "may I request to be made acquainted with the name of this personage, who is pleased so to exaggerate my humble merits?"

My mother then, at once, informed me, that it was Miss Hopkins herself, who had commissioned her to make an unreserved offer to me, on her behalf, of her hand and fortune.

"Miss Hopkins!" I repeated, involuntarily bursting into a loud laugh.

"Yes, Miss Hopkins!" reiterated Lady Kenyon, seriously, her gravity being intended to convey a reproof of my ill-timed risibility; and proceeded to set forth, in the most attractive point of view, the estimable qualifications of the antiquated Amoroso, and the vast advantages which would accrue to the family from so wealthy and respectable a connexion.

But I remained unmoved by the alluring prospect. I had witnessed so much matrimonial misery resulting from marriages contracted on interested motives, as had induced me to form a resolution, nearly amounting to a vow, that no sordid consideration should ever influence my choice of a wife.

Vainly did my deluded parent spend two hours in combating my objections, and endeavouring to dissipate my scruples; I was inflexible. Yet her earnestness encreased in proportion as she perceived herself farther from the attainment of her object. She entreated, she besought, she implored me, to consider well, ere I decided in the negative; and at length, transported by her zeal beyond the cautionary bounds which she had prescribed to herself, declared that she dared not be the bearer of a refusal.

I gazed at her in astonishment, and demanded an explanation of her words; when she burst into tears, and, after extorting from me a promise of forgiveness and forbearance, confessed, that it was Miss Hopkins who had furnished the cottage in it's present style; that she had been profuse in bestowing on my sisters the most elegant apparel; that she had introduced Jemima and Charlotte at the Exeter and Sidmouth assemblies; and, in short, had left no arts untried, whereby she could hope to ingratiate herself with Lady Kenyon; under the impression, that she could not better recommend herself to the favour of the son, than by conferring kindness on the mother.

"Yes!—yes!—'tis well!—mighty well!" exclaimed I, with considerable warmth: "every thing is settled, I presume; writings drawn up, wedding clothes ordered. Admirably arranged, upon my honour. Miss Hopkins gives you pictures and gewgaws, and I am to marry her, and so cancel the obligation; no occasion to consult me on the subject; Oh! no, I have merely to do as my mother and sisters require me; they know what is best for me; heart-affections,—conjugal felicity,—things not worthy a consideration, mere words:—And yet, Lady Kenyon, I have regarded your happiness and comfort to be of so much importance as to have made them the whole study of my life; while 'tis clear that my happiness is so cheaply rated, it may be bartered for silks and laces. Is this kind, Lady Kenyon? Is it considerate? Is it like a mother? But I have been ever too ready to cede my own advantage to the feelings of others, and the consequence is, that I am sported with as a fool, or sneered at as an easy simpleton. But perhaps you will find, that I am not so very, very good natured, as to consent tamely to sacrifice my dearest and best hopes to the inordinate ambition and vanity of those who, to say the least, ought not to have constituted the unworthy competition. Besides, you know not even how I stand affected towards the lady in question. Miss Hopkins may be a very estimable person; but I much fear, Lady Kenyon, that if Miss Hopkins had been the reverse of all that is amiable and respectable, it would have made but little difference to you, so long as her wealth might administer to your gratification. Gracious Heaven! that the sordid selfishness of the world should be allowed to penetrate the humble obscurity of the cottage! Suppose that I had possessed a favourite animal, or a trinket, or any thing else that I especially valued, would you have considered your-

self justified, madam, in appropriating to yourself the right of bestowing my property on whomsoever you pleased, without my concurrence? Surely not. And yet you have thought proper thus clandestinely to dispose of my hand in marriage; for no doubt that Miss Hopkins must have been fully persuaded and assured of the delivery of the merchandize, before she would have paid the purchase money in advance." After having given farther vent to the indignation and disgust which this disclosure had excited, and to which my mother replied only by tears, I abruptly left the house, and hastened into the fields; where, sick of society, and weary of existence, I wandered about the whole day in the most inconceivably unhappy state of mind; nor returned to my almost hated home again, till

" The long-sounding curfew from afar,
Loaded with loud complaint the evening gale."

On the following morning, when I had become more composed, I calmly requested my mother to make known my decision to Miss Hopkins as speedily as possible. Lady Kenyon, however, positively refused to act any farther as mediator on the occasion; in consequence of which, I sat down and penned, with as much delicacy and politeness as I could devise, an unqualified rejection of the proffered honour; and felt my heart greatly relieved when I had despatched it.

In the evening of the same day, I was somewhat surprised by the appearance of Miss Hopkins' steward; who called to deliver in a bill of charges, drawn up by his vindictive mistress, for the board and lodging of my two sisters, during a residence of three months at her house at Sidmouth, together with a price affixed to every article that her calculating generosity had bestowed, either as a gift or present; amounting, in the whole, to the formidable sum of £150. I, however, received the account with the utmost firmness, and actually began to consider of the means I possessed of liquidating the alleged, though illegal, debt: which could only be effected by selling out a portion of the principal of our little property.

For this purpose, I desired to inspect the writings relating to the purchase of our annuities, as it had been transacted by our kind friend Mr. Loftus; and which said writings had been deposited in Lady Kenyon's custody; who now evaded my request to see the papers, by declaring that she had lost the key of the trunk which contained them. I immediately guessed that this was but a subterfuge; and on my somewhat sternly remarking, that I hoped never again to meet with any disguise or prevarication in a quarter where the most unbounded candour and confidence should alone exist, her ladyship, in much confusion, acknowledged, that Miss Hopkins having repeatedly affirmed that she could dispose of the money to much greater advantage than as it at first stood, she had been induced to commit the various instruments to the care of her respected and wealthy friend; who, after retaining them in her possession about two months, returned them, saying, that she had obtained some alteration to be made in them, which would much profit the family whose interest she had so much at heart.

This farther proof of my mother's weakness and credulity provoked me beyond description; as I did not doubt that Miss Hopkins must have had some sinister object in making so extraordinary a request; and the sequel proved that my apprehensions were not unfounded.

It would be tedious to go into a detail of the whole transaction; suffice it to say, that Miss Hopkins, by having purchased the houses on which our annuities were payable, had rendered herself responsible to perform the conditions to which the premises were subject; thereby acquiring a controul over our property: and from her hand alone could we receive our rents.

On learning the transfer that had been made, I lost no time in writing to acquaint my godfather with the circumstance. He was now the only friend whose candour I could appeal to, or whose advice and assistance I could hope for. I waited more than a week in anxious expectation of an answer; at length a letter was brought to me from London; the superscription was not in Mr. Loftus' hand-writing; I tore it open, and read,—

" MY DEAR CHARLES,

" Your last letter caused me to experience a considerable sensation of

surprise and uneasiness. I am not surprised to find that a lady, even of threescore, could discern the merits and attractions of a pretty fellow of five-and-twenty; nor am I uneasy in anticipating the vengeance of "love to hatred turned;" but I am really vexed to observe, how much the circumstances have disturbed my dear boy; and am truly astonished, that Lady Kenyon could, for a moment, have entertained the barbarous idea of linking your fair proportions to the withered trunk of stale virginity at fifty-five!

"With regard to the property, so far as I have yet been able to enquire, it does not appear that there was any thing directly illegal in the transfer; and, even if the matter were in strict propriety questionable, yet it were surely more advisable to bear the evil patiently than to put half the property into the pockets of lawyers by setting the point at issue. I cannot, however, speak definitively on the subject until I have seen the papers, which you will have the goodness to send me forthwith.

"In the mean time, I must beseech you, my beloved Charles, not to harass your spirits: be assured that you will never want a friend or a guinea so long as———"

Here occurred a dreadful blank. On the opposite side were a few lines, written by a relation of my godfather's, stating that my worthy patron had expired, in a fit of apoplexy, on the next day after he had received my letter; that the above fragment had been found in his library after his decease, and had, at the request of Miss Loftus, been forwarded to me in it's unfinished state; that the only testamentary paper which had been found was a will bearing date ten years antecedently to his demise. From the mention of which particular, I inferred that my own name was not mentioned in it; which I afterward discovered to be the fact: consequently, all the expectations I had been taught to cherish on this score were completely disappointed.

The loss of this, my most valued, friend was a severe trial of my fortitude: so unexpectedly, and at such a time too. Yet still my greatest grief was, that they who should have been my comforters in the hour of affliction, those beloved beings whose welfare had been my incessant consideration, whose affection could have assuaged the keenest distress, regarded me with looks of cold contumely, avoided my society, and withdrew from my confidence. I was become an alien to my own family, and a stranger in my own house.

But my calamities had not yet reached the climax. In two days after I had received the afflicting intelligence of Mr. Loftus' death, my eldest sister, Charlotte, a proud, daring, high-spirited girl, under pretence of visiting the next market-town, contrived to elope with a frivolous coxcomb of a dancing-master, with whom she had become accidentally acquainted. And it was not until several hours after their flight, that the following impertinent and unfeeling letter was brought to me:—

"*My dear over-righteous Brother-in-Law elect,*

"If you had possessed three grains of common sense, you would never have attempted to metamorphose the very first of the Graces into a mere wood-nymph; and if you had possessed three grains of fraternal affection, you should have joyfully accepted the proposed terms of emancipation from your present state of ignoble obscurity.

"If you have a right estimation of the divine art of *caper-cutting*, you will not be surprised at the *step* which my fair *Terpsichore* has now taken. But if you do not desire to convert the *pas seul* into a *pas de trois*, I really recommend you to make your best *bow* of acquiescence, and *lead off le dame* Hopkins, or Hop-shins, according to etymology, and *la diction de la danse*, in slow *minuet* time as *partner* for life.

"It will be useless for you to *practice La Chasse*, as we shall have *joined hands and back again*, ere you receive this. And you might as successfully endeavour to thread the mazes of the mystic *Valce*, as try to dissolve that most indissoluble conjunction.

"I am, Sir,
"Your's, &c. by the by this *figure* &, always reminds me of the *Hay*,
"A. Foote."

This last stroke was the consummation of my misery. Alas! what anguish is so bitter as that we expe-

rience from the treachery and ingratitude of a beloved object! My spirit was unable to cope with such an accumulation of suffering, and I sunk into a lethargy of woe, "an uncomplaining apathy;"

"——And, indifferent to delight,
To aim, and purpose, I consumed my days:
To private interest dead, and public care."

It was in this frame of mind, with scarcely the power to discern good from evil, that I consented to become the husband of Miss Hopkins!

I constrained myself to at least appear reconciled to the voluntary sacrifice I had agreed to perform; but it was not until a lapse of several months that, by dint of change of air, diversity of scene, and constant occupation and amusement, my spirits recovered their usual tone, and my mind was restored to it's pristine energy.

I had been married about four months, when a violent quarrel which occurred between my wife and an attorney with whom she was in the habit of holding frequent private conferences, as she said, on the subject of money matters, part of which altercation I chanced to overhear, filled me with strange doubts and surmises; that were, however, completely confirmed and explained, in the course of a few days afterward, by the receipt of the following letter, which was delivered to me by a stranger, as I was walking alone in the streets of Weymouth, and was written in a hand totally unknown to me: it ran thus:—

"SIR,

"As it ever excites my regret to behold unsuspecting credulity become the dupe of wicked cunning, I cannot forbear writing this, to warn you of the perilous predicament in which the machinations of an artful woman has placed you. But, to render myself intelligible, I must go into a detail.

"Miss Hopkins, that is your present wife, was the only child of a wealthy citizen in London; who placed his daughter, for education, at a boarding-school of great eminence and respectability in the environs of the metropolis; from which the young lady, who had been noted from childhood for her sly and malevolent disposition, found means to elope, with a young man of genteel appearance and pleasing address, who stated himself to be a captain in the guards, but who proved, on enquiry, to be only an officer's groom. This breach of duty and deference so incensed Mr. Hopkins against his daughter, that he refused to see her again so long as he lived; and the young couple, left to their own resources for support, opened some livery-stables. It was, probably, while in this line of life, that the lady, who did not scruple to make herself useful in her husband's occupation, acquired that air of vulgar assurance, which even now, when off her guard, she exhibits in a remarkable degree.

"Miss Hopkins's first husband lived only about five years; during which period, the concern that he was engaged in did not prosper; and his widow, on his death, might have been much distressed, had she not, some time previously to the expiration of the customary term of mourning on similar occasions, very prudently provided herself with a second husband.

"The man whom this artful woman had cajoled into marrying her was named Burnett, by trade a starch-maker; and though at the time of the union nearly twenty years older than his wife, she condescended to overlook this disparity of ages, in consideration of the immense wealth that he had amassed in business.

"Notwithstanding that Burnett was a man of a singularly peaceable and yielding disposition, yet such was the termagant temper of his wife, that he was continually involved in disputes and contentions, either with the lady herself, or with others on her account; until, at the end of something more than seven years, Burnett, finding his health and spirits impaired, from having been so long subjected to the caprice and violence of female tyranny, came to a final determination to leave her; and a separation was mutually agreed on. A difficulty arose, however, respecting the division of the property: the lady insisting, and her will had been accustomed to be omnipotent, that the money should remain as it then stood; namely, invested in the English funds, in the joint names of the husband and wife; and that they should receive the dividends alternately; or, Mrs. Burnett en-

gaged to attend regularly on the spot to take the whole of the money, and immediately to remit one half of it to her husband. Burnett, however, probably placing but little reliance on either the honour or honesty of his spouse, objected to both of these arrangements; and it was, at length, adjusted, that the property in question should be divided into equal shares; each share to belong exclusively, without limitation or restriction, to the individual whose name it bore. This point satisfactorily settled, a parting ensued; *but no regular writing of divorcement was ever drawn up;* and Burnett, shortly afterward, sailed for Jamaica, where he possessed a small sugar-plantation.

"Previously to the voyage, however, Burnett made a will; wherein he bequeathed the whole of his English property to a young lad, who was a distant relation; the interest being to accumulate until the time of his own decease. Though this instrument had been prepared without Mrs. Burnett's having been made acquainted with it's existence; yet she, having a suspicion of what was going forward, contrived, by virtue of a bribe judiciously bestowed on the attorney's clerk, to obtain a sight of it's contents, with which she was highly dissatisfied; and rather than undergo the mortification of knowing that the money was lying at the Bank unimproved and unappropriated, she daringly determined to convert the whole to her own use and advantage. For this purpose, after her husband had set sail little more than a year, she, by producing an ingeniously-executed forgery of a certificate of Burnett's death, procured the sum total to be transferred into her own single name. Of course, the lady had advice and assistance in the prosecution of her schemes; nor do I shrink from acknowledging, that it was myself who was the sole abettor of the design; on the condition that, at the death of her lawful husband, and not till then, I should be invested with that command over her purse and person, in which it has been, by the power of your superior attraction, your good, or evil, fortune, take it as you may, to supplant me.

"Soon after Mrs. Burnett's commission of the fraud that dispossessed her husband of his property, she went over to the Continent, the more effectually to escape detection, carrying the money along with her, which she lodged in foreign securities. Here she lived for several years; occasionally appearing, at different places, a maid, a wife, or a widow, accordingly as best suited her convenience.

"About ten years ago Mr. Hopkins died; but not before his daughter, by her plausible letters and artful representations, had secured his entire forgiveness, and a handsome legacy. She now began to feel desirous of returning to England; and having deputed me to purchase an estate for her, she came over, and took possession of the house where she now resides; and where, under her maiden name, she has lived for a length of time past, visited and esteemed by persons of the first rank and respectability in the county.

"You will perceive, from the facts which I have now stated, that Mrs. Burnett, *alias* Miss Hopkins, *alias* Lady Loftus Kenyon, is guilty of bigamy! Joseph Burnett, her first husband, being at this very hour living at Kingston, in Jamaica. And it is my firm intention to bring forward and substantiate this charge in a court of law, unless certain conditions are complied with on the part of the lady; which conditions she is perfectly well acquainted with; and which, to prevent the disgrace of an exposure, you will probably use all your influence to induce her to fulfil. I have now written enough to prepare you for what you have to expect; I shall do no more. Seek not to penetrate further into the motives and character of your informant; every attempt of the kind will be fruitless.

"With sentiments of pity for the peculiarity of the circumstances in which you stand, and of admiration of your truly amiable character, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"R. H."

The contents of this epistle, as may readily be imagined, completely horrified me. I was so bewildered, that I wandered up one street and down another, utterly unconscious of whither I went; and for a long time was so much astounded, that I could not form to myself any plan of proceeding

whatever. When, at length, I began to collect my scattered thoughts, my first resolution was, to preserve the circumstance, at least for the present, secret from my wife and all my family; and, secondly, to take legal advice upon the subject; for which purpose, I instantly despatched a verbatim copy of my anonymous letter to a gentleman of great celebrity at the bar, with whom I had become somewhat intimate, from having been accustomed to meet him frequently at the house of my lamented patron. The reply which I received to my application instructed me to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, as promptly as possible, addressed to R. H. my incognito correspondent, requesting him to forbear the execution of his threat for the next six months; desiring his further communication respecting the "conditions" alluded to in his first letter; and assuring him of honour and secrecy on my part, under the expectation that I should meet with sincerity from him. Also, to send out a deputation, immediately, to Kingston, in Jamaica, in order to ascertain if any such person as he who had been described as Lady L. Kenyon's first husband actually resided there. And, until this point could be fully established, my legal friend recommended, that I should impart to no one the unwelcome information that had been tendered to me, and, more especially, to hide the knowledge I had gained from her whom it nearest concerned.

I implicitly obeyed the directions I had received.

More than four months had elapsed before I obtained any intelligence from the West Indies; at length, however, a termination was put to the intolerable suspense that I had suffered, by the return of the person whom I had selected for this, to me, important embassy. He returned with an account, resting on indubitable authority, that a man named Joseph Burnett, master of a sugar plantation, situate near to Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, had been resident in that town for a period of more than twelve years; that the said Joseph Burnett was personally well known to many of the inhabitants of the town where he lived, and bore a most amiable character; that he had formed no matrimonial connexion whatever during his abode there, but had been often heard to speak in terms of bitter abhorrence of his wife in England; declaring, that it was her unhappy temper, and unkind treatment, had driven him to involuntary exile. But, finally, that the above-mentioned Joseph Burnett had been dead now nearly ten months; consequently, was not in existence at the time when I had espoused his widow; which was, therefore, a fair and indissoluble union; a circumstance, of which I was well convinced that my wife herself was entirely ignorant. And so fully was I assured of the baseness of her general character and conduct, that I resolved to abandon her for ever. But my learned counsel, on mature deliberation, recommended me to withdraw myself silently from this unfortunate connexion, rather than expose myself to the difficulty, the expense, and, in some degree, the disgrace, of publicly suing for a divorce, the issue of which would, at best, be very doubtful; and would serve only, by a disclosure of my knowledge of her guilt, to excite the malice and revenge of this dangerous woman against myself and family, to, perhaps, a fearful extent.

Another consideration that was urged in favour of this mode of procedure was this: All the property, of every description, of which my wife was possessed, she, with a small reservation, had, at the period of our marriage, made over to me, by converting her mortgages, leases, &c. into ready money; which was placed, in my name alone, in the English funds. But I now discovered, that what I had attributed to a generous confidence, was really nothing more than a stroke of policy; being done with the view that, in case Burnett should ever return to demand, or any of his relations at any time set up a claim to, the moiety of the £200,000 which had exclusively belonged to him, she might defy them to trace it through it's various investments, and multiplied ramifications.

The property which I had thus become the master of, I would very willingly have relinquished all right to, had I not been persuaded to retain a controul over it for the benefit of my family; and as a check that might serve to keep my wife in subordination and dependence.

In pursuance of my design, however, of quitting for ever the sight of this detested woman, though she had always behaved towards me with a respect and tenderness of which I should have judged her to have been utterly incapable, I purchased a lieutenancy in a marching regiment, and took my final leave of her, under the pretence of making a necessary journey into Wales.

But my wife, how do I hate to use the appellation, had failed to evince that forbearance and kindness to the other members of my family which she had done to me; and, in consequence of the frequent contentions between the Dowager Lady Kenyon and her daughter-in-law, who was ten years her senior, I deemed it expedient to separate them. Previously to my departure, therefore, I placed my mother and my youngest sister as boarders at a highly respectable ladies' seminary.

My runaway-sister, Charlotte, was residing at Weymouth; where her husband was very reputably established in his profession.

I disposed of Jemima by bestowing her hand on the curate of our parish; a very deserving young man, who had been long secretly enamoured of her, and who, shortly after the marriage, succeeded in procuring the presentation to a valuable rectory. This man, whose name was Welldon, and of whose integrity and prudence I had found reason to entertain the highest opinion, I determined to constitute my representative during my absence. And having empowered him, by letters of attorney, to receive my dividends, of which the greater proportion was, by him, paid to my wife, and to transact all other business in my name, I left them all with much confidence and satisfaction.

About this time I received another letter from my invisible monitor R. H. summoning me to meet him at Bath, where, after being detained nearly a month, I at length succeeded in obtaining a personal interview with him; when I discovered him to be an attorney in very indigent circumstances, depending more on his wits than on his work for support He repeated his former account of Mrs. Burnett; aggravating the story by the recital of several minor circumstances, that exhibited her character in the most unamiable point of view, and caused me, more than ever, to congratulate myself on having been able to release myself quietly from her dominion. With regard to my informant, whose name I learned was Richard Howell, by the donation of a liberal sum of money, as a requital of the service that his intelligence had rendered to me, and by placing him in a way to obtain an honest livelihood, I not only secured his gratitude and good wishes, but also a promise never, on any occasion, to molest, or interfere with, any of my family, so long as he lived.

But Fate had ordained me to another trial, the severest I had yet been called upon to sustain. It was at Bath, Miss Templeton, that we met! What I endured during the short period of your stay there, I will not attempt to describe. It were impossible to view such charms unmoved, and I loved ere I was aware of it. Until that hour, my soul had never owned the power divine; but soon as I became conscious of the fatal truth, I anxiously strove to extirpate a feeling so detrimental to my happiness. How carefully did I shun your sweet society; how did I dread to encounter your soul-beaming eye, or the thrilling sound of your voice. I rejoice that I was at that time ignorant that the sentiment was reciprocal. Would I had remained so! But I implore your forgiveness for having thus far obtruded my sufferings on your commiseration, and hasten to bid you a long farewell. May Heaven shower on you it's choicest gifts! May you be rich in every blessing that this life affords! May you be as happy as I shall be miserable. Though the thought were sweet that I should live enshrined in that fair bosom, yet will not I breathe a wish, as I have been taught to believe, so subversive of it's peace. Strive rather to forget me; oh! can I say it, to dislike me. Teach your heart to love, your hand to wed, some more fortunate being. And while your presence gladdens the domestic circle, or exhilarates the gaiety of the festive throng, let not the purity of your pleasure be alloyed by even a momentary recollection of the ill-fated

CHARLES LOFTUS KENYON.

A short note accompanied the narrative, addressed to my father :—

DEAR SIR,

With a view to exculpate my conduct in the eyes of those persons whose esteem I am anxious to preserve, I have hastily drawn up the enclosed statement, to spare myself the pain of a personal communication, which justice, and honour, and candour, imperiously demand from me. I had, even while at Bath, contemplated confiding to your friendship the circumstances of my history to you ; but our acquaintance was at that time young, and a feeling of something between pride and shame kept me silent.

In the subsequent detail, I have endeavoured, briefly and perspicuously, to explain the motives of conduct which, perhaps, after all that is said, will appear to disadvantage. Yet I cannot but believe that you will be more inclined to pity than to censure, when you reflect, that I had the attainment of the first wish of my soul placed within my reach, yet was withheld by a stern necessity from extending my hand to grasp it.

C. L. K.

I discovered, from the date of the manuscripts, that they must have been transmitted very shortly after the overtures had been made to him ; and on enquiry afterwards, learned from Mrs. Dormer, that my father, having been desirous that I should forget, if possible, the very existence of Loftus, had resolved to suppress what was so powerfully calculated to frustrate his wishes : and that I was indebted only to his negligence for the discovery of my treasure, as he had frequently expressed his intention to destroy the papers.

(To be continued.)

ANACREON IN ENGLAND.

OH ! why should we not fly, boys !
  Wherever bliss is found ?
Our joys so quickly die, boys,
  That new ones should abound.
When summer is departing
  To other climes away,
Then let us too be starting,
  And meet her rising ray.
Oh ! why should we not fly, boys !
  Wherever bliss is found ?
Our joys so quickly die, boys,
  That new ones should abound.

The world, and all within it,
  Were made to shine on man ;
And who would deem a sin it
  To rove throughout it's span.
The wretch that wanders o'er it,
  Till Time no longer reigns ;
May less his doom deplore it,
  Than he who bound remains.
Then why should we not fly, boys !
  Wherever bliss is found ?
Our joys so quickly die, boys,
  That new ones should abound.

While Pleasure's streams are linking
  Our days, we'll in them lave ;
But when her tide is sinking,
  Then,—Welcome be the grave !
The star that glitters brightly,
  And flashes in it's fall,
When shooting downwards lightly,
  Is loved, and wept by all.

And thus our life should fly, boys!
While bliss is smiling round;
'Tis rapture thus to die, boys,
Then let the glass go round!

FADED FRIENDSHIP.

O World! thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. SHAKSPEARE.

HERE's a health to the hearts to which once we were dear,
Though clouded, and sullied, is Amity's gem;
Let the wine, as we drink it, be mix'd with a tear,
For pity, not anger, we cherish for them.
It is they who are changed, for we still are the same,
As when once the warm promise reciprocal burst;
And our friendship still burns with as brilliant a flame,
As it did when the altar was lighted at first.

We could not but love them, the hour when we met
Entwined us so closely,—that heart must have been
More cold than humanity's ever was yet,
Which did not expand in so blissful a scene.
We cannot but love them still,—though the cold frost
Of Time, or Caprice, o'er their feelings is shed;
And weep and sigh over each friend we have lost,
As we would o'er his sepulchre if he were dead.

For our's was no friendship that bloom'd o'er the bowl,
That rose as the planet of Bacchus might rise;
'Twas the rush and the burst of a free loving soul,
Which a heart unsuspecting beams forth from the eyes.
Yes! our's was a feeling which truth had imprest,
That shrinks not in moments of anguish, or pain;
Nor shuts the affections, nor seals up the breast,
Till the flashes of revelry wake them again.

But for those we have lost thus,—be grief at an end,
Whate'er were the cause that our union be o'er,
Like the Chief of Columbia when Death strikes his friend,
We speak of their names, and their friendship, no more.
They are those who *did* live, for to us they are dead;
We drink them with honour, with silence, and sighs;
Peace rest with their memories!—The pledge hath been said,—
And drown'd in the glass their ingratitude dies!

Like the Chief of Columbia when Death strikes his friend,
We speak of their names and their friendship no more.

In a curious little volume on the Language of the American Indians, by Roger Williams, published in the seventeenth century, it is related, that they never mention the names of the dead; but say, "he who was here," or "the dead Chief." It is added, that many of their wars have arisen from the inhabitants of one nation mentioning the name of a deceased Chief of another; and that any person bearing the name of any one lately dead immediately changes it.

L.

MEMORANDA OF A TOUR FROM MARGATE, ROUND THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND TO PLYMOUTH, AND THENCE TO BATH AND BRISTOL.

(*Continued from page* 318.)

SANDWICH

IS a town of great antiquity. Leland describes it as situated "on the farther side of the river Sture, and neatly welle walled wher the towne stondeth most in jeopardy of enemies. The residue of the towne is ditched and mudde walled. Ther be yn the towne iv principal gates, 3 paroche churches, of the which sum suppose that St. Marie's was sum tyme a nunnery. Ther is a place of white friars, and an hospital without the towne, first ordened for mariners disesed and hurt. Ther is a place wher monks of Christ's-church did resort when they were lords of the town. The *caryke* that was sunk in the haven in Pope Paul's time, did much hurt to the haven, and gather a sand bank."

The Danes were repulsed here with great slaughter, and the loss of nine of their ships, about the year 837; and the French effected a descent upon the coast, and plundered and burned Sandwich, in the reign of King Henry the Sixth.

The walls are much decayed, and only one of the gates is standing, on each side of which are two barrows placed at equaldistances from the road, and supposed to be of Roman origin. Mr. Boys, the surgeon, a learned antiquarian, and historian of Sandwich, preserved many curious and valuable vestiges of antiquity found here. The churches, three in number, bear evident marks of great antiquity, and contain some good specimens of Saxon pillars and arches, and some curious ancient monuments.

Before the destruction of it's harbour and port, Sandwich was a bustling maritime town; but since, a few small vessels from the sea at two miles distance, can only find a passage up the narrow channel of the Stour, it exhibits little appearance of commerce. When this decline took place, it was in some measure recompensed by the admission of refugees from the Low Countries, who established in the town a manufactory of baize and other cloths. Among them were some gardeners, who finding the land round Sandwich adapted to the cultivation of useful vegetables, applied their skill to that object, in which they succeeded so well, that the vicinity is still distinguished for the production of garden seeds, which are forwarded with several other productions to London.

Sandwich is one of the Cinque Ports, a borough and a corporate town, and it's inhabitants estimated at nearly seven thousand; yet from the causes above mentioned, it appears, and is remarked to be an exceedingly dull place. "The pavement dreads the turf's approaching green."

The road from Sandwich, through the villages of Ham, Finglesham, and Shoulden, to Deal, is fertile and pleasant. At Upper Deal, there are some neat and good houses, particularly the parsonage; the church is most agreeably situated in a pleasant walk, one mile from the town.

Is supposed to have been the Dola of the Romans, where Julius Cæsar landed on his first descent upon the coast of Britain. It is a member of the Cinque Port of Sandwich, and is governed by a mayor. There is no harbour, but the sea between the shore and the Goodwin Sands, called the Downs, is generally a secure road for ships, where they usually ride up, on their leaving, or entering, the River Thames, particularly the Indiamen, being a common place of embarkation, and landing. When enlivened by a large fleet, and in war time, when the men of war are in the Downs, and the military occupying the barracks, the scenery is interesting, and the town cheerful and lively. There are three principal streets, parallel with each other, running north and south,—Beach, Middle, and Lower,—with lanes or streets. A chapel of ease to the parish church; a custom-house, naval storehouse, and hospital; but the streets are in some parts dangerously narrow.

The fine open, clean, bold, pebbly beach, affords a charming view of the Downs and shipping, and a good situation for sea bathing. There are

several machines, which are let down and drawn up by capstans: many good inns, the Three Kings, Hoop and Griffin, Royal Exchange, &c. and several lodging-houses.

At the south end of the town is the Castle, consisting chiefly of a circular tower, in which are rooms for the residence of the governor, Lord Carrington: there is also a small battery, commanding the beach on that side of the town, as Sandown Castle does on the north.

By the side of the road leading towards Dover, in an airy and pleasant situation, are spacious and commodious barracks, both for horse and foot.

On the road to Dover, at a little more than a mile distant, is the pleasant village of Walmer, situated on an eminence, containing several respectable looking houses. The Castle is one of those erected by Henry the Eighth for the defence of the coast, now appropriated for the residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; the apartments of which command a fine view of the Downs, the town of Deal, and adjacent parts.

Here the South Foreland on the left, and the church of St. Margaret at Cliff, are particularly worthy of attention. On the west side of the church tower is a Saxon arch, of exquisite workmanship, and the spacious and well proportioned nave still preserves it's ancient grandeur. The chancel is ceiled with a wainscot of chesnut. Passing along a delightful country, through Ringwould and West Cliffe, we came to

DOVER.

Dour, Dubris, and afterwards Dover, is supposed to have been a town of considerable importance even in the reign of Edward the Confessor, by whom it was incorporated. It was once walled round, and had ten gates.

The Castle is said to have been begun by Julius Cæsar, and finished by Claudius; and so great has been it's reputation, that it was formerly styled the key of the kingdom. It has often changed masters, as from it's great importance it has been besieged by several candidates for the crown with different success.

On the surrender of Dover Castle to the Conqueror, his brother Odo, Bishop of Baieux, was made governor. At that period, it is said, considerable additions were made to the original work, consisting of walls and turrets. About the year 1153, in the reign of Henry the Second, a new wall was built, which enclosed the old fortifications. In the time of the third Henry, Hugh de Burgh, the governor, made a gallant and successful defence against the Dauphin of France. In 1642 it was seized for the Parliament, and afterwards suffered to fall into decay; but the frequent hostilities between England and France rendering it of importance, it was once more completely repaired and fortified.

The greatest curiosity in Dover Castle is the *Pharos*, or Roman watch-tower, standing at the west end of the ancient church, on an eminence, surrounded by a circular work. The design of it is simple, but admirably contrived for it's use and purpose. It's base is octagonal without; within, a square; but the sides of the square and octagonal are equal; viz. fifteen Roman feet, which reduces the wall to the thickness of ten feet. In this manner it was carried up to the top, which was much higher than at present; but it retires inwards continually from all sides, with much the same proportion as an Egyptian obelisk. Upon four of these sides there are narrow windows, handsomely turned, with a semi-circular arch of Roman brick, six feet high. The door to it is on the west side, about six feet wide, very well turned over-head, with an arch made of a course of Roman brick and stone alternately, fourteen feet high. All the stones of this work are of a narrow scantling: and the manner of composure throughout is perfectly the same with that of Richborough Castle: there are first two courses of this brick, which are level with the bottom of the windows; then seven courses of hewn stone, which mount up to the top of the windows; then two courses of brick, and seven of stone, alternately to the top; every window by this means reaching to a stage or story. There are five of these stages left, the windows of which are visible enough to a discerning eye, though some are stopt up, others covered over, and others have modern church-like windows put in. The inside most likely was filled up with a staircase; the height of what is left is forty feet. There seems to have been twenty feet more originally; and the whole number of windows on a side

was eight. This building was made use of as a steeple, and had a pleasant ring of bells in it, which Sir George Rook procured to be carried away to Portsmouth. Since when, however, the office of ordnance, under pretext of economy, have taken away the lead that covered it, and left this rare piece of art and masonry to struggle with the sea, air, and weather. Coins of Dioclesian are frequently found here.

The Erpingham Arms are patched up against one side of the *Pharos*, being two bars and a canton; so that we may suppose it was repaired in Henry the Fifth's time, Lord Erpingham being then warden of Dover Castle.

The angles of the outer walls of Dover Castle are strengthened by towers of various forms and dimensions, named after those wardens or governors, in whose time they were built. That part of the Promontory which is occupied by the buildings belonging to the ancient keep, is three hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, rising almost perpendicularly; and the view from this spot is grand in the extreme. The walls are flanked with batteries, and guarded by heavy cannon, placed at the several embrasures.

The principal entrance is on the south side, by a grand flight of steps, from the verge of the town to the gates of which there are three, one within another; and under one of the gates was formerly a dungeon for prisoners.

Upon the heights westward of Dover very strong military works, and extensive barracks, were constructed in 1803; the batteries completely commanding and defending the harbour and shore. An ascent has been made from the town to those heights, by means of a spiral stone staircase, blown through the rock, and called the Shaft, a most ingenious, elegant, and useful contrivance. The entire town is romantically situated, in a pleasant valley, bordering on the sea, between two high cliffs.

Dover is at present chiefly known as the station of the French and Flemish packets, and the shortest passage to the continent. The distance from Dover to Calais is but twenty-seven miles; and in the narrowest part of the straits the two lands are only twenty-one miles asunder.

This town is the principal, though not the first, in rank of those ancient ports on this coast, called the Cinque Ports, formerly of great consequence, but now, either from changes in the coast itself, or the alterations in trade and navigation, become almost insignificant. Formerly there were seven churches in Dover, but two only remain, St. Mary's and St. James's. St. Mary's is a spacious edifice, erected in the eleventh century, by the Prior and convent of the neighbouring monastery of St. Martin, for the use of the town, and confirmed to the inhabitants by Henry the Eighth, at the dissolution of religious houses. It is a most curious specimen of the ancient architecture of this country. The church consists of three aisles, a high and a south chancel. The interior is about one hundred and thirty feet long, by sixty wide. The western extremity of the nave appears the most ancient: the pillars are of great thickness, considering their height, and the arches arising from them semicircular. Immediately beyond them, on each side, is an immense elliptical arch, supported by pillars of large dimensions. The arches of the chancel are pointed and irregular. In digging a vault some years ago, it was discovered that the foundation of the tower had been laid upon the remains of a Roman bath. The exterior of the tower at the west end is a beautiful specimen of the early Norman architecture, and in good preservation. It contains eight bells, and from it arises a small steeple of a more modern date. Amongst numerous monumental records, is one of the British Aristophanes, Samuel Foote; and in this church are also deposited the remains of that satirical poet, Charles Churchill.

St. James's Church has nothing remarkable in its appearance or architecture; anciently it belonged to the Castle; and the courts of admiralty and chancery for the Cinque Ports are occasionally held in it.

The variety of scenes this place exhibits, it's intercourse with the continent, especially in peaceable times, the romantic and beautiful views, which in every situation around it are displayed to the eye, renders it very attractive to strangers; while the salubrity of the air, with the purity of the sea, the advantages of a fine beach for bathing, have caused it to be much

resorted to by those who visit the coast for bathing,--the valetudinarians who come in quest of health; and perhaps not the less numerous, votaries of pleasure.

The principal inns are the Royal Hotel, York House, the Ship, City of London, Union, and King's Head; but Dover, it must be confessed, cannot boast of many elegant lodgings, or even handsome houses. The streets are narrow, and the town cooped up between the hills, and shut in by lofty and precipitous cliffs, preventing room for an encrease of buildings, though certainly improved and improving.

There is a handsome assembly room, commanding a fine view of the Channel and the coast of France, where there are regular public breakfasts, card parties, and balls; also a handsome theatre, libraries, coffee-houses, billiard rooms, news rooms, and other necessary accommodations. The original bathing machines are conveniently stationed in the bay near Lord North's battery; the new machines are placed higher up, and have every convenience for bathing; and there are warm and cold baths properly fitted up, which are to be had at any time on the shortest notice. The cliff to which the name of Shakespeare is attached, where the "dreadful trade" of gathering samphire still exists, well recalls to memory the inimitable lines of that great Bard.

About a mile and a half north of Dover, is Old Park, a house delightfully situated on a hill, which has a fine view of the valley, the sea coast, France, &c. Near to this place is also the farm of Archer's Court, which is held by the singular tenure of supporting the King's head, when he crosses the Channel, if he should happen to be sea-sick. Three miles from Archer's Court is the village of Waldershare. The church, which is small, contains some good monuments of the ancient family of Monins, formerly lords of the manor. In this village is a delightful seat belonging to the Earl of Guildford; in whose park is erected a high Belvidere, which commands a beautiful and extensive view of the country. Opposite to this seat are the remains of West Langdon Abbey, founded in the reign of Richard the First, for monks of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to Thomas a Becket.

The river which runs through the valley of Dover, is remarkable for the quantity of water which it discharges into the sea; and there are thereon several capital corn and paper mills. About two miles and a half north west of Dover, are the ruins of St. Rhadagund's Abbey, which also was appropriated to the monks of the Premonstratentian order.

Before the descent to Folkstone, on the summit of the ridge of cliffs, the prospect is indescribably beautiful. The valley; the town standing in the front on irregular ground; the sea, the French coast, where in clear weather vessels passing in and out Boulogne harbour, and the hills above Boulogne, may be seen; while the diversity of the surrounding country, all tend to render it one of the richest scenes to be met with in this part of England.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEA.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, IN THE ABBEY CHURCH OF WESTMINSTER, JULY 19, 1821, BY EDWARD, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Published by his Majesty's special Command.

2 Samuel, xxiii. 3, 4.—'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, as a morning without clouds.'

"THESE, we are informed by the sacred historian, were the last words of David; and if this declaration of the duty, the nature, and the benefits of Civil Government, had been only the dying sentiments of a great Monarch, descending to the grave *full of days, and riches, and honour*, and forming his judgment from the experience of a reign of forty years, it might have well merited the serious consideration of every Prince and people.

"But these are words of still higher authority; they are not merely the declaration of an experienced King, but the testimony of an inspired Prophet; for thus sublimely is this passage introduced.—*David, the son of*

Jesse, said,—and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God *of Jacob, and the sweet Psalmist of Israel said,—the Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. The* God *of Israel said, the rock of Israel spake to me. He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of* God ; *and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, as a morning without clouds.*

"These maxims, then, demand your attention, as the words of him who cannot be mistaken, of him by whom the wisest must submit to be taught, and whom the most powerful must be content to obey.

"And to what, indeed, can your attention be more properly directed, than to these political truths of revelation, on this great solemnity, which has for it's purpose at once to inspire the subject with reverence for the authority and person of the Sovereign, and to impress on the Sovereign his obligations of duty to his people; to enforce the performance of that duty by the sanctions of Religion, and to call down upon the frail institutions of human policy the blessing of Almighty God.

"That maxims which assert either the duties or the benefits of Civil Government would, at all times, require to be inculcated, may be inferred from the very constitution of the mind. The common pride of our nature has a tendency to excite in the bulk of mankind an impatience of inferiority and controul; whilst, on the other hand, there is danger, lest he who is exalted above the rest of his fellow-creatures on earth, should forget his own dependence upon God, should forget that he also has a Master in Heaven, with whom *there is no respect of persons.* Thus will be produced disloyalty on the part of the subject, and oppression on the part of the Sovereign; and both be rendered incapable of enjoying those reciprocal blessings which flow from the mutual attachment and confidence of the Prince and the people.

"The history of the world affords ample proofs in support of this assertion; the records of every nation exhibit the alternate predominance of tyranny and faction. The spirit of innovation has burst the ties of allegiance under the mildest governments, has proceeded to redress imaginary grievances with bloodshed, and has not stopped in it's frantic career till it has subverted the foundations of society, and thrown down the fences by which innocence is protected, and property secured;—while tyranny, if it has not spread such wide wasting desolation, has mad more frequent inroads on the happiness of men, and practised on their patience every mode of exaction which rapacity could devise, and every species of persecution which cruelty could inflict.

"Nor are these domestic crimes the only calamities which the injustice of Rulers has brought upon mankind. How much innocent blood cries aloud from every corner of the earth against the destructive ambition of Princes; how large a proportion of those wars which have ravaged the world, is to be imputed to the vain-glorious wickedness of individuals, exalted in power, abusing their sacred trust.

"Thus lamentably has the maxim been disregarded by rulers, that *He who ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of* God ; and thus fatally has it been forgotten by nations, that a just ruler is to his people, *as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, as a morning without clouds.*

"Let both these truths then be diligently considered, and let it be examined,

"*First*, What are the principles which constitute good government; and,

"*Secondly*, What are the effects which it produces.

"The great general principle of good government is universal justice; justice between nation and nation; justice between man and man; justice between the Sovereign and the people. The laws of political justice which should regulate the intercourse of nations, have been so little regarded by those who have directed the councils of powerful kingdoms, that a reader of history might almost imagine that there was one code of morality for nations, and another for individuals. In the transactions of states with each other, the most crooked arts of circumvention have been practised under the name of policy, and the most enormous violence of usurpation, when confirmed by conquest, has been dignified with the character of patriotism.

"But a just ruler will remember,

that the principles of equity are exactly the same in public, as in private concerns. Between those acts of injustice which affect individuals, and those which are often committed against communities, what difference is there, except in the extent of the injury, and, consequently, the magnitude of the guilt? The duty of administering justice, without partiality, between man and man, is delegated, for the most part, to subordinate judges, and requires therefore no more than a summary notice in the present enquiry. Still, the delegation of that trust is the act of the Sovereign himself; and the greatest importance must attach to the choice of those who are to represent his authority.

"This, indeed, may, in some sense, be considered as the last division of justice which I have mentioned,- the justice which a Sovereign owes to his people; and which makes it his duty to place able and conscientious men in stations of trust and power; for *when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice.* No nation can ever be happy at home, or respected abroad, unless it's councils and laws are administered by the prudent and the honest, by the moral and the religious; and though virtue and piety have higher rewards than it is in the power of man to bestow, yet is it the most essential service which a Sovereign can render to a state, to encourage morality, and religion by a marked and uniform preference in the distribution of dignity and power. If, indeed, those who surround the Throne, and ought to reflect it's lustre, if those whose station make them at once objects of envy and imitation, if such men are worthless or wicked, the influence of their example will exert itself in every direction, and profligacy, originating in this source, will be rapidly diffused through all the gradations of society.

"It is this condition of a people, this general depravation of morals, which is the last calamity that can befall a state,—when the whole mass is corrupted, no excellence of political institutions, no wisdom of the legislator, no justice of the ruler, can be of any avail. The influence of law is always less powerful than the restraints of conscience; and how, indeed, shall the laws of man be enforced in a community where the laws of God are set at defiance?

"Such a state may for a time be distinguished by every external mark of prosperity, extended dominion, accumulated wealth, and successful cultivation of the arts,—but it's prosperity is not happiness: it's magnificence and luxury, however imposing, are a poor and inadequate compensation for the absence of mutual confidence and mutual kindness, of temperance and contentment, of the dignity of virtue, and the consolations of religion.

"The Ruler then who would be just to his people, whilst he approves himself the faithful and zealous guardian of their civil rights, will preserve their morals from the contagion of vice and irreligion, by *ruling in the fear of* God; by withholding his favour from the base and licentious; by exalting the wise and good to distinction and honour; and by exhibiting in his own deportment an example of those virtues which it is his duty to cherish in others; remembering, that his responsibility bears a proportion to the height of his station; and that he who sits on a throne is under peculiar obligations to holiness, as having to answer, at the great Tribunal of Judgment, not only for his own personal conduct, but for the influence of his manners and actions on the present and future happiness of millions.

"He, who thus rules in the fear of God, shall doubtless be to his people *as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, as a morning without clouds*, for they will receive from him, what are lastly to be considered, the benefits of good government.

"The first benefit of good government is, that it places strength on the side of right, and assures to every subject, as far as this can be effected by human ability, the possession of his just claims, determining them by it's impartial wisdom, and enforcing them by it's irresistible power.

"There are men who seem to imagine, that all political institutions are only contrivances of the powerful for their own advantage. But this is the very reverse of the truth; for, by means of these institutions, the weak are raised to a level with the strong, and the equality of Society is preserved. More generally, the benefits of civil government may be considered as flowing from the superintendance which it exercises over the welfare of the community; a superinten-

dance which averts, or abates an innumerable variety of evils, and secures a multiplicity of interests.

"The application of political science to actual practice is embarrassed with infinite difficulties, from the complexity of considerations involved, and the uncertainty of all events which are affected, in any degree, by the passions or opinions of men. In the constitution of governments the most nicely adapted to the wants and dispositions of the people, some errors will always betray the imperfection of human nature, and some abuses, in the administration of public concerns, must be expected from it's frailty. But if he who undertakes to correct these defects, is disposed to consider every oversight as a mark of incapacity, every error as a proof of guilt; if he seek to persuade the unthinking and ignorant, that the laws under which they live cannot be good because they are not perfect, he undermines the foundations of national strength, and, by taking from government the support of public opinion, endangers the best security for civil peace. To fortify the authority, and recompence the cares of him who is placed at the head of a system thus difficult in it's administration, and thus beneficial in it's effects, both policy and justice require that his station be invested with grandeur. His services to the State, if performed with fidelity, are not overpaid by the largest revenues and the highest honours. These are both necessary to maintain the respect by which governments subsist, and due to the benefactor of the people. Yet are not these the things on which the greatness and felicity of Kings depend, and which constitute the cloudless morning of him that ruleth in the fear of God. The Prince who acts habitually on this great principle of religion, will find his firmest support, and his highest reward here on earth, in the veneration and gratitude of his subjects. Under such a ruler, we have ourselves experienced the truth of this assertion. We have seen a religious reign, during more than half a century, improving the morals of society. We have seen the throne of England established by righteousness, amidst the wreck of surrounding thrones: and while other governments, shaken almost to dissolution, were crumbling to pieces on every side, we have seen the just Monarch, who ruled us in the fear of God, rewarded with the steady and zealous affections of his people; retaining in his afflictive retirement their unabated reverence, followed to his tomb by their sincere regrets, and beyond it by their grateful recollections.

"On the Son and Successor of this venerated King now rests our hope of Britain's weal; and if we may build our expectations of the future on our experience of the past, we have just ground for hope, in looking back to the eventful period of the Regency. The Sovereign about to receive the Imperial Crown of his ancestors, is not new to the cares and duties of his high station. When called to the exercise of the Royal Authority, he found the Country involved in a war, which threatened our very existence as an independent state. Through his stedfastness in the hour of peril, under the Providence of God, that war has been brought to a conclusion, glorious to the National Fame and Character, perhaps beyond any parallel in the annals of our history, glorious, above all, in the moderation of the triumph,—glorious in the magnanimity with which, undazzled by the splendours of conquest, and unseduced by the prospect [illegible] ambition, the victor confined hi[illegible] to the only legitimate object [illegible] the achievement of a lasting pe[illegible]

"[illegible] ment of a Prince, [illegible] in pr[illegible] public prosperity, we [illegible] to anticipate all the [illegible] and prudent policy,—we [illegible] to trust that he will [illegible] in the moral greatness of his Country, and the true interests of the nation will be consulted by a Patriot Reign, and the Throne established in the hearts of a loyal and happy people.

"Let us, then, in conclusion, implore the Almighty, of his infinite mercy, to accept and confirm the solemn engagements which are made on this day in his presence; let us beseech Him, in the ever prevailing name of Christ, to multiply his blessings on the head of our Sovereign, and so to direct and prosper his Councils for the maintenance of true Religion and the good of his people, that He may long continue to hold the Sceptre of righteousness in the abundance of peace and glory."

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN 1656.

The City of London has ever been famous for it's expenditure and magnificence on public occasions. It's wealth and political influence made it take a lead in all public demonstrations of joy, from an early period; and as the Throne sometimes trembled at the power of the citizens, so it was often eclipsed by the splendour of their festivity. But, in the reign of Charles I., when political feelings began to unsettle men's minds, and the great question was about to be decided between despotism under a gentle Sovereign, and democracy under a hypocrite government, the pomp of the City grew with it's activity in matters of state. The reception of Charles in London, on his return from Scotland, was a triumph,—a grand display of the power and opulence of London. He was led in solemn procession to Guildhall, and the feast there was presumed at the time to have surpassed all the banquetings of Europe. Though even this sumptuous loyalty was to be thrown into the shade by the energy of republican feastings.

The Mayoralty of Robert Titchborne occurred in 1656. At that period the Commonwealth had weathered it's storms; the powerful mind of Cromwell had made England powerful, and the City, the great agent of republicanism, was proud and prosperous. Titchborne was of the Skinners Company, then among the first, if not altogether the first, of the Corporations, for it boasted of having given fifteen Lord Mayors to London. On the morning of the 29th of October, a large body of the city troops embarked on the Thames, and there dividing into two flotillas, under red and green flags, an engagement commenced with cannon and musquetry, which continued with great brilliancy down to Whitehall. Titchborne, his suite, and the Aldermen and City Companies following with trumpets and silver pennants in their barges. A body of troops placed in Baynard's Castle, on the river side, kept up a heavy fire on the advancing detachments, until their arrival at Whitehall, when a grand salute was fired in honour of the Protector and the Council. Cromwell presented himself at the windows, and bowed repeatedly, with many expressions of thanks for the honour. The troops landed with the Lord Mayor, and formed a part of the procession home. The pageant was in the spirit of a time when all was military. It was headed by troops, then followed the city pensioners bearing escutcheons, then by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, their officers, and retainers on horseback, and a whole multitude, the greater share of whom had served in the rebellion, making a long and superb cavalcade; and the streets were lined by the City Companies on foot. The spirit of Cromwell's government was kingly. The puritanic influence had been thwarted from the beginning of his assumed supremacy; and the return of the people to their old habits of gaudiness and gaiety was among the signs of a contented public mind.

On the arrival of the procession at the Old Change, a high platform was developed, with two Moors riding on leopards. When the crowd had sufficiently wondered at this mystery, four maidens, with dishevelled locks and silver coronets, took their places at the corners of the platform and wept. The secret of this emblem was the grief of a city suffering under evil government; for the Moors were synonimous, in the legends, with tyranny. All was despair, till an old man, who had sat at a distance, wrapt in a black mantle, rose, threw off his weeds, and rejoicing in white at the arrival of the Mayor, congratulated him and the City in a long copy of verses. The wrath of Praise-God Barebones would undoubtedly have burned against this platform and the performers; but his glory was passed away.

The fire of London was fatal to City topography: and we shall probably speak of things beyond the *Pennants* of this world, when we mention Mercers' Chapel and Soper's-lane. But it was opposite to Mercers' Chapel that the next halt of the Procession, which had hitherto followed a figure of a giant twelve feet high, to the boundless delight and wonder of the multitude, 'was made. Against Soper's-lane end stood another platform, of statelier dimensions, and more captivating variety. It represented a wilderness, with lions, tigers, wolves, bears, and the whole tribe of savagery, enjoying their pastimes. In the front sat Pan, playing on the sevenfold

pipe, the sole lord of the forest. Orpheus then appeared with his lyre, the beasts gathered round him, were tamed by his song, and the show closed with a chorus of Satyrs, and a long recitation by Orpheus in unreadable poetry, commencing with—

"Order, saith Plato, is the soul of things,
And from that fountain every good art springs.
Beasts become tame and useful."

Those allusions were intended as an adroit compliment to the Skinners' Company, to whom the beasts were naturally objects of peculiar interest. The Lord Mayor was escorted to his house by the militia, who fired a *salvo*, and thus closed a day of vast popular entertainment.

The pageant on the reception of Charles II. in London was extremely handsome. The officers and deputations from the Companies went before him on horseback. The Skinners, Grocers, Merchant Tailors, and Clothworkers, sending fifty-two each, and the other Corporations only twenty-four. At Fleet-street-conduit, the King was addressed in poetry by a figure habited as Time; at St. Paul's Church-yard, by Truth; and at Cheapside-conduit, by Fame. At St. Paul's-chain, Industry sat, surrounded with her children occupied in their trades; and at Cheapside-cross, the close of the procession, a platform was erected, with a band of tumblers and dancers; intimating, that after the labours and lessons of such a day, pleasure might be fairly enjoyed. If pageantry is good for any thing, and unless all the ancient world have been mistaken, it may be good for much, the Lord Mayor's Show has it's uses. The gilded coach has probably stirred many an ambitious spirit from Charing-cross to Cheapside, and the glorying of that day has transpired in the deepest diligence and more adroit dexterity for the future Whittingtons of London. The man in armour was a fragment of antiquity worth retaining, but the procession might be made a wonder to City recollections by allowing the Trades to take a share in it with the emblems of their arts. Something of this order is occasionally attempted on the Continent; and even in Edinburgh and other places in our own country, while in London, the only city of opulence and power enough for it's complete execution, it is neglected.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Village Minstrel, and other Poems. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1821.

AS some apology for our too long neglect of these interesting and unassuming little volumes, we beg to assure our friends, that it arose from accidental circumstances, over which we had no controul; and that our feelings towards them are distinctly the reverse of those, which withheld us from noticing the inflated quartos of Lady Morgan. In the present instance we are gratified with simple nature, seen with a Poet's eye, and depicted in a Poet's language; while in the nondescript volumes of her radical Ladyship, we have every thing but nature. Her pages of history are, for the most part, filled with a senseless tirade against all established authorities and all national institutions; and her style consists of a series of un-

meaning rhapsodies, far nearer approaching to her Ladyship's old vocation of novel writing, than befitting a recorder of historical facts; while her political self importance, her religious quackery, and her unbounded egotism, are positively more repelling than downright ignorance. We may reasonably hope to be forgiven this almost unintentional digression, even upon such a disagreeable subject, as we have had no previous opportunity of noticing her Ladyship in *propria persona*; and we can faithfully assure our readers, that this will be our only transgression. Leaving Lady Morgan, therefore, to amend her Irish Tour in Italy as she feels best inclined, we now turn with additional pleasure to young Clare's Poetry, as the first fruits of that partial respite from severe labour, which literary benevolence has purchased for their amiable and deserving author. And however we may be usually compelled to coincide in that worldly wisdom, which invariably insists, that to encourage the "idle trade" of verse-making is to spoil useful mechanics; yet deeply indeed should we condemn that avarice of humanity, which could for a moment hesitate in assisting and encouraging such an individual as John Clare. Real talent, however, loves to contend not merely with difficulties, but with impossibilities, and we can participate the almost rapture, that, with such vivid feelings as our author is gifted with, he must have hailed his benefactors' kindness. We can, in our "mind's eye," contrast the poor friendless beggared rustic, often perhaps without even the bare materials with which to give his poetic breathings their first rude form;—with the same individual raised to hope, happiness, connubial bliss, and domestic comfort, through the offerings of liberality at the shrine of genius, and the tributes of warm-hearted benevolence to industrious virtue. Clare may indeed exclaim,—

"Once on the cold and winter shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the greenthorn of May, my fortune flowers!"

—But we must dispense with any further observations of our own, to have the pleasure of attending to the gratifying duty more immediately before us. Clare's earlier history, detailed in the introduction to his "*Poems on Rural Life and Scenery*," is too extensively known to demand repetition, and we resume it therefore where it is again taken up in the present volumes, from which we quote the following additional particulars.

In 1817, Clare being anxious to publish a small Volume of his Poems, by subscription, ascertained that three hundred of a prospectus would cost twenty shillings; and by hard working, day and night, at last saved that sum. But a new difficulty speedily arose, of which, as it may be of service to future Poets, in enabling them to draw up proposals and addresses to the public, we here transcribe the particulars:—

"In these walks, I have dropped down five or six times, to plan an Address, &c. In one of these musings, my prose thoughts lost themselves in rhyme. Taking a view, as I sat beneath the shelter of a woodland hedge, of my parents' distresses at home, of my labouring so hard and so vainly to get out of debt, and of my still added perplexities of ill-timed love,—striving to remedy all, and all to no purpose,—I burst out into an exclamation of distress, 'What is Life!' and instantly recollecting that such a subject would be a good one for a poem, I hastily *scratted* down the two first verses of it, as it stands, as the beginning of the plan which I intended to adopt, and continued my journey to work. But when I got to the kiln I could not work, for thinking about what I had so long been trying at; so I sat me down on a lime-skuttle, and out with my pencil for an Address of some sort, which, good or bad, I determined to send off that day; and for that purpose, when it was finished, I started to Stamford with it, about three miles off: still, along the road, I was in a hundred minds whether I should throw up all thoughts about the matter, or stay till a fitter opportunity, to have the advice of some friend or other; but, on turning it over in my mind again, a second thought informed me that I had no friend; I was turned adrift on the broad ocean of life, and must either sink or swim: so I weighed matters on both sides, and fancied, let what bad would come, it could but balance with the former: if my hopes of the Poems failed, I should not be a pin worse than usual; I could but work then as I did already: nay, I considered that I should reap benefit from the disappointment; the downfall of my hopes would free my mind, and let me know that I had nothing to trust to but work. So with

this favourable idea I pursued my intention, dropping down on a stone-heap before I entered the town, to give it a second reading, and correct what I thought amiss."

His Address, however, failed of it's intended object, having only obtained for him the names of *seven* subscribers! But a copy of it was fortunately the cause of his Poems being ultimately printed by his present liberal Publishers, who gave him twenty pounds for his first Volume of Poems; and brought them out in January, 1820.—The result of which is thus stated:—

"So promptly was the benevolence of the higher ranks exerted in behalf of the Author, that before the expiration of a month Clare was in possession of a little fortune. The noble family at Milton Abbey sent for him at the beginning of February, and with a kindness which in it's manner made a deeper impression on his heart than even the bounty with which it was accompanied, enquired into the situation and circumstances of himself, and of his aged parents: Lord Milton then gave him ten pounds, to which the Earl of Fitzwilliam added five pounds; and on the following day several articles of clothing and furniture were sent in, to contribute towards the comfort of his father and mother. In the middle of the same month, the Marquess of Exeter appointed Clare to come to Burghley House, where, after learning the simple particulars of his life, and the means he had of supporting himself, his Lordship told him, that as it appeared he was able to earn thirty pounds a year by working every day, he would allow him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life, that he might, without injury to his income, devote half that time to poetry. The regard for Clare's welfare, which dictated this proposal, is no less kind than the liberality of the benefaction; but unfortunately some of the habits of a literary life are inconsistent with laborious occupations: Clare has often been called from the harvest field three or four times a day, to gratify the curiosity of strangers who went to Helpstone for the purpose of seeing him. This very considerably interrupted the usual course of his employments, and prevented him from deriving that income, from the half labour of his life, which had been anticipated. But his good fortune was determined to supply a counterpoise to every disadvantage. About the very time that the Marquess of Exeter laid so amply the foundation of Clare's independence on the one hand, the Earl Fitzwilliam sent one hundred pounds to his Publisher's, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock, with the view of securing our Poet from the condition of extreme poverty which might otherwise await him when, like other novelties of the day, he, in his turn, should be forgotten. This fund was immediately augmented by the contributions of several noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly through the instrumentality of Admiral Lord Radstock, whose zeal for the improvement of Clare's condition, in every sense, is as much above all praise, as his Lordship's assiduity in his benevolent career is probably without parallel. The sums thus collected, amounting to two hundred and twenty pounds thirteen shillings, were, with the former two hundred, invested in the *Navy five per cents.* in the names of trustees; and, at Midsummer, the interest resulting from this source amounted to twenty pounds *per annum*. This establishment of Clare's future income on a firm basis, was completed by an allowance from the Earl Spencer of ten pounds *per annum* for life.

"In the Spring of 1820, Clare married 'Patty of the Vale,'—'the Rosebud in humble Life,'—or, to speak in prose, Martha Turner, the daughter of a cottage farmer residing at Walkherd Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Bridge Casterton, whose portion consisted of nothing beyond the virtues of industry, frugality, neatness, good-temper, and a sincere love for her husband; qualities, indeed, which contribute more than wealth to the happiness of the marriage state; but money is still a desirable accompaniment, and for want of it our Poet's finances are somewhat too much straitened to support his family with comfort. His household consists at the present time of his father and mother, who are aged and infirm, his wife, and a little girl, who bids fair to be the eldest of a family, which at this rate may be expected to be pretty numerous. They all live together in the cottage in which Clare was born."

Such is the prose history of John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant and Poet; and we now therefore proceed to notice his Poetry. The leading piece is called "*The Village Minstrel*," which has evidently had Beattie's Minstrel for it's model; and was begun, we are told, in autumn, 1819, and finished in the ensuing spring. In the person of *Lubin*, Clare draws his own portrait, and largely insists upon his love of Nature as the grand fountain of all his emotions and of all his writings. Of this the following stanzas are proof:—

" But who can tell the anguish of his mind,
When reformation's formidable foes
With civil wars 'gainst Nature's peace combined,
And desolation struck her deadly blows,
As curst improvement 'gan his fields enclose:
O greens, and fields, and trees! farewell, farewell!
His heart-wrung pains, his unavailing woes
No words can utter, and no tongue can tell,
When ploughs destroy'd the green, when groves of willows fell.

There once were springs, when daisies silver studs
Like sheets of snow on every pasture spread;
There once were summers, when the crow-flower buds
Like golden sunbeams brightest lustre shed;
And trees grew once that shelter'd Lubin's head;
There once were brooks sweet whimpering down the vale:
The brooks no more,—kingcup and daisy fled;
Their last fallen tree the naked moors bewail,
And scarce a bush is left to tell the mournful tale.

Yon shaggy tuft, and many a rushy knot
Existing still in spite of spade and plough,
As seeming fond and loth to leave the spot,
Tell where was once the green,—brown fallows now,
Where Lubin often turns a sadden'd brow,
Marks the stopt brook, and mourns oppression's power;
And thinks how once he waded in each slough,
To crop the yellow 'horse-blobb's' early flower,
Or catch the 'miller's-thumb' in summer's sultry hour.

There once were days, the woodman knows it well,
When shades e'en echoed with the singing thrush;
There once were hours, the ploughman's tale can tell,
When morning's beauty wore it's earliest blush,
How woodlarks caroll'd from each stumpy bush;
Lubin himself has mark'd them soar and sing;
The thorns are gone, the woodlark's song is hush,
Spring more resembles winter now than spring,
The shades are banish'd all,—the birds have took to wing.

" Oh! who can speak his joys when spring's young morn
From wood and pasture open'd on his view,
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips it's leaves in dew:
Each varied charm how joy'd would he pursue,
Tempted to trace their beauties through the day;
Grey-girdled eve, and morn of rosy hue,
Have both beheld him on his lonely way,
Far, far remote from boys, and their unpleasing play.

Sequester'd Nature was his heart's delight;
Him would she lead through wood and lonely plain,
Searching the pooty from the rushy dyke;
And while the thrush sang her long-silenc'd strain,
He thought it sweet, and mock'd it o'er again:
And while he pluck'd the primrose in it's pride,
He ponder'd o'er it's bloom 'tween joy and pain;
And a rude sonnet in it's praise he tried,
Where Nature's simple way the aid of art supplied."

Nor is his address to Poverty, *real* poverty, less forcible:—

' O Poverty! thy frowns were early dealt
O'er him who mourn'd thee, not by fancy led
To whine and wail o'er woes he never felt,
Staining his rhymes with tears he never shed,
And heaving sighs a mock song only bred:
Alas! he knew too much of every pain
That shower'd full thick on his unshelter'd head;
And as his tears and sighs did erst complain,
His numbers took it up, and wept it o'er again."

In his picture of a *Cotter's Evening*, Clare comes into too direct compari-

son with Burns, to be read with advantage: indeed it is in compositions liable to this dangerous contrast, that he is seen in the faintest light. The greater genius of Cæsar predominates over his lesser fire till it is nearly extinguished, and we are glad to escape from the darkness, to view him in his own brighter beaming. To this latter class belong two pieces entitled, "*Rural Morning*," and "*Rural Evening*," which we esteem to be altogether his most perfect productions, and which we regret not having space to quote at present. In the mean time we select the annexed from among his minor Poems, as satisfactory evidence, if any more were needed, that John Clare is a genuine poet, and richly entitled to the fostering smiles of the liberal and enlightened:—

To the Clouds.

"O painted Clouds! sweet beauties of the sky,
How have I view'd your motion and your rest,
When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,
In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;
Or in your threaten'd thunder's grave black vest,
Like dark, deep waters slowly moving by,
Awfully striking the spectator's breast
With your Creator's dread sublimity!
As admiration mutely views your storms;
And I do love to see you idly lie,
Painted by heav'n as various as your forms,
Pausing upon the eastern mountain high,
As morn awakes with spring's wood-harmony;
And sweeter still, when in your slumbers sooth,
You hang the western arch o'er day's proud eye:
Still as the even-pool, uncurved and smooth,
My gazing soul has look'd most placidly:
And higher still devoutly wish'd to strain,
To wipe your shrouds and sky's blue blinders by,
With all the warmness of a moon-struck brain,
To catch a glimpse of Him who bids you reign,
And view the dwellings of all majesty."

Song.

"Of all the days in memory's list,
Those motley banish'd days;
Some overhung with sorrow's mist,
Some gilt with hopeful rays;
There is a day 'bove all the rest,
That has a lovely sound;
There is a day I love the best,—
When Patty first was found.

When first I look'd upon her eye,
And all her charms I met,
There's many a day gone heedless by,
But that I'll ne'er forget:—
I met my love beneath the tree,
I help'd her o'er the stile,
The very shade is dear to me,
That blest me with her smile.

Strange to the world my artless fair,
But artless as she be,
She found the witching art when there
To win my heart from me;
And all the days the year can bring,
As sweet as they may prove,
There'll ne'er come one like that I sing,
Which found the maid I love."

Song.

"There was a time, when love's young flowers
With many a joy my bosom prest:
Sweet hours of bliss!—but short are hours,
Those hours are fled,—and I'm distrest.
I would not wish, in reason's spite;
I would not wish new joy to gain;
I only wish for one delight,—
To see those hours of bliss again.

There was a day, when love was young,
And nought but bliss did there belong;
When blackbird's nestling o'er us sung,
Ah me! what sweetness wak'd his song.
I wish not springs for ever fled;
I wish not birds' forgotten strain;
I only wish for feelings dead
To warm, and wake, and feel again.

But, ah! what once was joy is past:
The time's gone by; the day and hou
Are whirring fled on trouble's blast,
As winter nips the summer flower.
A shadow is but left the mind,
Of joys that once were real to view;
An echo only fills the wind,
With mocking sounds that once were true."

The variety of verse which Clare has tried, shows that he must have read much, and studied to good purpose both our ancient and modern bards. A poem on "*Sunday*," is full of simplicity, and at once eminently descriptive and meditatively soothing;

but we have been already tempted beyond our limits, by this interesting peasant, and must bid him farewell; quoting only two short poems more, upon subjects connected with his own personal and domestic feelings, and thus calculated to shew, in a new light, the minstrel powers of this highly gifted individual.

To My Mother.

" With filial duty I address thee, Mother,
Thou dearest tie which this world's wealth possesses!
Endearing name! no language owns another
That half the tenderness and love expresses;
The very word itself breathes the affection,
Which heaves the bosom of a luckless child
To thank thee, for that care, and that protection,
Which once, where fortune frowns, so sweetly smiled.
Ah! oft fond memory leaves it's pillow'd anguish,
To think when in thy arms my sleep was sound;
And now my startled tear oft views thee languish,
And fain would drop it's honey in the wound:
But I am doom'd the sad reverse to see,
Where the worst pain I feel, is loss of helping thee,"

To an Infant Daughter.

" Sweet gem of infant fairy-flowers!
Thy smiles on life's unclosing hours,
Like sunbeams lost in summer showers,
They wake my fears;
When reason knows it's sweets and sours,
They'll change to tears.

God help thee, little senseless thing!
Thou, daisy-like of early spring,
Of ambush'd winter's hornet sting
Hast yet to tell;
Thou know'st not what to-morrows bring:
I wish thee well.

But thou art come, and soon or late,
'Tis thine to meet the frowns of fate,
The harpy grin of envy's bate,
And mermaid-smiles
Of worldly folly's luring bait,
That youth beguiles.

And much I wish, whate'er may be
The lot, my child, that falls to thee,
Nature may never let thee see
Her glass betimes,
But keep thee from my failings free,—
Nor itch at rhymes.

Lord knows my heart, it loves thee much;
And may my feelings, aches, and such,
The pains I meet in folly's clutch
Be never thine;
Child! it's a tender string to touch,
That sounds '*thou'rt mine!*' "

Third Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. With an Appendix. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 227.

This most excellent Institution, whose third report we have now the pleasure of introducing to the benevolent notice of our friends, stands so little in need either of recommendation, or of eulogy, that, confident of all our readers' simpathy in such a cause, and anxious to further it's truly charitable design to the utmost of our power; we shall do the Society our best service, by suffering it's Committee to speak for themselves, and by adducing proof instead of argument in it's deserved support. Thus by stating what has already been accomplished, we best plead in it's behalf for additional patronage, to give efficiency to it's more extended exertions; and to procure new friends in aid of a cause, which so richly merits them. It is inherent in our very nature,—" so much of frailty mingles in our composition,"—that every measure, however laudable, and every intention, however excellent, must meet with opponents, and it is not surprising therefore, that objections have been raised against this valuable charity. Even it's views and objects have been mistaken and misrepresented; the efficacy of prison discipline has been disputed; and the Society's measures for this salutary purpose objected to, as tending to render confinement too comfortable, and imprisonment an object of desire rather than of dread. To which hypothesis the Committee, in the commencement of their Report, offer the following triumphant and satisfactory reply.

" The Committee would observe, that the practicability of reclaiming the cri-

minal is proved, not by fanciful theories, founded, as is alleged, on mistaken notions of benevolence, but by the powerful and irresistible evidence of facts. Whether, indeed, the mind of the offender be really impressed with the turpitude of his guilt; whether he avoid the further perpetration of crime, from hatred of vice, or from dread of punishment, the Committee pretend not to determine; but one thing is perfectly clear, and admits of demonstrative proof, that, in a great number of instances, offenders, even the most hardened, who have for a reasonable time been subjected to a well-regulated system of discipline, *do abstain from the further violation of the law, and have, in a variety of cases, been known to abandon their criminal pursuits.* To this important truth, the testimony of the most experienced Magistrates affords abundant evidence. Numbers who, on entering confinement, were debased by nearly every vice that can degrade human nature, whose repeated offences had formerly occasioned their frequent committal to the same gaol, have not, since the establishment of a strict and improved discipline, been found again within it's walls; and, on enquiry, it has been ascertained that they have applied themselves to habits of honest industry. That such indeed is the natural result of a beneficial system of prison management, will, upon consideration, appear obvious. A good prison is a school of moral discipline, where incentives to vicious propensity are removed, — where drunkenness, gambling, and dissipation, are superseded by abstinence, order, and restraint, where, by personal seclusion and judicious classification, the evils resulting from contamination are prevented, — where the refractory are subdued by punishment, and the idle compelled to labour until industry becomes a habit. These are the leading features of a salutary system of gaol management; and it seems wisely ordered, that this discipline should form at once the medium of reformation, and the instrument of punishment.

" That a well-regulated system of prison discipline represses crime, is proved by the best possible evidence. To what description of prison does the offender more commonly return? Is it to a gaol, where hard labour, spare diet, and vigilant restraint, are steadily enforced; or to a prison, where no effort is made to instruct, employ, or reclaim? It is absurd to suppose, because a prison no longer affords the means of vicious gratification, that therefore it is more congenial to the inclinations of the depraved. To what but to the dread of prison discipline can we justly attribute the fact, that few prisoners, after their discharge from a good gaol, return to it, while the number of re-committals to a bad prison is generally considerable? This number invariably diminishes in proportion to the good management of the prison.

" The re-committals to inferior gaols vary from fifteen to fifty per cent., while the following is the average of re-committals to prisons distinguished for their good-management:—Preston, four per cent.; Wakefield, four per cent.; Bury, five per cent.; Devizes, the general average about three per cent. and for felons only one per cent.: Knutsford, two per cent; Bodmin, three per cent.; Ipswich, three per cent.; Lewes, six per cent.; and even at Gloucester, where the prison is particularly crowded, only seven per cent. Worcester contains two prisons,—the county gaol is admirably conducted, and here the return of prisoners, of all descriptions, is averaged at two per cent., of felons only one and a half per cent.; while the number re-committed to the City prison, which is extremely deficient in it's system of management, is no less than twenty per cent. At Leicester, also, there are two prisons, the house of correction, and the prison belonging to the Borough. At the former, which is well-managed, the re-committals amount to three per cent.; and at the latter, which is defective, forty per cent.

" These are but few of many instances which might be given as the result of comparison between the two systems; yet they furnish arguments in favour of the principles of the Society, which no misrepresentation can refute, and must convince every unprejudiced mind, that the objections to which the Committee advert are entirely destitute of foundation.

" With sincere pleasure the Committee report that, during the last year, improvements in the construction and management of gaols have been progressive, and that the Magistrates throughout the kingdom evince an earnest desire to amend those within their jurisdictions. In the construction of places of confinement, the great advantages of Inspection become more and more justly appreciated. In most of the gaols erecting, or about to be erected, that important object has obtained consideration: provision has also been made for an enlarged scale of classification, and suitable accommodation provided for the introduction of various branches of labour. In several instances, on the application of the magistracy, the Committee have prepared plans, and suggested improvements in designs about to be adopted; and they have had the satisfaction to find, that their views have met with the concurrence

of those who have favoured them with their communications.

"In many prisons, in which no written regulations have hitherto been in force, Rules, selected from those observed in the most approved gaols, have been adopted, and there prevails a strong feeling in favour of the introduction of employment. Light and voluntary employments are proper for the untried, whom the law considers innocent, until proved to be guilty; but a broad and marked distinction should be observed in the treatment of the convicted, on whom, in most, if not in all, cases against property, the personal penalties of hard-labour and rigid discipline ought to be enforced. To inflict them, in the same degree, on all descriptions of offenders, would be impolitic and unjust: but both may, without difficulty, be adapted to the several classes of prisoners, from the temporary correction of the idle apprentice, to a severity secondary only to capital punishment. The efficacy of such a system on the mind and habits of an offender has not, even yet, been generally tried, or fully appreciated, in this country; but where the experiment has been fairly made, the benefits have been most striking. Few who have been subjected to this species of punishment, regard imprisonment without terror: and the Committee cannot too strongly express their opinion, that the law which now inflicts it only on certain classes of offenders, should be extended to other cases, to which it might be as justly applicable."

* * * * *

"The spirit with which exertions have been made to introduce labour into prisons has been highly gratifying; and in the manufacturing counties, where there are fewer difficulties in this respect than in other districts, the employment of prisoners has been carried on at a considerable profit. The following particulars will furnish the reader with a general idea of the trades and occupations at which prisoners have been employed; further detail respecting which is given in the appendix.

"At the new house of correction at Bedford, very considerable alterations and additions are making, and a stepping-mill is building in which the prisoners are to be employed, in separate classes. In the County gaol also, employment is provided by the establishment of a mill.

"The employment of the prisoners at Knutsford is very various and considerable; viz. weaving of woollen, silk, and cotton articles, blankets and druggets; tailoring, shoe-making, joinering, loom-making, coopering, whitewashing, painting, nail-making, bricklaying, masonry, blacksmiths'-work, straw-mattress, and chip-hat making. At this prison, the net-earnings, from 25th December, 1820, to 25th March, 1821, for which period the average number in confinement amounted to 125 daily, were £196 7*s.* 7*d.*, the cost of food £167 19*s.* 3*d.*, being a clear profit to the county, beyond the cost of food, of £28 8*s.* 4*d.*

"At Bodmin, the prisoners are employed in thrashing and grinding corn, sawing and polishing stones for chimney-pieces, tombstones, &c.; also in making clothing, shoes, and blankets. The females are employed in spinning and knitting; making, mending, and washing clothes for the service of the prison.

"The county house of correction at Exeter, although deficient in space for accommodation, presents a gratifying scene of systematic industry. The prisoners are employed in sawing, grinding, smoothing, and polishing marble. Vases are turned, and beautiful specimens of chimney-pieces executed. The flax manufactory also in this prison is well-managed, and carried on from the first process of dressing the dried vegetable to that of weaving it. To this manufacture those prisoners are placed who are committed for long periods of confinement: those for shorter terms are employed at dressing hemp. This process is carried on by means of a bruising-mill, which is worked by the manual-labour of twelve men in a set. Vagrants are also kept at hard-labour. The women are fully employed in washing, making, and mending, the prison clothing.

"At Durham Gaol, weaving, spinning, beating flax, and making door mats, are the general employments.

"At Chelmsford county house of correction, a master-weaver is employed by the county, to teach some of the prisoners to weave coarse linens. A corn-mill has been erected, at which the prisoners work in companies of twenty at a time. Shoe-making, spinning, and weaving, have also been introduced.

At Gloucester, a mill has also recently been erected, and there is a forcing pump, worked by a tread-wheel. The prisoners weave and manufacture cloth, sacking, saddle girths, towels, and stockings.

"At Winchester house of correction, two corn-mills are in daily operation, which employ twenty-eight men at one time. The convicts' dresses and shoes are made in the prison; and the women card and spin, and make the clothing.

"At Hereford Penitentiary, a corn-mill has been built; and the prisoners are employed in making clothing, shoes, bedding, and in the manufacture of bags, for sale, from the raw material.

"At Lancaster Castle, from thirty-eight to fifty pieces of Manchester cottons are worked off per week. The amount of earnings for the last year is stated to be £860.

"At the Manchester New Bailey, weaving is the general employment of the prison. The amount of earnings, up to July 1820, for one year, amounted to £2056 6*s*. 10*d*.

"Preston house of correction is justly distinguished by the industry which prevails. Here an idle hand is rarely to be found. There were lately 150 looms in full employ, from each of which the average weekly earnings are 5*s*. About 150 pieces of cotton goods are worked off per week. A considerable proportion of the looms are of the prisoners' own manufacture. In one month, an inexperienced workman will be able to earn the cost of his gaol allowance of food. Weaving has these advantages over other prison labour; the noise of the shuttle prevents conversation, and the progress of the work constantly requires the eye. The accounts of this prison, contained in the appendix, deserve particular attention, as there appears to be a balance of clear profit to the county, from the labour of the prisoners, in the year, of £1398 9*s*. 1*d*. This sum was earned by weaving and cleaning cotton only, the prisoners being besides employed in tailoring, white-washing, flagging, slating, painting, carpentering, tailoring, and labourers' work; the earnings at which are not included in the above account.

"At Leicester county house of correction, the employments are grinding corn, carding wool, spinning, and a stocking manufactory.

"At Boston, the prisoners are employed in the manufacture of worsted, and the grinding of corn.

"At the Millbank Penitentiary, a mill has been erected for grinding corn consumed in the Establishment; also a machine for raising water; and another mill, with a similar machine, is to be erected for the employment of other prisoners, in a distinct part of the building. The amount of the prisoners' earnings, during the last year, was £1017 4*s*.

"At Shrewsbury, a mill has been erected, which employs eighteen men at one time, and the prisoners change this labour three times a day; the remaining prisoners are employed in weaving laces, making list shoes, &c. The female prisoners are employed in baking, washing, spinning, knitting stockings and gloves, also making the sheets and wearing-apparel consumed in the gaol.

"At Stafford, all the prisoners, excepting those before trial, are employed in dressing flax, spinning, weaving cloth for prison clothing, rugs, blankets, knitting stockings, heading pins for the Birmingham manufacturers, shoemaking, tailoring, and grinding corn.

"At Lewes house of correction, the prisoners are employed in dressing flax and beating hemp.

"In the house of correction at Warwick, work appears to be carried on with much spirit. The mill for grinding corn employs twenty men or upwards, and from a bakehouse adjoining, supplies of excellent bread are regularly conveyed to this and the county gaol, and the saving to the county from this alone is estimated at some hundreds of pounds per annum. Wire-drawing is carried on, and the prisoners perform the whole process. They are also employed in a woollen manufacture, which is very successful. Rugs, blankets, horse-cloths, carpets, girths, and other coarse articles are also made. The females are chiefly employed in spinning and carding wool.

"At Devizes, some of the prisoners, in their working-cells, are employed in knitting their own stockings, making gloves, shoes, straw hats, weaving shirting, blanketing, and cloth. Another class of prisoners is employed at various kinds of work for the use of the prison;—tailoring, shoemaking, &c. There is a corn-mill, at which sixteen men work at one time.

"At Worcester county gaol, the system of employment is admirable. Every article of dress worn by the prisoners here is made from the raw material: sacking and bags are the only articles made for sale. Much corn is ground here; and so excellent have been the effects of the mill that the Magistrates are about to erect another.

"At Wakefield, and Beverley, the prisoners have been fully employed on the extensive works carried on in the new houses of correction at those places.

"At Northleach, Gosport, Huntingdon, and Louth, mills have been erected for the purpose of employing the prisoners, although not on the tread-wheel system."

* * * * *

"In many prisons, the instruction of the prisoners in reading and writing has been attended with excellent effects. Schools have been formed at Bedford, Durham, Chelmsford, Winchester, Hereford, Maidstone, Leicester House of Correction, Shrewsbury, Warwick, Worcester, &c. Much valuable assistance has been derived in this department from the labours of respectable individuals, especially Females, acting under the sanction of the Magistrates, and direction of the Chaplain. There are indeed many matters, in which the interests of the prisoner are deeply concerned, which

although incapable of being made the subject of direct legislation, are of considerable importance,—works of usefulness, in which the Magistrates, Chaplain, or Governor, cannot be expected to engage, but in the performance of which a Visiting Association might be rendered highly beneficial. No one will dispute the benefit of such labours, who has witnessed the admirable exertions of Mrs. Fry and her benevolent associates.

"The Ladies' Commitees visiting Newgate, and the Borough Compter, have continued to devote themselves to the improvement of the female prisoners, in a spirit worthy of their enlightened zeal and christian charity. The beneficial effects of their exertions have been evinced by the progressive decrease in the number of female prisoners re-committed, which has diminished, since the visits of the Ladies to Newgate, no less than 40 per cent. Such labours cannot be too highly appreciated; but those who have only witnessed the unremitting care, and judicious arrangements of the Association within the gaol, can form but an inadequate conception of the extent and assiduity of the exertions of these Ladies. Female convicts embarking for New South Wales, are furnished by the Ladies' Association with the means of employment, and of moral and religious instruction on the voyage; and such a system has been established as is best calculated to promote good order during the passage. Not a vessel now departs for New South Wales, with female convicts, but carries to that distant shore abundant marks of the unwearied efforts of these Ladies to reform the character, and alleviate the miseries, of the female criminal. Nor are their attentions confined to those under sentence of the law. Females who are discharged from Newgate, destitute, but disposed to return to the paths of virtue, are also the objects of their kind solicitude. It is pleasing to find, that the admirable example of this Association has been successfully followed, not in this country only, but on the Continent. At Bedford, Plymouth, Lancaster, Chester and York, similar Associations have been formed; and at Paris, St Petersburgh, Geneva, Berne, and Turin, Ladies of distinguished rank have engaged with ardour in this interesting work."

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"A review of the progress of improvements in Prison discipline, during the past year, presents just grounds for congratulation. The labours of the Legislature,—the disposition of the magistracy,—the public interest which the subject continues to excite,—the actual introduction of improvements,—the diffusion of information,—and the amendment of prisons in foreign countries:—prove that the cause is steadily advancing.

"But although these considerations are highly encouraging, there is yet much to accomplish in this work of national improvement. So extensive are the defects of classification, that in thirty gaols, constructed for the confinement of 2985 persons, there were, at one time in the last year, no fewer than 5837 prisoners; and the whole number imprisoned in those gaols, during that period, amounted to 26,703. There are yet prisons where idleness and it's attendant evils reign unrestrained,—where the sexes are not separated,—where all distinctions of crime are confounded,—where few can enter, if uncorrupted, without pollution; and, if guilty, without incurring deeper stains of criminality.—There are yet prisons which receive not the pious visits of a Christian minister,—which the light of knowledge never enters, and where the truths and consolations of the Gospel are never heard.—There are yet prisons where, for the security of the prisoners, measures are resorted to, as revolting to British feeling, as they are repugnant to the spirit and letter of English law. A more frequent gaol delivery throughout the kingdom,—the abolition of borough prisons incapable of material improvement,—and prompt measures for arresting the progress, and promoting the reformation, of the criminal youth in the metropolis; are objects which require the early consideration of His Majesty's Government.

"The manifest effect of the system of prison discipline which the Society advocate, is to prevent crime, by inspiring a dread of imprisonment, and by inducing the criminal, on his discharge from confinement, to abandon his vicious pursuits. To recommend plans so beneficial, the labours of Howard, of Neild, and of Paul, were powerfully directed. Their individual efforts were truly valuable; but the exertions of a single life, however enlightened and indefatigable, are necessarily limited and imperfect. It is seldom, but by associated strength, that measures, of great national interest, can be attained. Hence the advantage of a Society, which shall combine the energies, and unite the exertions, of all who are interested in the cause,—encourage and provide a succession of labourers,—assist in keeping the subject before the public attention,—and diffuse information calculated to facilitate the adoption of approved designs, and beneficial arrangements, in the construction and management of prisons.

"Such are the objects of the Society for the improvement of prison discipline;—to promote which the Committee call generally on their fellow-countrymen to

extend their patronage, co-operation, and support. The Society's funds are employed in the printing and circulation of publications and Reports, and in engraving designs for prisons; in relieving destitute prisoners on their discharge, who are desirous of quitting their criminal habits; and especially in the support of the Temporary Refuge, where the number admitted is necessarily limited, in consequence of the narrow state of the Committee's finances. To extend their objects, and to render their exertions more permanently, as well as widely, beneficial, the Committee earnestly entreat the aid of public benevolence; and they trust that pecuniary support will not be withheld, when it is considered that on the liberality with which this appeal is answered, depends, in a great measure, the success of the Society, and the welfare of many a youth whose days will otherwise be spent in misery and crime."

To these eloquent and forcible statements, no arguments of our's could give additional strength; they are founded upon data, which it is impossible to controvert, because the facts adduced are gathered from actual experience, and personal investigation; and the national gratitude is indeed justly due to those, who have thus diffused the light of Heaven through the dungeons of the prison house; and taught their wretched inmates to "sin no more!" Our next quotations are from the body of the work, and are pleasing proofs of the good which has been already effected, and of the still happier results which are promised to a perseverance in similar exertion. Our extracts are taken promiscuously, though there are some reports rather less favourable, as well as many others equally, or perhaps more, flattering.

"*Knutsford House of Correction.*

"This is a newly-erected prison, and including the Sessions House adjoining, is expected to cost about £60,000: it has only been inhabited about 18 months. The plan of it provides inspection into the yards and work-shops, with a view into the day-rooms, from the Governor's House, which is placed in the centre.

"The classification, when completed, will consist of two classes for untried felons, two for tried felons, one for misdemeanants under summary conviction, one for prisoners committed for bail, and two for females, tried and untried. There will be 176 separate sleeping cells. The employment of the prisoners is already very various and considerable; viz. weaving of woollen, silk, and cotton articles; also blankets and druggets; joinering, tailoring, shoemaking, loom-making, coopering, white-washing, painting, nail-making, bricklaying, masonry, black-smith's work, straw-mattress and chip-hat making; cultivating the land belonging to the prison *outside* the walls: sack-making and carpet-weaving are about to be introduced. Liveries for the servants of the Magistrates and of the neighbouring gentlemen have also been made. The *net* earnings from Dec. 25, 1820, to March 25, 1821, were £196 7*s.* 7*d.* the cost of food, averaging at 125 persons daily, was £167 19*s.* 3*d.* leaving a clear profit to the county, against cost of food, of £28 8*s.* 4*d.* The earnings are divided as follows: one-third to the prisoners, of which a half is paid weekly; one-tenth to the governor, one-twentieth to the task-master; the remainder, being about one half, to the county. From the short time this prison has been inhabited, but little can be said with certainty as to the effects of it's discipline: full employment is however maintained with the tried felons at this time. Any prisoner having a term of imprisonment long enough to learn any of the trades is so taught: those who have short terms are employed in the garden attached to the prison. A Testament and a Prayer-book is provided in each cell, and religious tracts are distributed amongst the prisoners. The diet is two pints of gruel, 1 lb. of bread, 1½ lb. of potatoes daily, and twice a week broth, and ½ lb. of meat."

"*Maidstone County Gaol and House of Correction.*

"The following is an extract from the Chaplain's Report of this prison, dated January 9, 1821. It affords an interesting example of the success that has attended his labours towards the instruction and improvement of the criminals under his charge:—

"I feel much satisfaction in reporting to the Magistrates the complete success which has attended the suggestions submitted to the Court last sessions, for the maintenance of silence and order amongst the prisoners. The plan of silence is now strictly observed in the whole management of the prison; the good effect of which is strikingly felt in the spinning manufactory, where, in the place of noise and disorder, and frequent uproar, which before prevailed, the whole business of the workmen is now carried on in perfect quietness. A considerable time has elapsed without any one being punished for a breach of this rule of silence; and the conduct of the workmen at all other times is evidently more peaceable and

orderly, owing to the observance of this regulation.

"I beg to acquaint the Magistrates, that their order for allowing such of the penitentiary prisoners as stood in need of instruction two hours in each week, during the winter, for the purpose of attending a school, has been productive of the best success, in the short period of time during which the plan has been adopted.

"The number of men in attendance has generally amounted to about twenty-five. The progress of adults must, in general, be slow, but many of the scholars have made considerable improvement. Their behaviour at the school has uniformly been such as to give me no cause for correcting, or even finding fault with them. The wardsman acts as schoolmaster, without any compensation, and has given entire satisfaction. I have had many opportunities of observing his conduct and useful services, as I always attend the school the whole, or part, of the time during which it is assembled.

"I am happy to state, that the plan of adult instruction has become generally prevalent throughout the Gaol. I have been invited by the greater part of the prisoners for trial to assist them in forming themselves into schools for their mutual instruction.

"In Ward No. 1, there are twenty-six prisoners for trial, for felonies, now partaking of instruction. In No. 2, there are thirteen for trial, for misdemeanors: and in No. 3, twenty-eight prisoners charged with capital felonies, all pursuing the same important object. These, together with the twenty-five in the Penitentiary School, form a total of 92 adults, who are in a course of instruction.

"Of this number, twenty-four could read but very little, thirty-five were unacquainted with the alphabet; at this time several of these are able to read the New Testament; and in those who were previously instructed I have found, with few exceptions, a total ignorance of the first principles of Christian doctrine and duty.

"The Magistrates will be aware, that the adult schools amongst the unconvicted prisoners cannot be carried on, with the most exact and constant attention; and from this cause, that attendance must proceed from the option of the prisoners; and the services also of the teachers are wholly gratuitous. I make it a rule to hold out no inducement whatever to perseverance, beyond the single circumstance of their own comfort and self-improvement, as I am desirous that their motive, for pursuing the path of duty, should be founded on a higher principle than that of any temporal consideration. But many of the prisoners give up a daily portion of their time for the purpose of instruction; and I can state, that it has been attended with the best effect upon their general conduct.

"It is affirmed, by the officers of the prison, that the change is very visible in the general conduct of the men, which they state to be very much better in every respect than they have witnessed at any former time; and observations to the same effect have of late been frequently entered by the Visiting Justices in their Journal.

"Profane language, which is usually so prevalent in prisons, is now very seldom heard. The conduct of the prisoners at Chapel is very materially improved; and the propriety with which they behave at all times during my instructions and intercourse with them is very satisfactory.

"I am most happy in stating, that the school for juvenile offenders is now going on in the most satisfactory manner. At present, it contains ten boys, under seventeen years of age, of whom four did not know their letters when they entered the school. The most favourable change has lately been effected in the discipline of the school, and in the general conduct and progress of the scholars, which I principally attribute to the appointment of a different master, and the diligence he has exerted in the discharge of his duty."

"*Newgate.—Report from the Ladies' Committee.*

"As the origin and particulars of the improvements on the female side of Newgate are generally known, it will only be necessary to give some account of it's present state, in order to shew that the system is carried on with continued advantage, which is evinced by the decrease of the numbers who return to the prison.

"At this period, we have but few comparatively under our care, about thirty tried, and sixty untried prisoners: some have been sent to various Houses of Correction, and fifty-seven have just been conveyed to the ships for transportation: the latter all left the prison in a quiet and becoming manner. Many alleviations have been provided for these, which, with employment and regulations for their conduct during their voyage to New South Wales, may tend to promote good order, and thus be the means of procuring for some of them respectable situations, when exposed to those temptations, which are peculiarly incidental to outcasts in a foreign land.

"In addition to the school for children, an adult school has lately been formed on the untried side, in which the prisoners are taught to read as soon as they are

admitted into the prison; and which introduces them, often from the streets, into a degree of wholesome discipline, and prepares them for further instruction in the regular adult school, on the other side of the prison, where those who are desirous of learning to read, are removed after conviction.

"The school on the untried side, is superintended by the under matron, whose duty it is to read the Holy Scriptures there, once in the day, when it is not performed by the visiting members of the Association. It is also her province to take the entire conduct of a small shop, situated at the entrance of the women's side, which supplies the prisoners with many of the necessaries of life at a low price; and is very beneficial, by giving an opportunity to the under matron, to watch over all that is sent out, or received into, the prison. Many articles have lately been added to the fancy, and more useful branches of work, executed by the women in Newgate; and by means of a sale, under the kind patronage of many distinguished and benevolent persons, much of the superfluous produce has been disposed of; which from the number requiring employment, it is almost impossible to sell in the prison.

"Some inconvenience having arisen from the number of visitors admitted at one time, the Gaol Committee have thought it expedient to restrict the admission to twenty, on the days appointed; but the members of the Association have still the liberty of taking any friend with them, who may be able to render them assistance. In consequence of a deputation to the Gaol Committee, who have given every encouragement to our undertaking, we have obtained permission, not only to class the women, but to arrange them in their different wards, and to appoint wards' women, which brings them more immediately under our constant care, and enables us in some degree, to remove the difficulties which frequently arise with respect to their association in the prison. We have also to acknowledge the kind exertions of the Sheriffs, in assisting us to investigate the most interesting cases, and also to intercede for mitigation of punishment, where sudden temptation, and not habitual vice, has been the immediate cause of delinquency.

"When we take into consideration the constant change of prisoners who come under the care of the Ladies' Committee, we desire not to be too sanguine with respect to the lasting fruits that may be produced; but are encouraged to pursue our efforts by the reflection, that the commission of much actual evil is daily prevented; and although hopes entertained by promising appearances may frequently be disappointed, yet we have to acknowledge with humble gratitude, that, through the Divine blessing, some who have been within these walls are now obtaining their bread by honest industry, and others through deep and heartfelt repentance have died in faith, founded on the mercy of a gracious Redeemer.

"We think it right to add some interesting facts, respecting three of our women who have left the prison since last year: two of these, who were under sentence of death, have received a free pardon; one has been assisted to procure a mangle, and is obtaining a respectable livelihood; the other has been admitted as nurse into an hospital; a third has been received into the family of one of our friends, as a servant, and we have the satisfaction of hearing that all conduct themselves with uniform propriety.

"It will doubtless be acceptable to learn, that our Association still extends it's care to Giltspur-Street Counter, by a deputation of several of it's members: to this prison some of the prisoners from Newgate are committed for correction, during a stated period, and where the system is carried on much in the same manner as in Newgate; the women are classed under a matron, supplied with work, and have the benefit of hearing the Holy Scriptures read to them.

"With these encouragements, the Committee cannot but hope, that the system they have adopted in Newgate will meet with a general reception in other prisons, and will continue to be diffused until not one prisoner, in this Christian country, is left destitute of that assistance, which the more enlightened are called upon to extend to the ignorant and wretched; considering that we are "all the children of One Universal Father."

"*Shrewsbury Common Gaol.*

"Since the year 1818 the alterations for the improved classification of the prisoners are as follows: three additional departments for females, and one for males. The first court appropriated for female felons before trial; second, after trial; and third, for vagrants: also one court for male vagrants: all the other courts remain as in the year 1818, as also the general plan of the prison. There are in all, nine classes for male prisoners, exclusive of debtors; viz. two yards for prisoners before trial, two for prisoners after trial, and five yards for the House of Correction prisoners, including vagrants. They are thus divided, two courts for vagrants, one for poachers, another for disorderly servants, and a third for want of surety, bastardy, &c. These are stated as the general divisions, but it perpetually happens, from there

being none or very few prisoners of a particular description, that the yards are applied to others, by which classification, as to character as well as crime, can be attended to. There are eight classes for females, two before trial, two after trial; two bastardy; one disorderly servants; and one vagrants. The number of night-cells is 152, each prisoner sleeping separately, unless they exceed the number of cells.

" A mill was erected in the Gaol two years ago, for grinding corn, which employs thirty-six men, eighteen at one time, and they change three times each per day; the remaining male prisoners are employed in weaving laces, making list shoes, tobacco, and shoemakers' pegs; whitewashing, and other necessary employments in the Gaol. The female prisoners are employed in baking, washing, spinning, knitting stockings and gloves; also making the sheets and wearing apparel consumed in the Gaol. The produce of the mill is sold to a mealman who contracts for it. The amount of cash paid to the prisoners in the year 1820, is £218 5*s.* 11*d.*, which is supposed to be one-third of the estimated value of the work performed by them. Each prisoner is paid about 1*s.* per week, as the amount of his earnings. Solitary confinement is occasionally resorted to, with different degrees of punishment; and four solitary cells, heated by flues, with a small yard attached to each, have been just erected for this purpose. The intention is to confine the worst of characters, whose example might tend to corrupt the younger offender.

" Female criminals are less in number, and that of disorderly women is about the same as formerly. The service of the Church is read, and a sermon preached on Sunday, morning prayers on Tuesday, and evening ditto on Thursday. The Chaplain attends nearly every day. There is also a schoolmaster, who attends five mornings in the week, for the purpose of instructing the prisoners. Bibles, Testaments, and religious tracts are distributed to the prisoners by the Chaplain."

Our quotations, and our remarks, have now, we are assured, fully proved not only the value and importance of this national charity, but also the very interesting nature of the report before us. The Appendix contains a variety of communicatons from Scotland, Ireland, America, and different parts of the Continent, where the salutary principles of this Samaritan Institution are making rapid progress. There is also much information upon several other subjects connected with the original design, and many interesting documents of considerable importance. In recommending, therefore, with our warmest eulogy the interests of this establishment, to the encreased protection of the public, we feel ourselves confident, that all the sanguine hopes of the Society's friends will ultimately be realized; and that, in the concluding words of the Report, " they will richly merit the warmest benedictions of a grateful country; and ensure to themselves even yet a far more solid, an imperishable reward!"

The Life of David Haggart, alias John Wilson, &c. &c. Written by himself while under Sentence of Death. 2d Edition. Edinburgh, Ballantyne and Co.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step," was the observation of a man, who, with all his errors, of action, and dictation, knew, we are induced to think, something of Human Nature; and this sentiment, constantly and forcibly illustrated as it was, by the situations and versatilities of his own career, was no doubt the fruit of such knowledge. We incline also to admit it's general truth, not only with reference to Napoleon Buonaparte, but in a wider and more effective sense, as it regards the whole human race, and the chequered and ever varying scenes of life. Assuming, therefore, the correctness of our position, what is there in the study and the perusal of the life and character of David Haggart, more ridiculous than the devotion of our time to the history of more extensive though more illustrious depradators!—the Cæsars, the Alexanders, and the Napoleons of other days. The spoliations and the aggressions on domestic life and circumscribed society, afford lessons and warnings equally forcible and pungent as the subversions of empires, and the invasion of kingdoms; and the misery inflicted upon the Peasant's fire-side by one desperate and unprincipled ruffian, will awaken,—" *si licet parvis componere magna,*"— pity, detestation, and wonder, in a degree, equal to that entailed upon an invaded province and a plundered city.

We have therefore taken up the little work before us with considerable interest, not so much for the sake of assuming the office of the Critic as the Instructor; for whilst, feeling that it would be both cruel and unnecessary to dissect or carp at the style of the production, since it is purported to be the work of Haggart himself, we fancy we perceive in, and can collect from it, lessons of dread for the profligate and the infidel, as well as assurances of hope and alleviation, to the repentant and broken minded.

Vile, savage, and determined, David Haggart, from his youth up, went on his vicious course rejoicing. Nothing withheld or baulked his purpose, and rapine, and finally blood, traced the spot where his reptile-like crawl had been. But the march of retribution came upon him, the flinty heart quailed in the last hour of chains and captivity; the "still small voice" thundered of "judgment to come," and hope, "Heaven's Cherubim," inspiring visions of a better world, infused a glow of feeling and gratitude upon that heart which before had been the nest of the serpent and the tiger's lair. The fettered limbs bowed to the unseen God, and nothing in all his former life "became him like the leaving of it;" and at last, when he shut his eyes upon the world, and threw off mortality, he did not fall, as too many others have done, and "make no sign."

Haggart was born of humble, but honest parents,—"at a farm town called the Golden Acre, near Canon Mills, in the County of Edinburgh, on the 24th of June, 1801," and was executed, for the murder of the turnkey of Dumfries Jail, at Edinburgh, on the 18th July, 1821. Consequently, from the cradle to the grave was indeed but a span to him, and one may well wonder that so young a man should so successfully have perpetrated that tissue of ribaldry, crime, and debauchery, which brought him, even in the blossom of his life, to expiate his villanies upon the scaffold.

It would be both tedious and unnecessary to go along with him through every path of his rapidly wicked journey; and we shall therefore only point out those parts of it which were it's more remarkable stages.

"Shew me your companions, and I will tell you what you are," is an axiom handed down to us by antiquity and experience,—and bad company seems to have been the noxious weed that overspread Haggart's morning, the poisonous fester that devoured his sound qualities. It was the serpent that he fostered almost in his cradle, only to entice and delude his maturer life into the forbidden precincts of irreligion and immorality. But let us hear him speak on this point for himself:—

"Although, during my service, I acted with fidelity towards my masters, yet, in the latter part of it, I had contracted an intimacy with several very loose characters, and had various adventures in the streets at night. I was very fond of company, and I now had greater opportunities of gratifying my propensities. I never was given to drink, nor, indeed, to the company of men, but I principally frequented dances and raffles, where I mingled in the society of both sexes of the most dissolute characters. I was thrown idle about the month of April, 1817, and in less than three months I found myself plunged into such a state of vice and wickedness, that my mind could not suffer reflection. I spent whole nights in the streets, or in worse places. Every thing I saw, or heard, or did, was wicked; my *nights and my days were evil;* I could not bear to look at my relations; and growing at last impatient of the restraint of living in my father's house, I formed the resolution of shifting my scene of action."

He "left his father's house," and from that time till within a short period of his death, the current of his life "never did run smooth," but was ruffled and discoloured by the storms of passion, and the filth by which it was embedded. He goes on to detail a series of successful plunder, and to those who are fond of poring over descriptions of scenes and villanies, told in good set slang terms, we can promise them much amusement in the perusal. For ourselves, the short observation that is wrung from him,—"I never was happier than when I fingered all this money; but I thought sore about it afterwards, when *I was ill, and like to die,*"—is worth any score pages of the modern fashionable slang dictionary.

The account of the "blackest day" in Haggart's life, as he forcibly depicts it, when he committed the murder on the turnkey, for which his own

life was the forfeiture, is given at considerable length, and is not devoid of interest; but the extract that we now give is newer, and possesses some touches of feeling which, from such a rugged source, we are more delighted to dwell upon. Haggart had effected his escape, and was seeking safety from pursuit by flight and concealment:—

"I then made for Annan, and got through it before the moon rose, and getting on a mile or two upon the Carlisle road, I went in a belt of planting close to a small farm town. Watching an opportunity, I dived into a haystack, and lay there all night, and next day till two o'clock in the afternoon, when I heard a woman ask a boy, if 'that lad was taken that had broken out of Dumfries Jail?' the boy answered, 'No, but the jailer died last night at ten o'clock.' His words struck me to the soul; my heart died within me, and I was insensible for a good while; on coming to myself, I could scarcely believe I had heard them, for the possibility of poor Morrin's death had never entered into my mind. The woman and boy passed on. I came out of the stack, and resolved to proceed, whatever should be the consequence. I advanced upon the road, and would have given the world for a change of clothes. Seeing a scarecrow in a field, I went up, undressed him, and marched on in the dress of a potatoe-bogle. On the Wednesday night I slept in a hay-loft. In the morning a man came up to fill the horses racks, and was within a foot of me; but I was nicely plunk't amongst the hay, and I heard all his conversation with a *core* down in the stable without being observed. They had been talking about me before they came to the stable, for the first thing I heard was,—'He maun be a terrible fellow.—The other said, 'Ou, he's the awfu'st chield ever was; he has broken a' the jails in Scotland but Dumfries, and he's broken hit at last. A'm sure I wish he may keep awa',—it will no bring back the man's life, and I ken his father.'"

After encountering many such "hair breadth escapes" as these, and removing from place to place to avoid detection, he is at last recognized, and carried back, heavily ironed, to Dumfries. The description of his journey is one of the most powerful portions of the narrative:—

"On our approach towards Dumfries, which was in the dark, there were many thousands of people on the road, many of them with torches in their hands, waiting my arrival; and when I got to the jail door, it was scarcely possible to get me out of the coach for the multitude,—all crowding for a sight of *Haggart the Murderer!* Some seemed sorry, and some terrified for me; but there was not one of them all so sorry or so terrified as I was. I plunged through them, rattling my chains, and making a great shew of courage, but my heart was shaking at the thought of poor Morrin. As I went up the narrow stair to the cells, I had to pass the very spot where I struck him; and oh! it was like fire under my feet."

Again:—

"All that man could do was done for me at my trial, and I had good hopes till the judge began to speak; but then my spirits fell, for his speaking was sore against me. I did not altogether despair, when I saw the jury talking together; but oh! when they said *Guilty*, my very heart broke; but I was even then too proud to shew my feelings, and I almost bit my lip through in hiding them. When the judge was passing the awful sentence, I turned dizzy, and gasped for breath. They say I looked careless, but they could not see *within me*. I did not know what had happened, or where I was. I thought of every thing in a minute,—I thought of my father,—I thought of my mother, who died of a broken heart,—I thought of escape, and very near made a plunge over the heads of the crowd,—then I could have cried out. When the sentence was over, I gathered my thoughts, and my heart was as hard as ever; for I said, 'Well! the man that is born to be hanged, will not be drowned!' This was very wicked, but I could not help it, for I had not command of my thought or words."

But this hardness of heart, this desperate affectation of an useless and vicious courage, "these wild and wicked thoughts," as he himself properly designates them, soon left him. Kindness from others, and the effects of the good lessons which were read him of religion and hope, mollified the stubborn spirit, and the man, whose hand from infancy had been against every man, felt love and pity towards his fellow creatures; awe and adoration to his Almighty Creator. We cannot more effectually serve the purpose of our critique, or the object of Haggart himself, in giving the records of his varied life for the purpose of warning to others, and more especially for the "securing a small sum for his father's family," than by concluding with the last paragraph of this little volume;—

"I have tried to tell my story as I thought and felt when it all happened, not as I feel *now*, for I wanted to shew my awful wickedness, as a warning to others. I have no thought now but *death*, and it is coming so near, that I must forget this world, and think only of the next. I have told all I remember of my life truly. I hope the tale will shew my old comrades, if they ever see it, that their wicked ways will bring them to untimely ends; and I leave it to my poor old father, as all that he will ever get from his unfortunate son, David Haggart."—This is dated, "Iron Room, Edinburgh Jail, July 21, 1821."

A short note tells the sad remainder :—

"Early on the morning of his execution, David Haggart joined earnestly in devotional exercise with his ministerial attendant. After the Chaplain of the gaol had given a prayer, one of the officers of justice appeared, and requested all the persons present to retire, as he had something to communicate to the unhappy prisoner. Haggart immediately exclaimed in a hurried tone, 'Oh! I suppose it is the executioner.' His firmness for a moment abandoned him, and he walked rapidly across the cell, with his arms folded, and with dark and deep despair strongly painted on his countenance. He speedily, however, regained his composure; and, when the executioner did appear, at once allowed his arms to be bound. He was then removed to a hall in the lower part of the Lock-up-house, where he was received by two of the clergymen of Edinburgh, and the magistrates. After prayers, the procession proceeded to the scaffold. The conduct of the unfortunate youth there was in the highest degree becoming. While the beneficial influence of religion was apparent in his whole demeanour, his natural firmness of character never for a moment forsook him. He kneeled down, and uttered an earnest prayer; and, after addressing a few words of deep and anxious exhortation to the great multitude by whom he was surrounded, he met his fate with the same intrepidity which distinguished all the actions of his short, but guilty and eventful life."

But we hope that this melancholy memorial is not all the "poor old father" will ever get; for we hope that even that world which Haggart warred with, and preyed upon, when living, will draw the veil of forgetfulness over the perished son, or, the rather, will, without referring to his crimes, give a balsam to heal the sickness of the disconsolate, and it may be more miserable, sire. As one channel by which it's unostentatious benevolence can reach the hut of the childless, let the world's children purchase the "Life of David Haggart;" and let those to whom "soft Charity repairs," recommend all their friends to follow their good example.

S. W. X. Z.

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In a few weeks will be published, The Priest; a novel, in 3 vols.; and Maurice Powell, a Welsh Tale of England's Troubles; in 3 vols.

Shortly will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. Memoirs of the Court of King James the First. By Lucy Aikin.

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Very shortly will be published, the Private and Confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, principal Minister to King William for a considerable Period of his Reign. By the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

" Veluti in Speculum."

DRURY LANE.

NOV. 5. A new Musical Comedy, in two brief acts, by a Captain Livius, was brought out this evening, with very complete, and very deserved success, both on account of it's own amusing composition, and the excellent acting which it elicited from the four favourite performers, who played the leading characters. This piece, like most of our modern novelties, is an adaptation from the French, and under another name was produced at the Adelphi on the same night. The story is simple, and we may tell the plot of " *Maid or Wife; or, the Deceiver deceived*," without fearing to tax our readers' patience. *Sir George Rakely* (Elliston), an intriguing Baronet, in the absence of his lady, is smitten with the charms of *Fanny* (Miss Copeland), a fair villager, whom he engages as a waiting-maid to *Lady R.* (Miss Smithson). *Fanny* is, however, privately married to *Ready* (Harley), *Sir George*'s valet, who is compelled to conceal the union from the circumstance of his enjoying an annuity of fifty pounds from his master only whilst continuing single. *Ready*'s manœuvres, therefore, to accommodate matters between his jealousy and his interest, form the groundwork of the Drama; until during a tête a tête dinner of *Sir George* and *Fanny*, waited upon by *Ready*, in agonies at every syllable uttered by both parties, *Lady Rakely*, sent for privately by *Ready*, returns and surprises them. *Fanny*, however, is put out of the way; and after some little further equivoque, the Valet's ingenuity triumphs, and the Baronet forgives and makes him his Steward, to prevent any undue disclosures. In this lively piece Elliston played well, and Harley better; Miss Smithson looked and acted like a lady, and Miss Copeland, so long a favourite at the Surrey, in her first appearance here, proved how well she deserved the very enthusiastic welcome with which she was received at Drury-lane. The songs and music are light and pretty, and the piece was re-announced amidst very general applause.

Nov.12. Mr. Kean's re-appearance this evening attracted a splendid audience to witness his performance of *Richard the Third*, and his *entrée* was hailed with true dramatic enthusiasm. Of his acting, we can only repeat what we have so often stated; it's blemishes and it's beauties remain unchanged, and any analysis of either would now be wearisome; it would indeed be as—

> " A thrice told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

The only alteration throughout was, that his voice was more sustained, and stronger at the conclusion, than we have formerly noticed it in his performance of this very arduous character. In the afterpiece of " *The Adopted Child*," a Mr. Loveday, from Edinburgh, made his *debut* as *Michael*, and displayed much talent and feeling in his delineation of the honest Fisherman; judging from which specimen, we augur very favourably of his excellence in other characters. — We have also to notice the engagement of Mr. Fitzwilliam, the late comic hero of the Surrey Theatre, who appeared here for the first time on the 10th instant, as *O'Rourke O'Daisey*, in " *Hit or Miss*," and was most favourably received.

Nov. 13. A new Comedy, by Mr. Moncrieffe, entitled " *Lost Life*," was performed for a first time to-night; the plot of which was very complex, though not very new; but the audience were satisfied, and the Play passed off without disapprobation. In the commencement of the piece, the *dramatis personæ* find themselves grouped at Bognor, where a milliner, *Miss Versatile*(Mrs. Edwin), from Cranbourn-alley, endeavours to accomplish an opulent match, by adapting her character to the taste of her various objects of speculation. With *Freshwater* (Penley), a citizen amateur of yacht-sailing and Thames excursions, she pretends to be a sea officer's daughter, and raves of the navy. With *Daffodil* (Harley), a Cockney poet and Perfumer, she sighs verse, and

quotes Apollo and the Nine; and with *Featherbrain* (Cooper), a spark of fashion, she is an elegante, and parodies the West End; the whole of which is rather too much to be thrown on the responsibilities of a dressmaker; although Mrs. Edwin sustained the burthen with considerable spirit. Her lovers, in an unlucky hour for her, speak, each of his mistress, and determine on a comparison. She meets them, and deception is at an end, the dressmaking Cerberus faints, and the lovers fly. The remainder of the play was filled up with the story of *Featherbrain*'s love for *Emma Roselove* (Miss Smithson), his rejection of her, and his repentance after the *eclaircissement*, relative to the *incognito* of *Cranbourn-alley*. *Solomon Pilgrim* (Munden) was the travelled uncle whose supposed death, or, rather, whose "*Lost Life*," had given opulence to *Featherbrain*. His re-appearance is, of course, fatal to the amateur of fashion, who is, however, converted into a regular husband, by an union with *Emma*, the real heiress to *Pilgrim*'s fortune.

Daffodil, the Aldermanbury poet, has much pleasantry about him; and the whole part is a fair satire on the Cockney poetical school of the present day. He wears his hair divided on the forehead and falling on his shoulders *a la Petrarque*; omits a neckcloth; aspirates his words in the most calamitous style of perversion; celebrates the birth-days of all the poets at the Magpie and Punch-bowl on Highgate-hill! and recites some doggrel, commencing with,

"Highgate is a place of high renown,
About a mile from Kentish Town."

Freshwater's dialect, also, half city slang and half seamanship, is not ill conceived; and *Doldrum* (Knight), the Factotum at *Smirk's* Library, is a *Dominie Sampson* on a minute scale, with the constant phrase of "*uncommon*;" a rather too palpable imitation of "*prodigious*." Although there was certainly nothing peculiarly attractive in this play, there was nothing to excite serious displeasure. It went on rather heavily towards the concluding scenes, but the curtain fell with considerable approbation. It's principal errors are, a perplexity of plot, and an exuberance of characters, there being no less than thirteen for three acts! serving to encumber rather than assist, and confuse instead of elucidate. The Prologue boasted of originality, but it appeared not in the Comedy, though the excellence of the performers, and the truly comic spirit of several of the situations, will, we doubt not, secure for it a temporary popularity, when pruned of it's excrescences. Mr. Munden's re-appearance here some evenings since, as *Post Obit*, in "*Folly as it Flies*," was hailed with much applause, though his character of to-night seemed scarcely to suit him; all the other leading performers, particularly Harley, Cooper, and Knight, Mrs. Edwin, and Miss Smithson, exerted themselves with much effect, and "*Lost Life*" owes it's principal vitality to their excellence. The Epilogue was spiritedly spoken by the characters, but the composition of both it and the Prologue was very far below mediocrity.

Nov. 23. This evening Mr. Kean appeared in *Hamlet*; a character to which, with all our respect for his high talents, we consider him extremely unequal. Occasional flashes of transcendent genius certainly illumined various parts of the performance, but he did not personify the *Hamlet* of our imagination. Mr. Kean cannot, perhaps, entirely fail in any character which he chooses to perform; but we conceive his distinguished reputation was by no means consulted in the present selection. Miss Kelly played *Ophelia* with her usual ability, Cooper was the *Ghost*, and the remaining parts were filled as usual.

Our prophecy of a popular career to the new comedy of "*Lost Life*," was negatived, after two representations, by Mr. Munden's refusal to perform his character of *Solomon Pilgrim*; which, though certainly not a very suitable one, we should have thought his duty to the Public, to the Theatre, and to the Author, ought to have compelled his continuance in, after having at first accepted and performed it. A Magazine Editor has no few difficulties and disappointments to contend with, but a Theatrical Manager, we fear, has still more; and we therefore no longer envy the honours of our friend Elliston.—*The Coronation* has now reached it's 80th night!

COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 6. "*She Stoops to Conquer*," one of the pleasantest comedies on the stage, was performed here to-night, to introduce Mrs. Chatterley, whose powers have so lately and so fortunately developed themselves at the English Opera House, and Haymarket, as *Miss Hardcastle*; and there was some curiosity in seeing how she might acquit herself on a scene so much more extensive, and more trying. She was, however, received with the greatest favour, which was continued through the evening, and very generally deserved. *Miss Catherine Hardcastle* is not a model of elegance, for Goldsmith's conceptions on the subject of female manners seem to have always worn a tinge of his own rusticity; but she is an animated, lively, and *naive* young lady, and to all this Mrs. Chatterley shewed herself perfectly equal. Her acting was occasionally perhaps too high-coloured, and we are not convinced but that her raillery, in the last act, might be as formidable to the fondness of her lover, as trying to his bashfulness. On the whole, however, the character was well played; and if *Miss Hardcastle* shall in future less forget that the waiting-maid is the mistress in disguise, she will perform the part still better. Jones was *Young Marlow*; and as he always makes more even of a bad part than almost any performer, his lively acting, of course, gave great gratification. Fawcett was a facetious *Hardcastle*, and Liston, as usual, in *Tony Lumpkin*, contributed largely to the good humour of the audience.

Nov. 10. A new Farce, founded on the French anecdote of *Toujours Perdrix*, and entitled "*The Venison Pasty*," was most completely and deservedly condemned here this evening. Our readers will readily forgive our omission of the plot, when we state, that all that was intelligible was indelicate, and all that was audible was disgusting. The best proof of it's utter unworthiness was, that the combined talents of Jones, Liston, Blanchard, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Chatterley, could not propitiate it's opponents, nor their best exertions procure it's dullness a patient hearing.

Nov. 13. "*Twelfth Night*" was performed here this evening, when Miss M. Tree, after her long and severe indisposition, re-appeared in the character of *Viola*. Her reception was most flattering, and she acknowledged it most gracefully. Of her performance in this part we have spoken at such length on former occasions, that any detail on it's repetition would be superfluous. We cannot, however, omit mentioning the peculiar pathos with which she delivered the celebrated passage,—

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief!"

This was a noble exhibition of nature under it's most delightful circumstances,—that of an innocent and lonely girl picturing her hope and her affections in the sight of him she loved,—revealing the history of her own suffering and feeling, relieved even in this mysterious declaration, and it was much applauded. The whole performance, indeed, was received with enthusiasm, and was altogether as perfect a specimen of acting as we could wish to witness. She sung with tenderness and feeling, but her last song was omitted with the unanimous concurrence of the audience. The singer at first commenced it; when Mr. Abbott stepped forward, and stated, that he was requested by Miss Tree to say, that the agitation so natural to her re-appearance after so long an absence prevented her from concluding her last song. The apologist was cheered, the singer loudly applauded, and the performance concluded with general satisfaction.—All the other characters were filled as usual.

Nov. 15. A new aspirante for the vacant throne of Miss O'Neill appeared before a crowded audience this evening, in the character of *Mrs. Haller*, and in the person of a Miss Bakewell; judging from whose name, we should have thought her aid might have been serviceable to the late unfortunate Farce of "*The Venison Pasty!*" If "*The Beggars' Opera*" has been justly charged with making thievery popular by making it attractive, the play of "*The Stranger*" deserves the deeper stigma of throwing

interest round a deeper crime, and we can therefore never approve of it as a fit selection for a young lady's *debut.* If her *forte* is gasping and groans, there are other opportunities for hysterics than the details of a degraded wife's perversion. The purity of woman is the great safeguard of society, the principle on which depends the whole scale of social duties, beginning with those of husband and wife, and descending through family affection to the extremities of the system of moral life. The result of the play of "*The Stranger*" is to prove, that this principle may be abandoned, not merely with personal impunity, but without moral taint; that a woman, who has abjured her first duty may be faithful to her last; and that when she has sinned against the whole outcry of conscience and society, she may be rigid and resolute in attending to duties which are solely a matter of conscience, and which are nearly indifferent to society. Miss Bakewell, however, played her part with considerable spirit, but her timidity upon first appearing was extreme, even for a *debutante,* more especially after the previous annoucements of her talents, and predictions of her fame. We were neither dazzled by brilliancy, nor wearied by imitation. She wept and sighed, as every actress does in this perpetual lament of penitence and sensibility; but her sorrows were not ill placed nor ill modulated. She spoke with distinctness, though her voice is very far from powerful, and uttered some of her regrets in a sweet cadence, though her general tone is extremely weak, and frequently inaudible. She was, however, loudly applauded throughout; and on the fall of the curtain, when "*The Exile*" was announced, there was a loud demand for a repetition of "*The Stranger;*" which being unattended to, the demand rose into clamour, and the progress of "*The Barber of Seville*" was altogether unheard, until Fawcett came forward, and observed, "that it must ever be his wish to conform to the wishes of the public, but that he trusted some allowance would be made for the difficulty of ascertaining those wishes. It was not usual for the audience to command a play, but if it was now their pleasure to do so, their mandate would be obeyed." Much clamour followed, and the stage-manager retired. The row now grew universal, and the actors were driven from the scene. Fawcett, however, at length re-appeared, and promised a repetition of "*The Stranger;*" the audience were satisfied, and all was thenceforth tranquil. Miss Tree played *Rosina* with her usual grace, and sung with her usual sweetness.

Nov. 26. Mr. Macready's first appearance this season, in the character of *Virginius,* was to-night most deservedly hailed with a rapturous welcome; and we very sincerely congratulate our dramatic friends upon the great acquisition to their enjoyment, afforded by his return.

HAYMARKET.

Oct. 23. A new Lady Singer was to-night introduced in the part of *Macheath,* in "*The Beggar's Opera,*" which is so abundant in pleasantry, that the dialogue compensates the audience for almost any deficiency in the performers, and it is so far an advantageous play for a *debut.* But the peculiar spirit of *Macheath* renders it of all exhibitions the least suited for a female, even if the adoption of a male dress had not, on every occasion, more or less tendency to offend. The *debutante* of this evening was a Miss Blake, formerly a pupil of one of the Corri's, and lately under the instruction of Mr. Nathan, the able composer of "*The Hebrew Melodies.*" So far as her appearance can be ascertained in a costume which so much changes the female graces, and abates so much of female attraction, this young lady has a tolerable figure, rather *enbonpoint,* her stature moderate, and her face not inexpressive. Her voice is a tenor, powerful, though not remarkable for clearness; tunable, and yet occasionally failing in accuracy of intonation; and flexible, though apparently little practised in the graces and decoration of singing. But her reception was highly favourable, and this favour was well merited by the general spirit of her performance. Her principal songs were encored, and she has also some considerable capacity as an actress, for the dialogue was delivered with more than usual emphasis and propriety. Miss R. Corri was *Polly,*

and sung with her habitual and delightful taste, and with more than her usual volume of voice; justly entitling her to be classed among the most expressive singers of our time. Terry and Williams made an excellent *Peachum* and *Lockit*, and J. Russell a most vulgar *Filch*. The house was full, and the Opera has been since frequently repeated with encreased eclât.

Since our last month's dramatic criticisms, "*Every One has his Fault*" has been several times repeated here, and perfectly well received. It's strength lies in the pathetic, and it's scenes of distress are fewer than those of it's humour; but while in the latter we are often repelled by the expense at which the author produces her merriment, in the former we have natural feeling in easy, pure, and impassioned language. Mr. Johnson, from Bristol, was the only new actor in the play, and his re-appearances have confirmed our original impression. He is animated, but requires the practice of the metropolitan stage. His movements are frequently more lively than graceful; his enunciation is voluble but crude, and his tone generally too loud for this Theatre, though his words are frequently indistinct. He has, however, very considerable qualities for light comedy; and on this stage is the only substitute for one of the most indispensable actors of his day, Jones.

This play is altogether an extraordinary work for the opportunities and habits of the author. Mrs. Inchbald's biography ought to be given to the world, less even for the literary indulgence that must be found in a successful author's career, than for it's evidence of the power of a well-applied understanding to overcome early difficulties,—of the respectability which a solitary woman may retain in the midst of trial and temptation,—and the tranquil and sacred close of a life occupied, almost solely, by the studies of literature, and in actions of benevolence.

Mrs. Inchbald was the daughter of a Suffolk farmer of the name of Simpson. From her infancy she was remarkably fond of reading, but the works which found their way into a Suffolk cottage sixty years ago were among the most exceptionable guides to a young spirit, awaking to a perception of it's early feelings. The Farmer's Daughter was inflamed with romance. She had the dangerous gift of beauty, and at seventeen determined on following the course of her heroines, and finding her way to fortune in London. Her first step in this city of gold and pleasure was met by disappointment; the person on whose hospitality she was to rely, until wealth and a titled suitor were flung together at her feet, was absent! What lonely misery she now suffered is only to be told by herself; but after lingering till her resources were exhausted, she turned to the stage. Her youth and beauty probably assisted her to an introduction, but she had a slight impediment in her speech, which made theatrical distinction utterly hopeless. In the crisis of this distress and danger, Inchbald, an old man who had some share in the Drury-lane Theatre, married her. She was now secure from penury, but continued to play at the different provincial theatres, till she grew weary of unsuccessful labour, and, at a time when no woman wrote, determined on trusting to her pen. The authorship of the stage is, as every writer can testify, of all authorship, the most repulsive, yet the most tempting. The least ambitious may be attracted by the sudden distinction of a successful play,—the most resolute may be daunted by the obstacles that beset even the very threshold of a Theatre. Mrs. Inchbald's first adventure was bold; she soared at once into the higher regions of the drama, and produced a comedy in five acts. Through what interest this comedy, which was entitled "*I'll tell you What,*" was received, or from what cause it incurred the manager's neglect, is not told; but it was laid in his repository of genius, forbidden to see the light, and the author had her task to begin again. She had now acquired wisdom, and made her experiment at less expense of wit and time. She produced a farce, called "*The Mogul Tale,*" which still keeps possession of the stage. Her rejected comedy was now brought forward, with a prologue by Colman. Diligence was the natural growth of success, and she became one of the most active, as she was one of the most popular, writers for the stage. The comedies of "*Such Things Are,*"—"*Every One has his Fault,*" and "*Lovers' Vows,*" and the afterpieces of "*Animal Magnetism,*" "*The Child of Nature,*" &c. &c. followed

in quick and fortunate succession, and the author was fixed in the competency due to her talents and virtue. Her later works were novels. "*Nature and Art*," and "*The Simple Story*." These have been superseded by the more vigorous productions of our day, and the novel is no longer the narrative of trivial circumstance and private passion. But Mrs. Inchbald's were among the most esteemed of her time, and even to our heightened perception of the beauty and power that may be wrought out of romance, are grateful from their simplicity. They can stand no competition with the grace and majesty, the vivid countenance and the almost living strength that later genius has sculptured out of the rude materials of the time gone by, but they will long have delight for the lovers of grace and nature. Mrs. Inchbald, as we have formerly recorded, died last August, at Kensington, in her 68th year, retaining to the close of life her spirits, her intelligence, and in a remarkable degree the remains of her former beauty.

Nov. 2. This evening terminated the first Season of the New Haymarket Theatre; and though much exertion has been used, and much talent displayed, yet partly from a want of novelty, and partly from a want of convenience in some parts of the house, we fear the result has not been equal either to the Manager's expectations, or his deserts. We shall not go through the history of this experiment of a new system, but expressing our conviction, that the attempt to live without supplies from the large houses will eventually succeed, proceed to the Farewell Address, delivered by Mr. Terry, with peculiar force, and most cordially greeted at those passages which express the Manager's determination to try his strength with the great Leviathans of the Drama.

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,

"I come deputed by the Proprietor to offer you the customary return of his grateful acknowledgments for the liberal support with which you have seconded his anxious and arduous endeavours to establish an independent company in the New Haymarket Theatre.

"It would be tedious to detail to you the numerous and peculiar difficulties of such an undertaking, as well as the new and encreasing obstructions with which this little establishment, so long the object of your favour, and it may almost be said of your affection, has now to contend.

"Our short summer privilege, gradually encroached upon, and each succeeding year made less and less by the invasions of the winter houses, has at length been entirely taken from us by one of them. Since, then, the winter Theatres are becoming summer ones, and are striving utterly to deprive us of that small portion of the year which had hitherto been left free to our use; it is but fair, indeed it is the only chance we have remaining, that we, availing ourselves of the full extent of the Royal Licence granted to this property, should in return, endeavour, as much as possible, to make the *Summer* Theatre a *Winter* one. Of the difficulty of this attempt the Proprietor is fully aware; nevertheless, he enters upon the open field of public competition, prepared to struggle and endure: he enters it at present, indeed, with unequal strength, and surrounded by obstructions; yet he is willing to fight on until he may at last succeed in establishing a company, independent of the large theatres, which, through the full extent of his licence, may have a just and equal claim to your support, in a theatre honourably devoted to all the legitimate purposes of the British Drama.

"Much of the incipient difficulty which attends new attempts has, of course, been removed by the experiment of the present season, and much of the experience beneficial to future efforts has been obtained; and the Proprietor desires me to assure you, that with his means, his exertions shall gradually encrease in every department, to meet the wishes of an indulgent public, whom it is equally his duty, his interest, and his desire, to serve.

"Every alteration or addition, by which the comfort, the convenience, or the dramatic effectiveness of this theatre can be improved, shall be attended to, and no exertion on the Proprietor's part shall be omitted, to encourage rising talent, and to secure such of that already established, that time and opportunity may render accessible to him.

"I have now, Ladies and Gentlemen, only to add, the sincere thanks of the several performers, for the liberal support you have granted them, with which I beg most cordially to unite my own, and, for the present, respectfully and gratefully to bid you Farewell!"

We approve equally of the spirit, and the promises, of this Address; and are gratified to learn, that the Theatre's errors in taste and inter-

nal accommodation will be remedied before another season. In the first place, that enormous excrescence, which deforms the very beautiful cieling, will, we trust, be removed. It never could have been intended as an ornament; and it's utility, as a sounding-board, is perfectly gratuitous in so small a theatre. The next alteration will be in the boxes, which were shockingly incommodious; the first seats will be brought sufficiently near for those who occupy them to rest their arms on the front of the box, and the second, and back rows, are to be elevated, so that the company may *sit*, and may *see* the performances, two things quite incompatible upon the late construction. Some of these very necessary changes are, we understand, already begun, and we confidently expect they will all be completed in a manner which shall leave no cause of complaint, when we again are invited within the walls.

The original term to which this house was allowed to extend it's season, was arranged by his late Majesty at four months, commencing on the 15th of May. On the accession of our present Sovereign it was enlarged to seven; and the Proprietor is resolved to avail himself of all the advantages of this Royal indulgence. The house, we understand, will re-open in April; and the Patent Theatres will hardly have the effrontery to complain that the *Summer* theatricals start in the *Spring*, and carry their agreeable sunny days into the heart of November, after the unfeeling attempt to freeze this little colony by a perpetual *Winter*.

We subjoin a list of the Season's new pieces; and until we again visit the Haymarket, bid the Proprietor and Manager our hearty Adieux.

New Pieces, Season 1821.

Peter and Paul; or, Love in the Vineyards, Vaudville Opera ....*Unsuccessful.*
Rise and Fall, Comedy ....*Successful.*
Matchmaking, Interlude ....*Successful.*
Matchbreaking; or, the Prince's Present, Comedy ....*Successful.*

SURREY THEATRE.

If the Proprietor's success during the short space this Theatre has been open, has been in any respect commensurate with the exertions made to deserve it, we may with much confidence congratulate him on the result; as we have never witnessed greater efforts on the part of any Manager, nor seen more effective exertions on the part of any corps dramatique to merit public patronage. Amongst the new performers, we may mention Miss Dighton, and Mr. Finn, as deserving very peculiar notice, to whom has more recently been added Miss Macauley from Drury-lane. The constant succession of novelty in the performances renders it quite impossible for us to record the frequent changes, while the new pieces in preparation for next season, promise to eclipse even their very successful predecessors.—The Theatre re-opens at Christmas.

CIVIC REGISTER.

1821.

Right Honourable John Thomas Thorp, Lord Mayor.
John Garratt, Esq. Alderman .. ... } Sheriffs.
William Venables, Esq. Alderman .. }

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

FRIDAY, OCT. 26.

A COURT of Common Council was this day held, in pursuance of a requisition to the Lord Mayor, to vote the Thanks and Freedom of the Corporation to Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. for his valuable services in Parliament; previous to the introduction of which, Mr. Alderman Waithman laid before the Court some letters relative to his conduct at Knightsbridge on occasion of the Riot at Honey's and Francis' Funeral; which letters were ordered to be entered on the Journals, and the business referred to the Committee for General Purposes.

Mr. Favell, in a long speech, then introduced the business of the day, which was opposed by Alderman Brown, and some other Members, but finally agreed to, without a division; and the Freedom ordered to be presented in a Gold Box of one hundred Guineas value.

The claims of the Masters of the Twelve Companies relative to attending on the Lord Mayor at Coronations were referred to the Coronation Committee.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, NOV. 6.

This day a Court of Aldermen was held at Guildhall for the despatch of general business. A petition was presented from the Ship-owners of South Blythe and Hartley, in Northumberland, for the Reduction of the Wages of the Coal-whippers, when it was resolved that the Wages of the Coal-whippers should be reduced to the standard of the Act of Parliament, such reduction to commence at Christmas next. A Report was also presented from the Committee appointed to consider the petition of the Silver Spoon-manufacturers, which was read and agreed to. The Inquests of the Wards of Queenhithe and Aldgate, and of the Parish of St. Sepulchre, in the Ward of Faringdon Without, attended and made presentments of Ruinous Houses, Non-Freemen, &c., which were severally referred. Commissioners of the Court of Requests were appointed for December next. Several Brokers were allowed and sworn, and Coal-undertakers were licensed.

SWEARING IN THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

GUILDHALL, THURSDAY, NOV. 8.

This being the usual day for swearing in the Lord Mayor elect, the several officers of the Corporation met at the Mansion House, and partook of a *dejeuné* with the Lord Mayor. At two o'clock his Lordship, with the Lord Mayor elect, attended by the Sheriffs, Aldermen Birch, J. J. Smith, Lucas, Brown, and Thompson, together with the Master and Wardens of the Stationers' Company, to which Alderman Magnay belongs, assembled. The Drapers' Company, with which Alderman Thorp is connected, were also in attendance in their State gowns, to conduct his Lordship out of office. The platform which had been erected for the performance of the ceremony was crowded, and the seats filled by ladies. The oath was administered by H. Woodthorpe, Esq. City Town Clerk to the Lord Mayor elect, who was then invested in the State Chair by the late Lord Mayor, who wishing his Lordship might have a peaceful and unruffled career in performing the duties of the office, congratulated him upon his accession to the dignity. The Lord Mayor then received the City mace, purse, and seals, and afterwards the sword of state from the sword-bearer. The ceremony of shaking hands then commenced, after his Lordship had returned the insignia of office to the several officers; when he was congratulated in the warmest manner by his political and private friends, who expressed their conviction that he would do especial honour to the City by the performance of the public duties of the office, as he had done by his private life and conduct. The whole of the party afterwards returned to the Mansion House, and partook of a most splendid farewell dinner given by the late Lord Mayor, who received deserved thanks for the liberal manner in which he had treated all around him during his Mayoralty.

RIGHT HONOURABLE CHRISTOPHER MAGNAY, LORD MAYOR.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

FRIDAY, NOV. 9.

This being the day on which the new Lord Mayor is by constant custom sworn in, every preparation was made in the streets leading to Blackfriars', for the passing of the procession. The day was particularly fine, and the streets were crowded. At about eleven o'clock a select body of the members of the Corporation assembled in the Common Council Chamber, and about half-past twelve the procession started from Guildhall in the usual order: excepting the customary cortege of military, and the three men in armour.

The party embarked in their state barges, at Blackfriar's-bridge, and proceeded with the tide to Westminster; attended by the barges belonging to the Drapers', Stationers', and Skinners' Companies.

The procession on it's landing proceeded to the Court of Exchequer, to which the parties were obliged to go by a private door, and up a narrow circular staircase, which led them to the back entrance, the front gates of the Hall being closed. The Common Serjeant came round to the front of the Court, leading the new Lord Mayor on his right, and the late Lord Mayor on h left. In presenting the Lord Mayor to the Court, he said he had the honour of introducing to the Court a gentleman who had been elected by the free choice of his fellow citizens, as being worthy, from his public and private virtues, to sustain the most honourable and dignified office in their disposal,—that of their Chief Magistrate. The learned gentleman then commented with much force on the important and honourable nature of the office, and expressed his conviction, from the manner in which he had seen him per-

form the duties of his shrievalty, that his conduct in the office to which he was now elected, would be wanting in nothing that could maintain the dignity and splendour that always belonged to it. He then adverted to the peculiar privileges which were enjoyed by the citizens of London, and intimated that there existed designs to invade those privileges, which, however, if attempted to be put in execution, would be met with a degree of firm and determined resistance, that would discourage a repetition of the enterprize. He next proceeded to present to them the late Lord Mayor, who now came before the Court to render up the accounts of his office, his conduct in which the learned gentleman eulogized in warm terms, and said his conduct throughout the year had been marked by an ardent desire to conciliate the good will of his fellow-citizens.

After the new Lord Mayor had taken the customary oaths, the late Lord Mayor gave in his accounts, and performed the usual ceremonies.

Baron Graham then addressed the new Lord Mayor at considerable length, and concurred in the able eulogium made by his learned Brother on the office; and the person whose election by his fellow-citizens to sustain it, was the strongest testimony that he had diffused his wealth, so honourably acquired, for the general benefit. His Lordship then adverted to the duties of the office, and reminded the Lord Mayor that the end of all goverment was to secure to each man, even to the lowest, that which was his own. He did not doubt that the worthy individual would be prompt to repress every disorder; but the eye of the Chief Magistrate ought to be steadily fixed on the movements of those who, having nothing to lose, were always ready to take advantage of the distressed or distempered masses of society, for purposes prejudicial to the good order and welfare of the community at large. His Lordship concluded by expressing his confidence that the new Lord Mayor would perform the duties of his office in a manner which would carry with it the respect and esteem of all good men.

Baron Graham then shortly addressed the late Lord Mayor, on the manner in which he had performed the duties of his office, which was most satisfactory. His political principles were well known; but, in the performance of his office, he had shown by his example, that, in the execution of lawful power, there ought to be an end of all distinctions of party.

The Lord Mayor having then invited their Lordships to the dinner, retired to the other Courts to invite the Judges.

The procession returned in the same order to the City, and arrived at Guildhall at about half-past three, from which hour until six o'clock, the distinguished guests who had been invited arrived in succession. One of the first whose name was announced was his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and never were heard more cordial, or unanimous greetings than those with which he was saluted. Lords Londonderry and Sidmouth, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, entered in succession, and were all received with particular marks of attention. The Duke of Wellington arrived late, and was ushered in by the air of the "*Conquering Hero!*" At six o'clock, the hall was crowded, and the husting-tables in particular were filled with company of the first respectability, the major part of whom were ladies. At a little after six, the tables being previously covered, a flourish of trumpets announced that the guests of the principal table were about to take their seats, and in a few seconds the procession round the hall commenced. Immediately after the Lord Mayor, the Duke of York appeared, conducting the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Wellington and the other nobility following; and among the guests of the upper table, in addition to those already mentioned, were seven of the Judges, and six foreign Ministers.

The dinner was sumptuous, and the wines and dessert various and abundant. As soon as *Non nobis* was sung, the Lord Mayor gave "The King," with four times four. The acclamations with which the toast was received were long, loud, and enthusiastic, and the health of the Duke of York was equally applauded.

The healths of the Lord and Lady Mayoress; the Duke of Wellington; the King's Ministers; the Foreign Ambassadors; &c. &c. then followed in rapid succession. About nine o'clock the Lady Mayoress retired, and was followed by the Lord Mayor and his illustrious guests about ten, when the Ball was opened in the Council Chamber by Miss Magnay and the Portuguese Minister; dancing afterwards commenced in the Great Hall, and was continued until nearly day-break.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, NOV. 13.

A Court of Aldermen was this day held at Guildhall, to consider of an Address of Congratulation to his Majesty on his safe return to his British dominions, at which the Lord Mayor, thirteen Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and City Officers, were present; when an Address was unanimously agreed to; and the Sheriffs, attended by the Remembrancer, were directed to wait upon his Majesty, to know his Royal pleasure when the Court should present it.

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, NOV. 15.

This day a special Court of Common Council was held at Guildhall, for the purpose of voting an Address of Congratulation to his Majesty, on his arrival from Hanover.

This being the first Court held since the Lord Mayor's accession to the Civic Chair, his Lordship read an Address, in which he assured the Court, that it was his ardent wish, in all their future discussions, that the utmost liberty of sentiment might be exercised consistent with the established rules which formed the real dignity of the Court. In his humble endeavours to perpetuate it's character, as the first in the Magistracy of the kingdom, and the example of all others, he should despair of success if he could not rely on the assistance of many Gentlemen whom he had the pleasure of seeing before him, who had attained a knowledge of the laws and constitution of that great metropolis. He looked forward, however, with confidence to their advice and assistance, as well as to the candour of the Court at large, and he trusted that he should not look in vain.

The Resolution for congratulating his Majesty, was then ably moved by Mr. Oldham, seconded by Mr. Ex-Sheriff Williams, and carried *nem. dis.* A Committee of Aldermen and Commoners was immediately formed to prepare the Address, and the Sheriffs were directed to ascertain the King's pleasure as to receiving it.

Upon the motion of Mr. Deputy Weddell, seconded by Mr. Favell, an unanimous resolution of thanks was then voted to Alderman Thorp, the late Lord Mayor, for his very excellent conduct throughout the whole of his Mayoralty, which was ordered to be presented in the usual manner.

Some desultory conversation took place respecting the appointment of Special Jurors, in the City, and the Court adjourned.

FRIDAY, NOV. 16.

This day his Majesty was pleased to hold a special Court at Carlton Palace, for the purpose of receiving the Addresses of the Lord Mayor and Courts of Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, on his return from the Continent.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, with the City Officers, &c &c arrived at the Palace at three o'clock, but his Majesty being particularly engaged with the Cabinet Ministers, he was not able to receive the Addresses until near five, when the Gentleman Usher in Waiting, conducted the Lord Mayor, and Court of Aldermen, to the throne room, where his Majesty being seated, the Lord Mayor, and Court of Aldermen, approached the King, making their obeisances, when Sir John Silvester, the Recorder, read the following Address:—

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"The humble and dutiful ADDRESS of the COURT of LORD MAYOR and ALDERMEN of the CITY of LONDON.

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, are anxious at the earliest possible opportunity to approach the Throne, and offer our most sincere and cordial congratulations on your Majesty's safe and happy arrival in your British dominions.

"Desirous of evincing the deep interest we take in every circumstance which can tend to confirm attachment to your Majesty's Sacred Person, as well as veneration for the honour and dignity of your Crown, we can assure you, Sire, that yielding to none in willing and steady allegiance to our King, and in affectionate devotion to your Royal House, we feel, in grateful sympathy with every honest heart, the fervent effusions of loyalty which your Royal presence has excited in every class of your Majesty's subjects during your progress.

"We are fully sensible of the many and great blessings which under Divine Providence are secured to us by your Majesty's paternal care, and as we could not but experience considerable solicitude for the arrival of the hour which would bring back to us our beloved Sovereign in health and safety, so we most ardently join in the general joy at your return. The shield of Providence has been over you. Long may your Majesty wield the imperial sceptre of these realms, under the Divine Protection, long may you preserve the glory and prosperity of the country, and enjoy the consolation of ruling over a free, loyal, and happy people."

To which Address the King was graciously pleased to make the following answer:—

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that I receive your congratulations upon my safe return to my British dominions.

"The sentiments of loyalty and affection with which I have been greeted during my absence from this part of my kingdom, were similar to your own, and to those which I am fully persuaded are entertained by all ranks and descriptions of my faithful subjects throughout the empire.

"The City of London may confidently rely upon my constant favour and protection, and I humbly trust that a gracious Providence will assist and prosper my earnest endeavours to promote the true interests and happiness of my people."

The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, had then the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand.

The Gentlemen of the Court of Common Council were then conducted into the Royal presence, by the City Remembrancer; and their Address also read by the Recorder:—

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"The dutiful and loyal ADDRESS of the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and COMMONS, of the CITY of LONDON, in Common Council assembled.

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, of the City of London, in Common Council assembeld, approach the Throne with all those sentiments of veneration and respect which are implanted in the minds of a faithful and free people, by the blessings which they enjoy under an invaluable Constitution, and by the paternal regard of a revered and illustrious Monarch.

"We present ourselves before your Majesty on this occasion, to offer our sincere and hearty congratulations on your Majesty's return to your native country in perfect health and safety. And while we felicitate your Majesty on that spirit of loyalty and affection which has manifested itself in those parts of your Majesty's dominions, which you have for the first time recently visited, we feel confident that your Majesty is perfectly assured, that the Citizens of London, in common with the people of Great Britain, will yield to none of your Majesty's subjects in zeal for your service, in attachment to your sacred person, and in a determination to uphold the honour and dignity of your Majesty's Crown.

"That the same gracious Providence which has protected your Majesty throughout your arduous journeys may still preserve you long to reign in the hearts of your loyal and affectionate people, is the fervent prayer of your Majesty's faithful Citizens of London."

To which Address his Majesty returned the following answer:—

"I receive with the utmost satisfaction this testimony of your feelings upon my safe return to my native country.

"Highly gratified as I am by the sentiments of loyalty and affection which have been manifested in those parts of my dominions which I have recently visited, I am perfectly convinced that the same spirit animates the Citizens of London, and all classes of my faithful People throughout the British dominions.

"You may be fully assured of my determination to maintain inviolate all your rights and privileges, and of the ardent solicitude which I shall ever feel for your welfare and prosperity."

The Court of Common Council had then the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand.—The King afterwards very condescendingly apologised for detaining the Lord Mayor, by saying,—"I trust, my Lord, that the Corporation of the City of London will excuse my detaining them. I much regret the circumstance, and assure you that nothing but the most important and pressing business prevented me from receiving you at the time appointed."—His Majesty also very graciously regretted that it had not been in his power to dine with the Corporation on the last Lord Mayor's Day.

The Corporation then took leave of the King, and returned to the City.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20.

At the Court of Aldermen held this day, the Lord Mayor presented his Majesty's most gracious answer to their late Address; and the most flattering thanks of the Court were voted to Alderman J. T. Thorp, the late Lord Mayor, for his upright and excellent conduct in the Civic Chair.

Presentments of nuisances from several Wards were referred to the representing Aldermen, and precepts were ordered to be issued for the election of Common Councilmen and other Ward Officers for 1822. Committees for the ensuing year were also formed, and a compensation was voted to Mr. Wontner, the City Marshal, in consequence of his late serious accident.

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

SATURDAY, NOV. 10.

WHITEHALL, NOV. 8.

THE King landed this morning, about nine o'clock, at Ramsgate, and arrived at Carlton House soon after six, in perfect health.

SATURDAY, NOV. 17.

At the Court at Carlton House, the 14th of November, 1821; present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

It is this day ordered by his Majesty in Council, that the Parliament be prorogued from Thursday the 29th day of this November instant, to Thursday the 3d day of January next.

By the KING.—A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE, R.

Whereas We have thought fit to order, that certain pieces of copper money should

be coined, which should be called "Farthings," every such piece having for the obverse impression Our effigy, with the inscription "Georgius IIII. Dei Gratia," and for the reverse the figure of Britannia, represented sitting on a rock in the sea, holding a trident in her left hand and a branch of olive in her right hand, with the inscription "Britannia: Rex: Fid: Def:" and the date of the year: And whereas pieces of copper money of the description aforesaid have been coined at Our Mint, and will be coined there; We have, therefore, with the advice of Our Privy Council, thought fit to issue this Proclamation; and We do hereby declare, ordain, and command, that all such pieces of copper money so coined, and to be coined as aforesaid, shall be current and lawful money of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and shall pass and be received as current and lawful money of the said Kingdom; every such farthing piece of the value of one farthing of like lawful money: Provided, that no person shall be obliged to take more of such pieces, in any one payment, than shall be of the value of sixpence.

Given at Our Court at Carlton House, this fourteenth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, and in the second year of Our reign.

God save the King.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed William Roberts, of Coleford, Gloucestershire, Gentleman, and James Bar, of Warminster, Wiltshire, to be Masters Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE, by a Circular has informed the Members thereof, that the Persons undernamed; viz.

Luke Clarke and Co. 13, St. Bennet's-place, Gracechurch-street; and

Lieut.-Col. Thomas Joseph Murray, calling himself of the half-pay, late of No. 45, Burton-street, Burton-crescent, and since of Sidmouth-street, Gray's-inn-lane, are reported to that Society as improper to be proposed to be balloted for as Members thereof; and that

The Rev. Thomas Stretton, several times mentioned, lately removed from No. 30, Trafalgar-square, Stepney, and has since gone to the neighbourhood of Westminster.

Edward or Edmund Smith, is a partner in the firm of

Luke Clarke and Co. No. 13, St. Bennet's-place, Gracechurch-street, mentioned above, who draw upon

Smith and Bailey, 9, Well-street, Cripplegate; and are drawn upon by

Charles Tucker and Co. and by

Edward Smith and Co. and are connected with

Thomas Coulson and —— Ashby, formerly mentioned to you as names assumed by the same individual, and also with

John Davison, and refer to

—— Carr, 30, Dock-head, under which name the said Thomas Coulson was likewise mentioned in April last.

HIS MAJESTY'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

The public festivals in honour of his Majesty's arrival at Hanover were for a short time suspended by a slight attack of the gout, which confined the King for some days to his chamber, and also delayed the period of his intended departure. His Majesty was, however, very speedily sufficiently recovered to give private audiences to his illustrious visitors, and the important public arrangements then on the *tapis* suffered no delay. On the 21th of October his Majesty was serenaded in the gardens of his palace; and on his appearance at the window of the banqueting-room, the most enthusiastic acclamations rent the air. "*God save the King*," and other patriotic airs, were played; after which the King, who was dressed in the uniform of a Prussian Field Marshal, addressed the assembled multitude to the following effect:-

"My good friends, I thank you very much for your kind attention to me; I know you will be glad to hear that my health is now perfectly re-established. At my birth I inherited sentiments favourable to my Hanoverian subjects: in those sentiments I have been bred up, and those I shall continue to cherish while I exist."

His Majesty dined with the Duke of Cambridge on the 27th, afterwards honouring the Theatres with his presence, where he was received with the greatest splendour; and left Hanover on the 29th.

On Tuesday, the 30th, his Majesty arrived at Gottingen. When at the principal gate of the town, a grand triumphal arch was erected, and a numerous train of young females, dressed in white, and each carrying in her hand a festoon of variegated flowers, approached with a poem placed on a scarlet velvet cushion, which his Majesty was pleased to accept in the most condescending manner. The

King then proceeded to the Riding School, where the students had made all the necessary arrangements for entertaining him with a carousal in the style of ancient chivalry. Here his Majesty was received by the Public Authorities, and the Professors of Riding. Fifteen hundred students marched in files of four deep, and there were about fifty students on horseback, who served as a guard of honour to his Majesty. The Riding School is in the form of an oblong square, and on one side of it the students ranged themselves along in double rows, the inhabitants of the town standing immediately opposite to them, while his Majesty was conducted to an open pavilion placed at the upper end, and hung with a rich drapery of crimson velvet and white satin. A large party of the students then went through various equestrian exercises before his Majesty, after which they rode a quadrille, in which no French dancing master of the first celebrity could have shewn more precision. His Majesty partook of some refreshment before he re-entered his carriage, and was presented with two poems, one in German and the other in Latin.

On the 31st the King entered Cassel, where he partook of an elegant *dejeune* prepared for him by the Elector, who waited on the steps of his palace to receive his Majesty. On the 1st of November the King arrived at Wetzlar, where the Saxon General Thielmann, Military Governor of the Provinces of the Rhine, was sent by his Sovereign to pay his respects to his Majesty, on his re-entering the Prussian dominions. On the 2d the King reached Coblentz, and proceeded to the house of General Thielmann, where he dined with the General, and afterwards visited the works of Ehrenbreitstein, a fortress on the left bank of the Rhine. On the 3d his Majesty reached Cologne, were he was received with all due honours, and thence proceeded to Aix la Chapelle and Leige. On the 5th the King reached Brussels, where his Excellency, the Earl of Clancarty, was in attendance to receive his Sovereign, and on the 6th his Majesty arrived at Bruges; proceeding from whence on the morning of the 7th, his Majesty and suite arrived in Calais a little before seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the 7th of November, and proceeded to Dessin's hotel, where his Majesty was received by his Excellency Sir Charles Stuart, our Ambassador at the Court of France, who introduced to the King several French noblemen, who had the honour of dining with his Majesty. The King also gave an audience to the Duke d'Angouleme.

His Majesty's yacht being in readiness to receive him, the King determined on sleeping on board, and about 10 o'clock set sail with all possible celerity. Between two and three o'clock the Royal George cast anchor in the Downs, and at eight o'clock on Thursday morning again sailed. At half past nine his Majesty went on shore at Ramsgate, where he was received with every demonstration of respect and rejoicing, which the short notice of the intended honour would admit of. His Majesty left Ramsgate as soon as his travelling carriage could be got ready, and proceeded on his way to London. Through every town that he passed, he was received by all ranks with acclamations and marked attachment, particularly in Canterbury.

Arrangements were originally made for his Majesty's proceeding from Calais up the river Thames, and to land at Greenwich, provided the wind had been favourable; and at eight o'clock on Thursday morning, two of his Majesty's travelling carriages and four, with outriders, left the Royal stables for Greenwich. About three o'clock in the afternoon an escort of Light Horse went to Greenwich. Capt. Richbell, dropped down the River to Greenwich in the Thames police vessel, and Sir Richard Birnie, with a party of Bow-street officers, was in attendance at Greenwich in the afternoon. Officers were also stationed on the Kent-road, and another party in St. George's-fields. A great concourse of people was collected in Greenwich, in consequence of the arrangements for the arrival of the King there, waiting in eager expectation of the honour of first seeing their Sovereign on his return to England; and at one time it was actually said that the steam-vessel having the King on board, was in view. This eager expectation continued till it was known that the King's Horses had left Greenwich to meet his Majesty in the Kent Road, he having landed at Ramsgate. The horses accordingly met the King's carriage six miles on this side of Dartford, where they changed with the post horses.

An out rider arrived at the King's palace in Pall-mall about five minutes before six o'clock on Thursday evening, the 8th of November, announcing the King's near approach, and at five minutes past 6 his Majesty entered the Palace-yard, accompanied by the Marquess of Conyngham, and Sir Benjamin Bloomfield. We have great satisfaction in saying, that his Majesty bore his journey without fatigue, and was in the full enjoyment of excellent health, and extremely cheerful, conversing most affably with the gentlemen in waiting to receive him.

The detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, on duty at the Horse Guards, were drawn out dismounted to receive the King, their trumpeter sounding a salute, and about a quarter of an hour after his Majesty's arrival, the cannon in St. James's-park discharged a double Royal salute, to announce the King's return.

As the Lord Mayor and Corporation were proceeding with the Addresses to

his Majesty, on Friday, the 16th instant, a most serious accident happened to Mr. Wontner, the principal City Marshal, whose horse becoming restive near the end of King-street, Cheapside, reared and threw him, and afterwards plunged, and trampled upon him. In consequence of which, one of Mr. Wontner's legs was broken in so dangerous a manner, as to be immediately amputated below the knee by Sir William Blizard. We are, however, happy to add, that every hope is entertained of this very meritorious officer's ultimate recovery.

The coins recently deposited by the hand of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Chester, within the foundation-stone of the new church at Ashton-under-Line, were a few nights since very ingeniously extracted from the cavity of the stone, and a scrap of paper, containing the following lines, was found in the place of them—

"This stone the curious fact revealed,
That various coins were here concealed;
And told the world, in language fair,
A Bishop's hand had placed them there!
To make such information known,
It must have been a clever stone;
So clever,—that it p'rhaps can say,
Who t'was that stole the coins away."

The ancient family of the celebrated Reformer, John Wycliffe, became extinct a few days ago, by the death of Thomas Wycliffe, Esq. whose ancestors have been settled at Richmond, in Yorkshire, ever since the reign of Edward the First.

His Majesty, while on board the Royal yacht off the Hill of Howth, gave a gold medal to each of the officers, and a silver one to each of the crew, on his birth-day, and distributed them in person.

Mr. Barth, of Strasburgh, has published his discovery of a barometer, which will announce every change of the weather thirty hours before it happens, and will give notice of thunder storms twelve hours before they occur.

A curious phenomenon now stands on the road-side to Brighton, on the estate of Mr. Sewell: it is a very large tree, half of which is oak, and the other half beech.

WESTMINSTER HALL AND THE ABBEY.

A difficulty of a very serious nature has occurred in the removal of the fittings up of these places for the Coronation. In Westminster Hall every thing remains in *statu quo*, until the Court of Claims shall decide to whom they may belong. Lord Gwydir, as Lord Great Chamberlain of England, claims the fittings up in the Hall as his perquisites of office, and Col. Stevenson, of the Board of Works, has put in a claim on the part of the public, for whose benefit, he contends, they ought to be sold. In the Abbey, the Very Rev. the Dean has less ceremoniously, in the first instance, removed the fittings from the choir, and afterwards finding them troublesome in the nave of the church, has disposed of them for the benefit of himself and the Chapter, to whom he considers they belong. Col. Stevenson insists upon the materials being the property of the public. The Dean has, in consequence of a notice to that effect from the Solicitor to the Board of Works, paid the amount of what they produced into Messrs. Drummond's, the bankers, there to abide the decision of the Court of Claims.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

Wheat sowing is more backward in the principal corn districts than usual, from the necessity of getting out the produce of the last harvest to meet the general pressure for rent, taxes, tithes, &c. What has been early sown on tilth and clover leys, plants well. Though the prime samples of Wheat and Barley begin to command better prices, the average is kept low, by those of inferior quality, which continue to overload the markets. New Beans come up in too soft a state to meet a brisk sale, even on lower terms. Good dry Oats are worth more money. Red Clover seed has in general been ill got up from the unfavourable weather, and will consequently prove a light crop; the White, from tender soils, will be more productive. The principal Turnip countries complain much of the mildew, from the great luxuriance of the blade. The early Swedes have felt it most. Coleseed is every where good. The Grass lands are still full of feed, keeping the Hay market rather depressed. Hops turned out a better crop than the planters looked for; but many hundred rows in Kent were left unpicked on the poles, the present reduced value not being deemed sufficient to pay the duty and expenses. The Woollen manufactories in the North being now in full employ, has given a start to the Wool trade, indicating a further advance. The Meat market, though still largely supplied, is better both for Beef and Mutton. At the late fairs of Peterborough, Leicester. &c. but little business was done in Lean Stock, though North-country Beasts, and Galloway and Highland Scots, were offered at reduced prices. Store Sheep and Milch Stock are worth more money.

BIRTHS.

OCT. 28. The lady of Nath. Alexander, of a son.

31. At Bath, the lady of Joseph Ashley Gaetskell, M.D. of a son.

Nov. 2. At Stonehouse, in Gloucestershire, the lady of John Dymoke, Esq. of a daughter.

8. In Bernard-street, Russell-square, the lady of Richard W. Ripley, Esq. of a son.

9. In Burton-street, Burton-crescent, Mrs. Charles Matten, of a son.

13. At 8, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, the lady of J. H. Deacon, Esq. of a son.

14. At Shabden, Surrey, the lady of Archibald [illegible]e, Esq. of a son.

—. The lady of J. Hume, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

OCT. 29. Mr. Poole, of Northampton-square, to Miss Davy, of Judd place East, New Road.

30. Sir Wm. Hope led to the Hymeneal altar the Countess of Athlone. The happy pair left town immediately after for the seat of Lord Melville, at Wimbledon.

Nov. 2. The Rev. George Hemmy, of Hampton, to Elizabeth, second daughter of W. Yates, Esq. of Boughton, in the county of Chester.

5. At St. Pancras, T. D. Belfield, Esq. of Mincing-lane, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of W. Eveyley, Esq. of the Island of Barbadoes.

6 Henry Rogers, of Balsdean, parish of Rottingdean, to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late J. Holmwood, Esq. of Augmering.

DEATHS.

AUG. 21. At Tortola, much respected by all who knew him, Henry Clement, Esq. late of Alton, acting Collector of Customs at that Island, having survived a beloved wife and infant child only one month. His death was occasioned by a malignant fever, brought on by excess of grief at the severe loss he had recently sustained.

Sept. 27. Of a decline, on his passage from the Island of Java to England, deeply lamented, Lieut. James Pearson, R.N. in the 27th year of his age, second son of the late Rev. John Batteridge Pearson, LL.B. of Croxall, in the county of Derby.

Oct. 9. At St. Petersburg, three weeks after the death of her eldest daughter, aged seven, and four days after giving birth to a son, who survives, Margaret, the wife of Edward Clive Bayley, Esq; deeply lamented by all who knew her, to her friends and family a loss irreparable and inexpressible.

19. At Paris, in his 51th year, John Astley, Esq. Proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge.

27. At Dawlish, aged 28, after a long and tedious illness, James Broom, Esq. of the Brighton Bank.

—. At his house at Norwich, Dr. Rigby.

29. At Horsham, the Rev. William Jameson, rector of Clapham, and vicar of Horsham, both in Sussex, aged 78.

31. At Reading, almost suddenly, the Rev. Thomas Arnold, formerly of Walworth, in his 81st year.

Nov. 1. Mr. Abraham Toulmer, of Gravel-lane, surgeon, in his 71st year.

2. Aged 70, at Kingsland, after a lingering illness, Thomas Holah, Esq. partner in the firm of Holah, Johnson, and Co. tea-dealers, of Nicholas-lane.

3. At Bath, aged 18, Maria Ann, the wife of Rear-admiral Ballard.

4. After a long and protracted illness, John Hancock, Esq. of Bread-street Hill, aged 69.

6. At his house at Croydon, William Bradshaw Clinton, Esq. of his Majesty's Receipt of Exchequer, suddenly, in consequence of the bursting of an aneurism, in the 53d year of his age.

7. Mrs. Millington, widow of the late Isaiah Millington, Esq. of Greenwich.

8. Suddenly, Mr. Oliver Gamon, of Jeffrey's-square, aged 70.

—. At Eltham, in Kent, aged 63, Mr. Thomas Hill, timber merchant.

9. Mr. Thomas Edgley, of Essex Wharf, Strand, aged 51, after a few days illness, occasioned by a severe fall.

10. Mr. Henry Humphry, of the Stock Exchange.

—. After a lingering illness, in the 61st year of his age, Thomas Britten, Esq. of Suffolk-lane, deeply lamented by his numerous family and friends.

11. At King's Parade, Chelsea, Henry Kellett, Esq. of Great Russell-street, Covent Garden, in his 85th year.

—. At Cirencester, Mrs. H. Cripps, widow of the late Joseph Cripps, Esq. of that place, aged 84.

12. After a long and painful illness, aged 17, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. W. Sambrook, of Holloway.

12. Mrs. Richardson, of Clapham-road School, in her 77th year.

12. At Englefield Lodge, Surrey, Joseph Nicholas Smith, late of Upper Guildford-street, Russell-square, after an illness of eight days.

13. At Hartswood, near Reigate, Jane, second daughter of William Clutton, Esq.

13. At Houschill, Renfrewshire, much regretted, Colonel James Dunlop, of Houschill.

14. At Brighton, Mary, the wife of Edward Shewell, Esq. of Stockwell-common, Surrey.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

From SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, to SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1821.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES,

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at Guildhall, unless otherwise expressed. The Country and London Attornies' Names are between Brackets.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BRANDER, J. and BARCLAY, J. Size-lane, merchants *Nov.* 24.

FIRMSTONE, J. P. and FIRMSTONE, W. Highfields, Stafford, coal-masters. *Nov.* 24.

FIGES, THOS. and Co. Romsey, common-brewers. *Nov.* 17.

HARVEY, CHAS. STANHOPE, Newcsatle upon-Tyne, brush-manufacturers. *Nov.* 10.

LANGSTAFF, WM. Liverpool, merchant. *Nov.* 17.

PAGE, JOHN, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, tanner *Nov.* 3.

SCHMAECK, AUGUSTUS, Bury-co. St. Mary-axe, merchant *Nov.* 17.

TEMPLE, N. Fleet st. wine merchant. *Nov.* 24.

WESTON, J. Tenterden, Kent, printer. *Nov.* 24.

BANKRUPTS.

AUSTIN, HEN. DE BRUNO, Northumberland-st. St. Mary la-bonne, bricklayer, Nov. 17, 24, and Dec. 22. [Carlon, High-st Mary-la-bonne.] *Nov.* 10.

ARTHUR, THOS. Neath, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper, Nov. 27, 28, and Dec. 22, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Poole and Co. Gray's Inn-sq. and Livett, Bristol.] *Nov.* 10.

ANGEL, JAS. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, block-maker, Nov. 20, Dec. 3, and 22, Dog and Duck, Kingston-upon-Hull. [Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-bu. Holborn.] *Nov.* 10.

ALEXANDER, ISRAEL, Old Bailey, coach master, Nov 17, 27, and Dec. 22. Rus Crown-co. Aldersgate-st.] *Nov.* 10.

ATKINSON, THOS. Newgate-st. warehouseman, Nov. 20. Dec. 8, and 22. [Robinson, Walbrook.] *Nov.* 10.

ANDREWS, ELIZ. Worcester, bookseller, Dec. 11, 12, and 29, Hop Pole, Worcester. [Constable and Co. Symond's-inn; and Robins, Stourbridge.] *Nov.* 17.

BAMBER, WM. and Co. Huyton, Lancashire, calico-printers, Nov. 12, 13. and Dec. 8, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Edge, Manchester; and Milne and Co. Temple] *Oct.* 27.

BUTLIN, THOS. Baker-st. St. Mary-la-bonne, apothecary, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 15. [Fielder and Co. Duke-st. Grosvenor sq.] *Nov.* 3.

BRIGHT, ROB. sen. Nassau-st. Commercial road, St. George's in the East, haberdasher, Nov. 14, 20, and Dec. 15. [Fawcett, Jewin-st. Aldersgate-st.] *Nov.* 3.

BINCKES, JOHN MOSELEY, Minories, hay-salesman, Nov 10, 20, and Dec. 15. [Lester, New-co. Crutched Friars.] *Nov.* 3.

BAKER, WM. Lloyd's Coffee house, and of Newington green, insurance-broker, Nov. 6, 13, and Dec. 15. [Warne, Leadenhall st.] *Nov.* 3.

BANTON, WM. Northwich, Cheshire, grocer, Dec. 5, 6, and 18, at the office of Messrs. Bartley and Co. Liverpool. [Bartley and Co. Liverpool; and John, Palsgrave pl. Temple.] *Nov.* 6.

BAKER, WM. Ticehurst, Sussex, blacksmith, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 18, Bell, Ticehurst. [Allen, Clifford's Inn; and White and Co. Gonshurst, Kent] *Nov* 6.

BLYTH, JOHN, Newcastle under-Lyme, Staffordshire, draper, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 22. Albion Hotel, Manchester. [Law and Co. Manchester; and Adlington and Co Bedford row.] *Nov.* 10.

BULMER, SAM. Oxford-st. woollen-draper, Nov. 13, 24, and Dec. 22. [Farren and Co. King's Arms yard, Coleman st.] *Nov.* 10.

BRYAN, WM. and Co. Poultry, printers, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and 29. [Loxley and Son, Cheapside.] *Nov.* 17.

BINGHAM, RICH. Gosport, banker, Dec. 7, 11, and Jan. 1, Crown, Gosport. [Cook and Hunter, Clement's Inn New Chambers.] *Nov.* 20.

BENTLEY, JOS. Curtain-ro. hardwareman, Nov. 27, Dec. 4, and Jan. 1. [Pike, New Boswell-co. Carey st.] *Nov.* 20.

BURRELL, JOHN, Newcastle-upon Tyne, merchant, Nov. 27, Dec. 10, and Jan. 1, George, Newcastle-upon-Tyne [Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard; and Seymour, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.] *Nov.* 20.

BYAS, HARVEY, Rayleigh, Essex, surgeon, Dec. 8, 15, and Jan. 5, King's Head, Rochford, Essex. [Shaw, Billericay, Essex; and Milne and Parry, Temple] *Nov.* 24.

BEAUMONT, JOHN DELAP, Maidstone, Kent, upholsterer, Dec. 1, 4, and Jan. 5. [Dickinson and Co. St. Swithin's-la.] *Nov.* 24.

CALLOW, JOHN, Princes st. Soho, medical bookseller, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 8. [Stafford, Buckingham street, Strand.] *Oct.* 27.

CABLE, WM. Aldeburgh, Suffolk, baker, Nov. 12, 13, and Dec. 11, Golden Lion, Ipswich. [Carpenter, Furnival's inn.] *Oct.* 30.

CLUNIE, JAS. Camberwell, Surrey, and of Whitechapel, baker, Nov. 10, 17, and Dec. 15 [Lee and Co. Three crown sq. Southwark.] *Nov.* 3.

CLIFFORD, EDMUND, Chancery-la. and Barnard's Inn, broker, Nov 6, 13, and Dec. 15. [Haynes, Mark-la.] *Nov.* 3.

CASS, THOS. Ware, corn-dealer, Nov. 6, 13, and Dec. 15. [Bond, Ware.] *Nov.* 3.

CRUMP, JAS. Birmingham, money scrivener, Nov. 23, 24, and Dec. 18, King's Head, Coventry. [Long and Co Gray's Inn; and Troughton and Co Coventry.] *Nov.* 6.

CHANDLER, CHRIS. East Stonehouse, Devonshire, master mariner, Nov. 24, 26, and Dec 22, Weakley's Hotel, Plymouth-Dock [Raine and Co. Temple; and Elworthy, Plymouth-Dock.] *Nov* 10

CAMERON, CHAS. ISAAC, Gray's Inn-la. hardwareman, Nov 17, 24, and Dec. 22. [Mills, New North st. Red Lion-sq] *Nov.* 10.

CARD, JOHN, Lloyd's Coffee-house, and of Fitzroy-sq. merchant, Nov. 17, 24, and Dec. 22. [Keasey and Co. Bishopsgate-st.] *Nov.* 10.

COOPER, WM. Liverpool draper, Dec. 11, 12, and 29, George, Liverpool [Pickford, Liverpool; and Blackstock and Co. King's-bench-walk, Temple.] *Nov.* 17.

CATTELL, WM. Titton, Worcestershire, miller, Dec. 3, 4, and 29, White Hart, Hartlebury. [Darke and Co Red Lion-sq.; and Bird, Kidderminster.] *Nov.* 17.

COUTES, JOHN, Weobley, Herefordshire, tanner, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 29, Royal Oak, Hereford. [Dax and Co. Guilford-st.; and Cleave, Hereford.] *Nov.* 17.

CLARK, JOHN, Commercial-place, Commercial-ro. ship-owner, Nov. 27, Dec. 8, and Jan. 5. [Simpson, Fen-co. Fenchurch-st.] *Nov.* 24.

DICKS, JOHN, London-st. Tottenham-court-road, carpenter, Nov. 3, 10, and Dec. 8. [Jones and Co. Great Mary la bonne st.] *Oct.* 27.

DALTON, FRANCIS, Wakefield, Yorkshire, liquor-merchant, Nov. 12, 13, and Dec. 15, Black Horse, Skipton [Stocker and Co. New Boswell-co. and Alcock, Skipton.] *Nov.* 3.

DEEBLE, EDWARD BARNARD. Welbeck st. Cavendish sq. upholsterer, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 15 [Palmer and Co. Bedford-row.] *Nov.* 3.
DE URGATE, DOMINGO, Wilson st. Finsbury-sq. merchant, Nov. 13, 20, and Dec. 18. [Cole, Broad st.-bu.] *Nov.* 6.
DAVIDSON, THOS. and Co. Liverpool, merchants, Dec. 10, 11, and 29, George, Liverpool. [Adlington and Co Bedford-row; and Radcliffe and Co. Liverpool] *Nov.* 17.
DOBELL, JOS. Cranbrook, Kent, currier, Dec. 4, 11, and Jan. 5. [Alliston and Hundleby, Freeman's co. Cornhill] *Nov.* 24.
DENTITH, JOHN, Liverpool, Silversmith, Dec. 17, 18, and Jan. 5, Star and Garter, Liverpool. [Mawdsley, Liverpool; and Wheeler, Castle-st. Holborn.] *Nov* 24.
DOBSON, THOS. and THOMPSON, GEORGE, Darlington, Durham, mercers, Dec. 17, 18, and Jan. 5, Castle and Anchor, Stockton, Durham. [Perkins and Co. Gray's Inn; and Raisbeck, Stockton.] *Nov.* 21.
EMBLETON, ROB. South Shields, wine and spirit-merchant, Nov 27, 28, and Dec. 18, George, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. [Donkin, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and Vanheythuysen, John st. Bedford-row.] *Nov.* 6.
ESDEN, JAS. Stangate st. Lambeth, Surrey, slater, Nov. 17, 24, and Dec. 25. [Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings, Westminster.] *Nov* 13.
EYRE, WM. Cockspur st. Charing cross trunk-maker, Nov 27, Dec 4, and 29. [Caslon, High-st. Mary la bonne] *Nov.* 17.
ELLIOTT, THOMAS, and HASLOCK, STEPHEN, Northampton, boot manufacturers, Dec. 8, 15, and Jan. 5. [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange] *Nov.* 24.
FORBES, JOHN, and Co. Oxford st chemists, Nov. 13, 20, and Dec. 22. [Cottle and Co. Aldermanbury.] *Nov.* 10.
FLOWER, GEO. York, victualler, Nov. 19, 20, and Dec. 22, Baynes's Hotel, York. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn; and Alexander, Halifax.] *Nov.* 10.
FORSTER, CHAS. FRANCIS, Margate. Kent, coal-merchant, Nov. 12, 13, and Dec. 22, Royal Hotel, Margate. [Boys. Margate.] *Nov.* 10.
GERMAINE, GEO. Commercial-road, merchant, Nov. 3, 17, and Dec. 8. [Bowman, Union co. Old Broad st.] *Oct.* 27.
GOODMAN, THOS. Witherley, Leicestershire, jobber in cattle, Nov. 22, 23, and Dec. 8, Bull, Nuneaton, Warwickshire. [Hilliard and Co. Gray's Inn-sq.; and Smith and Co. Atherstone, Warwickshire.] *Oct* 27
GOSLING, GEO. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, wine-merchant, Nov. 8, 9, and Dec. 1, Commercial Inn, Chesterfield. [Lowes and Co. Tanfield co. Temple; and Thomas, Chesterfield.] *Oct.* 30.
GIBSON, THOS. jun. and EAVES, JOHN, Liverpool, ship bread bakers, Dec. 5, 6, and 18, George, Liverpool. [Chester, Staple-inn; and Hinde, Liverpool.] *Nov.* 6.
GELSTHORP, JOHN, Molyneux-st. St. Mary-la-bonne, carpenter, Nov. 17, 24, and Dec. 22. [Russer, Crown-co. Aldersgate st.] *Nov.* 10.
GREEN, GEO. and Co. Sheffield, merchants, Nov. 24, 26, and Dec. 29, Angel, Sheffield. [Wilson, Greville-st. Hatton-garden; and Wilson, Sheffield.] *Nov.* 17.
GOTOBED, WM. Stretham, in the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, butcher, Nov. 22, 23, and Dec. 29, Crown, Soham. [Francis, New Boswell-co. Carey-st.; and Wilkin, Soham.] *Nov.* 17.
GRAHAM, SIR ROB. Bart. London, RAILTON, JOHN, Manchester, RAILTON, JOSEPH, and YOUNG, JOHN, London, merchants, Dec. 3, 4, and 29, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Edge, Manchester; and Bolton, Austin-friars.] *Nov.* 17.
GAGE, MICH. ALEX. Liverpool, tailor, Dec. 11, 12, and 29 George, Liverpool. [Taylor and Co. King's Bench Walks, Temple; and Lace and Co. Liverpool.] *Nov.* 17.
GREEN, GEO. and Co. Sheffield, edge-tool manufacturers, Nov. 30, Dec. 1, and 29, Commercial Inn, Sheffield. [Capes, Gray's-inn; and Hardy, Sheffield.] *Nov* 17.
HART, JOHN, Bradford, Wilts, shopkeeper, Nov. 8, 9, and Dec. 8, Angel Bath. [Dax and Co. Guilford-st.; and Stone, Bradford.] *Oct.* 27.
HOWARD, CHARLES THOS. Hartley-Wintney, Hants, surgeon, Nov. 10, and Dec. 8. [Young, Poland-st.] *Oct.* 27.
HULSE, SAM. Nottingham, silversmith, Nov. 13, 14, and Dec. 11, Ram, Nottingham. [Chippendale and Co. Great Queen-st.; and Foxcroft and Co Nottingham.] *Oct.* 30.
HITT, THOS. Clist-St. Laurence, Devonshire, butcher, Nov. 21, 22, and Dec. 11, Old London-inn, Exeter. [Brutton, Old Broad-st; and Ford, Exeter.] *Oct.* 30.
HEPPENSTALL, JOHN, Doncaster, Yorkshire, agricultural machine-maker, Nov. 29, 30, and Dec. 18, Guildhall, Doncaster. [Lever, Gray's Inn; and Fisher, Doncaster.] *Nov.* 6.
HALL, THOS. Eagle st. Red Lion-sq coach-maker, and of Holborn, victualler, Nov. 17, 24, and Dec. 22. [Lawledge, Temple-chambers, Falcon court, Fleet st] *Nov.* 10.
HARTLEY, ROB. Penrith, Cumberland, hardware-man, Nov. 20, 21, and Dec 22, Commercial Inn, Sheffield. [Capes, Gray's Inn; and Hardy, Sheffield] *Nov.* 10.
HUBBLE, MARK, Tunbridge, Kent, victualler, Nov 16, 20, and Dec. 22. [Stone, Tunbridge Wells; and Palmer and Co. Bedford row.] *Nov.* 10
HALL, CHAS. and Co. Grosvenor-st. West, Pimlico, carpenters, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and 25. [Kiss, Clifford's inn.] *Nov.* 13
HAYDON, LANGDON, and Co. Welbeck-st. Cavendish sq. auctioneers, Nov. 20, 27, and Dec. 29. [Hutchison, Crown-co. Threadneedle-st.] *Nov.* 17.
HANDSWORD, HEN. Great Winchester-street, Broad-st. merchant, Dec. 1, 8, and Jan. 1. [Lester, New-co Crutched-friars] *Nov.* 20.
JOLLEY, NORTH, Charing Cross, Poulterer, Nov. 6, 17, and Dec. 11. [Turton, New North-st. Red Lion-sq] *Oct.* 30.
INGRAM, THOS. Lower Thames-st. fishmonger, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 15. [Lang, Fenchurch st.] *Nov.* 3.
JOHNSON, JAS. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, corn-factor, Nov. 29, 30, and Dec. 22, Dog and Duck, Kingston-upon Hull. [Rosser and Son, Bartlett's bu. Holborn; and England & Co. Hull.] *Nov.* 10.
KEILAND, THOS. and Co. Birmingham, merchants, Nov. 20, 21, and Dec. 22, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Whateley and Son, Birmingham; and Swain and Co. Frederick's pl. Old Jewry.] *Nov* 10
KNIGHT, JOHN, Mile end road, builder, Nov. 20, Dec 8, and 22 [Smith, Basinghall-st.] *Nov* 10.
KIPPEN, DAVID, Stangate wharf, Lambeth, timber merchant, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and 29. [Jones, Brunswick-sq.] *Nov.* 17.
KINNER, WM and Co. Notting-hill, Middlesex, stage coach proprietors, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and 29. [Hull, Chiswell-st.] *Nov.* 17.
LAWRENCE, GEO. Evesham, Worcestershire, victualler, Nov. 22, 23, and Dec. 11, Northwick Arms, Bengworth. [Bousfield and Co. Bouverie-st. Fleet st ; and Workman, Evesham.] *Oct* 30.
LLOYD, CHAS. Thetford, Norfolk, bookseller, Nov. 15, 16, and Dec. 18, Bear and Crown, Ipswich. [Brame, Ipswich; and Nelson, Barnard's Inn.] *Nov.* 6.
LUKE, WM. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 7, 8, and 22, George, Liverpool. [Chester, Staple inn; and Hinde, Liverpool] *Nov.* 10.
MORRIS, WM. Wellclose-sq. tavern-keeper, Nov. 10, 17, and Dec. 15. [Willey and Co. Wellclose-sq] *Nov* 3.
M'CARTHY, JOHN. Strand, wine merchant, Nov. 10, 17, and Dec. 15. [Kearsey and Co. Bishops-gate-st.] *Nov.* 3.
MILLAR, ANDREW, Cardigan-pl. Vauxhall-road, oilman, Nov. 21, Dec. 1, and 25. [Williams, Gray's Inn-place.] *Nov.* 13.
MATTHEWS, THOS. High Holborn, linen-draper, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and 29. [Swain and Co. Frederick's-pl. Old Jewry.] *Nov* 17.
MOODY, JOHN, jun Egham, Surrey, coach-master, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and 29. [Isaacson, Broad-co. Long acre.] *Nov.* 17.
MURRAY, JAS. Parkhead, Cumberland, butter-dealer, Dec. 5, 6, and 29, Bush, Carlisle.] [Addison, Staple-inn; and Wannop, Carlisle.] *Nov.* 17.
MOSS, THOS. Vauxhall, Lambeth, potter, Dec. 4, and Jan. 1. [Henson and Co. Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.] *Nov.* 20.
MEADWAY, ROB. Beaminster, Dorset, butcher, Dec 4, 5, and Jan. 1, White Hart, Beaminster. [Holme and Co. New Inn; and Murley, Crewkerne, Somerset] *Nov.* 20.

MUMBY, RICH. Glamford-Briggs, Lincoln, mercer, Dec. 3, 4, and Jan. 5, at the office of Mr. Nicholson, Glamford-Briggs. [Nicholson, Glamford-Briggs; and Mason, New Bridge-st. Blackfriars.] *Nov.* 24.

NEWCOMB, FRED. SIMON, Gadshill, Gillingham, Kent, dealer, Nov. 10, 17, and Dec. 15. [Richardson, Walbrook.] *Nov.* 3.

NEWMAN, JOHN, Clerkenwell, brewer, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 15. [Ellis, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-la.] *Nov.* 3.

NEEDHAM, ROB. Queen's-bu. Brompton road, silversmith, Nov. 20, Dec. 4, and 29. [Shelton and Co. Old Bailey.] *Nov.* 17

NORTHCOTE, HEN. JAMES, Lime-st. wine merchant, Nov. 20, Dec. 1, and 29. [Birkett, Cloak-la.] *Nov.* 17.

OLDING, JOHN, Old 'Change, stationer, Nov 10, 17, and Dec. 15. [Freeman and Co Coleman-st.] *Nov.* 3.

PORTER, JOHN, Watlington, Norfolk, dealer, Nov. 14, 15, and Dec. 15, Castle, Downham Market, Norfolk [Ewbank, North Audley-st. Grosvenor-sq.] *Nov.* 3.

POWELL, JAS. sen. of Windsor, Berks, tailor, Nov. 6, 17, and Dec. 15. [Downes, Furnival's-inn.] *Nov.* 3.

PARSONS, THOS. Castle st. Holborn, jeweller, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 15. [Williams, Chancery-la.] *Nov.* 3.

POOL, WM. Smith-st. Clerkenwell, coal-merchant, Nov. 13, 20, and Dec. 22. [Russen, Crown co. Aldersgate-st.] *Nov.* 10.

ROBINSON, JAS. Nicholas la. merchant, Nov. 10, 20, and Dec. 15. [Nind and Co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 3.

RAWLINGS, JOHN, and Co. Leicester sq. tailors, Nov. 20, Dec. 1, and 22. [Dawes and Co. Angel-co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 10.

ROBINSON, WM. and Co. Worthing, Sussex, common carriers, Dec. 5, 6, and 20, Old Ship, Brighthelmstone. [King and Co. Lewes: and Smith and Co. New Basinghall-st.] *Nov.* 17.

RICHARDSON, FRED. Cheapside, factor, Nov. 20, Dec. 1, and 29. [Gregson and Co. Angel-co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 17.

RAILSTON, JOHN, North Shields, ship-owner, Nov 24, Dec. 1, and 29. [Nind and Co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 17.

RIVOLTA, ANTONIA, Brook-st. Holborn, looking-glass-manufacturer, Dec. 1, 8, and Jan. 5. [Jones, New Inn.] *Nov.* 24.

RICKET, HENRY, Shoreditch, grocer, Dec. 1, 15, and Jan. 5. [Amory and Co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 24.

STEPHENSON, ROB. Cottingham, Yorkshire, and HART, ROB. Sculcoates, merchants, Nov. 10, 13, and Dec. 8, George, Kingston upon-Hull. [Scholefield, Hull.] *Oct.* 27.

SMITH, RICH. Howden, Yorkshire, tallow-chandler, Nov. 8, 9, and Dec. 11, Half Moon, Howden. [Lowndes, Red Lion-sq.] *Oct* 30.

STIRLING, JAS. and WM Copthall-co. merchants, Nov 6, 17, and Dec. 15. [Bourdillon and Co. Bread-st.] *Nov.* 3.

SAINTMARC, JEAN JACQUES, and Co. Radcliffe-row, City road, rectifiers, Nov. 17, 27, and Dec. 15. [Lester, New co. Crutched friars.] *Nov.* 3.

SNELGROVE, RICH. Warningcamp, Sussex, wool-stapler, Nov. 15, 16, and Dec. 18, Norfolk Arms, Arundel. [Freeman, Arundel; and Freeman and Co. Coleman st.] *Nov.* 6.

SMITH, WM. Plymouth Dock, cabinet-maker, Dec. 3, 4, and 18, Weakley's Hotel, Plymouth Dock. [Darke and Co. Red Lion sq; and Tink, Plymouth Dock.] *Nov.* 6.

STREETS, WM. Aldermanbury, galloon-manufacturer, Nov. 20, Dec. 1, and 29. [Webster and Son, Queen-st. Cheapside] *Nov.* 17

SCOTT, CHAS. Stoke-upon-Trent, manufacturer of earthenware, Nov. 28, 29, at the office of Messrs. Fenton, Newcastle-under-Lyme, and Dec. 29, Roebuck, Newcastle-under Lyme. [Barber, Fetter-lane,; and Fenton, Newcastle-under-Lyme.] *Nov.* 17.

SIMISTER, JOHN, and Co. Birmingham, button-makers, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 29, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Clarke and Co. Chancery-la.; and Tyndall and Co. Birmingham.] *Nov.* 17.

SANDERS, JOSIAH MARTIN, Ipswich, ironmonger, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec 29, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Clarke and Co. Chancery lane; and Tyndall and Co. Birmingham] *Nov.* 17.

SPENCER, THOS. Gray's Inn-lane, livery-stable-keeper, Nov. 20, Dec. 4, and 29. [Tebbutt and Sons, Gray's-inn-sq.] *Nov.* 17.

SHERWIN, JOHN, Burslem, Staffordshire, ironmonger, Nov. 29, 30, and Dec. 29, Legs of Man, Burslem. [Woolston, Furnival's-inn; and Ward, Burslem.] *Nov.* 17.

SAVERY, CHRIST. South Efford, Devon, lime-burner, Dec. 4, 5, and Jan. 1, Rogers's Arms, Ivy bridge, Devon. [Fox and Prideaux, Austin-friars; and Prideaux, Kingsbridge, Devon.] *Nov.* 20.

SANDERS, JOHN, Coventry, auctioneer, Dec. 3, 4, and Jan. 5, Black Horse, Coventry. [Mullis, Coventry; and Coombe, Copthall-co] *Nov.* 24.

TOWLER, THOS. and JOS. Wakefield, Yorkshire, woolstaplers, Nov. 13, 14, and Dec. 15, George, Caistor, Lincolnshire. [Dixon, Caistor; and Eyre and Co. Gray's-inn sq.] *Nov.* 3.

TOVEY, FRANCIS RICH. East-street, Lamb's Conduit-st. merchant, Nov. 6, 17, and Dec. 15. [Gregson and Co. Angel-co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 3.

TURNER, JOSEPH, Praed-st. Paddington, china-man, Nov. 6, 17, and Dec. 15. [Orchard, Gray's Inn-sq.] *Nov.* 3.

TEASDALE, THOS. Newington, Surrey, linen-draper, Nov. 13, 20, and Dec. 18. [Gates, Cateaton-street.] *Nov.* 6.

TAYLOR, FRED. Adlington, Lancashire, shop-keeper, Nov. 30, Dec. 1, and 18, Eagle and Child, Wigan. [Gaskell, Wigan.] *Nov.* 6.

TRAYHORN, ROB. Portsea, Southampton, plumber and glazier, Nov 27, 30, and Dec. 22, White Hart, Portsea. [Woodward, Tokenhouse yard, Lothbury.] *Nov.* 10.

TWIGG, JOHN, Cheapside, Warehouseman, Nov. 24, Dec. 4, and 29. [Lester, New-co. Crutched friars.] *Nov.* 17.

TILLS, WM. sen. Mistley, Essex, merchant, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 29, Red Lion, Colchester. [Sparling and Co. Colchester; and Stevens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle] *Nov.* 17.

TEMPLE, NICHOLAS, Newgate market, wine merchant, Dec. 1, 8, and Jan. 5. [Bartlett and Co. Nicholas-lane, Lombard-st.] *Nov.* 24.

VINCENT, WM. Old-road, Stepney, rope-maker, Nov. 17, 24, and Dec. 15. [Orme, Church-row, Stepney] *Nov* 3.

WILLCOX, JOHN SMITH, and Co. Theobald's-ro. Red Lion-sq. coach-makers, Nov. 3, and Dec. 8. [Robins, Lincoln's-Inn-fields.] *Oct* 27.

WYCHERLEY, WM. Trefnant, Staffordshire, farmer, Nov. 6, 7, Vine, Stafford, and Dec. 11, Royal Oak, Eccleshall. [Chester, Staple-inn, Holborn; and Coomberbach, Eccleshall.] *Oct.* 30.

WYCHERLEY, WM. Trefnant, Salop, farmer, Nov. 6, 7, and Dec. 11, Royal Oak, Eccleshall. [Chester, Staple-inn, Holborn; and Comberbach, Eccleshall.] *Nov.* 3.

WHITE, SAM. UNWIN, Edingley Cotton-mill, Nottinghamshire, cotton-spinner, Nov. 15, 16, and Dec. 18, Green Dragon, Mansfield. [Barber, Holborn; and Calton, Chesterfield] *Nov.* 6.

WILKINSON, JOHN, High st. Wapping, oil-merchant, Nov. 17, 27, and Dec. 22. [Unwins, High-st. Shadwell.] *Nov* 10.

WARD, JOHN, London, importer of foreign fruits, Nov. 27, Dec. 1, and Jan. 1. [Brown, Lower Thames-st.] *Nov.* 20.

WOOD, JAMES, Birmingham, broker, Dec 6, 7, and Jan. 1, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Holme and Co. New Inn; and Parker, Birmingham.] *Nov.* 20.

WATLEY, THOS. Batcombe, Somerset, shop-keeper, Dec. 4, 5, and Jan. 5, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Dyne, Lincoln's Inn-fields; and Dyne, Bruton, Somerset.] *Nov.* 24.

WARNER, RICH. Huntingdon, ironmonger, Dec. 12, 13, and Jan. 5, Fountain, Huntingdon. [G. and J. Maule, Huntingdon; and Egan and Waterman, Essex-st. Strand.] *Nov.* 24.

WHITEHEAD, JAS. Hanley, Stafford, merchant, Dec. 7, 8, and Jan. 5, Swan, Hanley. [Tomlinson, Staffordshire Potteries; and Wright, King's Bench Walk, Temple.] *Nov.* 24.

WILD, WM. Sheffield, York, merchant, Dec. 5, 6, and Jan. 5, Angel, Sheffield [Blacklock, Serjeant's Inn; and Smith, Sheffield.] *Nov.* 24.

WINCH, BENJ. sen. Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer, Nov. 27, Dec. 4, and Jan. 5. [Gregson and Co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 24.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, TO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1821.

ALEXANDER, G. Aldermanbury, Nov. 3.
Adcock, J. St. Mary-axe, Nov. 24.
Abbott, P. D. Powis-pl. Nov. 24.
Archer, J. Ware Park Mill, Hertford, Dec. 8.
Atherton, T. Liverpool, Dec. 11.
Akers, W. Uttoxeter, Stafford, Dec. 12.
Adcock, D. Melton-Mowbray, Leicester, Dec. 12.
Anderson, D. Billiter la. Dec. 15.
Bardsley, J. jun. Manchester, Nov. 14.
Barrett, W. Old Broad-st. Nov. 17.
Brice, W. Bristol, Nov. 17.
Bird, W. and Co. London, Nov. 17.
Brown, C. Newcastle upon-Tyne, Dec. 10.
Beck, J. Sweeting's alley, Nov. 27.
Bailey, C. H. R. Swallowfield, Wiltshire, Nov. 6.
Bass, R. Colchester, Nov. 22.
Bagnall, T. Birmingham, Nov. 30.
Berks, T. W. Rotherham, Nov. 30.
Bailey, J. London-wall, Dec. 11.
Betty, W. S. Sculcoates, York, Dec. 4.
Bury, T. Exeter, Dec. -.
Boyce, J. Bordesley, Birmingham, Dec. 4.
Burleigh, J. Bristol, Dec. 10.
Bennett, J. Greenfair-field, Derby, Dec. 15.
Brade, W. Preston, Lancaster, Dec. 20.
Bolingbroke, H. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, Dec. 18.
Bartholomew, R. Basildon, Berks, Dec. 17.
Brown, W. Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, Dec. 15.
Bennett, W. Lawrence-Pountney-hill, Jan. 5.
Bourke, J. Albemarle-st. Piccadilly, Dec. 15.
Carter, W. Hammersmith, Nov. 27.
Calvert, J. Hebden, York, Nov. 21.
Cross, W. Worcester, Dec. 11.
Chapman, S. Greenwich, Nov. 29.
Coate, P. Throgmorton-st. Nov. 3.
Clay, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, Dec. 1.
Cox, R. A. and U. Little Britain, Dec. 20.
Cleugh, J. and R. Leadenhall-st. Nov. 10.
Cook, J. Oakly Mills, Suffolk, Nov. 27.
Coulton, G. Aston, Birmingham, Dec. 4.
Clay, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, Dec. 1.
Cary, J. Ruquet co. Fleet-st. Dec. 18.
Cullen, R. and Co. Cheapside, Dec. 4.
Dudman, R. and C. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Nov. 27.
Daniels, H. and M. Bury-st. St. Mary-axe, Nov. 20.
Duffell, J. Bromsgrove, Dec. 1.
Duesbury, P. Altringham, Cheshire, Nov. 21.
Dowding, T. West Stour, Dorsetshire, Nov. 22.
Day, J. and Co. Tavistock-st. Covent-gard. Nov. 10.
Dubois, J. T. and J. Alderman's-walk, Nov. 27.
Dixon, W. jun. Dec. 3.
David, J. Threadneedle-st. Dec. 15.
Ellis, J. Rathbone-pl. Nov. 10.
Elgar, W. Maidstone.
Edwards, J. Alton, Southampton, Dec. 4.
Elliott, H. Chippenham, Wilts, Dec. 20.
Frears, E. Birmingham, Dec. 6.
Foster, J. and E. S. Yalding, Nov. 24.
Freeman, T. Cheltenham, Dec. 21.
Foster, L. Farningham, Kent, Dec. 8.
Flacton, F. Berwick st. Soho, Dec. 1.
Foster, J. Sheffield, Dec. 19.
Friend, H. Southwark, Dec. 1.
Fuller, H. Bethnal-green-road, Dec. 1.
Fenton, F. Sheffield, Dec. 17.
Gratrix and Co. Manchester, Nov. 6.
Goodchild and Co. Low Pallen, Durham, and Jackson and Co. Dowgate wharf, Nov. 20.
Goddard, J. Cornhill, Nov. 20.
Gladwin, G. St. John's-st. Nov. 20.
Garlick, G. Westport, Wiltshire, Nov. 29.
Giles, D. Lyford, Berks, Dec. 4.
Grafton, J. Densham, Yorkshire, Nov. 28.
Grafton, J. Manchester, Nov. 28.
Gill, T. Old Gravel-la. Ratcliffe-highway, Dec. 22.
Green, J. Oxford-st. Dec. 15.
Gratrix, S. and Co. Manchester, Dec. 22.
Hawley, G. High-st. Shadwell, Nov. 6.
Holland, P. South Blyth, Northumberland, Nov. 17.
Hallersley, M. Belton with Harrowgate, York, Nov. 30.
Hay and Co. Newcastle-st. Strand, Nov. 24.
Hardisty and Co. Bedford-st. Covent-garden, Dec. 3.
Hewett, R. South Shields, Nov. 27.
Haffner, M. Cannon-st. St. George's, Nov. 24.
Harris, J. and Co. Bristol, Dec. 3.
Hunt, F. Stable-yard, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Dec. 1.
Hodgson, R. Fleet-st. Nov. 27.
Houghton, —, Hercules-bu. Lambeth, Dec. 4.
Huntress, H. Liverpool, Dec. 14.
Hobbs, H. Redbridge, Southampton, Dec. 13.
Harrop, J. Gateshead, Dec. 13.
Hunter, J. Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, Dec. 8.
Hornby, B. Berner's-st. Dec. 8.
Hague, G. Sheffield, Dec. 12.
Jones, C. and Loadsman, B. Sheffield, Dec. 15.
James, B. and Co. Lawrence-la. Dec. 15.
Jeffs, F. Coventry, Dec. 19.
Kirk, R. Leicester, Nov. 30.
Kenworthy, J. Stone's Wood, York, Dec. 8.
King, R. Mincing-la. Nov. 20.
Kelty, A. Colonade, Pall-mall, Dec. 8.
Kershaw, W. Halifax, York, Dec. 20.
Lamel, W. Tooley-st. Oct. 30.
Law, —, Copthall-cham. Nov. 24.
Lewes, E. Abbey Coombes, Nov. 30.
Lilley, T. C. Copthall-bu. Dec. 4.
Luke, J. Exeter, Dec. 12.
Murray, W. Pall-mall, Nov. 27.
Mayor, C. Somerset-st. Portman-sq. Nov. 17.
Moss, W. Tadley, Southampton, Nov. 24.
Marsh, C. and Co. Reading, Nov. 24.
Morrelt, J. Halifax, York, Dec. 6.
Martin, J. Liverpool, Nov. 28.
Masters, J. Upper Berkeley-st. Dec. 1.
Mulligen, J. Bath, Dec. 4.
Mackenzie, C. Caroline-st. Bedford-sq. Nov. 17.
Marshall, J. Gainsborough, Dec. 6.
Marshall, W. Regent-st. Dec. 4.
Massenton, W. Great Marlow, Dec. 8.
Martin, J. Liverpool, Nov. 28.
Mackenzie, C. Caroline-st. Bedford-sq. Dec. 1.
Matthews, J. Coventry, Dec. 19.
Nowell, J. Cheapside, Nov. 17.
Naisblad and Co. Kingston-upon Hull, Nov. 24.
Neal, G. Branscombe, Gloucester, Dec. 3.
Nayler, R. Basinghall-st. Dec. 15.
Nailer, J. Jefferies-sq. St. Mary-axe, Nov. 27.
Oastler, R. Horsforth, York, Dec. 10.
Orr, J. Barge yard, Bucklersbury, Dec. 8.
Owen, O. New Bond-st. Dec. 15.
Playfair, T. New Bond st. Nov. 3.
Pulsford, H. Berkeley-st. Nov. 27.
Peel, J. Ashton-within-Mackerfield, Dec. 4 and 7.
Pitt, D. Bell-alley, Fenchurch-st. Nov. 24.
Phipps, W. Shoreditch, Nov. 24.
Prince, J. Pontefract, Yorkshire, Dec. 3.
Packer, J. Painswick, Gloucester, Dec. 11.
Price, T. Redborough, Gloucester, Dec. 3.
Payne, C. Neckinger, Bermondsey, Dec. 8.
Polglase, J. Bristol, Dec. 19.
Price, R. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Dec. 14.
Peak, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, Dec. 18.
Palmer, J. Rugeley, Stafford, Dec. 10.
Packer, J. Painswick, Gloucester, Dec. 11.
Pethurst, J. Cranbrook, Kent, Dec. 15.
Richards, H. Beaconsfield, Nov. 17.
Richardson, G. and Nokes, S. Gloucester-st. Queen-sq. Dec. 11.
Richardson, J. Sloane-st. Nov. 17.
Robinson, J. Birmingham, Dec. 11.
Ross, A. and Co. Leadenhall-bu. Gracechurch-st. Dec. 18.
Rudhall, R. and H. Birmingham, Jan. 2.
Reed, H. Mill st. Bermondsey, Dec. 15.
Still, J. South Island-pl. Brixton, Dec. 1.
Sealy, H. W. Stamford, Lincolnshire, Dec. 5.
Sayer, S. P. Maidstone, Nov. 24.
Stanton, J. Worcester, Nov. 10.
Stafford, T. Bath, Nov. 21.
Sharpus, R. Davis-st. Berkeley-sq. Nov. 17.
Sanders, J. Ivybridge, Devonshire, Nov. 10 & Dec. 4.
Smyth, J. Maidstone, Dec. 15.
Swain, J. Munsel-st. Goodman's fields, Nov. 20.
Smith, J. Sudbury, Suffolk, Dec. 6.
Smith, H. Blackburn, Dec. 11.
Sowerby, J. W. Fish-street-hill, Dec. 4.
Slater, R. and J. Samlesbury Mills, Lancaster, Dec. 10.
Smith, P. sen. and Co. Burnden, Lancaster, Dec. 22.
Sedgwick, T. Clement's-la. Dec. 15.
Sharples, W. and Co. Liverpool, Dec. 17.

Trollope, H. Reading, Nov. 6.
Turner, S. Stock exchange, Nov. 27.
Thick, C. Shaftesbury, Nov. 24.
Thackle G. M. New street-sq. Nov. 27.
Turner, T. W. Brentford, Dec. 1.
Taylor, J. and J. T. Upper Thames-st. Dec. 8.
Tozer, J. Alderman's walk, and Brown, W. C. Stonehouse, Gloucester, Dec. 8.
Trollope, H Reading, Dec. 4.
Tyler, P. Baddenham, Berks, Dec. 15.
Tidy, M. Southgate, Dec. 15.
Taylor, J. Shoreditch, Dec. 15.
Vaughan, M. and Co. Liverpool, Dec. 15.
Woodward, J. and Co. Birmingham, Nov. 27.
Wolferstan, J. Chichester, Nov. 17.
Warwick, J. St. Alban's, Nov. 24.
Wingate, J. Bathwick, Somerset, Dec. 20.
Waldo, J. and S. Dalston, Cumberland, Dec. 3.
Whitesmith, W. Old Fish st. Dec. 1.
Woods, J. jun. Portsea, Dec. 11.
White, J. and Co. Manchester, Dec. 18.
Wainewright, W. Liverpool, Dec. 10.
Whalley, T. and J. W. Friday st. Dec. 11.
Whalley, G. B. Basinghall-st. Dec. 15.
Woods, J. jun. Portsea, Dec. 20.
Wood, J. and J. Thomas, York, Dec. 24.
Watts, G. and Co. Bristol, Dec. 18.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATIONS,

FROM TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, TO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1821.

AITKEN, A. Glasgow, manufacturer.
Anderson and Co. Glasgow, merchants.
Black, J. Waltown of Crochies, Perth, grazier.
Blafour, E. Stirling, merchant.
Crawford, J. and W. Lochwinnoch, coal-masters.
Foreman, G. and Co. Stirling, merchants.
Culler, J. Mennus, grazier.
Rankin, R. Edinburgh, grocer.
Sutherland, J. Nairn, merchant.
Skinner, T. Edinburgh, merchant.
Stenhouse, A. and G. Leith, merchants.
Sword, J. jun. Glasgow, merchant.
Smith, J. Aberdeen, merchant.

Nov. 19.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CERTIFICATES,

FROM SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, TO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1821.

AINSWORTH, T. H. Halliwell, Lancaster, Dec. 4.
Ansell, W. Cambridge, Dec. 5.
Agar, M. Walbrook, Dec. 8
Anthony, R. Plymouth, Dec. 11.
Barn, W. Fludyer-st. Westminster, Nov. 17.
Batchead, T. New Malton, Nov. 20.
Barnett, H. Dodd's-pl. Bethnal-green, Dec. 1.
Bower, J. and J. Bradford, York, Dec. 11.
Brough, J. Weston-upon-Trent, Stafford, Dec. 15.
Cooper, D. Old Ford, Nov. 17.
Cassels, R. Martin's la. Cannon-st. Nov. 24.
Coombs, J. Lower Shadwell, Nov. 20.
Consett, R. and Co. Sculcoates, Nov. 27.
Crowder, R. Knightsbridge, Nov. 27.
Corry, J. Percy-st. Dec. 8.
Doe, S Norwich, Nov. 17.
Davis, S. Rushall, Staffordshire, Nov. 20.
Evile, F. and Co. Bury co. Dec. 8.
Ewing, J. Liverpool, Dec. 11.
Fea, J. Kingston upon-Hull, Dec. 4.
Gould, T. Ashburn, Nov. 17.
Graham, J. Haslingden, Lancashire, D . . 1.
Green, T. Liverpool, Dec. 8.
Goodluck, W. R Leigh-st. Burton-crescent, Dec. 15.
Houlston, J. Thayer-st. Manchester sq. Nov. 24.
Hozie M. Cheltenham, Nov. 24.
Hanwell, E. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, Nov. 24.
Hillary, —, Little Tower-st. Nov. 24.
Hails, G. John-st. Dec. 1.
Hepworth, J. Leeds, Dec. 1.
Henshaw, J. Gloucester pl. Portman-sq. Dec. 4.
Husson, J. Bath, Dec. 15.
Hamelin, P. Belmont-pl. Vauxhall, Dec. 15.
Jackson, V. Bristol, Dec. 4.
Jenks, F. Bromyard, Hereford, Dec. 11.
Lee, J. Noble-st. Dec 4.
Lund, J. and Co. Blackburn, Dec. 15.
Moon, J. Acres Barn, Manchester, Nov. 24.
Moore, W. Houghton, Cumberland, Dec. 1.
Moseley, H. New-road, St. George's-in-the-East, Dec. 5.
Mantlety, T Dover, Dec. 8.
M'Mullan, W. G. and E. Hertford, Dec. 8.
Mercer, H. Liverpool, Dec. 8.
Mason, J. Manchester, Dec. 11.
Marshman, R Love-la. Dec. 15.
Nelson, J. Kendal, Nov. 30.
Offer, J. Bathwick, Somerset, Dec. 15.
Palk, C. East Teignmouth, Devonshire, Nov. 20.
Price, D. T. Holywell st. Shoreditch, Nov. 29.
Peacock, J Barnsley, York, Dec. 1.
Putts, J. Hereford, Dec. 4.
Penn, J. Dale End, Birmingham, Dec. 4.
Pigot, W. Ratcliffe highway, Dec. 11.
Roberts, M. Manchester, Nov. 17.
Ryder, —, Commercial chain. Nov. 24.
Redhead, A. London-row, Nov 20.
Rich, R. Southampton-row, Nov. 20.
Room, —, sen. Bristol, Nov. 27.
Sadler, T Aston, Warwickshire, Nov. 20.
Storr, J. Cherwell, York, Nov. 20.
Stainforth, —, Little Eastcheap, Nov. 27.
Sawden, —, Bridlington Quay, Nov. 27.
Smith, J Parliament-st. Dec. 1.
Sackett, T. Bermondsey-wall, Dec. 15.
Thompson, T. Fenchurch st. Nov. 17.
Twigg, W. Sheffield, Dec. 1.
Trix, T South Moulton, Nov. 19.
Tidy, M. Southgate, Dec. 11.
Willet, T. Islington, Nov. 17.
Warton, R E Bridge-road, Vauxhall, Dec. 1.
Ward, J. Brett, Stafford, Dec. 1.
Wildash, T. R. Aylesford, Kent, Dec. 1.
Wrightson, W. Leeds, Dec. 8.
Yarrow, U Chiswell-st. Nov. 4.
Wood, P. Kingston, Dec. 11.
Weston, S. Heanor, Derby, Dec. 11.

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP.

FROM SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, TO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1821.

ARCHARD, J. and Gurney, E. Sheffield, ivory-merchants.
Anderton, J. and Naylor. W. Leeds, grocers.
Abbott, R. and Ellerton, C. Halifax, York, carpet-manufacturers.
Armitage, W. and J. Birkhouse, York, fancy-cloth-manufacturers.
Bromley, W. and Deardon, J. Denton in Lancaster, hat-manufacturers.
Bell, W. and Bell, J. London-st. Fitzroy-sq. victualler.
Bryan, W. L. and Gunnell, R. G. Poultry, printers.
Bishop, C. and Goddard, D. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, wool staplers.
Bazeman, R. and Kellington, N. York, farmers.
Bell, T. and Scott, T. Pinners'-hall, coal merchants.
Baker, C. Allon, R. and Baker, J. Bodminster, Somerset, nurserymen.
Baker, H. and Saunderson, R. Lombard-st.
Barfoot, M and Wincom, H. Bristol.
Boswell, R. and Boswell, C. St. Martin's co. hosiers.
Buxton, P. J. and Buxton, J. Manchester, butchers.
Box, T. and Parrott, G. Buckingham, bankers.
Clemson, W. and Miles, W. Broad-way, Worcester, stone-masons.
Clark, M. and Hall, J. Sheffield, cutlers.
Copley, B. and Hirst, W. Doncaster, iron-founders.
Crow, M. and Hirst, G. Bolton le Moors, tailors.
Cockle, J. and Chapman, J. Trimly St. Mary, Suffolk, surgeons.
Com, J. and Randel, J. Birmingham, grocers.
Cooke, H. Marsh, J. and Young, J. Great Tower-st. lightermen.

Coe, S. and Dornford, J. Fisherton Anger, Wiltshire, fellmongers.
Cliffe, R. and Homewood, T. jun. Steward st. Old Artillery-ground, silk-manufacturers.
Christey, W. A. and J. Whitechapel, pawnbrokers.
Cross, W and Moore, C. B. Bristol, brush-manufacturers.
Crosse, S. and Mathews, S. jun. Stow, Gloucester, grocers.
Cooper, G. and Woodroff, T. Foston, Derby, millers.
Claxton, B. T. Miles, P. J. Chubb, J. Acraman, W. and Birch, W Bristol, rope-makers.
Daulby, J. Brighton, J. and Cramp, J. G. jun. Chester, ship builders.
Dove, J. and Collier, J. Shipston on Stow, surgeons.
Davis, S. and Davis, D. Bristol, tallow-chandlers.
Donkin, B. and Gamble, J. Grange road, Bermondsey, patent preserved provision merchants.
Diggles, J. and Curtey, C. Copthall-co. accountants.
Dalkon, T. C. and J. Richmond, York, linen-drapers.
Davenport, G. and Cooper, T. Limehouse, cow-keepers.
East, W. and East, J. Newbury, paper-manufacturers.
Elliot, W. and Palsgrave, T. Lyon's-inn, navy-agents.
Everett, H. and Peacock, W. Upper Russell-st. Bermondsey, fellmongers.
Edwards, J. and Bird, E. jun. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, brass founders.
Eckersley, J. and Ambler, J. Wigan, calico manufacturers.
Edwards, W. and Waring, J. Liverpool, iron-founders.
Fowler, C. and Dixon, J. Liverpool, spirit-merchants.
Frederic, E. and Pitt, M. A. Lower Grosvenor-st. milliners.
Fraser, J. and Aitken, J. Glasgow, merchants.
Greaves, W. Howe, J. and Crookes, J. Micklebray, parish of Braithways, Yorkshire, dealers in coal.
Godden, R. Mace, W. Waterman, W. Mace, J. E. and King, C. Tenterden, bankers.
Gill, J. C. and Bell, J. Norwich, cabinet makers.
Greenough, J. R. J. and R. Wigan, Lancashire, linen-manufacturers.
Grand, J. and Staff, J. R. Norwich, attorneys.
Hepworth, J. and Pawson, R. Bolton, Lancashire, joiners.
Harkshaw, T. and J. Great Marlow, sadlers.
Hill, W. and Lane, A. New Bond-st. brush makers.
Hartley, J. Linley, J. and Walton, J. Smithfield, merchants.
Hibbert, J. Wanklyn, W. and Hibbert, J. Manchester.
Hall, J. and Butler, T. Greenwich-road, brewers.
Hargreaves, J. and Mackie, A. Manchester, calico-dealers.
Humphreys, G. and Savage, J. Oxford-st. haberdashers.
Haughton, R. and Spittle, J. Chapel st. Grosvenor-sq. horse-dealers.
Hodgkinson, J. Brandram, S. and J. and Steed, F. Lambeth hill, Upper Thames-st. druggists.
Hagger, T. and Masters, W. Potton, Bedford, maltsters.
Jones, W. Mather, T. sen. Parkes, S. and Mather, T. jun. Buckley, Flint, fire-brick-manufacturers.
Jeffrey, W. and Durnford, J. Fisherton-Anger, Wilts, fellmongers.
Knight, T. and Blamire, T. Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturers.
Knight, W. and Bottley, G. Manchester, iron-founders.
Latchford, W. and Davis, W. Birmingham, pearl-button-makers.
Lacon, W. Lacon, T. H. and Greenhow, R. jun. New Bridge, Denbighshire, iron-masters.
Lupton, C. and Lupton, T. St. James's-pl Clerkenwell, working goldsmiths.
Morris, T. and Hawkesford, J. New Mosley Colliery, Wednesbury, Stafford, coal-masters.
M'Lean, —, and Fynney, P. Liverpool, lace-dealers.
Mills, J. and Mills, T. Little Mills, Gloucester, clothiers.
Morris, R. and Dickinson, G. J. R. J. Great Ealing, surgeons.
Mudford, J. and Williams, P. Ridgeway, Devon, carriers.
Mackay, J. and Mackay, R. Kirby st. bookbinders.
Malkin, W. Malkin, C. and Read, G Hartshorne, Derby, earthen ware manufacturers.
M'burnie, J R. and Innemarity, A. London and Demerary.
Mousley, J. and Cunliffe, J. Preston, rope-makers.
Otway, E. Outhwaite, M. and Bayliss, A. H. St. James's st milliners.
Phillips, A. and R. B Featherley Hall, Staffordshire, schoolmasters.
Peace, G. and S ne, G. Shepton Mallet, grocers.
Pocock, C. M. and Gelden, T. Bouverie-st. Fleet st. iron-masters.
Pattinson, D. Cohnell, J. and Bell, R. Carlisle, beer-dealers.
Partington, W. and Holbrook, S. Wincham, nurserymen.
Porter, J. and Tucker, W. Portsea, surgeons.
Robertson, W. and Pryce, E. Reed-la. dry-salters.
Remington, H. and Sutcliff, B. Cheapside, Manchester-warehousemen.
Reeves, M. Jones, J. and G. Liverpool, working-jewellers.
Rands, J. and Lenthorne, R R. Poole, twine-manufacturers.
Rooke, T. and Coe, J. Armourers'-hall, attornies.
Robinson, G. and N. Little Dean, Gloucester, iron-masters.
Stone, G. and Giles, W. Wine st. Bristol, linen-drapers.
Skaife, A. and Skaife, J. Hebdon Linton, Yorkshire, maltsters.
Sydenham, W. and Jollyfe, J. Charles-st. Westminster, saddlers.
Smith, D. and Woolcombe, H. Commercial-bu. Russia-merchants.
Stevenor, J. sen. and Stevenor, J. jun. Ripon, York, linen-drapers.
Singer, G. T. and G. Westbury, Wiltshire, maltsters.
Sanders, R. and Benioms, W. Plymouth, grocers.
Smith, J. and Willey, J. Union-st. Southwark, cheesemongers.
Sandeman, M. C. and Kemp, R. J. Park-st. Grosvenor-sq. coal-merchants.
Smith, P. and J. Liverpool, wine-merchants.
Small, R. and R. Lane, R. Leathley, R. Old Jewry, Hargreaves, J. and Wilby, W. Porto, Portugal, commission-agents.
Spedding, R. G. and Spedding, B. J. Dowgate, coal-merchants.
Snuggs, J. and Snuggs, C. Little Guildford-st. Southwark, timber-merchants.
Smith, E. and Noble, T. Liverpool, printers.
Smith, T. and Smith, J. Horsley, Gloucester, maltsters.
Smith, B. jun. and Davis, J. Great Coxwell and Faringdon, Berks, cheese-factors.
Springfield, T. O. and Staff, J. R. Horning Mills.
Staff, W. W. and Chamberlin, J. Norwich, grocers.
Tittle, C. and Compton, W. P.
Trollope, H. and Jones, J. St. George's-in-the-East, sugar-refiners.
Turner, J. and Turner, T. Minories, linen-drapers.
Turnbull, J. W. and Rumley, H. Bristol, architects.
Viveash, O. and Viveash, S. Calne, clothiers.
Wilson, J. Burnside, W. Watson, W. Banks, W. and Wilson, W. Nottingham, bankers.
Waller, J. and Peckever, J. Bristol, silk-mercers.
Wiseman, S and House, R. Norwich, tailors.
Wells, T. and Powell, C. Birmingham, innholders.
Wall, W. Looker, W. and Bodenham, T. Abchurch-la. sugar dealers.
Wild, W. and Louthen, T. New Bond-st. tailors.
Withers, W. and Withers, W. jun. Holt, Norfolk, attornies.
Walters, T. R. and Lund, J. Blackburn and Bury and Pendle Hill, Lancaster, cotton-spinners.
Walsham, R. and Fowson, D. Southcoates, York, millers.
Wilson, R. Johnson, J. Johnson, G. jun. Darlington, Godington, J. and Marshal, J. Birmingham, iron-founders.
Wake, W. J. Wake, T. M. and Wake, M. Monkwearmouth, lime-burners.
Whincop, J. D. Whincop, J. and Smith, T. King's Lynn, merchants.
Yorston, R. and Gurney, R. Mitre-co. law-stationers.

NEW PATENTS.

SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE, of Cecil-street, in the Strand, Baronet; for certain improvements to his former patent, bearing date Oct. 19, 1818, for certain new methods of constructing steam-engines. Dated Sept. 28, 1821.

JAMES FERGUSSON, of Newman-street, Oxford-road, Stereotype Printer; for improvements upon, additions to, or substitutes for, certain materials or apparatus made use of in the process of printing from stereotype plates. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

STEPHEN HAWKINS, of the Strand, Middlesex, Civil Engineer; for certain improvements in air traps for privies, water-closets, close-stools, and chamber conveniences, to which the same may be applicable. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

THOMAS LEES the younger, of Birmingham, in Warwickshire, Snuffer Manufacturer; for certain improvements in the construction of snuffers. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

PETER DAVEY, of Old Swan Wharf, Chelsea, Coal Merchant; for an improved preparation of coal for fuel. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

JOHN Christopher, of New Broad-street, London; for certain improvements in, or a substitute or substitutes for, anchors. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

JOHN POOLE, of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, Victualler; for certain improvements in plating iron or steel with brass and copper, alloyed with other metal or metals, both plain and ornamental, for the purpose of rolling and working into plates, sheets or bars, and such goods to which the same may be applicable. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

OWEN GRIFFITH, of Tryfan, Caernarvonshire, Gentleman; for an improvement in the principle of constructing of the manufactory and making trapes for the cure of ruptures or hernia, in whatever part or parts of the body it may be situated. Dated Oct. 18, 1821.

LONDON MARKETS. Nov. 16th, 1821.

COTTON.—The market has been exceedingly heavy for some weeks past, and we have at length to state a small depression in the prices; Surats of last sale have been disposed of at a decline of ⅛d. per lb. on the last India-House sale prices; Bengals have not been sold at any reduction, yet the previous prices could not be obtained. The purchases chiefly consist of 200 Bengal, 5¼d. a 5⅝d. in bond; 300 Surat, 6d. a 8d. in bond; 40 Para, 10½d. duty paid; 60 Smyrna, 8½d. duty paid. The arrivals, from the 9th to the 15th inst. inclusive:—Bombay, 1399.—Para, 376.—New South Wales, 3. The accounts from Liverpool this morning state that market exceedingly heavy, but the prices were not lower.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades this week has greatly improved; the good and fine Sugars must be stated 1s. a 2s. higher; the inferior browns are in more request, prices a shade higher have been obtained, and there is every prospect of a further improvement in Sugars. The prices lately have been exceedingly depressed: the stocks on hand are inconsiderable. The Refiners have evinced some anxiety to effect sales previous to the winter setting in; lower prices have in consequence been submitted to; the shipping houses have purchased considerably at the very reduced rates. A considerable parcel of Crushed Sugar has been reported to be contracted for spring delivery at prices higher than the present market rates. The Refiners do not appear inclined to enter into these contracts, owing to the present very low prices of the market. There is no demand for Foreign Sugars by private contract. The public sale of Havannah, 179 boxes, went at prices 1s. a 2s. lower, yellow 25s. 6d. a 28s. 6d.: 126 chests Brazil sold at low rates, grey and ordinary white 28s. a 30s. yellow 25s

COFFEE.—The sales of Coffee brought forward this week have been inconsiderable; the prices have been fully maintained: at the public sale yesterday, fair quality St. Domingo in casks sold 100s. 100s. 6d. and 101s. very ordinary 91s.: good to fine ordinary Jamaica extensively 102s. 6d. and 103s. There were no public sales this forenoon: the demand for Coffee suitable for home-consumption continues, and generally the Coffee market may be stated firm; the prices rather higher.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The demand for Rum by private contract has been considerable; the market may be stated firm, and prices a shade higher. The reduction in the rate of rent at the West-India warehouse appears to give great firmness to the holders, and will probably induce speculators to purchase Rums, they can now hold them at a reduced expense. The public sale this forenoon consisted of 147 puns. Jamaica Rum, of an uncommon good quality, the strength quite unprecedented; one lot 45 a 50 per cent. over proof, sold at 3s. 6d.; average 45 per cent. O. P., 2s. 9d. a 3s.; 32 and 33, 2s. 7d. 2s. 8d.; 27, 28, 30, and 31s. 2s. 6d.: generally strong Rums are higher.—Brandies have been in more request, the prices are again 1d. a 2d. per gallon higher.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

TOBACCO.—The demand for Tobacco continues general and extensive: the purchases are at prices a shade higher than the late advance of ¼d. per lb.

TALLOW.—The Tallow market is exceeding heavy, and purchases have been made 6d. below our reduced quotations. The town market is the same as last week, 16s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE LONDON MARKETS,

FROM THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER, TO THE 26TH OF NOVEMBER, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

	Oct. 30 to Nov. 5.	Nov. 5 to 12.	Nov. 12 to 19.	Nov. 19 to 26.
BREAD, per quartern	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 0
Flour, Fine, per sack	60 0 a 65 9	60 0 a 65 0	60 0 a 65 0	60 0 a 65 0
——, Seconds	50 0 a 55 0	50 0 a 55 0	50 0 a 55 0	50 0 a 55 0
——, Scotch	50 0 a 52 0	50 0 a 52 0	50 0 a 52 0	50 0 a 52 0
Malt	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Pollard	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Bran	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0
Mustard, Brown, per bushel	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0	9 0 a 12 0
——, White	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0	7 0 a 9 0
Tares	3 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 4 0
Turnips, Round	36 0 a 38 0	30 0 a 36 0	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0
Hemp, per quarter	36 0 a 44 0	36 0 a 44 0	36 0 a 44 0	36 0 a 44 0
Cinque Foil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Clover, English, Red, per cwt.	42 0 a 86 0	42 0 a 86 0	42 0 a 86 0	42 0 a 86 0
——, White	50 0 a 98 0	50 0 a 98 0	50 0 a 98 0	50 0 a 98 0
Trefoil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Rape Seed, per last	30 0 a 31 0	30 0 a 31 0	30 0 a 31 0	30 0 a 31 0
Linseed Cakes, per 1000	9 0 a 10 0	9 0 a 10 0	9 0 a 10 0	9 0 a 10 0
Onions, per bushel	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Potatoes, Kidneys, per ton	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0
——, Champions	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0
Beef (Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.)	2 0 a 3 2	1 10 a 3 6	1 10 a 3 6	1 10 a 3 6
Mutton	2 0 a 2 8	1 10 a 2 10	1 10 a 2 10	1 10 a 2 10
Lamb	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 3	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Veal	3 0 a 4 6	3 10 a 5 4	3 10 a 5 4	3 10 a 5 4
Pork	2 8 a 4 4	2 8 a 4 6	2 8 a 4 6	2 8 a 4 6
Butter, Dublin, per cwt.	84 0 a 0 0	86 0 a 87 0	86 0 a 87 0	86 0 a 87 0
——, Carlow	90 0 a 0 0	92 0 a 94 0	92 0 a 94 0	92 0 a 94 0
——, Dutch	98 0 a 0 0	104 0 a 0 0	104 0 a 0 0	104 0 a 0 0
——, York, per firkin	44 0 a 46 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0
——, Cambridge	46 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0
——, Dorset	46 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0	48 0 a 0 0
Cheese, Cheshire, Old	70 0 a 80 0	80 0 a 84 0	80 0 a 84 0	80 0 a 84 0
——, Ditto, New	50 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 60 0	50 0 a 60 0
——, Gloucester, doubled	52 0 a 56 0	56 0 a 60 0	56 0 a 60 0	56 0 a 60 0
——, Ditto, single	44 0 a 48 0	44 0 a 48 0	44 0 a 48 0	44 0 a 48 0
——, Dutch	44 0 a 46 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Hams, Westphalia	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, York	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Bacon, Wiltshire, per stone	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, Irish	5 6 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 6 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, York, per cwt.	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Lard	48 0 a 54 0	50 0 a 52 0	50 0 a 52 0	50 0 a 52 0
Tallow, per cwt.	2 6 0	2 6 0	2 6 0	2 6 0
Candles, Store, per doz.	10 6	10 6	10 6	10 6
Ditto, Moulds	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0
Soap, Yellow, per cwt.	3 12	3 12	3 12	3 12
Ditto, Mottled	4 2	4 2	4 2	4 2
Ditto, Curded	4 6	4 6	4 6	4 6
Starch	4 10 a 4 12	4 10 a 4 12	4 10 a 4 12	4 10 a 4 12
Coals, Newcastle	34 0 a 40 0	38 0 a 47 3	38 0 a 47 6	38 0 a 47 6
Ditto, Sunderland	40 6 a 43 6	37 0 a 48 0	37 0 a 48 0	37 9 a 48 0
Hops, in bags, Kent	2 0 a 4 0	2 0 a 4 6	2 0 a 4 6	2 0 a 4 6
Hops, in bags, Sussex	2 0 a 2 10	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0
Hay (St. James's averaged)	3 13 6	3 14 0	3 14 0	3 14 6
Clover	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0
Straw	1 9 6	1 7 0	1 7 0	1 7 0
Hay (Smithfield averaged)	3 10 0	3 12 0	3 12 0	3 12 0
Clover	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0	4 10 0
Straw	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
Hay (Whitechapel averaged)	3 17 0	3 17 9	3 17 0	3 17 0
Clover	4 12 6	4 12 6	4 12 6	4 12 0
Straw	1 8 0	1 8 0	1 8 0	1 8 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN OR MUSCOVADO SUGAR,

Exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the Importation thereof into Great Britain. Computed from the Returns made in the Week ending

Oct. 24, is 30s. 3¼d. per cwt. | Oct. 31, is 28s. 9½d. per cwt. | Nov. 7, is 29s. 4¼d. per cwt. | Nov. 14, is 29s. 1¼d. per cwt.

SEASON, 1821—22.

EAST INDIA SHIPS,

With their Managing Owners, Commanders, Principal Officers, Surgeons, Pursers, Time of coming afloat, Sailing, &c.

Voyages.	Ships' Names.	Consignments	Tonnage	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.
												1821.	1821.
4	Earl of Balcarras .	*Beng. & China*	1417	Company's Ship	Pet. Cameron	Tim. Smith	W. Longcroft	Alex. Bell	F. G. Moore	Henry Arnot	John D. Smith	11 Oct.	1 Dec.
1	Sir David Scott ..		1300	Joseph Hare	Wm. Hunter	John A. Tween	P. Lindesay	John Manley	John Moore	Nath. Gia	Joseph Hodson		
3	Thomas Coutts ..	*Mad. & China.*	1334	S. Marjoribanks	Alex. Chrystie	Thos. Addison	Filmer Phipps	Arth. Vincent	Alex. Hay	Jero. Simoens	Wm. Maltman		
1	William Fairlie ..		1300	Joseph Hare	Kennard Smith	Wm. Pascoe	Wm. Havlett	Thos. Blair	George Dewdney	Wal. Lorimer	Christ. Fearon		
3	Dunira	*Bomb. & China*	1325	George Palmer	Mont. Hamilton	Jas. Barber	J C. Whiteman	Shir. Newdick	Thos. John Dyer	And. Kedslie	Step. H. Ayers	9 Nov	31 Dec.
3	Duke of York		1327	S. Marjoribanks	Arch. H. Campbell	Wm. Pitman	H. Ls Thomas	T. Shepherd	Henry Burn	Wm. Lang	Wm. Dallas		
1	Berwickshire		1300	S. Marjoribanks	John Shepherd	Sam. Holbrow	Fred. Madan	John D. Orr	James Potter	T. Davidson	Joseph Wm. Rose		
1	Duchess of Athol	*Beng. & China*	1300	Wm. E. Ferrars	Edw. M. Daniell	Rob. Dudman	Chas. Steward	John Gisborne	Henry Rivaz,	John Austin	Edward King	24 Nov	1822. 14 Jan.
3	Orwell.........	*St. Hel. Bomb. & China*	1335	Matthew Isacke	Thos. Sanders	G. A. Bond	W. E. Farrer	Patrick Burt	James Wilson	W. Biemner	W. M. De Charme		
1	Macqueen		1300	John Campbell	James Walker		H. B. Bax	Alex. Read	And. Pitcairn	Alex. Macrae			
2	Thames	*Benc. & China*	1330	Hen. Blanshard	Wm. Haviside	H. H. Sumner				Thos. Godwin	Henry Berry	9 Dec	31 Jan.
3	Buckinghamshire	*Bomb. & China*	1369	Company's Ship	Fred. Adams	James Head	Wm. Pulham	Amb. Rivers	Thos. Allchin	Wm. Hayland	J. Wm. Graham	1822. 7 Jan.	27 Feb.
5	Castle Huntly		1200	J. H. Gledstanes	H. A. Drummond	Thos. Dunkin	S. V. Wood	W. Ficehurst	G. C. Kennedy	J. Campbell	Henry Wright		
6	Marquis of Huntly		1200	J. Mac Taggart	Don. Mac Leod	J S. H. Fraser		John Leach		John Simpson			
5	Lady Melville ...	*China*	1200	Sir Rob. Wigram	Rich. Clifford	Rob. Clifferd	H. Sterndale	E. M. Boultbee				7 Mar.	27 April
3	London		1332	Company's Ship	John B. Sotheby	B. Broughton	Philip Bayiis	T. B. Penfold	W. K. Packman	D. Mackenzie			
2	Canning...........		1326	Company's Ship	Wm. Patterson	R. Glasspoole	Robert Lowis	K. MacDonald	John Grifiths	Rob. Simmons			
3	Regent		916	James Haig									

11th November, 1821.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M. By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*	1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*	1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Oct. 26	30.09	49	S	Fair	Nov. 5	30.00	34	NW	Fair	Oct. 15	29.63	60	SW	Rain
27	30.14	51	SW	Rain	6	30.22	35	W	Ditto	16	29.34	58	SSW	Ditto
28	30.10	44	S	Fair	7	30.14	39	NW	Ditto	17	29.55	52	SSW	Rain
29	30.18	46	E	Clou.	8	30.09	42	SE	Ditto	18	29.61	47	N	Fair
30	30.05	44	E	Foggy	9	30.05	45	E	Ditto	19	29.84	46	SW	Rain
31	29.91	48	SW	Clou.	10	30.13	41	E	Foggy	20	29.91	42	W	Fair
Nov. 1	29.81	49	SW	Rain	11	29.71	45	SW	Rain	21	29.72	41	W	Ditto
2	29.76	53	SW	Fair	12	29.90	47	W	Fair	22	29.40	40	SW	Rain
3	29.73	55	SW	Clou.	13	29.95	46	SE	Ditto	23	29.71	43	SW	Ditto
4	29.23	38	W	Fair	14	29.65	51	SW	Ditto	24	29.64	46	SW	Ditto

PRICE of SHARES in CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, ROADS, WATER-WORKS, FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c. *Nov. 21st, 1821.*

	Shares of £.	*Present Price per Sha.* £.	*Div. received per Ann.* £.
Barnesley Canal	160	169	9
Chesterfield	100	120	8
Coventry	100	970	44
Derby	100	135	6
Erewash	100	1000	58
Grand Junction	100	219	9
Grand Surrey	100	60	3
Grand Union	100	18	—
Do. Loan	—	95	5
Grantham	150	130	7
Huddersfield	100	13	—
Kennet and Avon	100	17 5	16
Leeds and Liverpool	100	325	12
Leicester	—	290	14
Loughborough	—	3000	170
Monmouthshire	100	—	10
Nutbrook	100	105	6 2
Oxford	100	645	32
Shrewsbury	125	165	9
Shropshire	100	135	7 10
Somerset Coal	50	107 10	7
Ditto Lock Fund	—	74	4
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	100	700	40
Stourbridge	145	210	9
Thames and Severn, New	—	22 10	—
Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk	200	1810	75
Warwick and Birmingham	100	220	10
Warwick and Napton	100	210	9
Bristol Dock	146	15	—
Commercial Dock	100	71	3
East India	100	164	10

	Shares of £.	*Present Price per Sha.* £.	*Div. received per Ann.* £.
London	100	103	4
West India	100	179	10
Southwark Bridge	100	13	—
Vauxhall	100	15	—
Waterloo	100	5 5	—
Commercial Road	100	106 10	5
Ditto East India Branch	100	100	5
East London Water-Works	100	91	—
Grand Junction	50	54	2 10
Kent	100	32 10	—
Liverpool Bootle	220	75	—
London Bridge	—	50	2 10
West Middlesex	—	50	2
Albion Insurance	500	50	2 10
Atlas	50	4 15	6
Bath	—	575	40
Birmingham Fire	1000	300	25
County	100	40	2 10
Eagle	5	2 12 6	5
Globe	100	110	6
Imperial	500	90	4 10
London Fire	25	24	1 4
London Ship	25	20	1
Royal Exchange	—	250	10
Union	200	40	1 8
Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.)	50	59 10	4
City Gas Light Company	100	104	8
London Institution	75 gs.	30	—
Surrey	30 gs.	6	—
Auction Mart	50	22	1 5
British Copper Company	100	52	2 10

Rate of Government Life Annuities, payable at the Bank of England.

When 3 per cent. Stock is 78 and under 79.

single life of 35 receives for 100*l.* stock	5	5	0	average-rate 100*l.* money	6 13	9
40	5	12	0		7 2	8
45	6	0	0		7 12	10
50	6	11	0		8 6	10
55	7	5	0		9 4	8
60	8	2	0		10 6	4
65	9	7	0		11 18	3
70	11	6	0		14 7	11
75 and upwards	14	7	0		18 5	7

All the intermediate ages will receive in proportion.

Reduction National Debt and Government Life Annuity Office, Bank-street, Cornhill.

COURSE *of the* EXCHANGE, *from Oct. 26, to Nov. 23, 1821, both inclusive.*

Amsterdam, c. f. ....12—15 a 12—13
Ditto at sight....12—12 a 12—10
Rotterdam ....12—16 a 12—14
Antwerp ....12—8 a 12—7
Hamburgh. ....38—0 a 37—6
Altona. ....38—1 a 37—7
Paris, 3 day's sight ....25—70 a 25—60
Ditto....26—0 a 25—90
Bourdeaux....26—0 a 25—90
Frankfort on the Main, ex money... 157 a 156
Petersburg, 3 Us. per rble ....8¼ a 9
Vienna, Ef. 2 m. flo....10—22 a 10—18
Trieste ditto ....10—22 a 10—18
Madrid 36
Cadiz 36
Bilboa....35½

Barcelona 35½
Seville 35½
Gibraltar 30½
Leghorn....47
Genoa 43½
Venice Italian Liv....27—60
Malta 45
Naples 39½
Palermo per oz. ....118d. a 119d.
Lisbon....50
Oporto 50
Rio Janeiro....47 a 44
Bahia ....52 a 50
Dublin 8¼
Cork 9

PRICES *of* BULLION, *at per Ounce.*

Portugal Gold, in coin ...0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Foreign Gold in Bars......3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Doubloons ....0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 3*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*

New Dollars....0*l.* 4*s.* 9½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Silver in Bars, Standard... 1*s.* 11*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Louis, each .... ———

The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices.

JAMES WETENHALL, Sworn Broker.

Printed by Joyce Gold, 103, Shoe Lane, London.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS FROM OCTOBER 25, TO NOVEMBER 23, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1821. Days.	Bank Stock.	3perCt Reduc	3perCt Consol	3½pCt. Consol	4perCt Consol	5perCt. Navy.	Long Anns	Irish 5perCt	Imp. 3 per Ct.	Omnium.	India Stock.	So.Sea Stock	OldSo. Sea An	NwSo. Sea An	4 per cent. Ind. Bon.	2 per Day Ex. Bills.	Cons. for Acct.
Oct. 25	240½ 240	77⅝ ¼	78⅛ ⅜	88 7¾	96⅝ ⅞	111½ ⅝	19 9/16 ⅝	—	—	—	240 241	—	—	78¼	73s 70pr.	6s 4pr.	78⅜ ¼
26	240 239½	77¼ 6⅞	78¼ 7¾	87⅝ ¾	96⅝ ⅞	111¼ ½	19½ 9/16	—	—	—		—	77⅛	—	70s 69pr.	4s 6pr.	78⅛ 77⅞
27	—	76¾ ½	77⅝ 77	—	96⅛ ⅛	111⅛ 110¾	19⅜ 7/16	—	—	—		—	76½	—	68s 69pr.	4s 6pr.	78 77⅛
29	238	76⅜ ¾	77⅛ ⅝	87	95¾ 6⅛	110¾ 111	19½ ⅜	—	—	—		—	—	—	69s pr	4s 6pr.	77⅜ ⅞
30	239 238½	76⅞ 77	77⅞ ⅜	87¼ ½	96¼ ⅛	111⅛ 110⅞	19½ 9/16	—	—	—		—	—	—	68s 69pr.	4s 6pr.	77⅞ 78
31	238	76¾ ⅝	77⅜ ⅜	87⅛ ¼	96⅛ 5¾	110⅞ ⅞	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—		—	76⅝	—	67s 68pr.	4s 6pr.	77⅞ ⅝
Nov. 1	—	76⅝ ⅞	77½ ¾	—	95⅜ ¼	110⅝ ¾	19 7/16 ½	—	—	—		—	—	—	67s 69pr.	4s 6pr.	77⅞ ⅞
2	—	76⅞ 7¼	77⅛ 8⅛	87⅞	95¼ 6¼	110¾ 111⅛	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	241	86¼	—	—	67s 68pr.	4s 6pr.	77⅜ 8¼
3	—	77¼ 77	78⅛ 7¾	—	96 ⅛	110⅞ 111	19½ 9/16	—	76 ⅝	—	240¾ ½	87	76⅞ ¾	—	69s pr.	4s 6pr.	78¼ 7⅞
5	—	77¼ ⅜	78⅛ ¼	—	96⅛	111⅛ 111	19 9/16	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	4s 6pr.	78¼ ⅜
6	239½ 240	77⅜ ¼	78 ¼	87⅞	96¼ 96	111⅛ 110⅞	19 9/16 ½	—	—	—	241 ½	—	—	—	70s pr	4s 6pr.	78⅜ ¼
7	240	77½ ¼	78¼ 78	88 7⅞	96⅜ ⅜	111¼ 111	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	242	87¼	77⅛	—	70s 71pr.	6s 4pr.	78⅛ ⅜
8	238½ 239	77 6⅞	78 77⅝	87½	96 ⅛	111 110⅞	19 7/16 ⅜	—	76 ¾	—	240½	—	76¼	—	69s pr	4s 6pr.	78⅛ 7¾
9	—	77	77¾	—	—	110¾ ⅞	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6s 4pr.	78 7⅞
10	—	77⅜	77⅞ 78¼	87¾	96¼ ⅜	110¾ 111⅛	19 7/16 9/16	—	—	—	241½	86½	—	—	70s 71pr.	4s 6pr.	78 ⅜
12	—	77¼ ⅜	78 ⅛	87⅞	96⅜ ½	111 ⅛	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	242 ½	—	—	—	70s 71pr.	6s 4pr.	78¼ ⅜
13	239½ 239	77¼ ⅛	78⅛ 77⅞	87¼ ⅞	96½ ⅜	111¼ 111	19 9/16 ½	—	—	—	242 241½	—	—	—	71s pr	4s 6pr.	78⅛
14	—	77⅜ 77	78⅛ 7⅞	87¾	96⅜ ⅜	111⅛ 110⅞	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	242	—	—	—	71s 70pr	6s 4pr.	78 ¼
15	239¼ 239	77¼ ⅛	78⅛ 7⅞	87⅞	96⅜ ½	110½ 110	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	242	—	77	—	72s 71pr.	4s 6pr.	78 ⅛
16	239 ½	77 ⅛	78 7¾	87⅞ ¾	96⅝ ¼	111 110⅞	19 7/16 ½	—	76½	—	241½ 242	—	77	—	71s 72pr.	6s 4pr.	77⅞ 8⅛
17	239½	77¼ ⅛	78⅛ 7⅞	—	96⅛ ½	111⅛ 111	19½ 9/16	—	—		241½	86⅞	76⅞	—	71s 72pr.	4s 6pr.	78⅛ 8
19	240	77¼ ⅛	78 ⅛	88	96½ ¾	111 ⅛	19½	—	—	—	242½	—	—	—	72s 73pr.	6s 4pr.	78 ¼
20	240 ½	77¼ ⅜	78 ¼	87⅞ 88	96⅜ ⅞	111 ⅛	19 9/16 ½	—	—	—	242	—	—	—	72s 73pr.	6s 4pr.	78¼ ⅛
21	239½ 240	77⅛ ⅛	78⅛ 78	87⅞	96⅞ ¾	111 110⅞	19 9/16 ½	—	76⅜	—	242	—	—	—	71s 72pr.	3s 6pr.	78⅛ 78
22	239	77¼ ⅛	78 ⅛	88	96⅞ ¾	110⅞ ¾	19½ 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	78 77¾	68s 66pr.	par 4pr.	78⅛
23	239½	77¼ ⅛	78 ⅛	87⅞	96¼ ⅞	110¾ 111	19½ 9/16	—	76⅜ ⅝	—	—	86⅞	—	—	66s 69pr.	par 5pr.	78⅛ 78
24																	

All Exchequer Bills dated in the month of December 1820, and prior thereto, have been advertised to be paid off.

N. B. *The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices*, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1718, and now published, *every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by*

JAMES WETENHALL, Stock-Broker. No. 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London;

On application to whom, the original documents for near a century past may be referred to.



Charles Kemble Esq.^r
of the
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

DECEMBER, 1821.

With a Portrait of CHARLES KEMBLE, Esq. of COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

CONTENTS.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND SOLD AT THE LATE JAMES ASPERNE'S,

BIBLE, CROWN, AND CONSTITUTION,

32, CORNHILL:

(Where Communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed, Post paid.)

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE EDITOR'S CONVERSAZIONÉ.

A REFERENCE to our Editorial Conversazioné for June last is the only reply we can make to the enquiry of *Columbus;* and though fearing that it may not be completely satisfactory, we, at the same time, beg leave to state, that the decision there expressed must be considered as definitive.

Had *Waverley* possessed half the talent which we erroneously anticipated from his signature, we should not now have the unpleasant duty of declining his communications.

Our poetical Friend R. must kindly excuse our unavoidable postponement of his terrific tale of *The Black Rainbow* until next month.

D. F. will have the goodness to send for a private letter left for him at our Publisher's. His concluding suggestion has been transmitted with due representations to the proper quarter; and we hope, as anxiously as our Correspondent can do, with good effect.

Could our worthy friend *J. B. D.* really expect us to insert the following?—

DIVERSITY IN TASTE.

Written on a Blank Leaf of BURKE'S "*Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful.*"

THE question had Burke to a coal heaver put,
He'd have said, or I'll forfeit my rhyme,
"That a pot of strong beer is the *beautiful*,—but
The gin in it makes it *sublime!*"

We have to acknowledge the honour of *Viator*'s communication, though it is quite impossible for us to make any promise as to the time of it's insertion.

Edwin's polite suggestions have our best thanks for being well intentioned; though we must be permitted on these occasions to think and act for ourselves.—His former papers are not forgotten.

We cannot entirely coincide with *Enort*'s estimate of our poetical friend, THOMAS MOORE, ESQ; but shall always feel happy to hear from him, on any subject on which our opinions are more similar.

Cœlebs shall receive our early attention; and a letter for *F. Randolph, Esq.* is left in Cornhill.

We have now, in company with our kind friends, arrived at the close of another Volume, and of another year. On the Volume, it would, perhaps, not wholly become *us* to be very diffuse in our remarks, however the encreased sanction of the Public may authorise, and justify the encreased estimation of our labours.—We venture, therefore, only to observe, that, with the able support which our later Numbers have more peculiarly evinced, and with the additional and superior assistance already marshalled in literary array for our future Volumes; we confidently venture to promise an extension of interest to our pages, and as confidently rely upon our continuing to be honoured with an extension of patronage.

The termination of another year may, however, be considered a subject deserving of a less brief notice; for it is indeed too lamentably true, that—

"We take no note of time,
But from it's loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man: as if an angel spake,
We feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of our departed hours;
Where are they?—With the years beyond the flood!"

Although the preceding twelve months have been distinguished by none of those earthquake changes which characterized our years of warfare and vicissitude; they will yet be memorable in history for the occurrence of events, too generally interesting to be speedily forgotten; and too important in their extensive influence not to command attention.

The year 1821 will be ever celebrated in the annals of Great Britain for the decease of her captive enemy at St. Helena;—Him, whose unappeasable enmity aimed at her annihilation,—who suffered no defeat until Britons were his Conquerors, and who, after living her inveterate foe, died her vanquished exile.—The æra of 1821 will be memorable for the inauguration of our respected KING, whom we firmly trust, many, many Coronation Anniversaries to come will find yet happier in himself, and more beloved by his subjects; and the closing year will also be distinguished for the death of our late Queen Caroline, whose memory we would thus revive only for the moment that records her departure from a world of trouble and vicissitude, and again consign to oblivion:—but passing by these national events, to none of us will this departing portion of our lives have fled in vain, if it shall have taught us wisdom from it's varying scenes, and experience from it's never-ceasing changes;—If it shall have instructed us more deeply in our many duties, and rooted in each heart more firmly, our devotion to our GOD;—our loyalty to our KING;—and our affection and benevolence to all human kind.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1821.

MEMOIR
OF
CHARLES KEMBLE, Esq.
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

WITH A PORTRAIT, ENGRAVED BY JAMES THOMSON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY KEARSLEY.

Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well. SHAKSPEARE.

THE world is naturally desirous of knowing something of the private lives of those who have contributed to it's amusement and instruction: and this curiosity is, of course, proportioned to the merit of the several objects, and to the value of their respective services. The gratification is still higher when it is found that great public talents are allied to meritorious qualities in private life; and such, we may venture to assert, is peculiarly the case with the subject of our present notice.

Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE is the youngest of the male branches of a family who have been pre-eminently conspicuous in the profession which they adopted; and the names of Kemble and Siddons will always be recorded in the history of that stage, which their talents have essentially supported, and their superior excellence adorned. Mr. C. Kemble, we understand, was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, in 1778; which town has the honour of having also given birth to that distinguished ornament of the stage his sister, Mrs. Siddons. His parents had long been engaged in the theatrical profession, and were equally esteemed for their dramatic talents, and the propriety of their private conduct. Charles remained under their care until the age of thirteen, when he was sent for education to the college of Douay, in Flanders, where his brother John had been placed many years before for the same purpose. After remaining about three years in that seminary, in which he acquired a competent knowledge of the French and Latin languages, he returned to this country; where his father, reflecting on the uncertainty of the theatrical profession, had determined to procure for him some appointment of a civil, or mercantile description. This destination, however, was little suitable to his son's inclinations; and consequently, after an experiment of about twelve months, incited by the success of other parts of his family, he resolved to try his fortune on the stage. His talents, at this period, promised to be rather solid than shining, and his theatrical ambition was therefore discouraged by his parents, and his brother. He was a very handsome youth, and his person altogether appeared calculated to embody the idea of *Tom Jones*, while his deportment was rather open and manly, than graceful and engaging. The theatrical impulse, however, could not be restrained: he quitted London, and, we believe, placed himself under the protection of his brother Stephen Kemble, then the manager of several country theatres. After some preparatory tuition, chiefly with respect to deportment and the business of the stage, for his own good sense gave him a full perception of character, he made his first essay in the part of *Orlando*, in Shakspeare's comedy of "*As You Like It*;" when, according to report, he performed the part with so much judgment and feel-

ing, as to receive considerable applause, and from that moment his fate was decidedly fixed on the theatrical profession, and he remained under the management of his elder brother at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the other places within his theatrical circuit. At length, Mr. S. Kemble, though deriving essential support from his brother Charles, liberally conceiving that his talents were worthy of protection in the metropolis, recommended him to the managers of Drury-lane Theatre, where he procured an engagement, and made his first appearance before a London audience in the humble part of *Malcolm*, in the tragedy of "*Macbeth*." His classical attainments and gentlemanly character soon attracted the attention of the late Mr. Sheridan, who saw that his talents were ripening into excellence, and therefore gave him due encouragement. The part of *George Barnwell* was next assigned to him, and he performed it with such feeling and powerful expression, that Mrs. Siddons, who represented *Millwood*, declared that she was hardly able to do justice to her part, on account of the sympathy which his well-painted distresses impressed upon her mind. We cannot pretend to trace his course through all the characters which he assumed, and in which he displayed such conspicuous merit, that he soon became one of the chief favourites of the public, who testified their respect for his talents by a warm greeting whenever he appeared. He was soon after the hero of the Haymarket Theatre, and remained there for several seasons, under the management of the Younger Colman, encreasing his reputation by the truth, force, and variety of his performances. When his brother John Kemble quitted Drury-lane Theatre, and became a proprietor of Covent-garden, Charles naturally followed his fortunes; and though precluded from the higher range of characters in tragedy, yet on several occasions, when he appeared in any of those characters, it was acknowledged that he displayed first rate abilities. But Mr. Charles Kemble's powers were by no means confined to tragedy; for in the genteel and spirited parts of comedy he also appeared to very great advantage, and proved himself to be one of the best general actors on the London boards. His *Prince of Wales*, *Falconbridge*, and *Benedict*, were admirable specimens of histrionic truth, taste, and spirit. His *Young Mirabel*, in "*The Inconstant*," was another proof of comic grace, ease, and elegance, that was highly applauded; while, in tragedy, his *Hamlet* and *Jaffier* were critically correct, and deeply impressive. In fact, no character, as the phrase is, ever "came amiss to him," and in all he displayed the judgment of the scholar, and the animation of true genius. One circumstance peculiar to his style of acting deserves to be noticed. Though most of the great actors of his time were the subject of imitation, no attempts of that kind were ever made respecting him: a proof that his acting is founded on truth and nature. He does not, however, appear to have been always treated with impartiality, as many characters have been withheld from him, which would have rendered him still more prominent on the theatrical canvas; and have afforded him new claims to public favour. He is now one of the very best actors of his day, and would have stood high in the proudest periods of our dramatic annals. It is with no less pleasure than truth that we can also turn to his domestic character, and find him still acting with exemplary merit as the husband and father; the affectionate relative, and the sincere friend. We know not precisely at what period he entered into the marriage state; but it must be universally admitted, that his choice of a partner for life was marked by the same good sense and correct taste which characterize his professional exertions: having married Miss De Camp, a lady of congenial talents and attainments, and deservedly high in public favour as an accomplished actress. There are, we believe, four children the offspring of this union; the elder of whom, according to report, already manifest promising signs of hereditary ability. But it is not only as the actor, the scholar, and the gentleman, that we are to view the character of Mr. C. Kemble;—He has displayed literary talents, which if they had been employed in original composition, would have added fresh laurels to his character. He gave a spirited translation of "*Le Deserteur*" of Mercier to the public, judiciously altered, and adapted to the English

stage under the title of "*The Point of Honour*," and another piece, also a translation, entitled, "*The Wanderer*," which introduced the perils that attended the flight of the Pretender to the throne of this country, under the designation of a Swedish Prince; both of which were very successful dramas. Mrs. C. Kemble has also shewn her literary skill in several little pieces translated from the French, and in an interesting and amusing comedy, entitled "*Smiles and Tears*," partly founded on Mrs. Opie's celebrated tale of "*Father and Daughter*."

Our restricted limits compel us to close this biographic sketch; but we cannot conclude without expressing our regret that, in consequence of some difference with the Chief Proprietor of Covent Garden, Mr. C. Kemble is not at present engaged there. We do not pretend to know the grounds of this difference; but we may fairly say, that if the Manager should ultimately lose so excellent an actor, it will appear that he is not duly sensible of his own interest, nor sufficiently attentive to the taste and judgment of the public; so constantly evinced in Mr. Kemble's favour.

ON THE CRITERION OF POETICAL PRE-EMINENCE.

UNTIL Poetry is properly and clearly defined, and it's nature and objects distinctly ascertained, it is impossible to determine the relative merits of rival poets. Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, and Milton, have been universally admired; but this universal admiration, so far from enabling us to pronounce with certainty, which of them has approached nearest to perfection in his art, only involves the question in greater difficulty. Each of them possessed a genius truly original; but then a different character was impressed upon each; and consequently each of them had peculiar excellencies of his own, to which the rest could not attain. One had more genius, another more judgment, another more feeling, and another more imagination; but neither of them possessed these four endowments in perfection. Homer's strength lay in his genius and imagination: in judgment he was inferior to Virgil; in delicacy of feeling to Virgil and Shakspeare; though in the vigour and enthusiasm of his feelings he excelled them all. Judgment and feeling are the characteristic excellencies of Virgil: in genius and imagination he was inferior to the other three. Shakspeare was deficient in judgment alone, and Milton, perhaps, in feeling alone. It is impossible, therefore, to determine which is the greatest poet, till we first ascertain what it is that renders a poem most highly interesting, or, in other words, with which we are most delighted, the penetrating acumen and ardent energies of genius, the refined taste and critical discrimination of judgment, the heart-rending pathos of feeling, or the sublime conceptions and daring excursions of imagination. It is with poetry as it is with eloquence: all nations have admired the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes; but before the seventeenth century, no critic ventured to decide which of them should be acknowledged the prince of Orators. Fenelon was the first who decided the question in favour of Demosthenes; but if he had simply stated it as his opinion, that the latter was the greater orator, I doubt whether his authority, highly and deservedly as it is esteemed, would have completely removed all doubts on the subject. Fenelon, however, acted differently: he knew, that to determine such a question, it was necessary, first to ascertain in what the soul of eloquence consisted, and that he who has not this knowledge to direct his judgment is unqualified to decide. He entered, accordingly, into a philosophical examination of the principal aim, or object, of eloquence; and having ascertained this object, he had little difficulty in determining which of those illustrious rivals was the most distinguished orator.

He who would venture to decide upon the relative merits of rival poets, must proceed as Fenelon has done: he must ascertain the object which the poet proposes to himself; or, in other words, he must find out wherein poetry consists, what it has in common with, and wherein it differs from, eloquence, and every other species of composition. Without this antecedent knowledge, he may write volumes on the

subject, and leave the world as undecided as ever. To what purpose would he compare parallel passages from their works with each other: the most poetic passage is not always that which will endure the most critical investigation. The orator has one object in view, the critic another, the philosopher another, and the poet another. It would be therefore absurd to compare two different passages with each other, to know which of them is the most poetic, without previously knowing in what the poetry of a passage consisted. Each of them may be written in verse, and each of them have excellencies peculiar to itself; but neither of them may be poetical. The excellence of one may consist in it's critical accuracy, the excellence of the other in it's philosophic truth; but many passages may be quoted from Homer and Shakspeare that are neither critically correct, nor philosophically true, which, notwithstanding, are highly poetical. To compare passages, or entire poems, from authors, will not, therefore, enable us to determine their relative poetical merits, without the knowledge of which we have spoken. The predominant characteristic of an entire poem may consist, not in it's poetic beauty, but in the beauty of it's sentiments, the keenness of it's wit, or the perspicuity of it's style; but a prose writer may be as sentimental, as witty, and as perspicuous as a poet. How, then, are we to compare what is purely sentimental with what is purely poetical. We cannot say that one is more sentimental than the other, because the latter is not sentimental at all; neither can we say one is more poetical than the other, for the same reason. When Dr. Johnson, in his parallel between Pope and Dryden, says, that, "in acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden," this does not enable us, in the least, to determine which is the greater poet. Many writers have surpassed Pope and Dryden in acquired knowledge, who had no genius for poetry. Neither do we approach to a nearer acquaintance with the poetic character, much less the relative excellence of either, when he tells us, that "the notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention;" for the speculations of Newton were far more comprehensive, and those of Locke far more minute, than either, and yet neither Locke nor Newton were poets.

It is, indeed, a misfortune, that words which are in common use appear to a great portion of mankind perfectly clear and intelligible; for, as every one attaches some vague idea of his own to them, every one thinks he knows what they mean. This delusion, however, is easily detected; for if fifty different people were asked, what is poetry, not three of them, probably, would agree in their reply. Some will confine it's definition to one or more of it's distinguishing qualities; others to qualities which it possesses in common with eloquence, or prose compositions in general; others will define it by terms as vague and equivocal as itself; and some will have a difficulty in making any reply, for having never attached any fixed idea to the term, they are unable to grasp the vague conception that floats in their minds, and consequently to express it in words, though it would be difficult to convince them that this hesitation arises from their ignorance.

If it should be said, that the idea of poetry is not so involved in mystery as we would represent it, and that those who differ in their ideas of it are only the illiterate part of mankind, we reply, that the most eminent writers have been at a loss to define either it's nature, or it's object. We may easily conclude, that Locke knew little of either, from the panegyric which he has bestowed on one of Blackmore's epics; and yet no one could assert, that this panegyric was ill bestowed, who could not tell, at the same time, in what poetry consisted. Pascal, than whom few have taken a more expanded range in the walks of science, maintained, that Poetry had no settled object, merely because he could perceive no object pursued by the poet, which did not equally belong to prose writers, particularly when their subject was fiction or romance. Dr. Blair has examined, and rejected, the definitions of all his predecessors; and yet his own will not endure the slightest investigation. "Poetry," according to him, "is the language of passion;" but if so, are not the Phillippics of Demosthenes poems in the most rigid sense, and not to be confound-

ed with that resistless eloquence, which

"Wielded at will the fierce democracy."

The professions of a lover would be always poetical, though he were ignorant of the first elements of language; and whoever would frequent Billingsgate, would be frequently gratified with fragments of the most passionate, and consequently of the most genuine, Poetry. Besides, as passion, in all it's stages, is a high tone of feeling, and as this definition would confine poetry to this tone alone, it necessarily separates it from every commerce with all the gentler modifications of feeling which it is so happily fitted to excite in well regulated and well informed minds.

In order to arrive at a just idea of what distinguishes Poetry from all other species of writing, we must previously observe, that the communication of knowledge appears to be the great object of all kinds of writing. The philosopher, the metaphysician, the poet, the historian, the biographer, the fabulist, and every description of writers, profess to tell us something of which we were before ignorant, or to renew our acquaintance with things which we have already forgotten. In the communication of knowledge, however, writers are guided by different motives; some aiming solely to furnish the mind with useful knowledge, others addressing themselves solely to the feelings, sympathies, sensibilities, and general affections of the heart; and a third class, uniting both these objects, are equally desirous of imparting pleasure and instruction at the same moment. These are the only possible motives that can induce any man to become a writer, because they are those only that induce us to become readers. No person will read a work which imparts neither pleasure nor instruction, and consequently no person will attempt to write such a work. It is true, indeed, that one half of the works published neither please nor instruct; but it is equally true, that they glide fast into oblivion; nor would it be doing justice to their authors to say, that they were not as desirous of pleasing the public as Homer or Virgil, had they equal powers, or equal genius, to effect it. In distinguishing poetry, therefore, from all other species of writing, it must obviously appear, that it belongs to the second of the classes here enumerated; that is, that it addresses itself solely to the feelings, the sympathies, the sensibilities, and the intuitive perceptions of man. But some difficulty will still remain in distinguishing it from every other species of writing, that aims like itself to please the heart and it's affections alone, as novels, romances, and all works of fiction. The first and most obvious distinction that presents itself to our view is, that the prose writer of fiction communicates only half the pleasure which language is capable of imparting, while the poet communicates the whole. If the novelist pleases us more than other writers, it is not owing to any peculiarity in his language, but to the incidents which he relates, the characters which he invents, and the situations and catastrophes which he imagines. So far as language is concerned, we cannot distinguish him from the historian or biographer: he differs from them only in sacrificing reality to appearance. But the poet goes a step farther, and, not satisfied with pleasing us by the variety and beauty of his images and descriptions, he gratifies our ear by the peculiar melody and harmony of his language. No philosophic reason can be adduced for the use of numbers, measure, quantity, and rhyme, in poetry, but the influence which music of itself, and without any aid from words or images, exercises over the sympathies of the heart, and the gratification which it affords the ear, an organ which, next to the eye, affords the most refined and intellectual delights. The melody of language conveys no meaning to the understanding, but it conveys something more than mere sensual pleasure to the sensitive faculties. It is obvious, then, that the pleasure which ideas, images, situations, and events, can impart of themselves, abstracted from the language through which they are presented to the mind, must be greatly encreased when accompanied by the corresponding emotions of melody, harmony, and all the train of mingled emotions which the music of poetic numbers can of themselves awaken in the mind. Hence it is, that poetry alone holds an absolute

dominion over the passions and general affections of man, and consequently over man himself, who is the slave of his passions. It is only he whose indurated feelings repel all the finer sympathies of humanity, who has no passion to indulge because he has long ceased to indulge any, and who has finally succeeded in triumphing over his own nature, that can read without emotion the impassioned language of the pathetic muse. Human distress, however exquisitely painted, will never move the heart so powerfully as when the sound appears "an echo to the sense." Without the music of poetry, we can only be affected by the images of distress which are presented to the mind; but when to the influence of these images is superadded the sweet but resistless influence of plaintive numbers, which of themselves, and without any image of distress whatever, infuse a secret, sacred melancholy, how greatly must the pathetic effect be encreased. It is an error, then, to suppose, that the influence of poetic numbers is confined to the mere gratification of the ear; for though the external sense is first affected by them, it communicates the sensation to all the internal senses, and thus becomes capable of exciting all the diversified modifications of feeling that belong to the heart and it's affections. Of all the poets, Pope seems to have been best acquainted with the power of numbers. The following lines from his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," appear to me one of the finest instances, how far the influence of images, mournful and pensive in themselves, is encreased by the adaptation of plaintive or desponding musical numbers.

> "Now under hanging mountains,
> Beside the falls of fountains,
> Or where Hebrus wanders,
> Rolling in meanders,
> All alone,
> Unheard, unknown,
> He makes his moan;
> And calls her ghost,
> For ever, ever, ever lost!
> Now with furies surrounded,
> Despairing, confounded,
> He trembles, he glows,
> Amidst Rhodope's snows:
> See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
> Hark! Hemus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries."

In the first nine lines, the syllables are long and heavy, and seem to be breathed with difficulty. The lines are short, and seem to indicate that the desponding voice is unable to continue the pause longer. The ninth line is lengthened to express the final effort of desperation, and the word "ever" repeated three times, as the last image that brooded over the mind, and terminated the prospects of a distracted lover. But the moment distraction has begun to take possession of his mind, the mellifluous softness of the numbers are changed, in the next four lines, into a harsher note, and the cadences are varied to correspond with the tumult of his mind, when suddenly the measure is altogether changed to express the sudden start of the wild infuriate.

So far, then, as we can trace the true nature and object of poetry, the character that distinguishes it from all other species of writing, except novels and romances, appears to be, that it addresses itself solely to the passions, feelings, and sympathies of the heart. Novels and romances, it is true, make as little appeal to the understanding as poetry; but then their dominion over the passions is much more confined. Poetry, indeed, is an individual belonging to the same species with novels and romances; but it's individual, distinctive character is, that it avails itself of all the possible means by which it's empire over the passions may be established and confirmed. If it be asked, what are these means, I have no hesitation to reply, that they are the music, harmony, and variety, of it's numbers. These are the proper guardians of it's dominion, and the emblems of it's sovereignty. I agree, indeed, with Pope, in rejecting the idea of Poetry formed by those, who

> "By numbers judge a poet's song,
> And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;"

for if it had no charms but those of music or harmony alone, Selden would not have been mistaken when he compared a poet to a lord sitting on a stall in Fleet-street, twirling a band, or playing with a rush. But though it certainly embraces all the charms of fine writing, I would defy the most generalizing philosopher to point out one charm exclusively belonging to Poe-

try, and with which the prose writer can never embellish his descriptions, excepting the charms of music and harmony only; and when Pope himself, in a few lines after, comes to shew that poetry combines many attractions besides that of it's harmony, is it not obvious that all these attractions belong to the prose writer as well as to the poet? In shewing that mere music does not constitute poetry, he commences by observing, that

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

But is not this truth as applicable to the orator and the historian, as it is to the poet? He next observes, that

"'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

But this "sound" that "seems an echo to the sense," is nothing but the adaptation of music to the nature of the emotion which the poet intends to excite; and again, when he directs us to hear,

"How Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise;"

this conflict of the passions, so far as it is excited by the poetry of Timotheus, is entirely effected by the mere influence of the music; for though it was partly influenced by the ideas or images conveyed by the words, this part could have been excited by the prose writer as well as the poet, as he could present to the mind of Alexander the same ideas and images, as clearly and distinctly as the poet; and Pope himself seems to attribute the entire effect to the music alone, when he adds:

"Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by *sound!*"

It was, then, the "sound," it was the mere music of Timotheus' numbers, that chiefly excited this rapid succession of alternate emotions. It is true, the music, if unaccompanied by words, would not have called into existence this variety of emotions; for, as Horace observes on a different occasion,

"*Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.*"

But give the prose writer the superadded influence of music, and he will rouse into existence every passion that ever slumbered in the human breast. If it be replied, that prose is no longer prose, if it be modulated by the melody of poetic numbers, I answer, that this argument w ald prove the position which I wish to maintain; namely, that the poet differs essentially from the prose writer only in the harmony, or music of his numbers.

I am, however, aware, that mere words set to music will not constitute poetry; but I contend,

"In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire;"

that these thousand charms, with the exception of music or harmony alone, are capable of being transferred to prose descriptions by a refined and elegant writer. The finest descriptions in prose, it is true, will never bear a comparison with the finest descriptions in poetry, but the superiority of the poet can always be traced to the enthusiasm of the music that accompanies the ideas or images which he presents to the mind.

To this theory, a great difficulty may seem to present itself; namely, how it happens that the images and associations of the prose writer are seldom found to be so pleasing, so delightful, or so enchantingly captivating, as those of the poet, if they are even considered abstractedly, and without any reference to the melody of the language in which they are expressed. As this objection is rational, and will appear to many unanswerable, it is highly worthy of investigation.

We have already observed, that the poet addresses himself solely and exclusively to the heart and it's affections. In doing so, he naturally devotes himself to the discovery of such qualities in sensible and intellectual being, as most readily associate with, and elicit the immediate passions or emotions which he intends to excite. All his energies are directed to this contemplation alone: and hence it is, that notwithstanding the enthusiasm and rapidity with which he passes over all the works of nature, and all the creations of art, he is still slow, cautious, and fastidiously delicate, in the selection and combination of his images. He views, it is true, at a glance, all the qualities of an object,

but he finds few of them suited to his purpose, and consequently for the one image which he selects, he rejects a thousand, and immediately passes on in pursuit of other images and associations more congenial to the character of the emotions which he wishes to awaken in the human breast. His progress, therefore, is slow, though his perceptions are clear, his discriminations accurate, his feelings refined, and his imagination rapid and impetuous. With these advantages, and this devoted application to one undivided object, what wonder that his images and associations should be more happily selected, and more intimately allied to the kindred sympathies of the heart, than those of the prose writer; who never applied himself so undividedly to the study of the human passions, or the character of the images and associations that excite certain modifications of feeling or of passion, and no other. For every passion or modification of feeling that ever lay dormant in the human breast, there is some corresponding quality in the works of creation, or in the circumstances and situations of human life. When this quality or circumstance is presented to the mind, the corresponding sensation or emotion is immediately called forth; and had it never been presented, the sensation would have eternally slumbered, unfelt and unknown. The poet, therefore, whose sole object is to excite emotions of all kinds, must study to select only such particular images, circumstances, or qualities, as are fitted to call forth the particular passion or feeling which he intends to excite; and it is easy to perceive, that he must be more happy in this selection than the prose writer, who generally addresses himself to the understanding only, and to whom the heart and it's affections are, in a great measure, unknown. But of all the causes that tend to render poetic images more delightful and captivating than those of prose, is the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet himself. Entirely devoted to the study and contemplation of human feeling, he identifies himself with all the affections, sympathies, and sensibilities of the heart; and by thus placing himself in the situation of others, he feels intuitively, without labour or research, by what circumstances and affections the heart is most easily moved under certain situations. Hence it is, that poetry has been called the language of inspiration, because the poet discovers by the mere force of sympathy, and consequently is enabled to describe, certain movements of the heart, which all the philosophy and abstract researches of the human mind could never discover. The images of poetry are, therefore, more delightful than those of prose; not because there is any thing in the nature of prose that prevents all it's images from being equally captivating, but because the poet devotes himself solely and exclusively to the study of the human heart; because he appeals to the heart alone; because he rejects every image that does not accord with such emotions of the heart as he intends to excite; and because his own feelings are more exquisitely refined, and more delicately susceptible of sympathizing, and consequently of becoming acquainted with the feelings of others. If the prose writer possessed all these advantages, and addressed himself like the poet to the feelings alone, his images and associations would be in themselves as enchanting and delightful as those of the poet; but still they could not exercise the same influence over the passions, because the music of poetry, as I have already observed, infuses of itself a variety of feelings and emotions, which rise to rapture and enthusiasm when accompanied by the magic creations and associations of the poet. Poetry, then, differs materially from prose in the harmony or music of it's language alone. No other radical difference can be traced; for though it's images are more delightful, there is nothing in the internal nature or structure of prose, that prevents it's images from being equally so. We find, accordingly, that many prose descriptions are embellished with all the charms, images, associations, creations, qualities, circumstances, and embellishments of poetry, and want nothing to render them truly poetical, but the music of poetic numbers.

Poetry, then, addresses itself to the feelings and passions alone; and to render it's appeal more effectual than all other species of writing, that have a similar object in view, it conveys it's ideas and images through the medium

of musical sounds, or measured cadences. It is, therefore, evident, that the great object of poetry is to afford the highest possible gratification to the mind, by presenting it with such objects and images as awake the slumbering emotions of the heart, and give it a sort of renewed and reanimated existence. If this be the object of poetry, we can have little difficulty in determining the relative merits of rival poets; as it is obvious, that he who has most happily succeeded in eliciting and powerfully calling forth the latent emotions of the heart, who always addresses the understanding through the medium of the heart, but never the heart through that of the understanding, whose numbers are sweet and musical, whose cadences, images, and associations, are adapted to the character of the passions or emotions which they are intended to excite, and who, in a word, shews himself to be intimately acquainted with all the secret movements and vibrations of the heart, and the more secret causes by which it is variously affected, is he who has attained to the highest poetical pre-eminence. The greatest poet must, therefore, be he whose feelings are most exquisitely alive to all the sympathies, sensibilities, emotions, passions, and affections of the human heart, because

> "He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

Without this deep and intense feeling, this profound acquaintance with human nature, all the powers of fancy and imagination can avail but little. For, to what purpose would the poet's imagination explore and detect all the qualities of animate and inanimate being, or traverse regions of imaginary existence in pursuit of new images and associations, unless he possess, at the same time, that exquisite feeling that enables him to know what passion or feeling these images are fitted to excite in the human breast. Without this feeling, neither fancy nor imagination can avail the poet. On the contrary, too active and volatile an imagination, where it is not tempered and regulated by a chaste and refined feeling, is only qualified to produce delirium; and therefore the poet whose feelings do not keep pace with his imagination, is, perhaps, of all men not actually insane, he who approaches nearest to the fearful confines of insanity, and who sees most frequently

> "the unreal scene,
> While fancy lifts the veil between."

When the imagination presents a crowd of images and associations to the mind, they cannot distract it in the least, if we possess that just feeling which teaches us what to select, and what to reject; but where this feeling is wanted, where we cannot exercise the power of selecting and rejecting, we must necessarily admit all the phantasies of the imagination indiscriminately, which must unavoidably produce that mental distraction described by Horace, when he says,

> "*Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.*"

In estimating, therefore, the relative merits of poets, he always will stand highest whose feelings respond to all the secret harmonies of nature, and who, consequently, displays the most profound acquaintance with the human heart: and he who does not always keep this criterion of poetic excellence in view, will never be qualified to determine either the relative merits of rival poets, or the degree of positive excellence to which any individual poet has attained, or how nearly he has approached to perfection in his art. He who judges of poetry by the mere correctness of the poet's sentiments will judge erroneously, even though those sentiments should be expressed in sweet and harmonious numbers; for, as Horace justly observes,

> "*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto;*
> *Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto,*"

The hero of the tragic muse may speak with all the wisdom of a philosopher, and with all the precautious circumspection of a logician; but if his character, and the vicissitudes of his life, have no alliance with the sympathies of the heart, he may be as wise and as cautious as he please, but we turn from him with indifference. It is only he who places his personages in such situations as interest and affect our feelings that can ever rise to the true dignity of a poet. This, however, as I have

already observed, can be done by the prose writer of fiction as well as the poet; and therefore the latter must always consider the harmony of numbers as the distinguishing characteristic of his art. It is music that properly constitutes his superiority over all other writers; for the same images and associations will have infinitely more influence over the mind, when expressed in musical numbers, than they have in prose, because music addresses itself to the feelings alone, and consequently gives all it's own influence to that of the images which it presents to the mind. Poetry may, therefore, be defined *the language of feeling expressed in musical numbers.* Without this mode of expression, we could not distinguish it from works of fiction in prose which address themselves to the feelings as well as poetry; and by calling it the language of passion, with Dr. Blair, we confine it to one modification of feeling, whereas it embraces all the variations of which feeling is susceptible, Poetry, when once defined, enables us to determine which is the most powerful instrument in the hands of the poet,--the penetrating acumen of genius, the refined discrimination of taste, the heart-rending pathos of feeling, or the sublime conceptions of imagination. None of them, it is true, will enable the poet to attain perfection in his art without the co-operation of the rest; but the pathos of feeling is that which is always expected, and which will always distinguish poetry from every other species of composition; for genius and judgment are as essentially necessary to prose compositions as they are to poetry;--imagination, when properly regulated, throws it's charms over the whole circle of the arts and sciences, and clothes the most abstract subject in the magic vesture of it's own enchantment:--but feeling alone creates true Poetry.

M. M. D.

THE HERMIT OF LOCH LOMOND.

The second-sighted boatman of Loch Lomond was living in October 1821.

IT may be that the soul
Comes from that blessed world to which at last
It hopes to pass:—therefore in childhood dwells
A spirit bland and blissful, as the light
Rosy and glowing glances from the east,
Till mingled in the common glare of day';
But in the last sweet hour of quiet eve,
Comes once again.—On Lomond's loneliest isle
There sits an aged man, whose eyes have look'd
On fourscore summer suns, when their best noon
Scarce reach'd amidst brown crags, and knotted pines,
The sullen streamlet murmuring at his door.
And when the shrieking eagle shunn'd the storm,
His oar has guided through dark Lomond's waves
The traveller to his hut: and then his locks,
White as the foam shower'd on them, he would shake
Over his brimming cup, with gleeful tales
Making the long night frolic.—When *he* hears
The hundred voices of the echoing hills,
He dreams it is the music of a throng
Of happy spirits, waiting to begin
Their fellowship with man. 'Tis thought at eve,
When the dim purple mists of autumn wrap
These giant mountain tops, he sits beneath
The shadow of their thrones, and holds strange talk
With beings not yet earthly in their forms.
And he will tell you how, on the first morn
Of jocund May, he walks among the flowers

That carpet these low dells, and in the core
Of the sky daisy, sees the spirit lurk,
Whose meekness in some distant year will grace
A cottage matron's hearth. Or in the fold
The violet opens, finds the hiding place
Of Beauty yet unborn, whose holy essence
Is wafted on the rosiest cloud of morn ;
And long before it fills a maiden's breast
It is a breathing sweetness in the air,
Which men believe the blessing of the spring,
And feel their hearts grow young, The joyous throng
Of all the innocent spirits meant to dwell
In lovely shapes on earth, he says, were once
With him in heaven, before in it's frail clay
His own was prison'd.—Therefore, though his age
To us seems friendless, and his desolate home
Is far from man's abode, he hath a troop
Of fair and pure companions ; and he dwells
Amidst a rich creation, every morn
Peopled for him alone.
One summer night,
When the bright moon stoop'd to look nearer earth,
And wood birds sang their bridal ; while the steam
Of fragrance mounted on the dewy dale,
He lean'd on Lomond's brink, and smiled to see
The deep blue waters in their guileful calm
Sparkling like Beauty's eye ;—and thus he told
A happy old man's dream.——

'There is upon my brow the weight
Of fourscore years and ten,
Yet I am in my cot more great
Than monarchs among men.

When I the thousand lights behold
That follow yonder star,
I think, although my frame be old,
My soul is older far.

They tell me I shall find my goal
A brighter world than this ;
But well I know my busy soul
Came from that place of bliss :

For ever in my childhood glow'd
A rapture in my breast,
As if in some more bright abode
My soul had been a guest.

To all my manhood's toilsome day
That spring of joy was lent,
And now, when strength and life decay,
It is not wholly spent.

I deem'd it once the gladdening glow
From spring's sweet freshness caught,
Or morning's breath,—but now I know
'Twas from my birthplace brought.

I love this solitary glen,
  This beech-bower, and this stream;
For here I think my soul again
  Had of that place a dream.

There was a voice,—'tis heard no more,—
  It thrill'd, as if it's tone
Had been a thousand years before
  In youth and gladness known.

But once I look'd on Phemie's face,
  Yet every pulse it moved,
As if in some sweet distant place
  It had been long beloved.

And still my heart leaps at the touch
  Of hands in friendship given;
And sparkling eyes I love,—for such
  I think I met in heaven.

To-night, while thus our converse runs,
  It burns with strange delight,
As if a soul, my partner once,
  Again was in my sight.

Men gaze upon my mouldering shed,
  And wonder at my glee;
But there is on my hoary head
  A crown they cannot see.

Their babes come smiling to my seat
  In Lomond's mossy cleft,
As if they brought me tidings sweet
  From angels lately left.

I love the new-born babe to press,
  I hail the passing bier:—
The dead man goes to blessedness,
  The infant brings it here.

At eve, while giant shadows fall,
  I watch the bright sun's track;
And pause, and sigh, as if to call
  Some lost remembrance back:

Then soon a glory dimly bright
  Around me seems to roll,
And visions of long past delight
  Return upon my soul.

Oh! then I feel that blessed place,
  The heaven to which I go,
Has in it many a gentle face
  Which I again shall know.

But while this feeble shape I fill,
  My origin I prove;
For all things earthly love me still,
  And all that live, I love!"

V.

THE LAST LEAF OF THE PARISH REGISTER.

ON a fine September day,—we will not be precise in the year,—Roderic M'Leod, usually called "of the Isles," set forth in his boat, with two stout rowers, to cross from Harries to an islet in the neighbourhood of Staffa. Another passenger was joint proprietor of this boat's accommodation; but M'Leod, like a true laird, deemed himself the most considerable personage, and cast an eye rather scornful on his temporary companion; whose straight discoloured boots, striped stockings, and black neck-kerchief, intimated no genuine Highland blood. Certain, however, that he was not one of the spruce clerks that swarm in the outer Court of the Scotch Parliament-house among the agents, or men of business, so formidable to old estates, M'Leod condescended to look occasionally at the Stranger, and by degrees fancied he saw something in his countenance not unlike the "Clerk" of the Law-Courts. He might indeed have seen at least as many wrinkles about the eyes, and a fringe as deep hanging from the brows; but except in the sharp care-worn outline, and a half hidden glitter in the eyes themselves, there was no distinct similitude. M'Leod was one of the few fat men to be found in the Hebrides, and his broad towerlike head, square nose, and glossy red cheeks, were varieties of the Scotch physiognomy quite strange enough to justify the traveller's earnest survey. Confiding in his surmise, M'Leod said something of St. Giles's cathedral, and by a right and easy digression, touched on the buildings near it in the Parliament Close,—the statues in the two Inner Houses of deceased Judges; and, lastly, on the Judges themselves; Duncan Forbes, and President Blair. There was something of a smile, a bitter smile, in the listener's face, when one of these was said to have been a "living Equity;" and M'Leod made no doubt that he was voyaging with a most illustrious barrister incog. This certainty redoubled his ambition to shew the wonders of the isles in their richest and rarest light, and the traveller seemed much more willing to talk of Fingal's cave, than of the Lords-Ordinary, or any of their decisions. He was forced, however, to admit, that he knew the two great bookshops in the High-street; and then followed a dissertation on Oman's hotel, no way discreditable to his taste in claret and salmon.—"Ay," said M'Leod, forgetting a little of his courtesy in his Highland zeal, "I remember when an honest lawyer would not have disdained a good pewter stoup of claret, and a salmon killed overnight, though they had not been brought up in a better place than the Cannongate!—Your Princes'-streets and your High-streets! your thirty miles' rides to see an elbow of the Tweed, and the old stones of Drybergh! What would your 'Walter the Abbot' have written if he had been born among these cathedrals of Nature's own making?"

"Very little, perhaps," replied the traveller modestly, "for he would have had nothing left to imagine, and could not have found words rich enough to clothe the wonders he really saw. Our Lowland poet, who had every great quality except temperance, as his country has every thing precious except the diamond, was born in and near no splendid scenery. Kirkalloway and Doon are not what Robert Burns describes, yet how could he have described them better?"

"O, I grant ye," answered M'Leod, "he has made the 'auld haunted kirk' as fearful as if it had been Gabriel's Road. And, by the bye, Mr. ———, I think you said your name was Clerk, or Cranstoun,—by the bye, I wonder Allan has never tried his pencil on that strange scene. The instant when the poor tutor was seized, sitting grimly and ghastly, by the road side, after he had slain his pupils, would be a subject,—a countenance,—an attitude worth his art."

The traveller answered, after a pause which might have characterized Clerk, but in a voice too hoarse and broken for the mellifluous Cranstoun,—"They might suit him when he is sitting in his Circassian robe in his cabinet full of daggers and javelins,—but—but I know nothing of paintings,—I have seen Gavin Hamilton's when I was abroad, and I think as a Scotch artist,—as almost the first, he was not

unworthy the Duke of Hamilton's patronage;—and, sir, if scenery could produce painters, as Scotch poetry seems to have done in Scotland, here would be worthier subjects."

This evasion, though it applied to M'Leod's favourite prejudice in behalf of island-beauty, was not quite successful. "They hanged Gabriel with his red hand," added M'Leod, "within an hour after the deed, according to Scotland's good old law. What would M'Queen of Braxfield, or Lord Forbes, have said to our wilderness of idle forms?"

"They had hearts so humane," said the traveller, "that to judge gently was rather a necessity than a virtue in them."

M'Leod began to doubt whether he was in company with any of the Argusses of the Scotch bar; and his companion had the pleasure of changing the subject without effort, for the boat had touched a landing-place in that small isle so noted for it's resemblance to the ribs and keel of a three-decker, and M'Leod was in a fit of picturesque enthusiasm. Perhaps it was the traveller's great anxiety to find food for it, that led him to discover a rent among the rocks which opened a superb view over the Deucaledonian sea with it's hundred isles. But M'Leod saw something more,—an inscription rudely made with ochre, both in Gaelic and English, to this purpose,—

"The wife of Angus Ogg was brought to this place by force on the 5th day of October 17..."

M'Leod might have seen strange things also in the face of his companion, but he only laid his finger on his broad forehead, then on his firm well-set nose, and exclaimed, "Ha! how!—this reminds me, Mr. Cranstoun, of a decision of that court of session we were talking of——"

"Who was Angus Ogg's wife?" interposed the traveller, in a tone which seemed to imply the question was not asked for information.

"One of my neighbour's,—the Laird of Blackmyre's daughter; and he foolishly brought up with her two nephews, very unequal in pretensions, or at least in his favour. The cousins quarrelled, the poor one was turned out pennyless, and he revenged himself by robbing his uncle, and carrying off the lady. The plate-chest was found and the lady's bride-clothes buried together;—and our Justiciary convicted him of theft and murder."

"Here is an inscription," said the stranger, "which tells of the lady's forcible abduction here; but how was her death proved?"

M'Leod had no leisure to answer this query, for a new link of ideas had formed themselves. "By this good light!—M'Queen and the rest of the Fifteen might have judged wrong!—Now I remember on an October day,—it might be the fifth of October ten years ago,—I came to this isle, to this very place, and saw a young sailor boy held,—hair and throat,—by one of the grimmest sea-monsters among these channels. And he said there was mutiny on board his ship,—a pirate-ship, a rascal smuggler known well enough, but not a man of mine would lay hand on him, and my boat and I steered off."

"A woman!—most probably the woman you think dead!"

"Nothing of woman-kind, my friend, as you shall hear. These ruffian shipmates left their cabin-boy on that peak of rock,—you might see it in a day less hazy,—the rock westward of St. Kilda, a bare precipice, where the natives of that island keep their fish. When my steward goes there, as he does yearly, to receive the tribute they pay me, he found there a young sailor-lad, the same I had seen, and he told him old Adam Irvine, the mayor of St. Kilda, had taken him before he was half-famished, and treated him like a grandson."

"Your steward removed him then, of course?"

"You are mistaken,—the boy had no gladness in the thought. He was fatherless and motherless, he said, and afraid of that sea-robber, Ronald of Skye,—he could weave nets and dress fish cleverly; old Adam Irvine and his wife Tamar have no young children, and this boy is become the Benjamin of their tribe."

"And he is married there?"

"Married! no:—my steward says, he is a 'wee reekit de'il;' and as he can never climb Stackarmin, nor row the huge boat which belongs to the whole island, he need not hope to find a lass willing to care for him. Not that they want money, for they know no difference between a bawbee and a

moidore; but he must give his bride a pair of solan geese for her half boots; and he cannot buy there what he has not manfulness enough to kill"

"But if this seeming boy should prove a girl!"

"My good friend, what girl would choose to stay where women have no better finery than boots of goose-skin, and brooches of copper as large as a trencher!"

"I must see this island," said his companion, after a grave and long pause—"If money is still unknown in St. Kilda, no wonder it is called the *Happy Isle of the West*."

"There are no lawyers in it," answered the laird; "which is another reason for calling it so, and a great proof that there is no money."

M'Leod clustered up the wrinkles about his sharp grey eyes with a sneer quite as sarcastic as his words; but when he looked again at the mysterious compression of his hearer's lips, and the dazzling light of his eye, his fears of the great "Clerk" returned on him again, and he almost expected to see one of his innumerable dogs start forth from beneath the boat's thwart. But the boat went quietly on, the sail was hoisted, and the prow turned towards M'Leod's home. After another pause, the traveller drawing down the lids of his deep eyes, then raising them sternly, yet speaking in a voice rather hollow than sonorous, said, "You, Mr. M'Leod, who appear and are so well acquainted with the Courts of Edinburgh, must have heard my name in them."

"Very often, sir, by my certie," answered the Laird, nothing doubtful that the great forensic orator now meant to announce himself—"we have all heard of you, from Johnny Groat's to the Isle of Skye, and your last speech——"

"I am sorry," said the unknown, "that a case so embarrassed with dubious circumstances should have fallen to my lot to defend; but as far as my intention, my conscience——"

"Oh!" interrupted poor M'Leod, beginning to fear his agent in Edinburgh had not honestly satisfied his advocate's conscience in the usual way;—"if a matter of money is in the way, I'm no the man to starve the suit."

"Sir, I thank you, but my trust is in myself; and though I failed when last this case was heard,——"

"Not a bit blame to you, my good friend!—nobody ever spoke Scotch yet, ay and good broad Scotch too, with such a luck to win men's ears right or wrong—and if you could but make it appear that old Angus had warranty and title to the merk lands of Blackmyre, so as to make over the possession fully to me——"

"Which I will guarantee," interposed his guest, in a much louder tone, and in genuine Scotch, "I am Angus of Blackmyre's rightful heir."

Had Jeffery, Moncrieff, or Lord Robertson himself, stood before M'Leod, he would not have made a more extravagant gesture of amazement. "You see," added the stranger, "the oracles of the Scotch bench may be deceived. I am the unfortunate nephew whose guilt was thought certain. Listen to a short story. I was concealed in one of the huge empty chests of a dark room in my uncle's house, one with a crevice in the lid contrived for the holiday-jest of the ball of tow, on the morning of my cousin's marriage. I was not surprised to see my uncle enter, and take from his strong coffer of family-plate and jewels an antique essence-box set with emeralds. He meant it, probably, as a bridal gift. But I was surprised to see him take also from the coffer some shreds of paper, and set fire to them by the taper he carried, saying, as his motto is, "*I make sure*."—My movement in the empty chest startled him,—he blew out his taper, and departed,—I seized the half burned papers,—enough remained to shew me I had saved the baptismal document of my birth,—my legitimate birth as the only son of his elder brother:—I had still in my pocket the ball of tow used in the superstitious follies of Scotch boys and maidens;—I unwound it, and rolling up the relics of my testimonials in the least compass possible, twined it round them till the whole was hidden in the semblance of an ordinary ball,—liable to no suspicion if found on my person. Thus enriched, I went into my uncle's hall in the brogues and bonnet I wore as his herdsman. "How, rude Gillie as ye are," he said, "dare ye enter uncalled!"

"It suits your brother's heir," I answered, "to *call*, not to be *called*

for, on his own hearth."—More and bitterer words passed;—he offered bribes;—but I quitted his house, and stopped but one night at an Argyleshire change-house."

M'Leod put on his magisterial frown—"You say true, Ivone Angus, but that change-house was kept by Ronald of Skye, a most notorious pirate."

"Sir, I know it:—that is, I knew him when I saw his face thrust into the door-way of the hovel where my dog and I were resting. He charged me with a robbery;—I burst from his clutches, but the ruffian did not know I had seen his haunts:—It was rash to watch them,—but I saw my uncle's jewel-chest landed near one of his dens of plunder, and I returned at night to convince myself. Officers of justice found me searching among the brushwood:—you know my trial, my condemnation, and my escape. You were my father's friend;—you are a highland gentleman, and I trust to your honour."

The highland gentleman was as much amazed at this romance as the audience of the Court of Session when one of the Judges read a chapter of "Guy Mannering" from the Bench. But it amused and affected him quite as much: and shaking his guest most arduously by the hand, he swore by the red cross of the M'Leods to see justice done. Ivone Angus only asked permission to accompany his steward in the annual visit to St. Kilda; a permission readily granted, for M'Leod began to consider that it would be wiser not to accompany him. He was a magistrate,—Ivone was an outlaw; and by sending him to the island with his deputy, he was in fact sending him out of danger with an official person instructed to give him protection, yet to keep him in custody. Part or all of this was seen by Ivone, but he knew and confided in his own purpose. The ship-boy might be only what he seemed, and might know nothing of the lady's fate: but he would be precious as an evidence against the pirate, his former captain. M'Leod's small sloop put to sea with his steward and his guest, and a favourable gale brought them to St. Kilda. "Yonder is Stack-armin!" said the steward; "and those dark specks that seem fluttering about in the air, are fowlers swinging by ropes from the peaks of rock twice thirty fathom deep. There, on your left, is the ruined house where Lord Grange concealed his suspected wife half as many years; and under it is the little crescent-alcove, where, as these people and my sailors say, the song of the water-spirit is heard every new moon."

"What, thus late in the world's age!"

"Ay, sir, no longer ago than last month; and the helmsman would swear he saw a woman's head and neck there; and it was an ill sight for him, as Flora bodes death when she shews her face aboon water."

Ivone and his companion went with no rowers but themselves into the pavillion of damp green rocks called Flora's Cave. It was the first night of the new moon; and, as they expected, they heard a low wild strain of music sung in the pauses of the wind. The dashing of their oars was probably heard also, for the song ceased, and presently a hand was put through a little crevice in the wall that overhung the rocks, and a ball of yarn or tow dropped from it,—"I have waited for you three moons, but do not come on shore to-night,—the mayor of St. Kilda keeps a feast,—I have no other jewel left."—These words were written on the shred of paper rolled within the ball with the jewelled essence-box belonging to Margaret Angus. This was enough. They sprang on shore, and entered the ruins of Lady Grange's house as Margaret herself was stealing from it. At the voice rather than at the sight of Ivone, she fell on her knees before M'Leod's steward, and implored his protection. It was useless to protest his innocence,—she was obstinate in her mistrust. Ronald of Skye had waylaid her while in her father's garden, and his ship had carried her off, as she was assured, by Ivone's connivance:—she had been lodged a few nights in the Argyleshire change-house, and had heard his voice there,—had seen his favourite dog, and could have no doubt of his confederacy in the outrage offered her. But when Ivone had repeated circumstantially and distinctly all that had befallen him, it was his turn to demand by what means she had been persuaded to stay at St. Kilda, and why she had not returned to her father and her

husband; — her father, whose intellects had sunk under her supposed death, and her husband, who seemed to be a disconsolate widower. This was intelligence which appeared incredible to Margaret, but Ivone's resolute enquiry probed the truth. She had seen her husband,—he had arrived at St. Kilda three days after the good old man had brought her to his dwelling, and had earnestly entreated her to continue in her disguise. He had represented to her, that he was himself an outlaw, accused by his cousin Ivone's means, and by the aid of his ruffian accomplices, of having robbed his uncle, and secreted the evidence of his cousin's birthright. He repeated all the circumstances of Ivone's trial, taking care to omit the facts which he himself well knew, and ending by an assertion that his own ruin was complete. Margaret had no suspicion that her husband hoped, by secluding her in this desert place, to enjoy unrivalled and unmolested the rich inheritance of her father. He had caused his cousin to be banished;— if he could keep his wife concealed, the fruits of his bold guilt were safe. She was young, tender, and confiding: and he, artfully reminding her of Ivone's supposed league with the pirate-crew, threw a dark and false colouring on his elopement. In short, he prevailed on her to receive his secret visits at St. Kilda, in the ruins of Lady Grange's prison; where at appointed times, and generally when the full moon favoured him, she waited for his boat, and gave him notice that no spies were near, by dropping a ball of tow. And thus, during ten years, the place chosen for a prison by a jealous husband, was cheerfully endured by a confiding and devoted wife. When he had heard this history, Ivone said, "I must keep, Margaret, this ball which you designed for your husband, because it contains a proof of your identity; but, in exchange, I give you as a hostage, one which encloses the *last leaf of the Parish Register*, the proof of my hereditary claim to your father's estate;—and I also pledge, in the presence of this representative of the island's chief magistrate, my honour, as your kinsman and the king's servant, to convey you safely to your father, and to convince him and the world, by the evidence of Ronald of Skye, that your husband's bribes, not mine, were the cause of your conveyance here." Margaret, convinced of her husband's guilt, but jealous of her own honour, demanded from the mayor of the isle, and from it's lord's deputy, a solemn attestation of all the circumstances attending her arrival, her stay, and her departure. She left St. Kilda the next morn, committing herself to the protection of her cousin Ivone and M'Leod's steward; though the natives of St. Kilda earnestly begged her to delay one day; for they had seen, they said, her apparition on the shore, with a wet shroud rising to her throat. This omen did not deter a woman whose only link to life was her fair fame, and the vessel was soon near the coast of Scotland. During their short voyage, Ivone told her more fully how he had escaped an unjust sentence, by what chance he had discovered Ronald of Skye's crime, and the circumstances which had given motive and hope to his successful search for her. Successful is a word too large. The natives of St. Kilda had not judged ill of the weather's threats, and the vessel's unfitness. The night was stormy, their pilot unskilful, and they stranded on the sharp rocks of Strathaird. Ivone brought only Margaret's dead body to the shore. — He lived himself to have the misery, — if possible, the greater misery,—of hearing her pure name questioned. Her base husband, seizing this second opportunity to profit by false appearances, sent officers of justice to the place where Margaret's corpse lay yet unburied under the same roof which covered her unfortunate kinsman, bruised almost to death in body and spirit. —He was again accused, with still greater semblance of probability, as the seducer and secreter of his kinsman's wife; but the powerful evidence of the laird M'Leod, the mayor of St. Kilda, the repentant pirate, Ronald, and especially of the fatal ball of tow which contained the lost leaf of the Parish Register, convicted Angus Ogg of the whole guilt, and acquitted Ivone, who survived, — happy, at least, in the restoration of his honour,—more happy in the rescue of Margaret's."

My manuscript closed here, and the good old minister of the parish waited in silence to see it's effect on my uncle, for he well knew who were the real persons disguised under the fictitious names of Ivone and Margaret, Angus and Blackmyre. Though some anachronisms in this story, and the agitated voice of the narrator, might have betrayed to any other hearer how many recent family events were hidden under a thin veil of feudal romance, Sir Launcelot only smiled, and laying his hand on the moist cheek of his adopted daughter, said, "Poor Isabel! these tales come too near a young girl's heart!" then pausing while the clock struck five, as if that sound had touched some finer and yet unbroken chord of his memory, he added, "Forgive me, M. Denon, if I leave one guest, and go to meet another. This is the hour appointed for my nephew's return, and my daughter must be with me to receive him."—He rose as I had been prepared to expect, and went, leaning on his young supporter's arm, to the gate of his park. "Here," said my tutor, as he followed with me at a little distance, "you will see him seat himself on the road-side, and wait patiently till he feels the cold night air; then rising with a quiet sigh he will say, 'Well! we shall find him here to-morrow.'—Thus he has done and said every day since the stupor of deep grief gave place to harmless imaginations." I listened, feeling an agony and straitness of heart I cannot bear to remember. When my blind uncle was seated, I spurred my horse, rode rapidly towards him, and dismounted by his side. "Colonel Vivian is arrived!" said my tutor, in a voice which expressed as much emotion, as my sudden return could have caused. Sir Launcelot started, gasped for breath, and, when he felt my hand in his, burst into such tears as are most piteous to see flowing from an old man's eyes. "My dear nephew!—my brother's son!—May God forgive the dying and the dead!—Isabel!—why do you shrink from me?—Isabel, you have been widowed long enough,—I charge you, make amends for your father."—It was sad to hear these efforts of instinctive feeling and broken memory,—he made one more to join our hands, and swooned as he bent his head to bless us. We conveyed him safely home, and my good curate whispered, "It is over,—the weight is off his heart:—he will die happy now, and it has cost only one moment's confusion to that fair girl, who would not regret it, if she knew how beautiful it looked."—"Do you think," said I, "that it shall cost even that for no purpose?—or do you think, because I dressed my character in such colouring as suited an old romance, that I need devote myself to Isabel's memory?—Her place in her father's house, and in his affection, has been well supplied by her unhappy husband's sister; and if she chooses, she may take her's also in mine. Was there no other reason to respect,—I mean, if she had been less tenderly dutiful to my forlorn uncle, she is an orphan, the sister of a ruined man, and that man was my enemy."—When I said this, I believed myself sincere, and the lady was at last convinced: but it was long before she could suppose my offer any thing more than a part of the drama meant to amuse Sir Launcelot. But he lived to hear me pledge my faith to her, and had the pleasure of believing that he gave me his daughter and heiress to atone for the *lost leaf of the Parish Register*.

V.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

To an Air of Mozart.

YES, methinks that I could, without weeping, resign
  Both thy beautiful eyes, though so fondly they languish;
And thy lips, though they often have murmur'd to mine,
  Their soft tones of delight I could lose without anguish.

To be brief:—thou hast held so ungentle a sway
  O'er the heart that was given by love to thy keeping;
That at length, from thy chains it hath stolen away,
  And methinks I might learn to lose *all* without weeping!

CROSSED IN LOVE.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first-Love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled --As soon as shed,
'Twas Morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

MOORE.

FEW subjects have occupied the attention of moralists in a greater degree than those of Love and Courtship; and no part of those subjects is more intricate, or more important, than what relates to the disclosure of that delicate, but ardent, attachment which leads to matrimony. There is a period, and that doubtless with all females, at which the eye, and sometimes even the tongue, *will* obey the dictates of the heart, and honestly give relief to the beating of an anxious lover's bosom; but the age of ingenuousness and simplicity soon passes away, and the odious reign of dissimulation too generally succeeds. It has been said, by Goldsmith I believe, that a girl never sighs for love after eighteen; but to this I do not absolutely subscribe. Nevertheless, I cannot deny but that the limited education of females tends decidedly to establish in them a distrust of the other sex, and a belief that they have no security for our intentions until the marriage knot be indissolubly tied: it is an education which teaches, that to be *settled* in this point is the grand object of their existence; that men are a description of creatures to be caught and fed upon; and that every fair angler should endeavour to surpass her rivals in the value of her capture; constantly enforcing, that there is neither truth nor stability in man, and that he is to be taken only by the stratagem of subduing every feeling, preserving an invincible coldness, and keeping him in a state of suspense and torture, until in the phrenzy of his passion he shall have paid down the full price of his liberty. In ordinary life that is frequently disdained, and truth and nature are allowed to take their course; but in the higher circles, where selfishness and the dread of poverty prevail to a much greater extent, the "onward path" of Sincerity is still forsaken for "Dissimulation's winding way."

These observations I have made since I was fifty; for I have ever been, and am still, the greatest possible admirer of the female sex. I adore a woman as the chef d'œuvre of Nature.

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!"

Not that I am a libertine, for I abhor the character, and would traverse the globe, something less than this I have really achieved, to chastise a traitorous seducer. Chivalry, however ridiculous or chimerical in other respects, is, in all which it enforces with regard to women, sound sense and simple truth. Yet, after all, it is lamentably true, that, devoted as I ever have been to the service of the fair, I never found my way into a woman's heart, while my own is yet green and festering from a wound which it received when I was quite a stripling. To let you at once into the cause of every calamity which I have endured in life--*I have been crossed in Love!*

Now, sir, considering that women appear under a disguise, and seldom, or never, openly make known their tastes and distastes, and that there is a necessity on our parts for being explicit, and putting the question in an intelligible shape in order to obtain a positive answer, does it not appear to you a misfortune that may happen to any man, and that must happen to a great many, to become enamoured of a lady whose bosom does not beat with a responsive emotion? and thus to sust in a disappointment, and become, in the comprehensive phrase with which I am but too well acquainted, *a rejected lover!* To me, the thing appears to be a very natural consequence of female education. It happened to me precisely so. Between fifteen and sixteen, I fell in love with a most divine creature, whose breast I long sought to inflame with a reciprocal passion, but sought in vain! After passing three

or four years amidst a variety of feelings, sometimes in the warmth of that delicious sensation of thinking myself beloved, and sometimes in the chill of doubting the substantiality of my belief, I ventured to make a frank declaration of my sentiments. Perhaps this was not done quite so temperately or judiciously as it might have been. In the first place, it was done by letter, which was a grand mistake; and in the next, I was perhaps a little too bold in my expectations, and too ardent in my expressions. But I was in earnest, for my life, or my happiness at least, was at stake. The main cause of my failure, however, was, doubtless, that I had not sufficiently recommended myself to her affections: for, somehow or other, my best schemes to win them miscarried. I felt that I appeared indifferent when I was really tortured by anxiety, and only ridiculous after the most elaborate efforts to please. Ah! had it been otherwise, could I have inspired her with equal love, what happiness had been our's! for though then a minor, and dependant on my relations, I have since, by some unexpected circumstances, fallen into the possession of a large estate. But this is an idle digression, and the truth, the fatal truth, must be told. Three days I waited in feverish anxiety, and on the fourth received a letter written in her well known hand. Trembling every joint, I broke the seal, and read— a soft and civil repulse. From that hour to this, although the lady is still single, I have never thought of renewing my suit, for certainly she must have been sincere: she could not have intended to sport with my pain. She spoke of my welfare in such friendly terms, was so very gentle, and so very kind in every word, that the sentence which condemned me to eternal celibacy made me still more in love with my Judge; and while she enjoined me never to think of her more, she made an impression on my heart which death only can efface.

"So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

My feelings on this occasion were various. I was exceedingly distressed by the extinction of my hopes; yet there was some consolation in the reflection, that though I had failed to inspire my fair one with love, I seemed to possess a considerable portion of her esteem. It appeared to me, on the whole, that I had failed, but not dishonourably, and that I had sustained a misfortune too common and unavoidable to become a matter of particular observation, and for which some relief might be found in the success to be obtained in other pursuits. Alas! I was but little acquainted with the nature of my calamity. The event threw a dash of melancholy into my deportment; there was a "dejected 'haviour of the visage," which ought, I think, to have been held sacred by those who knew it's origin, and have entitled me to the especial forbearance of all my acquaintance. Instead of which, it has ever since continued the constant mark for wits and witlings of every calibre. In some persons, there is such an affectation of delicate embarrassment in speaking on any subject which seems to have reference to my situation, that I am made to blush for that which I never considered either singular, or dishonourable. In others, I can perceive a studied design of turning the current of conversation so as to make it frequently touch on my peculiar case. Ladies will observe, that their inclinations are not in their power, and that a man may be very sensible, and very well-meaning, and yet fail to please; in which case, he has only to lay the blame on Nature, who has either left him unfinished, or made women capricious, and fantastic. Others, more provoking, will bewail the insensibility of modern lovers, and sigh for the return of those blissful days when men had hearts to lose, and might really be made to die for love. Whereupon some young buck, who is in the plot, pretending no knowledge of me and my misfortune, swears that men are grown wiser since then, and that falling in love is the most ridiculous thing in the world. On one occasion like this, I could not help repeating aloud two lines from a song by Captain Morris,

"'Tis the brain of the victim which tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have died."

But the ladies laughed, and smiled a frown upon my young tormentor;

who, more encouraged by the manner, than checked by the matter of their reproof, continued to "roast" me, as he called it, all the rest of the evening, until I was forced to retreat. If I ask a lady to sing, she is sure to select—"*Tell me, babbling Echo, why?*"—"*Oh! had my love ne'er smiled on me,*"—or some such ditty, in which the complaints of a slighted lover are to be sung *molto expressivo!* If I converse on books, the subject is sure to come round to the old point. Talking of the *Spectator*, a short time ago, with a young lady, she asked me if I did not think the character of Sir Roger De Coverley most admirably drawn, particularly in all that related to his affair with the beautiful young widow? This question called up to my face every drop of blood in my heart; and when, regardless of my distress, she concluded with uttering the well known exclamation of the Knight,—"She hath certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world,"—I was near sinking with confusion, for this happens to be one of the personal excellencies of the fair one with whom my misfortunes originated.

Thus am I constrained to regard as a kind of stain on my reputation, a circumstance which I had conceived to be no more than an ordinary misfortune. Much of the persecution which, on this account, I endure, I attribute to the change which, within my recollection, has taken place in the manners and sentiments of the youth of both sexes. I was taught gallantry among the very earliest of my lessons. I held it my bounden duty to be enamoured, more or less, of every woman with whom I should come in contact. In short, I thought it necessary to make it understood by every woman, young or old, married or single, beautiful or homely, frank or reserved, that she was an object of my admiration, and even love;—but that her prudence and the fear of offending her held me within the bounds of moderate gallantry. This was the lesson which was taught to me, and to most of the young men in my day. But very different is the behaviour which prevails now. What was then called rusticity, is now good breeding. To be rude, to affect a contempt for the company of ladies, and, above all, to laugh to scorn the idea of being in love with any thing but a fine coat, or a fine horse, is accounted most genteel and manly. This is a state of things which I cannot look at without horror; and though Heaven forbid that I should make a grave charge against the other sex, I cannot, for the very love I bear them, help saying, that I think it would speedily lead to the introduction of a more amiable conduct in both parties, if the ladies would endeavour to revive and cherish the spirit of gallantry which animated our fathers and grandfathers.

STREPHON SENSITIVE.

HALLOWE'EN IN GERMANY, OR THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Communicated by the Baron REICHART VON VERSMACHER, *of Crackkenbury; And translated by a Student of the University of Gottingen.*

PART THE THIRD.

THE two intrepid maidens continued to advance, with as rapid a pace as the many difficulties of the ascent would permit. These were numerous; for independent of the rugged nature of the Brocken Mountain, the snows upon it are never melted until July; and the keen temperature of the air is such as very few travellers are able to bear. After passing the immense blocks of timber which lie at the foot of the mountain, and from which it is usually thought that it's name has been derived, they continued through the intricacies and dangers of morasses, underwoods, bushes, rocks, and rivulets, until they reached the great Ilson Stone, where the ascent becomes more steep, as it leads to the flat plain on the summit of the Brocken. As they continued to mount, Michelle chaunted some mystical rhymes, or performed some peculiar ceremony, taught her by Sterndenter; Laurette, however, took no share in these rites, but only chaunted in a low and tremulous voice some stanzas of the "De Profundis," or the "Te Deum laudamus" Psalms, as versified by Curate Von Fuddlemann, and

recommended by him as an effectual preservation against evil spirits. A short distance from the top of the mountain, is, as it were, begirt by a thick belt of pines: and into this Forest they had now entered. It is well known, that the fir and pine trees have a peculiar property in the conveyance of echoes; and, that unlike the oak, and some other natives of the Forest, which deaden sounds, they return them improved and musical in their effect. This property of the Brocken Pines was soon discovered by Laurette and Michelle; for the half-uttered hymns of the one rose into a grand chaunted chorus, and the wild chaims of the other were augmented by many notes not her own. Above the Forest, towards the top of the Brocken, hung a thick cloud of vapour, although below it was clear and beautiful for the young state of the spring; and, as if the Spirits of the place were favourable to the intentions of Michelle and Laurette, an air unusually warm, even for summer, seemed to hang upon the Mountain. Day continued to advance rapidly, but they resolved not to proceed any higher until nightfall, when the cloudy cap of the Brocken should be lifted off, and the preparations of the supernatural actors beneath it should be given to their view. In consequence of this resolution, they selected one of the pleasantes spots which could be discovered in a dreary evergreen forest; where having kindled a fire, they sat down to partake of their provisions, and to discourse on the object of their journey.

"My dear Laurette," began Michelle, "you cannot imagine how delighted I am that we've got so far up the Blockberg, and that you are with me. Now if you would but smile, and be as happy as you always are, I would not exchange places with the Electress."

"I ought to be more happy than I always am, Michelle," answered Laurette; "for my conscience tells me, that I am performing a severe and hazardous duty, in which if I be frustrated, He who knows my motives and intentions will both receive the attempt and reward it."

"Now, Laurette, this is being too melancholy; why do you know, that whoever has the courage to face Riebezhahl, may ask whatever they like, and he is obliged to give it them? But you must remember Leopenwolf, the Jager, whose black horse could outrun a stag; that was given him by Riebezhahl."

"Yes, I do, Michelle; and what became of him? That very day seven years after he had received him, didn't he leap from the Zorge Bridge when the Mountain River had overflowed it!"

"Why, yes, that's true, certainly. But then there was Geltenpurz, who found a gold mine under his cottage. Riebezhahl told him where to look for it."

"Very true," replied Laurette; "and at last Geltenpurz, and his house, and all his family, sank into the mine, and the earth closed over them."

"Yes, so it did; but then there was Baron Rudinghart, the Elector's General, who took so many towns, and burned so many villages, and killed so many of the enemy! He was always victorious, with that sword which Riebezhahl gave him."

"So he was, Michelle, till the sword fell down upon him one day at a banquet, and wounded him so, that the blood could never be staunched till he died. The room is still shewn in the Castle of Rudinghart; and the floor is all as crimson as if it had never been wiped off. You know, Michelle, that no one ever went to Riebezhahl, and prospered afterwards."

"And I know too," returned Michelle, who avoided the truth that this remark contained, "I know that nobody ever mocked Riebezhahl, without his being revenged on them. Heinreich Reimer told me a story about him only the other day, and you shall hear it."

THE REVENGE OF RIEBEZHAHL.

A GERMAN MINER'S STORY.

BY HEINREICH REIMER.

"Oh! rest thee to-night in my bower,
Nor through the wild Harz Forest stray;
'Tis of darkness and Demons the hour,
And thou wilt be Riebezhahl's prey.

The winds do thy rashness deplore in
Each blast that sweeps gloomily by,
And the torrents that downwards are pouring
With tears to their howlings reply."

"Fair Rosenwald," answer'd her lover,
Young Basil, from Zellerfeld's mines,
"Oh! cease thy fond fears to discover,
I'll see thee ere morning beam shines.
And pass but this night, and for ever
At the altar I'll make thee mine own.
No powers unholy can sever,
Those vows that unite us in one.

And now, though the Fiend stood before me,
Though Riebezhahl's self were to rise,
His spells he in vain might cast o'er me,
They are stronger that shine from thine eyes.
Whilst thy love my heart is adorning,
The foulest of spirits 'twould quell;
Then adieu, dearest girl! till the morning,
And fear not for me,—Fare thee well!"

She wept,—they embraced,—and they parted;
Her moments past slowly away;
But the morn found her heavily hearted,
For Basil came not with the day.
Time fled, for it ever is flying,
Through sorrow, as well as through joy;
And our tears, while we drop them, are drying
That grief which they seem to employ.

Years pass'd, but young Basil came never
To Rosenwald's bower again:
While Time and Affliction for ever
Had left on her beauty their stain.
She lived, but her grief was unfading,
Old age saw it still unforgot;
And none ever courted the maiden,
Thus plighted to one,—who was not?

Time fled!—and the story no longer
Was heard, but in Rosenwald's heart;
The record of Love was far stronger,
And would not so swiftly depart.
At length,—where the copper abounded,
In Rammelsburg's mines, there was seen,
A tall pallid figure, surrounded
And shrouded with crystals of green!

The alkaline waters flow'd o'er it
Of brilliant and glittering blue;
And the miners with fear fell before it
When it's features appear'd to their view.
Then, on them his azure eyes glancing,
That seem'd all unearthly to shine;
The Spirit, in accents entrancing,
Said, "Rosenwald bring to the mine!"

She came, and with horror she started,
"'Tis Basil!"—"Oh! Rosenwald dear,
I fell on that night when we parted,
And by Riebezhahl's spells was placed here!
Till thirty long years should have glided
In darkness, and silence and pain;
Because I had mocked and derided
The Fiend in the hour of his reign!"

But little remains to discover,
For Basil's last moments were o'er;
And Rosenwald cried to her lover,
"Thou never shalt fly from me more."
On the cold earth she fell, pale and dying,
And soon like her Basil was changed;
While the miners graved where they are lying,
"Thus Riebezhahl's wrath is avenged."

By the time that Michelle's tale was concluded, the hours of night came on with great rapidity and darkness, as well as with additional terrors, on which the volatile girl had not calculated. As midnight approached, all above and around the forest belt, in which they were then seated, seemed to glow with a deep red lustre, like the reflection of a thousand fires; but the noises that they heard! "Oh," exclaims the Lienalle Registrar, in very appropriate words, "they were past belief." Laughing, shouting, singing, chaunting; the rushing sounds of wind, rain, and tempest; the wizards' trumpets and drums; and shrieks of the most piercing description, filled the air! As the assembly convened, the terrific uproar subsided; and there was heard only a grand swell of Recitative and Chorus coming down the mountain, which made Michelle prepare to ascend. It was now midnight, the moon was in her last quarter, and rose red, having her blunted horns turned upward; a thick air overhung the atmosphere, and the fine deep blue tone of the night skies was exchanged for a dark grey veil, which hid all that amazing expanse of country to be discerned from the top of the Brocken. As they ascended, the path was so dark, so strange, and wild, that it required all Michelle's enthusiasm, and Laurette's piety, to keep it. The rocks, in the wavering and discoloured moonlight, seemed formed into something like human figures, that appeared to be mocking them, and the tall dark pines assumed the shapes of skeletons and spirits.

The ceremony of the German Diablerie upon the Brocken, consists of a Masque and Revel, which commence at midnight, and usually last until the first ray of light is seen streaking the horizon. Astragal Sterndenter, as it is commonly reported in Altenau, had collected materials for a History of the Domestic Habits of the Harz Demons, as well from the erudite writings of Hornhoofius, Gatzfote, Snakentaill, and others of equal authority, as from his own experience and observation. To this it is added, that the ingenious Heinreich Reimer was to have appended an Essay on the Dramatic Poetry and Masques of the Harz Demons, with specimens. I mention these circumstances, because they go near to illustrate a portion of the Lienalle Registrar, which might otherwise appear too flowery for that grave chronicle; namely, the insertion of the Walpurgis Night Masque, as performed in 16... It is evident to me, that the Registrars of this part must have been Sterndenter and Reimer; because the pictures are drawn with such truth, and coloured with such warmth and feeling. When the noises commenced which have been already noticed, the Spirits, &c. were then beginning to assemble, and at the same time the sports began in the following manner:—

THE MASQUE OF THE BLOCKBERG.

AS PERFORMED ANNUALLY ON THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Recitative of Witches and Wizards.

O'er the Harz the clouds are lowering,
Through the skies are demons scowering,
Round the Brocken winds are roaring,
Mountain torrents down are pouring;
Midnight meteors bright are flashing,
Pines are blasted,—oaks are crashing.

Chorus.

It is the night!—It is the night!
That fills the spacious earth with fear;
The moonbeams scatter a crimson light,
O'er the terrific and awful sight,
Of Fiends that love to assemble here!

Recitative.

Now the Demon shouts are loudest,
Now the Demons shine the proudest;
Fiends of Earth, Fire, Sea, and Air too,
This assembly all repair to;
Hark! each order now is singing,
As their mystic course they're winging.

Chorus.

It is the night!—It is the night!
That fills the spacious earth with fear;
The moonbeams scatter a crimson light,
O'er the terrific and awful sight,
Of Fiends that love to assemble here!

Schattenmann.

I am the King of Shadows,
Lord of the Brocken Caves,
My form is lofty as the skies,
And boundless as the waves!

My name, and wondrous power,
Through Germany are known;
This is my regal hour!
And this my Mountain throne!

It is the night!—It is the night!—*Chorus as before.*

Reibezhahl.

There's not a Spirit walks the earth, whose sway is wider spread,
For all the gloomy Harz is mine, at once the boast and dread
Of old Germania's mighty land; where swarthy Demons twine
The glowing silver's flashing light in many a rocky mine.

I rule the Forest and the Waste, the Mountain and the Wood,
The deepest caverns all are mine that have for ages stood,
Unvisited by mortal foot where treasures sleep unknown,
And brightest metals deck'd with gems, are shining round my throne.

It is the night!—It is the night!—*Chorus as before.*

Waldebock, and the Wild Jagers.

Let earthly huntsmen wake at morn,
And deem their sport delight,
They never tuned so shrill a horn
As that we sound at night!

Wild Jagers we, who haunt the Harz,
And hunt the leafy dell;
And oft the frighted peasant starts,
To hear our midnight yell!

It is the night!—It is the night!—*Chorus as before.*

Dwarfs.

The Dwarfs of the Forest,—the Fiends of the Mine,
The Sprites of the Mountain high;
We dwell where the metals and diamonds shine
Like stars in our earthy sky.
And now are we met on the Harz, to see
How Wizards rejoice at their Jubilee.

We are the Kings of the red red gold,
The Lords of the silver bright;
Whom the clods of the earth do around enfold,
And cover from mortal sight.
And now we have met on the Harz, to see
How Wizards rejoice at their Jubilee.

Grand Chorus.

All are here!—All are here!
From Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Air;
In our terrors we appear,
To behold us who shall dare?
For this is the night when all are free,
And this is the hour we glory in,
And this is the place of our Jubilee,—
Now to our rites,—begin,—begin!

Schatten. Spirits! again we meet, upon that day
When in fair Albion's climes the spring-tide flowers
Are bursting into beauty:—In this land
The peasant looks but on the unmelted snows;
His verdure, is the ever-living leaf
Of the dark pine tree; and the goodliness
Which other forests crowns,—with him is changed
For that deep gloom which wraps the Hercynian wood
In one long sylvan midnight!—But, 'tis fit
This land of spirits, this abode of fiends,
This resting place of demons, still should be
Involved in darkness, and with terror veil'd!
Once more then we assemble.—Now, let each
Declare what evil he hath done to man;
How he hath spread our kingdom; and what ill
His power, or wiles, have wrought throughout the world
Since last upon the dread Walpurgis Night
We met upon the Brocken. Riebezhahl,
Next to ourself in power, what hast thou done?

Riebez. What have *I* done, say'st thou?—Ask Germany,
The only record that *I* deign to keep.
When falls the Avalanche; when the Tempest roars
Round the benighted travellers; when the Harz
Seems all on fire, and whilst they are surrounded
With demon shouts, and fiendish sleights, and scared
Into a thousand dangers; when the Pest
Descends in all it's fury, and cuts off
The youngest and the fairest; or the Sword
Devours the village youth;—to whom, or what
Are these attributed, but to Riebezhahl!
My very name is terror; and Old Age,
Speaking from past experience, deems it is
Synonymous with Evil and with Death!
But not on these rest I my claim to honour;
For meaner spirits might dispute with me
The glories which attend them. Let them pass.—
I boast a loftier title, scarce inferior
To that of our great Master; the Destroyer
Of souls as well as bodies! As the Lord
Of every glowing mine within the Harz,
I use the power of gold upon mankind;
Dazzle their eyes with silver; and the dreams
Of wealth and rank I cause to rise before them;
Until, allured by all these spells, they yield
Their souls to me, and rush upon their ruin.
Nor less my skill is shewn in tracing out
The latent springs of evil, and in causing
New powers to grow within them; till what seem'd
At first of such small import, bursts aloft,
By long indulgence strengthen'd, in a stream
Of deadly guilt, that overwhelms the soul!
In proof of this, my spells have brought to-night
Upon the Harz, two maidens: One of them

I lured by curiosity, which aided
By an enthusiastic spirit she deems
Is ardent love, hath made her seek this meeting,
To learn her lover's fate.

Schatten. Thou hast done well;
But what has brought her comrade?

Riebez. There my arts
Have been employ'd in vain: Not all her friend
Could speak in fondness, raillery, or truth,
Would e'er have drawn her from her simple life,
Had not the vain hope dawn'd within her breast,
That she might save her loved Michelle from death.

Schatten. Vain hope indeed! Knows not the pious fool
That they who share the action, share the guilt?
And shall partake of the same fate as those
Who sinn'd with the worst motives?--Knows she this?

Riebez. Unto the letter:-- yet so firm her love,
So pure her heart from evil, that she ventures
With gladness, even upon death itself,
To win a soul with payment of her life!
But they are drawing near us.—Will my Lord
Assume with me the guise of their two lovers?
Who fell upon the plains of Marienthal
When Turenne fled full swiftly from the field.
That action too was mine! I caused their death,
I waked Michelle's enthusiastic spirit
To urge her lover in such strains of valour,
That he, aspiring to immortal fame,
Died in the thickest fight; whilst his brave friend
Fell in the vain endeavour to preserve him!

Schatten. No more,—they come!—Now to your holts, and horsts,
Ye Spirits of the Brocken; where for ages
Your resting-place hath been.—Away,—Away!

At this command all the Spirits disappeared, while Schattenmann and Riebezhahl assumed the likeness of Carl Brandtenbelt and Steine Standardtmann, as Laurette and Michelle ascended the brow of the Mountain.

"Well, Laurette," said her friend, "here we are, on the top of the Brocken Mountain, at midnight, on the First of May! Well, really if I'd expected half so much terror as we've seen to-night, I would not have come for the world."

"Ah, Michelle! the Curate always said, the ascent to virtue is hard, but we find the descent to vice is harder: and if any thing that we have seen or heard to-night should prevent you from consulting with these terrible and wicked Demons, I shall bless God for all our terrors, and receive them only as the marks of his love."

"Oh, my friend! my ever-amiable and kind Laurette!" replied the now-softened Michelle, 'Oh that I had but followed your pious advice whilst we were in safety; but now all is too late, all is over."

Laurette was about to answer, when two persons in the habits of German soldiers advanced; and each of them seizing upon one of the terrified damsels, exclaimed,

"So, girls, you thought to escape us, eh? But that won't do; we soldiers know too many tricks even for two women together."

"In the name of Heaven, what art thou?" said Laurette to the one who had taken hold of her.

"Come, come, Laurette Engelhertze! no coquetry. What! not know your own lover, Steine Standardtmann? I assure you, I came all the way from Marienthal to see you."

"You have the form and dress of Standardtmann, certainly; but if you be he, you will remember our signal, and repeat with me—

All good Spirits love to raise
To the Lord their voice of praise;
Evil Sprites alone deny
Praise to Him that sits on high."

As the first part of this verse is a powerful and infallible touchstone of all hidden malice of demons, and a preservative from all their vengeance; the two fiends immediately burst forth in their own dreadful forms: the Brocken was filled with all the fearful rout that had so lately vanished, and the thousand echoes of the Mountain resounded with all that variety of terrific noises with which they had been so much alarmed beneath. Michelle on the discovery ran tremblingly up to Laurette, and hiding her face in her friend's bosom, while she embraced her, cried—"Oh, Laurette! if we must die, let it be together." When the two Harz Spirits had taken their own shapes, and all the others had suddenly appeared, Schattenmann addressed the two females with,

"Cease with this idle trembling,—Cease, and hear
What gifts I have to offer:—Few have dared
Like you to tread this mountain, on the night
When Spirits are abroad: But those who shew
Such valour, and such firmness, well may ask
The utmost of our power. Wealth, honour, fame,
Or what ye will, ye cannot ask too much?

Lau. Yes, I will ask more than *your* power can grant,
Your utmost power! The calm content of virtue,
The wealth of a good conscience! The bright honour
Attendant on a Christian! and the fame
Which hangs upon his name in after years,
Bright and immortal as the heaven he sought.

Mich. Aye! these are our best wishes! I have err'd
Too long, too widely from the path of virtue;
But that was in prosperity. Now I see
Death and Despair around me, I can rise
Superior to myself, and shake off all
The mass of guilt I carried: Not to save
E'en our hearts' lovers, would we ask from you
The word that might preserve them from the sword.

Riebez. Thou never shalt behold them more!—they lay
On Marienthal's battle-field!—Thy Carl
Fell through the laudable and gentle wish
Thou did'st express to him in mad-brained rhyme,
That he should gather glory; while his friend
Lost his hearts' blood in the vain hope to save him!
'Twas thine own action all!—Oh, 'twas a kind,
And most considerate mistress that devised it.

Mich. Oh, wretched wanton creature!—but all tears
Or sorrows, save for sin, are now in vain!
And the continual flood of grief for years
Of endless ages, would not wash away
The guilt of these short hours:—and,—I feel
That life is ebbing fast;—Laurette be near me,
Thou art my guardian angel:—couldst thou fly
Upward with me,—'twould seem some virtue for me
To have been call'd thy friend;—thy friend indeed;
I have not been mine own: 'Tis night before me;
Oh for a brighter waking when 'tis—— over. *Dies.*

Lau. Now, Fiends, I thank ye:—Ye have cut from earth
The only ties that held me! Oh, Michelle!
How fatal to the soul is that quick spirit,
Which like a whirlwind bears all else away
In it's career of madness.—Virtue, Faith,
Religion, pluck'd up by the roots, are cast
In dreadful havock round!—'Tis done!—I feel
My breath fast failing;—and the springs of life
Are flowing slowly:—and my eyes are darkening,
But all is bright before me!—all is glorious! *Dies.*

* * * * * * * *

To the above tragical end of Michelle Flüchterfelt, and Laurette Engelhertze, the Lienalle Register adds only, that the storm of that night was suddenly hushed; that the bodies were found undecayed, a short time after, by a wolf-hunter on the Harz; and that they were buried together in the church-yard of Altenau, with the following Epitaph over them, composed by Heinreich Reimer:—

Low beneath this stone, repose
Two, whose love so true was plighted,
That no buds of the same rose
Ever were more firm united.
Short the space their deaths between,
'Twas not Death such hearts could sever;
When they rise to Heaven serene,
They shall love, and live for ever!

A WELSH MELODY.

Air—*The Ash Grove.*

'TIS eve on the ocean,
The breeze is in motion,
And briskly our vessel bounds forth on it's way;—
The blue sky is o'er us;
The world is before us;
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!
Why sorrow thus blindly
For those who unkindly
Could launch, and then leave us on life's troubled sea;
Who so heartlessly scanted
The little we wanted,
And denied us the all that we ask'd—to be free!
But we've 'scaped from their trammels,—the word is—Away!
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up, and be gay.

On,—on we are speeding,
Whilst swiftly receding,
The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue:
Now that gem of earth's treasures,
That scene of past pleasures,
The home of our childhood, fades fast from our view.
Yet still thy heart's swelling,
My turtle-eyed Ellen!
What recks it to us that we leave it behind;
Dark ills may betide us,
But fate cannot guide us,
Where foes are more bitter, or friends are less kind.
Than we've found them at home;—but the word is—Away!
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up, and be gay!

Now twilight comes round us,
And dimness hath bound us,
And the light-house looks forth from it's surf-beaten height;
Like Hope's gentle beamings
Through Sorrow's deep dreamings,
Or the load-star of Mem'ry to hours of delight.
Though self-exiled we sever
From England for ever,
We'll make us a home and a country afar;
And we'll build us a bower
Where stern Pride hath no power,
And the rod of Oppression our bliss may not mar.
We have broken our chain, and the word is—Away!
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up, and be gay!

A DESCRIPTIVE EXCURSION THROUGH PARTS OF HEREFORD AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Extracted from a Gentleman's Memorandum Book.

FROM London to Uxbridge no scenery of any very interesting character excited my attention. After crossing the Colne, however, nature exhibited a different and more pleasing aspect; the fields looked beautiful, and the crops abundant. The fragrance was delightful, and every object, perhaps from novelty and contrast, seemed to possess more rural beauty than those which I had left behind.

Proceeding on to Oxford, no views particularly attracted my attention until I gained the summit of the hill, just before arriving at High-Wycomb; from whence the scene was truly lovely. Amidst the valley a clear stream was seen gracefully winding, through meadows filled with cattle;—the numerous mills; the well-built houses, and excellent gardens, of the principal paper manufacturers; and the gentle eminences gradually rising from the skirts of the valley, pleasingly decorated with wood, all combined to decorate a scene, which, none but the genuine lovers of nature could feel as I did. The next object that excited my attention was on an eminence, at the apparent termination of a spacious road, where a structure, unique in appearance, presented itself, which I fancied was an elegant mansion, finely ornamented with it's plantations and park, &c.; but which, on arriving at the town, I was informed was the parish church of West Wycomb; it has, however, no resemblance to an edifice dedicated to religious purposes, though it is certainly a beautiful object, and a great ornament to the town and it's vicinity.

Oxford I had before seen; it, however, still afforded me more pleasure than any city I had ever visited: the elegant bridge, the ancient buildings; it's halls, churches, and colleges, with their fine gardens; the sylvan walks, and lovely streams, which almost in every direction meet the eye, form altogether more attractive and useful requisites for making it a permanent residence, than are to be found in any other place which I have ever seen.

Witney is full of manufactories, yet it appeared dull, and gloomy. Burford is another manufacturing town, the main street of which ascends to a tolerable height, and seemed very difficult and dangerous to descend in a two-wheeled carriage, as I observed the inhabitants in several low one horse chairs, use great precaution. The river, however, contributes much to the beauty and usefulness of the place, and it's eels are excellent.

In almost every town, I observed with much concern that both young and old were destitute of that ruddy hue of health, which we constantly and naturally expect to see in the country: the children even of the villagers had no bloom upon their cheeks, and many of the middle age of both sexes were lame, and decrepit, either from palsy or rheumatism. The general cause I apprehend of this pallid appearance originates in bad living, and want of cleanliness. The wages of labour are generally low, and I found on enquiry that the manufacturers, artizans, mechanics, and labourers, could not always obtain food sufficiently nutritious to strengthen them.

Frequently in the streets of London, but particularly in it's vicinity, are seen groupes of children of a fine ruddy complexion, plump, and comely, and I feel convinced that cleanliness, good food, and prudent exercise, although residing in an overgrown city, will always contribute to benefit the health of it's inhabitants, and give that freshness of appearance, which in vain, alas! I looked for in the country.

For a considerable distance, the road extended over well-cultivated downs, but the continual recurrence of stone boundaries to the fields, instead of quick hedges, was to me unpleasing; one great benefit, however, resulting from the use of this material, is, that as it lies near the surface, the labourers dig it up from the adjacent fields, without either trouble or difficulty; while the roads are so hard, and free from inequalities, that the wheels of a carriage leave, in most places, scarcely any impression.

Just before arriving at Cheltenham, a scene on the left bursts on the eye, fascinating beyond description. At a considerable distance are seen the mountains of Herefordshire; the hills

on each side bold, and irregular, some of them well clothed with wood, whilst others are only suitable for sheep-walks, the valley verdant, extensive, and beautiful, mingled with a small portion of wildness. The village church, romantically situated on the declivity of a hill, and the houses picturesquely placed on the side of an eminence sloping from the road, so much, that the traveller is frequently elevated above the chimnies; many of which were so embowered by the thick foliage of large trees, that I could scarcely distinguish them. The gardens appeared both ornamental and productive, with a full command of one of the finest prospects in England; and on the north-east a woody height screened them from the wintry blast. The road side, in this and the adjoining county, was also frequently adorned with orchards, bending under loads of blushing fruit. I felt it a singularly fortunate circumstance, that I had an opportunity of viewing these enchanting sights, whilst the trees were in full beauty and perfection; for in many other places, I observed, that they were already grinding the fruit, to make cyder for the ensuing season.

This previous scene, however, gave me a distaste for Cheltenham; the long, dull, irregularly built street, reminded me but too much of London, and the crowd of fashionable loiterers rendered it uninteresting and insipid. In the vicinity there are indeed several tasteful villas and cottages, which being built of stone, have a lively and pleasing appearance; but the most agreeable building, to my taste, was a new pump room, erected in opposition to the old one, which is extremely elegant, of fine dimensions, and the front forming a piazza, supported by beautiful pillars of the Ionic order; while in the course of a few years the spacious approach to it, planted with larch, elm, oak, and mountain ash, will be charming. On each side it has neat and well planted walks, which, with the central one, are rapidly improving; the situation also is most fine, being so much elevated, that you distinctly see the hills above the town. I tasted the water, but as I was no invalid, it was too saline to tempt me to drink it.

At Gloucester there is a fine stone bridge erected over the Severn, which at this place is wide, and navigable; but the loamy colour of the water rendered it any thing but attractive. It's ancient Cathedral, like all other edifices of that description, impressed me with awe and veneration. The interior of those structures in general are richly ornamented, and the beautifully pointed arches, the light, and elegantly reeded pillars, the tastefully painted windows, "shedding a dim religious light," the grandeur of the elevated roof, all combine to encrease seriousness, and exalt devotion. The streets of Gloucester are well paved, and the footways wide; the houses are mostly well built, and the shops made as fine a show as the best in London. The whole city had indeed an appearance of great respectability, and conveyed to the mind a just idea of the opulence and intelligence of it's inhabitants.

At some distance from Ross, on a sudden turn of the road, a wild mountainous scene presented itself, which appeared to my imagination fit only for the haunts of banditti. The full moon had risen, and irradiated the mountains, and all was silent, solemn,—and serene,—the village dogs slept,—and no cattle lowed; not a bleat from the folded flock was heard, and save the brawling over it's rocky bed of the rough mountain stream, no noise interrupted the deep and sacred stillness. On each side the shaggy heights dipped precipitously into the rugged glen, forming a woody dingle, between which, the towering hills were discernable. The village huts and hovels were fixed in almost imperceptible hollows, and some were entirely hidden by the spreading trees around them: while their gardens abruptly sloping to the margin of the stream, appeared almost entirely neglected. Amidst these lone recesses, live one generation after another, in apparent wretchedness and poverty; few ever think of migrating to better their condition, and their ignorance is so great, if it be fair to judge from an adult person, whom I overtook on the road, that they cannot tell the name of the places but a short distance from them; and I was afterwards informed by several middle aged men, that they had never wandered ten miles from home in their lives.

In the churchyard at Ross I was singularly delighted:—on this spot, I imagined, often stood the Philanthropist, rendered immortal by the genius

of Pope, surveying the scenery which I was looking at with so much enthusiasm. It is a sort of elevated terrace, finely planted with large luxuriant elm trees, forming in clear weather an excellent promenade for the inhabitants.

From this eminence the eye embraces the loveliest prospects imaginable.—the Wye below, takes a bold sweep to the very base of the hill on which the church is erected, the shape of which here is nearly circular, but at a distance you view it, on each side, spreading apparently horizontally, within it's beautiful and romantic banks.

On it's surface were light and fanciful pleasure boats, with which you may descend to Chepstow; the meadows were finely divided by hedgerows, and the river enriched by the foliage of fine spreading trees; all the distant and the adjacent hills were of various forms, and of different aspects;—some were partially cultivated, whilst others were richly wooded to their very summits. The farm houses appeared comfortable, and by the number of corn ricks around the homesteads, the product of the harvest must have been abundant.

Hereford is a respectable city; the principal street is well paved, and the shops abound with every article for use, or fashion. The market is well supplied. The bustle on market days almost incredible, and the farmers, whom I saw in numbers, appeared unusually respectable. Hereford possesses also a fine cathedral, good inns, excellent society, and every accommodation to render existence comfortable. From the bridge, the banks of the Wye were bold, and interesting.

From this ancient city I proceeded towards Abergavenny, and though the road was very hilly, and of course fatiguing, the views afforded me the highest delight and satisfaction. They were extensive, grand, beautiful, and sometimes wild, possessing every character of landscape which the votaries of nature admire. The holy mountain, as the peasants name it, is a fine rough object of admiration, though the conic mountain on the opposite side of the road is more elevated. I attempted to reach it's summit, but after suffering excessive fatigue, was compelled to desist, although within thirty yards of it. The first part of the ascent from Abergavenny is almost perpendicular; and if the traveller surmount this without much difficulty, the object may be attained, because after this you proceed through a wood, on a gentle ascent, until you reach a plain, covered with furze, and a few stunted oaks; from this plain you again begin to ascend, but there is no path to direct, and you must, if possible, continue to toil up hill, until you reach the summit. On a sort of natural terrace I threw myself down, quite exhausted; but even here, amidst apparent sterility, flourished the delicious whortleberry, and the shepherd who attended as a guide, directed his son to gather some, which were very acceptable, as they assuaged my severe thirst. At a short distance from this spot, a transparent rill of the purest water ran gushing down a rocky declivity to the town below; and at the inn I was informed that those inhabitants who chose to pay for it, might be supplied at their own houses with this wholesome and indispensable beverage, which gave me some little surprise, as the stream is so inconsiderable; and was so shallow, I could scarce take it up in my hands, without rendering it turbid.—Although I could not gain the highest point of elevation, the diversified views which were exhibited below perfectly enchanted me;—the mountains appeared scattered about in various directions,—some were rounded like domes, some were pointed, and others broken and craggy;—some were clad with fine oaks, others were entirely furzy, affording only a scanty support to a few sheep, which here are quite as wild as the deer of the forest. Between the woody dingles, at the foot of this mountain, the walks were rural, and romantic; whilst the vales, which separated those huge masses of rock, were embellished with cultivated farms, bright and fertile meadows, richly ornamented grounds, and luxuriant plantations, the lovely and admired appendages of the manor house, and the villa.

Below, at a great depth, the delightful Vale of Usk glittered with beauty;—on the summit of the opposite hills, on the margin of the river, and midway up the soaring heights, a thousand white-washed cottages appeared; the meads were adorned with

the most vivid green, intermingled with the flowers of the wild crocus, of a beautiful lilac colour, and the fresh ploughed fields were finely shaded with russet tints,—the far-off Channel glittered with the beams of the morning sun; and rising abruptly from the valley, vast ridges of dark mountains arose above each other, each riding, as it were, on the shoulders of it's neighbouring acclivity; the whole exhibiting a landscape at once beautiful, romantic, wild, and interesting. In these mountainous regions, the scene changes every minute,—sometimes the mountains are illuminated, and as the chequered clouds rapidly pass over them, they become shadowy, and display new lineaments and tints inexpressibly delightful.

The population of this extensive vale must be very great,—the iron works only employ a vast number of men, but these additional families have much advanced the necessaries of life, and house rent. Thus the wages of these laborious people cannot at all times properly supply them and their household. Their privations, therefore, are painful, and sometimes severe. Rail-ways are formed here from all the principal works; and their utility is very considerable, as I saw two small horses drag three carts heavily laden with coal, and other articles, with very trifling effort.

From this place I proceeded to Chepstow, where I was well entertained at a good Inn; and in the morning visited the views in it's delightful vicinity. From the romantic heights of Wind-cliff, the eye, passing over a narrow neck of land, beholds the broad Severn, bounded by the well-cultivated fields and pastures of Somersetshire; while, in a deep channel below the Wye, following the sweep of the rocks, in nearly a circular form, ran swiftly to unite it's waters with that mighty river. To view the confluence of those streams was delightful; their grey rocks formed a sort of amphitheatre, which appeared in many places like the buttresses of a spacious castle; these were finely wooded, from the edge of the river to the summit. In the front, was a richly cultivated farm, sloping to the Wye, full of hedge-rows and tall trees; meads of the brightest verdure, and fields embrowned with tillage, which, contrasted with the wild scenes that surrounded them, exhibited the most perfect landscape imaginable. Every traveller should hire a boat to descend the river from Ross to Chepstow; with every bend of the stream the views are enchanting, added to which you have an opportunity, which must not be omitted, of viewing the picturesque ruins of Tintern Abbey.

The site of this edifice is truly romantic and delightful. In almost every instance, our old founders of abbeys and monasteries discover great taste and judgment. The outlines of the church are perfect, the architecture is light and elegant; the grand central arch, and the two others which terminate the aisles, are about seventy feet high, quite entire, and profusely decorated in every window with ivy of the brightest verdure, through which are seen the towering hills that nearly surround it. The pillars that divide the windows are very slender, and highly finished, and give the appearance of great airyness to the whole structure. On the ground lay large fragments of the cieling, which discovered considerable ability in the artists who sculptured the foliage, flowers, and other diversified ornaments; the whole were beautiful, although so long exposed to the ravages of time and neglect. It appears indeed a strange infatuation, that the roof, stripped, as I understand, by the soldiers of Cromwell, should not have been rebuilt at the Restoration, for if this measure had taken place, one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture would, even now, have remained undefaced.

I cannot omit to mention, that one property is wanting in the Wye, which is requisite to render streams perfectly picturesque,—the colour is loamy; or, as the poet would call it, of an amber hue, wholly unlike those transparent mirror-looking streams I saw on my return, the Kennet and the Thames, which, compared to the Wye, in other respects are flat and uninteresting.

From thence I went to the ruins of Ragland Castle, they are easy of access, lying not far from the turnpike road. I then returned to view the ruins of Chepstow Castle, which are much dilapidated, and standing on a bold and rocky eminence, nearly perpendicular; this fortress, in it's feudal glory, must have been very formidable.

The iron bridge at Chepstow is a fine structure, and the town rising gradually from the river to a gentle elevation, gives the traveller a pleasing view of the rocks, the Severn, and the adjacent scenery.

The Severn is full of dangerous shoals, and should not be crossed, unless it is high water, or very soon after it begins to ebb. The weather was stormy when I sailed over, and the pitching of the boat made the poor horses tremble exceedingly. From the opposite ferry house the road to Bristol was excellent, and frequently ornamented with beautiful seats, parks, and pleasure grounds; the lovely and sylvan retreats of the opulent merchants of that populous city. The rocks adjacent to the Hot Wells no lover of fine scenery must omit to visit. Amidst precipitous cliffs, the Avon beautifully winds, until it reaches the Bristol Channel. On one side of the river the rocks are perpendicular, bare, and elevated, yet they are uncommonly interesting, by the variety of their brilliant hues,—some parts of them being shaded with black, some tinted with a lively blue, and other parts appearing of a bright copper colour, finely burnished.

On the opposite side, precipices of the same elevation arise, decorated with trees, which clothe them to their brows.

I next proceeded to Bath, which I had before visited, and the same impressions I had formerly received, returned in full force; neatness, gentility, and in many parts elegance, are the leading features of the place, while the markets are good, and most abundantly supplied.

As I passed through Chippenham, I only observed that it was well built, and populous, but the town had nothing in it sufficiently inviting to detain me. I next journeyed on to Marlborough, which is seated on the side of a gentle eminence sloping to the River Kennet, winding pleasingly along the meadows, and adding much to the beauty and utility of the place. At a distance, the houses rising one above the other, amidst the umbrage of trees, exhibit a pretty appearance.

The next place was Marlborough Forest, the road lying directly through it. Here the lovers of fine scenery must be delighted; on each side several small herd of deer were seen gracefully browsing, without any apparent timidity; and in various parts fine glades, and woody recesses, graced the scene.

At Hungerford there is a good bridge over the river, and the activity which I observed on the wharf adjoining, indicated that their business was considerable. Through a narrow passage, which being a deformity, I feel surprised is not removed, a spacious avenue, adorned with majestic trees, leads immediately to the church, which is a handsome newly erected structure.—The verdure of the fine meadows which nearly surround it, was of a lovely vivid emerald green; and several small transparent streams cut from their parent Kennet, for the purposes of irrigation, heightened the beauty of the scene.

Newbury is a large town, seated on the above river, and enjoying a good trade; the mills in it's vicinity supply the London market with a considerable quantity of their most excellent flour. The corn market is also well attended, as wheat and barley of the first quality are produced in great abundance throughout the county.

Reading is a populous, well-built town; the streets are paved, and there is, in almost every part, a great appearance of respectability and opulence: like Newbury, vast supplies of flour, malt, &c. are sent from it to the metropolis. In most seasons, partly from the nature of the soil, and partly from the excellent husbandry of the farmers, the wheat around those places, for strength and weight, is superior to any in England, Kent only excepted.

From this town I hastened on to Maidenhead, where nothing was to be observed but it's excellent bridge over the Thames. I then proceeded towards London, attracted only by one object, which was Windsor Castle: it has a noble and romantic appearance from the road, and as I passed, a train of recollections rushed through my mind, of it's first stern founder,—the valiant character of our third Edward; it's tasteful and learned architect; the wise Queen who improved it's beautiful and commanding terrace; the monarchs who have breathed their last within it's massy walls; and the long seclusion there of it's last kingly inmate, our beloved and revered George the Third! Alas! I involuntarily exclaimed, how fragile is human greatness! how evanescent is even Royal felicity!

S.

THE EDITOR'S COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON;

TO HIS WELL-BELOVED PUBLIC, READERS, CONTRIBUTORS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Good Morning, my worthy Masters and Mistresses,
A merry Christmas, and a happy New Year to ye all!
BELLMAN'S CHAUNT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!—whom this concerns,
Readers, Contributors, and Public,—Hail!
Your grateful EDITOR His thanks returns
For all your favours:—In our last year's sale,
For rising merit soon the world discerns,
We have encreased some thou ——, but no!—the tale
Would seem too wondrous, if we laid before ye,
The plain and honest facts of our own story.

So we shall pass them by, and come unto
What none will doubt, and every one approve;
Our Christmas Compliments,—which now are due
To such as stand the foremost in our love:
And, as we print them in the open view
Of those, who o'er our works delighted rove,
Away with all initials!—we shall give
Full names and titles in our verse to live!

Yes,—we'll uncloak them all!—V; R; and D;
Delta; and T; and S.W.X. *Izzard;*
For, when their goodly articles ye see,
And hang delighted o'er them, then it is hard
The writers should, like money-lenders, be
Conceal'd behind so strange and thick a vizard,
That e'en to guess them ye are quite unable,—
'Tis sitting at the play without a play-bill.

For "they are all, all honourable men,"
Well known to Fame when out of their disguises;
And though great folks have oft a strange propen-
Sity to take th' inferior by surprises;
And hide awhile their gold-laced waistcoats, when
The thought, the fancy, or the wish arises;—
Our merits shall not ask such base descendings,
"Wherefore are these things hid?"—"Off, off, vile lendings!"

First then,—We thank OURSELVES!—Without thine aid,
Dear ALFRED BEAUCHAMP!—all the book were nought!
Thou gavest all the *muscle* it display'd,
And few can tell what wonders thou hast wrought:
E'en with a million thou wert not o'erpaid!
"Your love is worth a million," and that thought
Makes us, our PUBLIC! wish to keep your credit,
And that we long may live these sheets to Edit.

What, VARIELLA, can we wish to thee?
For thou possessest all that's dear unto man;
Wit, Talents, Erudition, though they be
Not always so delightful in a woman;
Yet those who read thy Tales and Poems, see
A soaring mind, and genius most uncommon.
Still, still soar on!—In prose and verse still charm us,
For while thou lead'st the van, there's nought can harm us.

R,—DOCTOR RIGMAROLE, we meant to say,—
None do we thank more ardently, and truly;
Thou in our sheets dost make a grand display,
For none their contributions pay more duly;
Thine is a "Muse of Fire!" whose piercing ray,
Like some bright planet, but discover'd newly,
Glances on all around it's beaming levin,
On all that walks or soars, 'twixt Earth and Heaven!

Dear BOOKWORM!—who in Learning's walks dost rove,
Oh! still to us and our's, continue firm;
For many, who thy lucubrations love,
Call thee, like Egypt's Queen, "a pretty worm!"
Thou art, we know, all vanity above:
Then, fear not, thou wilt e'er exceed the term
Of our long patience; nor thy powers be wasted,
There's plenty of old volumes yet untasted.

Brave MAJOR LONGBOW!—we desire much more
Of your acquaintance;—write to us again;
Your letter was a thousand times read o'er,
With praise of which you might indeed be vain:
Oh! still continue down our page to pour
Thine own romantic, yet veracious strain;
Write, and you'll keep some score or two from dying,
"True 'pon my life!—What will you say 'tis lying!"

ERASMUS DABBLE, thou art next;—Good health,
And happiness attend ERASMUS DABBLE;
Though not possess'd of first rate mental wealth,
Yet thou art very far above the rabble;
Nor are thine articles compiled by stealth,
Like much of that most bald, disjointed babble;
With which *some* Magazines are oft befriended,
That can't be worse; and yet it can't be mended!

Dear ARTHUR MERTON TEMPLETON!—thou art
The GRAMMONT of our Work;—although there shines
A brighter flame warming a better heart,
In *thy* strong letters, and amusing lines.
In future write for us our *Beau monde* part,
Give us Corinthian Tales from Fashion's mines:
"We must hear from thee every day i' the hour,"
Write often,—"That's the time of day, my flower!"

Ye countless hosts! whose names are yet behind,
Whose writings grace our Monthly Numbers' shew;
Illustrious followers of that master mind,
Which makes our gallant bark so swiftly go;
Press not so close your records here to find,
We can't give each a single line; for know,
If half your wit and worth were only hinted,
'Twould fill a newspaper, in Pica printed.

Nor can we well make up a verse of names,
Some don't look handsome, and some will not rhyme;
Though we are proud to say, that each has claims
Which ne'er will be effaced, throughout "all time,
All seasons, and their change;"—but still your fames
For ever live in each far distant clime,
Where our surpassing merits gild the scene,
And the whole world reads EUROPE'S MAGAZINE!

And now, loved PUBLIC! is our last, best strain
Given unto you:—The postscript of a letter
Does all it's writer's kindest thoughts contain,
And deeply do we feel ourselves your debtor.
Therefore we wish ye, o'er and o'er again,
All ye can wish yourselves;—we can't do better!—
Then love us also, and your babes, oh! teach 'em,
Early to bless the name of

ALFRED BEAUCHAMP.

BEAUCHAMP LODGE, KENT, *December* 26, 1821.

DOMESTIC TALES.——LOVE.

(*Continued from Page* 443.)

MY guardian Mr. Forbes was blest with a numerous offspring; whose education was committed to the care of a Governess, under the immediate observation and superintendance of their parents.

The lady who officiated in this capacity at the period of my incorporation with the family, and who, indeed, had held her situation for several years previously, was a most engaging Frenchwoman; admirably calculated, in every respect, to fulfil with credit and advantage the important duties of the task assigned to her.

Between this lady and myself, notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, a mutual attachment was quickly formed; the result, probably, of an accordance of dispositions, congeniality of sentiments, and, even yet more, by a similarity in sufferings; Josephine Garniér having been, like me, disappointed in her tenderest affections.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were completely domesticated, living only in the welfare of their offspring; but to me, who had never in my life been accustomed to the gambols of children, and who had not as yet resided long enough with these to become attached, their frolics were often troublesome and impertinent, and their prattle uninteresting.

The very precarious state of health of two of the younger children entirely precluded every appearance of gaiety, every sound of merriment; and the only enjoyment that I tasted was derived from the lively and entertaining converse of my charming Madame Garniér; who having now recovered from the temporary depression which the disappointments in early life had engendered, presented the most delightful union of strong sense and sprightly playfulness in conversation, of kind concession to the wishes of others, and of firm inflexibility of principle in conduct that I ever met with.

The health of Mr. Forbes' two youngest children, which had hitherto been delicate, had of late declined to so alarming a degree, that it was pronounced essential to the preservation of their existence to remove them to a warmer climate. But the doating parents could not support the idea of a distant separation, nor consent, for a moment, to confide them to the care of strangers. Madame Garniér was consulted on the subject; and after much discussion, it was agreed to despatch them to the French post-town of St. Malo, to abide at a religious house there, with the Superior of which Madame had, formerly, been well acquainted. The travelling party was to consist of Madame Garniér herself, and her two invalid charges, escorted by their eldest brother; who, having just completed his studies at Oxford, was about to commence a tour on the Continent, under the superintendence of his tutor, a worthy clergyman; and accompanied by a lady and gentleman, our neighbours in Devonshire, who proposed to take up their future residence in the south-west part of France.

As one stretched on the couch of sickness thinks to find ease in every change of posture, so did I hope that variety of scene might afford relief to my sorrow stricken heart, and immediately on hearing of the projected tour, felt desirous to engage in it, and accordingly lost no time in imparting my desire to my guardian, who peremptorily refused to accede to my wishes. But my temper in it's happiest moments could never brook opposition or denial, and I was, alternately, angry or sullen; sometimes in hysterics, at others relapsing into a languid listlessness, from which all endeavours to arouse me were unavailing; I even, for two or three days refused all sustenance; till Mr. Forbes was at length induced to submit the matter to the consideration of his co-executor, Lord Meldrum; from whom we gained a reluctant consent to my departure; and, as soon as things were finally arranged for the voyage, the whole party embarked on board a vessel; and, after a favourable passage, landed on the French coast; when our fellow-travellers, having seen Madame Garniér, the two children, and myself, comfortably lodged and

settled at the Convent of St. Agatha, proceeded on their respective routes.

But notwithstanding that I was enchanted with the beautiful appearance of the country, and that I received every possible mark of attention and kindness from the Lady Abbess and the Sisterhood, yet I was still far from being happy.

Place may be changed, but who can change the mind? and I soon discovered, that new objects, and varied impressions, failed to banish from my memory, and efface from my heart, the dear image that was so deeply graven there. Loftus' noble figure seemed to be ever before me; the music of his voice yet sounded in my ear; I loved in some deep solitude to sigh forth his name, and hang entranced on the delicious echo; the fond remembrance mingled with my orisons to heaven, and his sad tale was the companion of my sleepless midnight hours. In the busy throng, or in retirement's deepest recess, Loftus was present with me; the source of all my bliss, and all my woe.

In process of time, however, the profound tranquillity of the scene around me infused a soothing influence over my troubled heart, and the current of my feelings began to glide more smoothly. Every face that I met looked meek submission; every mind was serene, and, negatively, happy; till, from contemplating the calm peacefulness of a monastic life, I gradually grew enamoured of it, and even entertained serious thoughts of embracing it; a disposition that, whenever I manifested it, was always seized on with avidity by the bigotted Abbess, or some one of the holy Sisterhood; in truth, no pains were spared to induce me to enrol myself a member of their community. I had been bred up in the Catholic faith; but, in the days of my vanity, had paid but little regard to the sacred institutions of religion; the piety and penitence by which I was now surrounded, appeared to me to convey a reproof of my former thoughtlessness and indevotion; I blushed for my own unworthiness, and, in a moment of religious enthusiasm, determined to dedicate my life to Heaven. If I mentioned the state of my mind to Josephine, she only laughed at my romantic imagination, and treated the whole as a fit of caprice. I was half angry and offended at this; and most foolishly, and fatally, did I revenge myself on her incredulity. Madame Garniér, when we had been in France about eight months, was persuaded to undertake a journey to Paris, from a prospect that had been held out to her, of the recovery of the estates belonging to her family, which had been confiscated at the time of the Revolution. Now methought will I prove, that my idolatrous affection for Loftus was not merely, as Josephine and other of my friends have imagined, a transient, fickle, wayward humour; and, having prevailed on the Superior of our house to abridge the period of my noviciate, I passed the irrevocable vow of self-immolation. But I soon found bitter cause to repent of my temerity; and would have given worlds, had I possessed them, to have been absolved from the duties, which I had so hastily, and blindly, yet voluntarily, incurred.

It was on the third day after my assumption of the veil, that despatches were brought to me from England. I retired to my cell to read them. The packet contained letters from various of my acquaintances; but I naturally selected the one which I perceived to be in my aunt's handwriting for primary perusal; the first paragraph ran thus:—

"Your last letter, my dear child, gave me the vapours for the whole day afterward. But adieu to cloisters, and death, and tears, and horrors; I have got news to communicate shall make your heart dance with delight. Your, yes, now your Loftus, the philosopher in love, as I had used to call him, has been released by the friendly hand of Death from his connubial bondage! and, I dare swear, at this moment would be ready to give one of his beautiful eyes in exchange for the wings of some post-pigeon, that should transport him to St. Agatha as swiftly as his wishes would have him there. But in sober sadness, the hitherto insuperable bar to your happiness exists no longer; that is, Lady Charles Kenyon is no more!——" I could read no further, —I felt a tension at my heart; a film came over my eyes; I gasped for breath; then starting up, I hurled the letter to the extremity of the narrow compartment, and was rushing from my cell with the air of a ma-

niac, when I was met by Madame Garniér, who, roughly seizing my arm, drew me back, exclaiming, "Rash girl! how have you dared——?"

I struggled to disengage myself from her hold, and she angrily demanded, "Where are you flying to, and whence this disorder?" glancing on the correspondence which lay scattered in all directions on the floor.

"To the Abbess," cried I, with wild energy, "to implore her to cancel my unhappy vow."

"Contemptible childishness!" ejaculated the irritated Josephine:—"what wild infatuation can have prompted you to this act!" and went on very severely to reprehend my unkindness, in having subjected her, by the step I had so rashly and unadvisedly taken, to the heavy displeasure and keen reproaches of my friends in England; to whom she considered herself as being responsible for my conduct. To all of which I replied only by a passion of tears. When, however, at length, Josephine's indignation became exhausted, and my own feelings somewhat calmer, I put my aunt's letter into her hand; which, having perused, she returned to me, coldly remarking, that it was an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances; but that, since I had made my choice, I must be content to abide the consequences.

"Oh, Heaven!" cried I, wringing my hands in agony, "must I then pass a life of unavailing regret for the blind precipitance that urged me to immure myself for ever within these gloomy cloisters; while he, the dispenser of my every happiness, will from a distance behold and sympathize in, without being permitted to relieve my sufferings? I cannot endure the thought; rather would I perish at once in an attempt for liberty, and boldly overleap these lofty barriers, than consent to drag on a weary existence of lingering wretchedness: O Josephine! Josephine! surely you will not refuse to aid my escape?"

"Escape! impossible, child! I dare not if I would; and if I dared, I cannot."

In vain I represented the boundless gratitude of Loftus, of my aunt, of my guardians; in vain I tempted her by splendid offers of remuneration; in vain I urged the remembrance of our fond friendship; in vain even did I beseech her by the love she bore to Edgar Atkinson; she was inexorable; and at last, tired by my importunities, quitted me with a frigid exhortation to submission and patience.

"Barbarous woman!" exclaimed I, in turn offended, "thus to deride my woes by preaching patience to one whose heart is bursting;" and threw myself on my pallet in a state of indescribable anguish. A thousand times I wished for death; I was frantic with despair; I seemed to be abandoned to my fate; I knew the inflexibility of Josephine's resolves too well, to allow me to entertain the remotest hope that my distress would work a change in her sentiments; and I had no other friend in the convent in whom I might confide my desire of liberty; I had no one to console, no one to advise me; I was bewildered, I was distracted. For two days I saw nothing of Josephine; and the idea that I had, perhaps, irretrievably forfeited her friendship, wrought the climax to my miseries; and notwithstanding that I sent repeated messages to her, they did not meet with the slightest attention or reply.

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(To be continued.)

THE BARON'S BRIDAL.

I HAD been out several hours amidst the Highlands of Scotland with my pointer and gun, and the day was almost half over, when I whistled to the dog, and set off in search of the habitation of a Highlander, which I had formerly had recourse to on like occasions; when fatigued with the exertion of rambling through places fit only for the residence of savages, and wet and weary, the hospitable hearth and foaming cup of my white headed host were more acceptable than can be easily imagined, except by those who have been in like situations. I was received with the usual hearty welcome into the old Highlander's cabin, for it could scarce lay claim to a higher title; though it was spacious and con-

venient, and enlivened with that content and happiness of which more splendid mansions are too often destitute. Round the blazing fire were seated three generations. Donald himself and his ancient spouse forming one; a young woman, their daughter, and her husband, making the second link in the family chain; and their children, a prattling boy and girl, who hung upon the knees of their grandfather, or amused themselves with teazing a large dog that good naturedly suffered himself to be tormented without testifying the slightest anger, being the third. Having refreshed myself, and had some conversation with my friend, the deepening tints of the western sky began to remind me, that I had several miles to return over a country almost impassable to any but it's natives, and that unless I made the best of my way home, darkness would overtake me before I reached it. I enquired the nearest road back; when the old man pointed out to me a kind of path which wound about a lofty hill, and afterwards descending would bring me by the high road to my residence in the village. "But surely," said I, "there is a nearer way than round that mountain?"—"There is a way to be sure,—but——" the old man stopped, he looked cautiously around, and seemed doubtful whether to proceed. — "But what? If there is a shorter road, what is there to prevent me from taking it?"—"It is dangerous to go that way," replied he, "especially as the evening is advancing."—"What is there any fear of robbers?" — "No, no, but——" —"But what?" I repeated; "what else is there to fear?"—"The road of which I speak," answered the old man, "lies through a spot which is visited by fearful beings." — "Oh! and so a spirit is the occasion of your alarm: I fear no evil from beings of another world, so point out the way, and let me go." — "You must not, shall not go," exclaimed both father and son: "if you should see the Spirit, your life might be in danger."—"How, why, and for what cause, does any preternatural appearance haunt this spot of which you seem to entertain so great a horror?" —"It is a strange, a fearful story," replied Donald, "and will detain you beyond your time."—But my curiosity being awakened, was not so easily satisfied, and I at last prevailed on him to relate to me the history of this Haunted Glen.

"You have doubtless," said the old man, "during your excursions, observed a tower, which stands alone amidst heaps of stone and other ruins?"—"I have."—"That tower is now all that remains of a proud castle which was once reared there; —that tower has stood while thicker walls, and stronger roofs have fallen! —while other buildings have been borne down by time or storms, that tower has remained unmoved by tempests, and braving the fury of those lightnings which have levelled their destroying fires at it's summit. A preternatural strength is said to be attached to it, in consequence of the events which it has witnessed. Many years ago, I have heard, for what I am about to tell you happened long before my day, the fortress, of which that tower formed a part, was the habitation of a nobleman of whom many dark things have been said. The Lord of Glenliscair was ambitious, dark, and revengeful; feared and detested by his vassals; and disliked by his equals and superiors; stern and haughty, his look spoke the mind within. His brow was frowning, half hid by the black hair which hung over it, but his eye is said to have been the most peculiar part of his countenance; it was black, but it blazed with the strangest lustre, and few could sustain without horror it's unspeakable glance. It had a wild but determined expression, almost fiendish. His stature was tall, approaching to gigantic, giving him a commanding appearance, which, combined with his stern visage, inspired an unaccountable awe, a fearful feeling, as if the being you looked upon was of a different nature, the inhabitant of another world. The Baron of Glenliscair had a wife as different from himself as morning from midnight; it was the union of an angel with a demon,—of purity with corruption. Some years after their marriage, an opportunity offered to the Baron of acquiring a great encrease of power and riches by wedlock,—but he was already married. Ambition was his ruling passion, his wife stood between him and the object which he wished, and he

hated her; while his cruel treatment but too well corresponded with his feelings. On a sudden, however, his behaviour was changed, he became gentle in his conduct, and affectionate in his behaviour, and her grateful heart returned it tenfold. One day, he proposed to hunt upon the morrow, and seemed to wish for her attendance. She complied with his request, and he seemed fonder than ever of her. The morning came, and hounds and horsemen issued forth, and spread over the country in pursuit of the game. The chase was continued till evening, when it was suddenly discovered that the Baron and his lady were missing. In the heat of the sport it had not been before remarked, and some degree of alarm seized on his attendants. They waited, but in vain; they sought for them, but they were not to be found. At last, when, all search having proved useless, and the sportsmen were gathered together, musing on the probable fate of those whom they had so vainly sought, some one called out that he saw the Baron. All eyes were turned to the point to which the speaker directed them, and they plainly saw their Lord approaching at full speed, his horse foaming and panting with exertion, and he himself violently agitated,—'Your lady, have you seen her? speak, know you aught of her?' he exclaimed.—'Our Lady!—the Lady of Glenliscair!' was the astonished answer.—'Yes, fools, where is she? have you seen her? speak, or by Hell!——'—'We have not, we have sought far and wide for her and you, my Lord, but in vain.'—'Ideots!'—but checking himself he proceeded: 'In the midst of the chase, I perceived she was missing; fearful lest some evil should have happened to her, I rode back alone, unwilling to mention my alarms. At a distance I once thought I saw her; and spurred on my steed, but the object vanished from my sight; and wearied, exhausted, and full of doubt and fear concerning your Lady, I turned back; but having lost myself in this fruitless endeavour to find her whom I sought, I was long ere I could r[illegible]ain you;—and now, alas! you add despair to fearfulness; and certainty to doubt!—But I ought not to trifle away time thus;—follow me!'—and with those words they again departed in search of her, whom they were doomed never again to behold,—at least in human shape.

"Within six months after this happened, the Lord of Glenliscair made preparations for a second marriage; the sable marks of mourning gave place to splendid ornaments and decoration; and every thought of the Baron seemed swallowed up in that of his approaching nuptials. The day at length arrived; it was passed in feasting and revelry; every eye was lighted up with joy; and at length the moment came, which was to unite the Baron to the new object of his affections; or, rather, of his ambition. All was ready; the holy man who was to perform the ceremony had already commenced; but when he asked if any one knew aught of impediment to the marriage, some one from the farther part of the room cried out,—'I do!'—The voice was familiar to all present save the bride, yet no one on the moment could remember it. The Baron frowned—'Who dares?' he was saying, when a figure sprang between him and the lady,—'I dare! I forbid it!'—All gazed with horror on the unexpected and unwelcome messenger; it was the form of a woman swoln and discoloured: her long tresses dripping with water, and her pale and sickly cheeks, seemed the residence of corruption. Her blue and watery eyes were fixed on the Baron, while with a voice that thrilled through every vein she sang,—

'The moon-beam glistening on the wave
 Shines on thy bridal bed;
Where the tide that is thy true love's grave
 Shall float above thy head.

In vain I pray'd,—you plunged me in,
 Where deep the waters roll;
But heavily now that deed of sin
 Shall sink thy parting soul!

Then away! away! this night you rest
 Beneath the darkling tide;
Thy pillow shall be my mouldering breast,
 And I will be thy bride!'

"The fearful form vanished, and he to whom the Spirit's song was addressed fell lifeless on the floor;—all assistance was in vain, he had obeyed his summons! and since that time, the Glen of Strathenwater has been the residence of the spirit of Lady Glenliscair; then let me entreat you," concluded the old man, "to shun the haunted spot, for woe be to him that looks upon such forbidden things."

I confess my purpose was for a moment startled by this strange tale, though I did not, could not credit it, but it was *only* for a moment. I very speedily banished all fear of spiritual dangers, and set forth despite of the warm entreaties of the family. Thanking them for their kindness, however, I at length proceeded; my dog accompanied me, and I made the best use of my time to get home before dark. This I thought, with expedition, I could accomplish: the sun, it is true, had disappeared, but the rich splendour of his beams rested on the clouds, which gathered brightness from his setting; visions of unsubstantial beauty flitted around the scene of his departure. The scenery around me was grand, but rugged; it was nature unattired with decoration, the rough unpolished stone, not the smooth, polished, and glittering gem.

At length I arrived at the spot which I judged, from the account of my host, was the place of terror. I sat down upon a stone for a moment to rest, for I felt very tired, and thought of the wild tales of Highland tradition, of Ossian, of the Spirit of Bruma, when it occurred to me that I might be then sitting on the stone of power. I started to examine it; but it appearing from it's shape to be modern, I again ventured to reoccupy it. Strange thoughts came upon me: I thought the various objects which I beheld assumed new forms; I saw strange figures moving to and fro; the place suddenly reassumed it's original appearance, and I gazed with horror and astonishment on the figure of which I had heard, swoln, pale, and deathly, *rising* from the water! —I heard it's horrible voice *singing* the words which it sang at the Baron's wedding. The fearful sound was mingled with the screams of birds, and the roar of the cataract; but it was heard clearly above all. I felt some invisible hand drag me towards the spectre!—I did not tremble, for I was almost frozen with horror. I strove to speak, but my voice failed me! I was irresistibly drawn towards the water; when summoning every faculty, I sprang back, and starting from my uneasy slumber, found myself still sitting on the stone; where my dog, tired with waiting, was tugging at the skirts of my coat. I had been dreaming there, I imagined, nearly two hours, for the moon was up, and shone on the rippling waves with her sweetest lustre. I set off home once more at full speed, and at length reached my habitation, internally execrating the foul fiend who had so long delayed me from my own comfortable fireside.

W. H. A.

THE BOOK WORM.

No. X.

If that olde bokes were awaie,
Ylorne were of remembrance the key;
Wel ought us then honouren and beleve
These bokes.—— CHAUCER.

Amusements Serious and Comical, calculated for the Meridian of London, by Mr. Thomas Brown. London, 1694.

IT happens frequently in the literary history of a country, that certain periods have been most remarkable for the display of excellence of a similar tone and description. In England, in the reigns of Elizabeth and the two succeeding monarchs, the rise and sudden perfection of the Drama, compose one of the brightest parts of the history of the country. So, on the return of Charles II. to his dominions, the influx of French taste and loose principles, gave a tone to the comic genius of the nation. Without wishing to moot that debateable question of the superiority of Englishmen in wit to the people of other countries, we would observe

that this period, and the times immediately following it, are those in which English wit shone in it's noon-day splendour, and soared a higher flight than it had reached before, or has attained since. Whenever we contemplate the wits of the days to which we have alluded, the lamentable reflection occurs that their lustre was obscured by the grossness of their writings; that stream of pure wit which should have been the nourishment as well as the ornament and delight of posterity, has been so tainted by obscenity, so much have the waters of pollution mingled with it, that it has become as foul as Lethe, and as much forgotten as if that fabled river had extended it's influence over it. The licentiousness of the writers of those periods was as unlimited as their genius; neither the ties of morality, nor even the mere decencies of life, which the most profligate respect, had any restrictive influence on them. It is for this reason that the works of Buckingham and Rochester; Sedley, Wycherley, and Congreve; Captain Radcliffe and Tom D'Urfey, are consigned to their merited oblivion; neglected and despised, their names are no longer remembered, or are remembered only as is that of the bold robber who stole Heaven's fire, and debased it by animating the vile earth: or the Egyptian Queen, who wasted that orient pearl, an Empire's price, in her wanton goblet. Their leaves are turned over by those persons alone who read all sorts and conditions of books, in which venerable body do we include ourselves, and by those modern wits, less brilliant but far more cautious than their predecessors, who ransack their hidden treasures, for the purpose of obtaining those gems of which they have, by their obscenity, dimmed the brilliancy, and by their profligacy, forfeited the right to display. Pranked in these borrowed plumes do the light writers of the present day strut about, like the finisher of the law, in the spoils of a condemned criminal; equally contemptuous and unmindful of the source whence their honors are derived. Mr. Thomas Brown, as he is called in the title pages of his works, or Tom Brown as he is called by all the world, is one of the most striking instances of the truth of these observations; one of the most eminent of those malefactors who have committed *felo de se* against their fame and respectability; and whose sharp but ill directed wit,

—"like an ill sheathed knife,
Hath cut it's master."

His name formerly expressed the very concrete essence of good fellowship and true wit; but with the single and illustrious exception of Mr. Moore, who has condescended to "call cousins" with him, by adopting his name;* we do not recollect any of the writers of the present day, who have done him even the slender justice of mentioning him. That he who has excited so much laughter, and who has laid many a reputed smart fellow under so infinite obligations should be forgotten, is barbarous and ungrateful.

It is our present purpose to do him an act of some justice, by giving our readers such a specimen of one of his works as may convey a fair idea of his genius and style, but of course taking care not to create any of that disgust which an indiscriminate perusal of all his works would inevitably excite.

He appears to have been equally unfortunate in his circumstances, and in the particular period in which he lived. He was the son of a respectable clergyman, and after having received a competent preparatory education, went to the University of Oxford, where he distinguished himself considerably. Being of a gay disposition, and possessing that idleness and restlessness which are too generally the companions of genius, he preferred the dissipation of the metropolis, to the uninterrupted ease and tranquillity of a college life; and coming to London, he plunged recklessly into all the profligacy of the town, which, though perhaps it did not in fact exist to a greater extent than it does at present, was not so carefully concealed. His talents very soon made him known among the wits and authors of the day. The constitution of society was then in this respect very different from it's present state. Literary men were at that time much more of public characters;

* Twopenny Post Bag, &c.

now-a-days, intimacy with an author is only to be acquired by those means by which the acquaintance of other private gentlemen is gained; in the period of which we have before spoken, there were very numerous places of resort, as taverns and other assemblies, to which the wits of the day repaired;—led, like the Knights adventurers of old, to break a lance against all comers. His writings were readily bought, and his society courted by persons, whose rank and fame were sufficiently flattering to him; his habits, however, were not of such a nature as to admit of close application, and he fell soon into the hands of the booksellers, who threw their nets so skilfully about him, that he remained in the toils to the very day of his death. This may account for the utter worthlessness of some of his works. There is no inspiration in poverty. His talent at seizing the ridiculous, and his vigour in displaying it, rendered him first feared by his patrons and friends,—and dislike and neglect soon followed. Unmindful of Bernardus' axiom, "that a blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword." Brown never could or would restrain the current of his fancy. He was willing at all times rather to lose his friend than his joke.

· dummodo risum,
Excutiat sibi; non hic cuiquam parcit amico.

The consequence was. inevitable; and, dissipation lending it's pernicious aid, he fell under an accumulation of poverty and disease at a comparatively early age.

A satirist must always be hated personally. in proportion as his labours are valued and encouraged; and, excepting in the capacity of a *Lion*, which might insure him an occasional knife and fork at the table of a Patrician, Juvenal's personal character was as little esteemed in Rome, as was poor Brown's in England. This fate is not so unjust as it may at first sight appear to be: the man who assumes the task of holding up the mirror to all men's failings and crimes, should be of pure demeanour; not one whose own deformities are as monstrous as those of his most hideous exhibition. Moral truths cannot come mended from the tongue, where lying and blasphemy have their habitations; and perhaps a thousand sermons against ebriety, would not be sufficient to neutralize the evil effect of the example of one drunkard.

In the work which forms the subject of the present article, the author runs the full length of his satirical propensities. Under the pretence of making a journey through London with a certain Indian, he takes an opportunity of remarking upon the prevailing follies and vices, sometimes with great bitterness and coarseness, but always with truth. There is a philosophical air pervading his work, which conveys rather a higher idea of his mental powers, than either his subject or his style would induce readers to look for. A grave stoical frigidity, mixed with a careless profligacy, runs through his writings, which we do not know in any other writer but Rabelais. The incident of the Indian who accompanies him, is better imagined than executed, and perhaps it's greatest praise is, that it furnished the idea of the Kings of Bantam's visit, and of the Chinese Philosopher of Goldsmith. If London abounded with the vicious and ridiculous as much in the author's day as it does in our own, no field could have been found more capacious or more fertile in those productions, which are the object of a satirist's search. We shall now draw the curtain, and give the reader "a taste of his quality."

The first place which engages the attention of the travellers is the *Court*, which he thus describes:

"The *Court* is a sort of a τὸ πᾶν, an epitome of what is universal, and abounds with all the variety of *amusements* that human occurrences can present us with, or the mind of man is capable of receiving. The air they breathe there, is very fine and subtile; only for about three Parts and a half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be infected with gross Vapours full of *Flattery* and *Lying*. All the Avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same Point, *Honour* and *Self Interest*. Here *Fortune* keeps her Residence, and seems to expect that we make our Addresses to her at the Bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at first sight, that he might reach the End on't before he could count Twenty: but there are so many By-Walks and Alleys to cross,

so many Turnings and Windings to find out, that he is soon convinc'd of his Mistake. 'Tis contriv'd into such an intricate Maze, and obscure Manner, that the straitest Way is not always the nearest; and indirect Practices and Measures are oftentimes very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journey's End, and forward your Designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a distance, but when you approach it, it's Beauty diminishes."

This gives occasion to introduce the character of a Courtier, in which the whimsicality as well as the vigour of the author's style are conspicuous :—

" A professed Courtier, tho' he never aims at the *Peace of God*, is past any Man's *Understanding* ; and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to *Chance* ; if Evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but *Design*. He that holds him by the Hand, is in the same condition with him that hath a wet Eel by the Tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your fingers with the same Swiftness that he dismisses you from his Memory, after a thousand promises of *never forgetting* you.

" If *Familiarity breeds Contempt*, he ought to be the most despicable creature living; for *My Dear Friend* is the first Title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that Minute ; and *the next time you visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you Joy of the Possession of what you are now asking me for*, is the dialect you understand him by; when if you understand him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making Addresses to him."

He then plunges *in medias res*, and treats of London itself. The description of the streets and the passengers is full of the most ridiculous figures ; one may form a better idea of the state of the metropolis at that time from this description, and a comparison with things as they exist at present, than from any other source :—

" Some carry, others are carried: *Make way there*, says a gouty-legged Chairman that is carrying a *Bartholomew* Baby Beau, newly launched out of a Chocolate-house with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make room there*, says another Fellow driving a Wheel-barrow of Nuts, that spoil the Lungs of the City Prentices. One draws, another drives. *Stand up there you blind Dog*, says a Carman, *you will have the Cart squeeze your Guts out !* One Tinker knocks, another bawls, *Have you Brass-pot, Kettle, Skillet, or a Frying-pan to mend !* Whilst another yelps louder than *Homer*'s Stentor, *Two a groat, and Four for sixpence Mackerel !* One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and howls out, *Buy my Flounders*, and is followed by an old burly Drab, that screams out the Sale of her *Maids* and her *Soul* at the same instant.

" Here a sooty Chimney-sweeper takes the Wall of a grave *Alderman*, and a *Broom-man* justles the *Parson* of the Parish. There a fat greasy *Porter* runs a Trunk full-butt upon you, while another salutes you with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter*. *Turn out there you Country Putt*, says a *Bully* with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his heels, and throws him into the Kennel. By and by comes a *Christening*, with a *Reader* screwing up his Mouth to deliver the Service *alamode de Paris*, and afterwards talk immoderately nice and dull with the Gossips, the *Midwife* strutting in the Front, and young Original Sin as fine as Fippence, followed with the Vocal Musick of *Kitchen stuff ha' you Maids*, and a *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to see a Calf with six Legs and a Topknot. There goes a Funeral, with the Men of Rosemary after it, licking their Lips after three bits of White, Sack, and Claret, at the House of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as big and bluff as a *Beef-eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* scampers for't as fast as his Legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of *Bandog Bailiffs*, with open Mouths ready to devour him and all the Nine Muses."

Sir Richard Blackmore in that day enjoyed such a fame as some of the bad poets of our own times hold now ; that is, he was lauded by the foolish and thoughtless, and despised by

" The sacred few, whose just applause is fame."

Brown's treatment of him is severe enough, it must be confessed. Sir Richard at this time was practising as a physician, and the author feigning that his Indian friend is seized with a sudden indisposition, takes that opportunity of seeking the assistance of the Poet and Physician.

" The worshipful Graduate in the

noble art of Manslaughter, receiv'd us with a Civility that was peculiar to him at the Sight of four Half-crowns; and though he had made a *Sine-cure* of most of his other Patients, recovered him from his indisposition in an instant. But as the Doctor's voluminous Works made no ordinary Figure among the refuse of the learned in *Duck-lane*, or those redoubted Authors that take the Benefit of the Air upon the Rails in *Morefields*, so the Method he made use of towards his Recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no sooner enter'd into his Consultation-Room, but the Physician in Ordinary made his appearance with two large Folios in his hands, and having ask'd me the nature of my Friend's distemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an account of it himself) and made some Enquiry with his Fingers, in relation to the beating of the Pulse, he open'd the *tremendous* Page by way of Exorcism, and fell a reading one of the descriptions of Prince *Arthur*'s Battles so pathetically, that the very noise of the Words awaken'd the modest *Indian* out of his Lethargy, and by way of Sympathy freed him from one Fright, by putting him into another.

" For heaven's sake, said the Patient, my dear Friend, where are we, or what language does that honest Gentleman there make use of, that rattles so mightily in the throat, and confounds a Man's Understanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *English* Doctors, cry'd I, that having *Murder'd* the people, is for extirpating the *Language*, and falling foul upon every individual Syllable that composes the Vocabulary. He's a Poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes verses in his own Coach too. He tells a Story admirably well in a Coffee house, if Apothecaries and Surgeons are Judges, and has been some time since made a Fool of at Court, if there are any wise Men there. In short, he has been dignified with a title for making a King of a Prince; and whatever you do, you must use him as the great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the best Man at *heroicks*, in the present age, or he'll dismiss you with a Pill to rectify your Judgment, that shall send you to a place where a great many bold *Tell-truths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or sit within ten yards of him, up one pair of stairs at *Garraway*'s Coffee-house, you must cry, *Sir* Richard, *your paraphrase upon* Job *outdoes your* Arthurs; but for your own dear Health's sake, don't say, in Dulness."

In the course of their perambulations, they take the hospital of Bedlam, then in Moorfields. Rare food for melancholy mirth.

" *Bedlam* is a pleasant Piece, that it is, and abounds with amusements; the first of which is the building so stately a Fabrick for Persons wholly unsensible of the Beauty and Use of it: The Outside is a perfect Mockery to the Inside, and admits of two amusing Queries, Whether the Persons that ordered the Building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? And whether the Name and Thing be not as disagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one entire Amusement? Some were praying, others cursing and swearing. Some were dancing, others groaning. Some singing, others crying, and all in perfect Confusion."

" Here were *Persons* confined, that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence, ran mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that, for want of Wit and Sense, ran mad for want of Victuals; and a Hard-favour'd *Citizen's Wife*, that lost her Wits because her *Husband* had so little as to let her know that he kept a handsome Mistress. In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* pleading; in another a *Civilian* sighing; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a morose melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against abuses at Court, and Mismanagements. A fifth had a comical sort of a Fellow, that was laughing at his Physician, Doctor *Tyson*, for his great Skill in *Taciturnity*; and a sixth, had a *Cantabrigian* Organist for his Tenant, that had left Sonnet and Madrigal for Philosophy, and had lost his *Senses* for a Fool, while he was in pursuit of *Knowledge*. How now! said I, honest Friend, what dost thou think of *Materia Prima*, and the rest of the pretended *Entities*? I think, said he, if you thought of 'em at all you would

ask a more pertinent Question, for I am mad because I know nothing of the Matter, when thou art so much in love with Ignorance, thou wouldst have lost thy Wits if thou had'st."

"Missing many others, who I thought deserved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houses of the same Foundation in the City, where they were disposed till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualifyed to be admitted Members of this *soberer* Society. The Projectors, who are generally broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. Those, continued he, in whose Constitutions Folly has the Ascendant over Frenzy, are permitted to reside, and be smoaked in Coffee-Houses; and those that by the Governours of this Hospital, are thought utterly incurable, are shut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhausted, and they begin to dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hospital built for that Purpose near *Amen-Corner*."

The Theatres at the time our author wrote preserved as little decorum on the stage, as decency in the parts filled by the audiences. They were more essentially public places, where folks went for the purpose of meeting their acquaintances. The strict propriety which now governs certain parts of our Theatres, is most creditable to the state of the public morals; how differently it was formerly, let Tom Brown's description tell:—

"The *Play-House* is an inchanted Island, where nothing appears in reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by Persons of all Degrees and qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here *Lords* come to laugh, and to be laughed at for being there, and seeing their Qualities ridiculed by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the amorous Smirk, the *Alamode* Grin, the antick Bow, the newest fashioned Cringe, and how to adjust their Phiz, to make themselves as ridiculous by Art as they are by Nature.

"Hither come the Country Gentlemen to shew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their Handsome Wives, and their Housewifery.

"There sits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not stir his Head, nor move his Body, for Fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de dance* set it in; Men of *Figure* and Consideration are known by seldom being there, men of *Wisdom* and Business, by being always absent. The Lord is known by his Ribbon, and Tom Durfey, or some other Impertinent Poet, talking Nonsense to him; the Lord by sitting on the *Kit Kat* Side, and *Jacob Tonson* standing Door-keeper for him; the rest of the Witty Nobility have their several distinguishing Characteristicks; and those that are the easiest things to be *understood* in the Universe."

Sir John Vanbrugh had about this time plundered poor Colley Cibber of the hint and some of the characters of his "*Love's Last Shift*," from which he produced his own play of "*the Relapse*;" and our author, with that good taste which he never fails to display in matters strictly literary, though in others he is "the most offending soul alive," reprobates the ridiculous character of Lord Foppington in very severe but just terms:—

"When a *Humour* takes in *London*, they ride it to death e'er they leave it: The *Primitive Christians* were not persecuted with half that Variety as the poor *Unthinking Beaus* are tormented with upon the Theatre: *Character* they supply with a smutty *Song*, *Humour* with a *Dance*, and *Argument* with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has oft reprieved many a scurvy Play from *Damning*. A huge great Muff, and a gaudy Ribbon hanging at a Bully's Back, is an excellent Jest, and new-invented Curses, as, *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragm*, *Slit my Windpipe*, *Sink me Ten Thousand Fathom-deep*, rig up a new Beau, though in the Main 'tis but the same everlasting Coxcomb; and there's as much difference between their *Rhimes* and *solid Verse*, as between the Royal *Psalmist* and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay*'s and *Eke*'s about 'em."

It would be unjust indeed if the law or the lawyers should escape the lash of such a satirist. His description of Westminster Hall would create a smile even upon the rueful visage of a

condemned client, in the last agonies of paying a taxed bill. We can, however, only give the following extract:—

"Although nothing is durable in this *transitory World*, yet 'tis observ'd that this Saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of *eternal Continuance*, as Thousands have found true by woful Experience; I mean *Chancery Suits*. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd *Solicitors* and *Barristers*, make it their whole Business to keep the *Shuttlecock* in motion, and when one Hand is weary, they play it into another: 'Tis the chiefest Part of their Religion to keep up and animate the differences among their Clients, as 'twas with the *Vestal Virgins* in the *Days of Yore*, to maintain the sacred Fire."

He is no less severe upon the professors of physic, whose country he describes as being situate upon "the narrow passage from this world to the next;"—and their language as very learned, though the people who speak it are very ignorant. After describing the country, he says,

"Here were also Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Dislocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and spoke *Greek* Words, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the gravest among them, propounded this Question to the rest. Suppose a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, and lies all bruised upon the *Deck*, pray what is the *First Intention* in that Case? A brisk Fellow answers, You must give him *Irish* Slate *quantum sufficit*, and embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem*. At which I seeming to smile, another reprimands me, saying, *What do you laugh at, Sir, the man's i'th' right on't*. To whom I reply'd, with Reverence to your Age and Understanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a Man falls from the *Main Yard*, the first Intention is, *To take him up again*.

"Not but that there are some Quacks honest fellows. This Foreigner here, for Instance, is a Man of Conscience, that will take you but half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lamb's-Conduit* Water as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Distempers. He Swears it, and Swears like Titus Oates on the right side of the Hedge, since this very individual Water has cured him of poverty, which comprehends all Diseases."

We shall conclude with Brown's description of what he calls his "own dear country"—a tavern. This passage gives a clear idea of his character, not a very favourable one, it is true, but no man can quarrel with the candour of it.

"But how have I forgot my own *dear Country*, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*, that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder-working Liquor of the World, that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in his own Conceit, a *Coward* valiant, and a *Beggar* as rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Ease, and in Plenty, swagger and carouse, quarrel with the *Master*, fight the *Drawer*, and never trouble my self about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me: A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a new *Amusement*."

We propose at some future opportunity to give a further account of such of the other works of this author, as, we hope our Readers will agree with us, deserve to be noticed.

DEATH'S HIEROGLYPHICS.

Of them, who wrapt in earth so cold,
  No more the smiling day shall view,
Shall many a tender tale be told;
  For many a tender tale is due. — Langhorne.

OH! had we the art that in Mizraim's climes
  The Sages of old in embalming display'd;
How many had lived to posterity's times,
  Whose names and whose ashes alike have decay'd!
And could we but trace where those relics reposed,
  In mystical symbols their deeds and their doom;
Unchanged in the vault would the form be enclosed,
  With the tale of his life written fair on his tomb.

The ancients of Egypt entwined round the dead,
  The Papyrus that bright immortality gave;
By a far-distant age the memorial is read,
  And a far-distant nation bends over the grave.
Thus the magic of Sorrow might frame such a spell,
  As the damps of the sepulchre never could tame;
While the symbols of Love, Honour, Friendship, should tell,
  Of those whom they cover'd the virtues and name.

Let a Sovereign, whene'er he descends to the dust,
  Be embalm'd in the tears of the Nation he sway'd;
The proudest of titles that perfume might trust,
  Which Eternity's years should behold undecay'd!
And to long after-times, would a crown with an heart
  The story unfold of his worth and his power;
The flush of the purple itself might depart,
  But a record so lovely no time could devour.

The Hero who falls in the battle,—enfold
  In the standard he fought for, an emblem sublime;
When ages on ages above him have roll'd,
  His blood spilt upon it shall guard him from time.
Whoe'er should a fond faithful lover survive,
  Their sighs and remembrance the corse should perfume;
Keep the name with a long lasting sorrow alive,
  And a branch of dark cypress emplant by the tomb.

Let the Poet, for oh! he'll be soonest of all
  Forgot when his strains shall be flowing no more;
Sleep by some sparkling fountain whose murmurs recall
  The verses he sang to delight ye before.
Place beside him his lyre, and one laurel leaf bring,
  Whene'er thou shalt rove where his relics remain;
Then, the softest of sighs shall awaken the string,
  And his own silent harp sound responsive again. 𝔏.

YOUTH AND AGE.

OH! could we but keep unsuspecting
  Our hearts as they beat in our youth;
The vices of man undetecting,
  And pure as the birth-day of truth;—
'Twould be worth all the books of the sages,
  Who sought human nature within;
And sullied their souls and their pages,
  With records of sorrow and sin.

For what do we learn, but the story
  That man will our confidence blight?—
And the longer we study, the more he
  Displays his dark soul to the sight.
Till grieved at the sad repetition
  Of crimes that our feelings have crost;
In age we are cursed with suspicion,
  And childhood's warm heart is quite lost.

When thus disappointment shall rive it,
  The love which it felt was in vain;
'Twas wounded too deep to survive it,
  'Tis too cold to enkindle again.
No rays of affection can fire it,
  But vacant and lifeless it lies;
Till a soul ever youthful inspire it,
  And a world without guilt shall arise. 𝔏.

MISCELLANEA.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

AN account of all the weekly newspapers published in London, laid before Parliament some time since, has suggested the idea, that a general view of the Newspaper Press, as it exists at the present time might not be an unacceptable paper to lay before our readers.

We shall commence then with the Parliamentary Return. Even in it's limited scale, this document contains the names of forty-two journals; of these, however, several had perished between 1817 and 1820, the years embraced in the record: the remaining number consequently stands at 32; but several have originated in the year 1821, not comprised in this list, which would carry the number to within a very few of the first total. Of these, twenty-two have taken from the Stamp-office within the year, above three millions and a quarter of stamps, the lowest number being 825, and the highest, 992,500. The other journals enumerated, probably purchase their stamps from their stationers, and therefore the Stamp-office could furnish no clue to their demand. The number of advertisements on which duties were paid by these journals in 1820 is, in round numbers, about 23,300; and the total amount of the tax they paid to the Treasury, about £46,000.

It is not within our limits to name all the journals to which the foregoing epitome applies; and we therefore name those only of the largest sale:—*Bell's Weekly Despatch*; and *the Englishman*, on Sunday; *the Examiner; the Guardian;* and *the Literary Gazette*, the highest Saturday, are at between yearly 130,000 and 200,000: *the County Herald*, above 200,000; *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, and *the News*, above 500,000; and *the Observer*, above 900,000. It is observable, from the return, that, in several instances, there has been considerable fluctuations in the sale of certain journals. The best established do not vary much; others exhibit a certain and rapid decline; while *the Observer*, nearly doubled it's sale in 1820. The most violent of the opposition press stood higher in 1819 than in 1820; and in general, the papers less decidedly of a party character, have encreased; while those of a contrary cast have diminished. It is observable, at the same time, that other, besides political causes, have conduced to this state of things. One journal may have struck upon popular articles: another may have failed in similar features; and those which mix literary matters, and matters of taste, with politics and news, may have been affected by various considerations.

All the periodicals above mentioned are produced on the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday: but there is another class of considerable importance published in the metropolis, which does not come under the designation of the daily press. There are five papers, the *British Mercury*, *Christian Reporter*, *Philanthropic Gazette*, *Military Gazette*, and *Moderator*, peculiar to Wednesday; one, *the Farmer's Journal*, claims Monday; *the Law Chronicle* belongs to Thursday; *the Hue and Cry*, or *Police Gazette*, is seen only every third week; and *the Literary Advertiser* on the 10th of every month. On the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, *the Evening Mail*, *London Packet*, and *London Chronicle;* and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, *the Commercial Chronicle*, *English Chronicle*, *General Evening Post*, and *St. James's Chronicle*, which are all called thrice-a-week papers, are published, and, though not much read in London, have most of them, we believe, a respectable country circulation. In town, the population wants it's food of news daily; while in the provinces many are contented to be instructed on alternate days. There is also *the Courier de Londres* every Tuesday and Friday; and, *the London Gazette*, by authority, every Tuesday and Saturday.

Taking the average of the sale of these eighteen papers at 1,000, their thirty-four impressions will amount to 34,000 weekly, to be added to the first order, or about 1¾ million in the course of the year.

The Third, and best-known class of London newspapers, consists of the daily morning and evening publi-

cations; the former comprehending Eight,—*the British Press, Morning Advertiser, Morning Chronicle, Morning Herald, Morning Post, New Times, Public Ledger*, and *Times*. The latter also eight, *the Courier, Globe, Star, Sun, Statesman, Traveller, True Briton*, and *British Traveller*. The eight morning papers have a daily sale of from 18 to 20,000: and the eight evening papers amount probably from 12,000 to 14,000. We will take the two united at about 33,000 per diem, which makes an addition to the preceding weekly sale of newspapers of more than 200,000, and to the yearly total of about ten millions and a half.

The consumption of newspapers published in London alone, therefore, will on these data amount annually to—

Papers of Saturday, and Sunday with Monday editions,	3,250,000
Of other weekly, twice and thrice a-week papers	1,750,000
And of daily papers	10,500,000
Grand yearly total	15,500,000

or about 300,000 every week, or 50,000 every day!

When we look at the great price of this article, which from it's demand may well be reckoned among the necessaries of life, at the Revenue it produces without the trouble even of collection, at the multitude of persons to whom it affords employment, at the quantity it uses of manufactures and mechanism, paper, type, presses, &c. &c.; at it's various ramifications as a source of industry and property in rent, insurances, buildings, newsvenders, postage conveyances; and above all, at it's commercial, scientific, social, political, and moral influence, it will stand forward to the contemplation as one of the most extraordinary objects even of this extraordinary age.

But what we have yet considered is only a part of the whole; there are still an infinitely greater number of provincial newspapers to be added to the list. There is hardly a town of any size in the kingdom which has not it's journal. Glancing at the newsman's list we observe, that Birmingham has 4, Bristol 5, Bath 4, Brighton 3, Cambridge 2, Canterbury 3, Carlisle 2, Chelmsford 2, Chester 3, Coventry 2, Durham 2, Exeter 4, Gloucester 2, Hull 3, Ipswich 2, Leeds 3, Liverpool 6, Leicester 2, Manchester 7, Maidstone 2, Newcastle 3, Norwich 2, Nottingham 2, Oxford 2, Preston 2, Plymouth 3, Sheffield 3, Sherborne 2, Stamford 2, Whitehaven 2, Worcester 2, and York, 3. And this list as we have not minuted places where papers are published only once a week by no means includes all the country journals published. In England and Wales, however, it extends it's enumeration to one hundred and thirty-three, all of which are weekly, except the two belonging to Canterbury, which appear twice a week.—The Isle of Man, Jersey, and Guernsey produce each two weekly journals.—Scotland has thirty-one in the list, to which Aberdeen contributes 2, Air 2, Dumfries 2, Dundee 2, Edinburgh 9, Glasgow 4, Inverness 2, Kelso 2, and Montrose 2. Of these, there are three Edinburgh published thrice a week, and three twice; two at Glasgow thrice a week, and one twice; Greenock, twice a week, and one at Kelso twice a week; raising the whole to forty-seven within that period.

Ireland publishes fifty-six, of which Belfast has 4, Cork 4, Clonmel 2, Dublin 16, Ennis 2, Galway 3, Kilkenny 2, Limerick 4, Tralee 2, and Waterford 2. Among these, four of the Dublin are daily, and there are others thrice and twice a week, to make the total weekly 126 publications,

The sums total therefore are, weekly,

English Provincials	135
Isles of Man, Guernsey and Jersey	6
Scotland	47
Ireland	126
Total	314

Many of the country newspapers have a very great sale, so that we should probably not exceed the truth in averaging them at two thousand. The result would then be above 620,000 weekly, or 36 millions and a half annually, to be added to the mass of the metropolis, and augmenting the grand total to above fifty millions of sheets within the year, or a weekly million distributed over the country, and despatched abroad!

Though simply speculative, it would be curious to calculate on these data the number of readers in the kingdom, the number of hours employed in read-

ing, and the quantum of effect produced in conversation, by this prodigious circulation of newspapers. At a first view, it would seem that the entire adult population of Great Britan did nothing else but print and peruse journals. It is however sufficiently obvious, that these channels of intelligence and of opinion are so widely ramified, that they must have an incalculable influence on the weal or ill of the people; and this ought to be a serious warning to those who conduct them, beyond all laws of restraint, above the dread of all associations to prosecute, and dearer than any motives of selfish interest. The lowest paper has it's circle, upon whose minds it operates; and it's duty is,—to speak the truth, to discourage vicious, and instil beneficial principles. To those whose popularity gives them an extensive sphere, we need hardly insist on the important nature of the functions.—Every one superintending a periodical work in great demand, must be made sensible of his power at every step he moves.—It meets him in society, in public and in private; and it deeply affects individual as well as general interests: for tastes are formed, judgments are upheld, and acts of moment are done on no other grounds, and too often with no other enquiry.

We meant, in this view of the Newspaper press, to have described at some length, the labours connected with the varieties of newspapers,—the weekly and daily publications; but our space compels us to brevity.

We shall pass the weekly, and just sketch a morning newspaper; the contents of which would make a three guinea volume, as books are now fashionably got up.

In the first place, the advertisements are continually printing. During the sitting of Parliament, each journal has from six to ten, or more gentlemen of literary acquirements, engaged in reporting the debates. These succeed each other in rotation in the gallery of the House of Commons, or space for strangers in the upper house; and remain, as may be requisite, half an hour, an hour, or two hours respectively, to take notes of what passes; as one retires, another occupies his place; and the succession lasts till the business is done. In the same way, the matter is delivered to the printers; the first reporter goes to the office and writes out his part of the debate, while the second is carrying on the system of note-taking; and so the whole proceeds through four, to ten individuals. This division of labour renders that practicable which would otherwise be thought impossible, and is proceeded with upon the same principle in the printing-office. The principal printer receives the debates written on slips of paper, and distributes them to his compositors, to be put in type. When finished, the matter is put regularly together, and impressions are taken as the work goes on, which are submitted to the reader for correction. Again handed to the compositors, the necessary alterations are made in the type; and the proof is read once more before it is finally made up into columns for the editor, and for putting into the shape in which it is published. The news, and politics, and all other branches of the paper, undergo a similar process: and it is altogether curious to see the busy scene in which perhaps ten able writers, a number of clever printers, superintending readers, correctors, and editors, are all co-operating to the publication on the following morning of that well-filled sheet, of which the very commencement was witnessed only twelve hours before. The circumstances of getting the sheet stamped at the Stamp-office, wetting for printing, and submitting them to the press in pages, it would prolong this article too much to detail: we shall only mention that, for expedition's sake, it is often necessary to print the latest made-up pages four or five times over; so that, though only one sheet is produced, it is frequently set up, in *fac similes*, twice or thrice. To conclude the whole, the publishing of a large impression is, in itself, remarkable. The speed with which reams of moist paper are counted and disposed of in quires, dozens, and single papers, to the various newsmen,—the clamour of their boys, and the impatience of the *devils*, constitute a spectacle of no common kind. The evening papers, which take their reports from those of the morning, are, of course, spared a very considerable expense. Some of the leading morning journals disburse for literary assistance and printing above £200. weekly; though none of the evening, we presume, expend one half of that amount, however liberal they are in

providing for the public entertainment and information. In the weekly prints, the system is nearly the same; only they proceed more leisurely, in consequence of their work being spread over six days. Few of them look much after original matter; except, perhaps, that some of the leading Sunday newspapers obtain an account from the Law Courts on Saturday, and of any late news on that day. Their expenses are thus comparatively inconsiderable, and their emoluments great. It is not easy to speak with certainty, nor would it be right to do so, of the profits of any particular journals; we shall therefore conclude by stating the common rumour that, at least, one morning paper is worth from fifteen to eighteen; two from eight to ten; one evening, more than ten; and one, or perhaps two weekly, from three to five thousand pounds per annum.

It will be perhaps expected, that in speaking of the Periodical Press, we should say somewhat of Magazines, but this would be an exceedingly tender subject, and we therefore waive it for the present; proceeding to conclude the dissertation before us, by analyzing

THE MORALITY OF NEWSPAPERS.

Of all the improvements of civilization, there is, after all, nothing like a Newspaper; and the newspapers of our times are the *ne plus ultra* of journals. "*Venimus ad summun fortunæ.*" Such variety, such abundance, such a happy adaptation to all sorts of tastes: Whigs, Tories, Royalists, Radicals, and Ultra-radicals;—all have their measure accurately taken; and from *The Hue and Cry*, up to *Cobbett's Register*, there is such an infinity of shadings, that a man's politics must be as badly shaped as Yorick's head, if he does not somewhere find the echo of his opinion. In this point of view a newspaper is no bad index of men's dispositions and pursuits. Our maiden sister, who is full ten years' older than ourselves, though she will not own it, ever casts her eyes first on the marriages; our married sister reads, *par preference*, the fashionable intelligence; our niece, the theatrical bulletin; young Hopewell, our nephew, is divided between Tattersall's and the Five's Court; our brother looks to the price of stocks; and we to the advertisements; while Doctor Drowsy, our nephew's tutor, begins patiently at "*Wednesday December the 19th,*" and reads straight down to "*London, printed and published.*"

The advertising columns of a newspaper are, to a philosopher, who sees into the essence of things, a camera obscura, or moving picture of the world, in which whatever is passing abroad is reflected with a fidelity and perspicuity that delight and edify; and we protest, were we historiographer to our respected King, or a compiler for *The Annual Register*, we would rather have the newspaper advertisements for our original documents, than *The Gazette*, and *The Moniteur* both together. Indeed, we are quite convinced, that if those veracious continuators of Smollet and Hume, who, for a reason the very opposite of Pope's,

"Write in numbers, for the numbers —go,"

were to pay more attention to this branch of philosophy, their works would at once be more lively and accurate.

Do not, for example, the advertisements from the Ordinance-office give "dreadful note of preparation," more certain and trust-worthy than "we are credibly informed?"—"Advices received from Trieste;" or "We have it from the best authority?" in all which, credence follows in the inverse ratio of asseveration. Then again, in matters of trade, revenue, and other branches of political economy, the notices to insolvents afford much plainer indications of national prosperity or adversity, than could be gathered from all the Custom-house returns that ever were printed.

It must, however, be freely confessed, that documents of this description are not every body's market, and that not only genius is necessary to pick the marrow from the bone, but much perspicuity also, to avoid such errors as that of the Frenchman, who inferred the political corruption of England from the column which he imagined an address to Lord L——, which is headed in large capitals,—"WANT PLACES!" Those who know the details of office can best tell how egregious a blunder the presuming traveller made; and can answer that the whole newspaper would not contain

all the applications to the heads of departments from gentlemen who *Want Places!* Applications,—which employ so many corresponding clerks only to answer them. But it is chiefly for the minor moralities that the advertisements of a newspaper may be usefully studied, though occasionally the more heroic virtues are both theoretically and practically illustrated in these productions. The devotion and gratitude of Members of Parliament, as set forth in their addresses to the electors after the return, and their humility and patriotism during the canvass, are enough to move the stubbornest hearts, and have touched our's again and again almost to tears.

The offers of money lenders are splendid testimonies of the innate generosity of our very dear countrymen, amongst whom Jews and Christians rival each other with a zeal and devotion the most flattering to the national character. The hospitality of those who provide board and lodging for young men standing in need of such accommodation, is no less praiseworthy; while the terrible denunciations against vicious indulgencies so fearfully promulgated by the *velites* of the Esculapian band, ought to reclaim the most hardened sinner. Matrimonial advertisements afford striking proofs of modesty, the absence of pretence, and the *bonhommie* of the age, no less than the prevalent contempt for pecuniary motives. He who doubts the advantages of education, may be convinced of his error by studying the promises of dancing masters; while the advertisements of insurance-offices are lessons of prudence, and those of the lottery-office keepers are direct incitements to that enterprise which is the life and soul of a commercial people. Then it is impossible to look over the "*Sales of Estates*" without a crowd of moral reflections rushing upon the imagination. The uncertainty of human affairs, the instability of fortune, the "*quantum in rebus inane*" are felt at a first glance; while a more steady and protracted scrutiny points the close connexion of cause and effect, which regulates the transfer of property,—connecting extravagance with ruin, and vice with beggary. On the other hand, it must be owned that incentives to vicious excesses are to be found in the multifarious reading of the advertising columns: that wives are tempted to extravagance at "*Le Magazin des Modes;*" that "*The curious in fish-sauce*" are seduced to *gourmandise* by Mr. Burgess; and that "*real old port at forty-two shillings per dozen,*" lays the foundation of many a head-ache and bilious fever. But this is the nature of things. "*Corruptio optimi pessima;*" and use and abuse, by the fatality of man's disposition, go hand in hand. However, like the viper, the newspaper carries with it the remedy for it's own poison. The "*Eau medicinale*" is found in juxta-position with "*Fresh turtle every day;*" and the "*New invented essence of shrimps*" serves but as an index to—"*Barclay's antibilious pills.*"

To the Philanthropist, the first and last pages of a newspaper are a perpetual feast. How must the humane and generous heart glow with delight at each fresh proof of the enterprise and ingenuity of the species; and at each new triumph over Nature and Time. What food for self-congratulation at being born in an age and nation, to which no obstacle is invincible, and each new want becomes the source of abundant gratification. On one side we have a pomade to make the hair grow, and on the other an ointment to check it's exuberance, when we have the misfortune to apply the pomade in a wrong place. In the same page we find washes to preserve the gums, and in the next, indestructible teeth to fit into them. The successes of our tradesmen in this department are most consoling; and we cannot conceal our hopes, that those who sweeten the breath, and check the progress of decay in our teeth, may produce a Reform in Parliament; that the "most sweet voices" of the Senators may become as wholesome as their kisses; that the incorruptibility of their grinders may pass to their votes; that journalists may cease to be foul-mouthed, and that the spirit of purity may pass from the persons to the minds of our representatives.

What a pleasing reflection it must afford too, in reading the journals, to pass from disease to disease, from deformity to deformity, and behold science and ingenuity triumphing over all. Our medical writers, like so many St. Georges, with each a dragon prostrate at his feet, restoring their fellow creatures from conditions too loath-

some to behold, and from maladies "*universally deemed incurable*," to the plenitude of youthful vigour and soundness of constitution. Then how delightful to know that stays may be had which remedy the worst deformity, and that when the "*Macassar oil*" has lost it's power, wigs are made that put Nature to the blush; that whiskers are manufactured that would deceive the lynx-like glasses of a drill-serjeant, and that eyes are fabricated so very cleverly that they do every thing but see.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

To commence with the most prominent portion of this interesting subject, we may announce that Mr. Karamsin has almost completed the IXth Volume of his History of Russia. This part, which will shortly appear at St. Petersburg, contains the conclusion of the reign of John Wassiljewitsch the Terrible, whom the author represents in all his frightful greatness; and several extracts from it, which Mr. Karamsin read in a public sitting of the Russian Academy, were received with unanimous approbation. The style is as remarkable for clearness and purity as it is for elegance and strength, excellencies which can hardly be appreciated in the French translation. The attention of the friends of literature is also directed to a romantic poem just published there, called "Rouslan and Ludmila," the author of which, Mr. Puschkin, formerly a pupil in the Lyceum of Tzarskoie-Selo, and at present holding a situation under the Governor-General of Bessarabia, is not above 22 years of age. The poem is founded on the national tales of the time of the great Prince Wladimir, and is enriched with beauties of the first order. The style is energetic and sublime, but always elegant and chaste, and affords the most pleasing hopes of the author.

The Emperor Alexander has given orders to purchase 9,000 copies of the New Testament in the Sclavonian language, for the Petersburgh Bible Society, to be distributed among his troops. The Bell and Lancaster systems of education begin to find friends at St. Petersburgh; on the other hand, the system of Pestalozzi is known but to very few. The Rev. Mr. Muralt, formerly an assistant to Pestalozzi, established a boarding-school in that city eight years ago, which is now very flourishing. He has, for his assistants, some able and enlightened men, who are engaged in compiling elementary books for the principal branches of human knowledge. One of them, Mr. Duplan, is said to have ready in MS. several works on Arithmetic, Geography, &c. according to the system of Pestalozzi; and a course of practical Arithmetic, which he proposes to have printed in Paris, is said to be a work well adapted to the instruction of youth.

The newspapers and periodical journals published in the Russian empire, including the official gazettes of St. Petersburgh, but not those published in Riga, Mittau, Dorpat, &c. in the German language, are the following:—"The Petersburgh Gazette," called also the Court Gazette, edited by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, began in 1718, and published every Tuesday and Friday in the Russian language. It contains domestic and foreign news, very often extracted from the "Hamburgh Correspondent." It has three Supplements, two of which contain official and private advertisements, and the third scientific articles drawn up by the Academy. This paper is also published in German in the same form, but with this difference, that the article on foreign news is very ably written by Mr. Schubert, a member of the Academy. "The Russian Invalid, or Military Gazette," has been published ever since February, 1813, in three different editions, Russian, Polish, and German. The proprietor and editor, Mr. Pesarovius, from the beginning assigned the profits of the paper for the benefit of the soldiers wounded during the last war, and for the widows and orphans of the deceased. This patriotic undertaking was crowned with adequate success; the number of subscribers was very considerable, and patriotic donations flowed in from all parts of the empire, so that Mr. Pesarovius, after having distributed very considerable sums among the invalids, was enabled, in December, 1815, to present to the Emperor a capital of 395,000 rubles in

bank-bills. The Emperor did not leave him unrewarded; he also appointed him Member of the Committee of Invalids, consisting of his Adjutants-General. Since this time, the "Russian Invalid" has become the organ of the military ordinances. Besides these, it contains the foreign news, without any particular selection, from the Hamburgh and Berlin papers. "The Gazette of the Senate" has appeared since 1811, every Saturday, in Russian and German, in 4to. and contains the Ukases, &c. of the emperor, published by every department. The "Conservateur Impartial," published every Tuesday and Friday, in 4to. in the French language, and edited by the Abbé Manguin, is not of much importance. It contains court news, advertisements, and foreign intelligence from the "Hamburgh Correspondent," and "Journal des Debats." "The Journal of the Imperial Philanthropic Society," appears in monthly numbers of six or seven sheets, in the Russian language, and contains news respecting several Russian as well as foreign charitable institutions; together with the Reports of the Society.

The following are the daily and other journals published in the Russian language; of which "The Son of the Country; or, the Patriot," claims the pre-eminence. It has been edited, since October, 1812 by Mr. Gretsch, formerly Director of the Military School for Mutual Instruction of the Imperial Guards. It is published every Saturday, in numbers of three 8vo. sheets, and is dedicated to Russian history, politics, and Russian and foreign literature. It contains many original articles, and extracts from travels, written in the Russian language. This journal is distinguished for the severe, very often satirical, tone of it's criticisms, which are not always impartial, and which involve it's editor in a continual war with the other journals. The Fine Arts are also treated of by "The Patriot:" it lately contained a very interesting article on the last exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and a very severe, but, as it appears, a well-founded criticism on the plan of the new church of St. Isaac's, built by Mr. Montferrand.—Mr. Gretsch was lately fortunate enough to obtain the distinguished assistance of Mr. Wojekoff, formerly Professor at Dorpat, of Mr. Tukowski, a poet of the first rank, and of Mr. Batuscholf, now at Naples.

"The Spirit of the Journals," edited since 1815, by Mr. Tatchenkoff, Counsellor of State, is published in numbers of several sheets, every fourteen days; and contains several valuable articles on political economy. The language of this journal is very free and daring. "The Well Disposed," published by Mr. Izmailoff, Counsellor of Finance, in numbers of four sheets every fortnight, is solely dedicated to literature, and occasionally contains very interesting essays in prose and poetry; but the editor is accused of partiality to trivial subjects, and is called the *Russian Teniers.*

"The Promoter of Civilization and Beneficence," published by the Society of Friends of Russian Literature, has appeared since 1818, in monthly numbers, of from seven to nine sheets, and contains partly original Eassys and partly translations relative to history and literature. The profits of this journal are allotted to the support of learned men. The director of this society, Mr. Glinka, Colonel of the Guards, and Military Governor of St. Petersburgh, is a man highly distinguished for his talents and principles.

"The Courier of Siberia," published by Mr. Spaszki, who has resided many years in that province, as Intendant of the Mines, appears in monthly numbers of five sheets, and contains much important historical and geographical information relative to that imperfectly known country.

"The Spectator on the Neva" is published by a Society of young men, and appears in monthly numbers of six or seven sheets; it began only this year, and contains literary and scientific articles, chiefly translations.

The following daily and other Journals are also published at Moscow. First, "The Moscow Gazette," published by the University. It contains extracts from the daily papers of St. Petersburgh, and advertisements; it appears twice a week in 4to. has a very great sale in the interior of the Empire, and prints no fewer than 7,000 copies. Secondly, "The European Courier," a Literary and Political Journal, begun in the year 1802,

by Mr. Karamsin, published every fourteen days, in numbers of five sheets 8vo. and containing very valuable information respecting the history of Old Russia, as well as critical examinations of the antiquities of the country. The present Editor is Mr. Katchenowski, Professor of Archæology to the University of Moscow, and perhaps the most learned of all the Russian Journalists. Thirdly, "The Russian Courier," published by Mr. Serga Glinka, every fourteen days, since 1808, in numbers of from three to five 12mo. sheets. It is dedicated to Russian History and Education. The Editor is distinguished for his ardent patriotism, and his hatred to every thing that is not Russian. Fourthly, "The Historical, Statistical and Political Journal," which has been carried on without interruption for twenty-five years; but is nothing more than a translation of the Political Journal of Hamburgh. A Journal is also published at Kasan, in the Russian language, edited by the Professors of that University.

Russia has now 350 living authors, most of whom are of the nobility: and one-eighth of the whole number are clergymen. Up to the year 1807, 4,000 works had appeared in the Russian language. In the year 1810, the Russian National Library was in possession of almost 3,000 volumes by native authors, among which there were 105 romances. There are already 8,000 works in the Russian language. Moscow has nine public libraries and ten printing-offices; St. Petersburgh, seven public libraries and fifteen printing-offices; Wilna, one public library and five printing-offices; Revel, Dorpat, Cracrow, have each one library and two printing-offices: though in all Russia there are only eight or nine letter-foundries.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1821.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Retrospective Review. Vols. I. to IV. London, 1820-21.

VERILY there is no end to the making of books; and in these enlightened days, the "Eve of Publication" is no less formidable to the readers than to the editors of Periodical Literature. Our tables really groan beneath their weight. "They swarm, like the spawn of a cod-fish, with a vicious fecundity that invites and requires destruction." Such, indeed, is the literal and liberal opinion of a certain enlightened Reviewer concerning Poets. "*Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur,*" is his motto; and his practice is in all respects conformable. *Vide Ed. Rev.* vol. xxii. p. 68. Ah! "woe the while and well a day!" things were not so in those "good old times" when the EUROPEAN and the GENTLEMAN's engrossed the whole attention of the "reading public." Even our Series, which we delight to contemplate, arranged *in ordine longo*, half bound in russia extra, with proof impressions and uncut edges,—even our Series, we say, long as it is, would certainly be "found wanting," if "weighed in the balance" with the present offspring of a single year;—"so numerous are the fry!" Holding such opinions, our readers will imagine, that, with no very favourable aspect, we commenced our perusal of this work. Having, however, tried our powers upon the contemporary *Caledonian*, now for the *Retrospective*.

Picture to yourself, courteous reader! the figure of your own ALFRED BEAUCHAMP, seated in our library

chair, by the side of a clear and chearful fire, for it is, we regret to state it, a most tremendously wet day, having a bottle of Chateau Margot by our side, the last three volumes of the *Retrospective* on our table, and the first in our hand, thus preparing to hypercriticize the publication already announced to thee. It is not often that we sit down with malice prepense for the express purpose of condemning a work; but we confess, that in this instance we were prejudiced. Alfred Beauchamp is a man, though it is well known one of the wisest; but even we are not ourself at all times—"*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*" We have, we believe, as few faults as fall to the lot of any who live in these degenerate days: but we do not pretend to be that "*rara avis in terris,*" a "*sine labe monstrum:*" thus "done into English by Mr. Pope," for the benefit of the Ladies;

> "That faultless monster,—which the world ne'er saw."

Such being the case, therefore, we commenced our attack as before mentioned; but ere we had well read the first article, our wrinkles became relaxed, our brow resumed it's customary good-natured expansion, and we continued our labours,—*labor ipse voluptas,*—until our faithful valet, at two hours after midnight, reminded us, that our bottle was empty, our fire out, and both our wax candles burning low in their sockets. Not to weary thee, most gentle reader! we will content ourselves with saying, that when, the next morning, we rose with the sun;—that is,

> "What tyme hee clymeth hys meridian heighte!"—

we resumed our task; and bating two hours spent, as is our usual wont, at breakfast, never discontinued until our arrival at that *ne plus ultra*, the termination of our journey, and the

"End of the Fourth Volume."

In order that our beloved public may be in some degree partakers of the gratification which we enjoyed; in the ensuing remarks we propose, *firstly*, by a few judiciously selected extracts, to recommend the work to more general notice; *secondly*, by a brief survey of it's plan, and the manner of it's execution, to remove some misconceptions, which we know, in some instances, have too generally prevailed upon the subject; and, *lastly*, to point out to it's Editors and Conductors those defects which appear to us to be deserving of their particular consideration.

"And firstly therefore of the first:" As our limits will allow us to make but few extracts, those few shall be taken from the last Number. This course we have adopted, not only because this volume is more agreeable to our taste than any of it's elder brethren,—for, like fame,

> "*Mobilitate viget, vires que acquirit eundo;*"

but, likewise, because it's contents are more likely to prove new to the majority of our readers. The article upon the Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ attributed to Mr. Mathews, vulgo vocuto "*the Invalid,*"* commences with the following elegant remarks, upon the perusal of the Correspondence of Illustrious Persons.

> "There is no mode more pleasant, and perhaps none more profitable, of acquiring historical knowledge, than by carefully gleaning those loose notices of the passing transactions of the day, which lie scattered over the letters of contemporary correspondents. These indirect bye paths to the Temple of History, may be somewhat more circuitous, but they often furnish us incidentally with a succession of picturesque peeps, that are infinitely more interesting, than the bold naked view of the same objects, which is usually presented to the eye of a traveller, who journies along the plain strait road of narrative. Where shall we find so entertaining and instructive an account of the most important period of the Roman History, as in the *familiar Epistles* of Cicero? The history of the times may exhibit the actors upon the stage; but the letters of the parties themselves admit us, as it were, behind the scenes, and shew us the individuals as they really were, stripped of all the tinsel disguises of parade and pretension. In the pages of the one we see the mere spectacle of the puppet shew; in the other we discover the secret springs, which regulate the movements of the personages of the scene. In the one we behold nothing but the dial plate; in the other we are initiated into the mysteries of that ma-

* See "the Diary of an Invalid, by Henry Mathews, Esq. M A." a work, which when we read it about a year or two ago, gave us greater pleasure than almost any we have read since,—the European excepted.

chinery, by which the hands are constrained to point to a particular hour.

"The charm which belongs to this sort of reading, has led to the publication of whole libraries of letters; some of which have been composed too evidently for the press, rather than the post, and have thereby lost much of their interest. There is a principle of inquisitiveness in our nature, which excites us to pry into that, which was not intended for our perusal; while the very idea of it's having been got up, and prepared for our inspection, would do much towards extinguishing all our curiosity. Thus, we can run through the letters of Cowper, even in the voluminous quartos of Mr. Hayley, without any feeling of weariness; because we feel assured, that we are reading the careless effusions of tenderness and friendship, poured out from the overflowings of his heart and his fancy, in the unsuspecting confidence of private correspondence; but we turn away with disgust from the laboured compositions of Anna Seward, who, intent upon posthumous publication, sits down with malice prepense, not to say what she thinks, but to think what she shall say; and carefully taking copies of every epistle she indites, leaves six enormous folios for the edification of posterity."

This is a fair, because an average, specimen of the original matter. Our next extract will be a few verses from the works of Robert Southwell, an unfortunate Jesuit, executed for High Treason in the reign of Elizabeth. Speaking of "Love's Serviic Lot," he says,—

"She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretendeth good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief,—
A kiss, where she doth kill.

A honey shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face,—
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find,
To find,—but nought enjoy;
In many frowns some passing smiles,
She yields to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
For fools to gather up;
Now sweet,—now sour,— to every taste,
She tempereth her crop.

Her watery eyes have burning force;
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks: sobs fuel are;
And sighs but fan the fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers,—
But rather April, wet by kind,—
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words, enthralled souls,
She claims in servile bonds;
Her eye in silence hath a speech,
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Most hap immortal harms,—
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like Winter rose or Summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely,—
Before her hopes, behind remorse,
Fair first,—in fine unkindly.

* * * * * * * *

Plow not the seas, sow now the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress to your mind,
Love's service is in vain."

Our fair readers will be pleased to remember, that the author of the above stanzas was once bound by his vow to perpetual celibacy; and we are by no means answerable for his opinions: for *toute au contraire*, we are amongst their most determined and devoted admirers.

These extracts seem fully to justify the eulogium which we feel it our duty to bestow upon this ably-conducted publication; we have not transcribed either the most brilliant, or the least interesting of it's passages; and have, therefore, presented an impartial specimen of it's general merit.*

In regard to the plan and objects of the work, we are informed in a well written introduction, that they are, in the first place, to supply an instructive and entertaining miscellany, which shall not, like the modern Reviews, be conversant about the Literature of the day; but which will recall the attention of the public to the valuable productions of former times; secondly, to revive the memory of undeservedly neglected books, and by pointing out the merits of those which may be deemed worthy of

* The 8th number contains also a very elaborate article, with translated specimens of the *Shá Námah of Ferdusi;* and several other papers of considerable merit.

recommendation, to assist the reader in the formation of his library; thirdly, by it's numerous and carefully selected extracts, to furnish a collection of specimens of the greater part of our English and other authors, from the earliest times of modern literature;* fourthly, to afford an abstract of those works which are too bulky or too tedious for general perusal, and of which an abstract may often be as useful and more agreeable than the originals: and to extract the only curious and valuable parts from books otherwise worthless;† and lastly, to open a publication for the reception of Bibliographical Notices and Communications of Original Letters of Celebrated Men and Curious Extracts from Old MSS.

When however, we are told that it is their intention to prevent the encrease of books, we confess that we are rather sceptical of the possibility, and ignorant of the means by which it is to be accomplished. While there are readers, we suspect that there will be writers; and we do not think, that adding two goodly volumes of this work every year, will tend to decrease publication. Whether too, the reprinting of Warwick's spare minutes, one of the quaintest little books, printed in the quaintest manner we ever beheld, the life of Bonvenuto Cellini, and the Genuine Remains of the Poet Butler, together with Manwaring's curious account of the travels of Sir Anthony Shirley, reviewed while in MS. upon the strength of their recommendation, is the most effectual method of diminishing the multitude of volumes, we must leave to the Editors and our readers to decide. As to the remaining points they have fully redeemed their pledge.

Of it's faults we can mention but few; and those occur chiefly in the earlier numbers. We object in the first place to the notice of a book, merely because it is scarce, unless it be sufficiently rare to render a notice of it a service to the Science of Bibliography. The "Distractions or Holy Madnesse" of John Gaule, will afford an illustration of our meaning. Had the author, indeed, been as "stark and staring," as he affects to be, he could not have ranted more nonsensically than he did in his sober senses. The Reviewer, therefore, confers a small favour upon us, in introducing to us a book, which, if we possessed, we should very probably fling behind the fire. Very different from this is the account of the "Informacyon for Pylgrymmes" in the first volume. The latter was a work so scarce, that neither Dibdin nor Ames had been able to procure a sight of it; and an account of such a book was therefore highly important to literature.

In an interesting article in the second volume, we are disgusted with the praises bestowed upon certain authors of little note, and of some writers, to praise whom is primâ facie evidence of a depraved taste. Another error is, that it's politics, which, however, are but seldom intruded upon us, are rather of the liberal cast; not that they by any means patronize the dangerous and levelling principles of the radicals, or of their "next of kin," the radical whigs: far from it; but when, from the nature of the subject, politics *must* be brought forward, we should prefer the Toryism of Pitt and Liverpool, to the Whiggism either of a Burke, or of a Sheridan. The last circumstance which excites our dislike is, it's too great attachment to poetical literature. We are, however, very willing to allow, that our taste may be corrupted; and, in conclusion, with all it's imperfections, we most earnestly recommend to our readers the *Retrospective Review*, as well deserving of their warmest patronage.

* Of this description may be considered the splendid articles upon the Early English Drama, and the poetical Literature of Spain: which latter is said to be by Mr. Bowring.

‡ Very many instances of this sort occur, particularly in the poetical department. Here too may be mentioned, the very learned and elaborate article on the Gwedir History; a work, which, with all it's merits, possesses but few attractions for the general reader.

Observations, chiefly in Reply to Remarks made in Parliament during the last Session, on the Subject of Government Clerks. **London, 1821. pp. 78.**

Just as we had addressed ourselves to the consideration of this subject, it was whispered to us that the contemplated measures affecting the government clerks were in part abandoned. This may or may not be true, for London is such a hotbed for the propagation of idle rumours, that a doubt, a hint, or a suggestion, lighting upon a fertile imagination, springs up into a prolific certainty. As the subject, however, is one of enough interest, we shall not sacrifice to chance by delay, but at once deliver to our readers the merits of this question, as concisely and as impartially as possible. That an ill judged economy militates against an operative system, fully as much as a careless profuseness, no one, we presume, will for a moment question. The man who decides upon reducing his establishment, if he go to work effectively, does not level his interdictions at the parings of the table, or merely break in upon the vegetable dishes and bread baskets: but commences at the fountain head; curtails the roast and boiled of their fair proportions, and diminishes the solid quantum of pudding. If two joints have hitherto smoked upon the board, one only is left to rule the roast; essentials are retained, but superfluities are banished: liberal distinctions are made; and parsimony is not mistaken for prudence.

The plan which our author has laid down for the conduct of the question, is simple and good. He has detailed the chief points of the principal speakers upon the subject, sifted them thoroughly, and then combated with much success the opinions of the clamorous oppositionists.

The first point for consideration is, the *implied right* that government assumes in contemplating a reduction from the salaries of the present Clerks at all; which right, for the following reasons, our author entirely denies:—

"The rank which Great Britain holds amongst the European nations, requires the aid of several large offices for the despatch of that business to which her rank gives rise. So long, therefore, as the circumstances of the country remain the same, so long, of necessity, must the present offices continue in existence, or, in other words, they must exist in perpetuity. Now, as offices would be but useless piles of brick and mortar were there no clerks to fill them, it has been found necessary, from time to time, to appoint thereto such individuals for the posting of ledgers and inditing of letters, as seemed, for those purposes, most fit in the eyes of his Majesty's Government. These persons, on entering upon their several duties, have, for the greater number, found, that by the settled, positive, and determinate rule of their respective offices, they were entitled to certain salaries, subject to an addition in proportion to the length of service spent by them in those offices, as well as to certain allowances, guaranteed by 50 Geo. 3, cap. 117, in case, after fixed periods, they were desirous of retiring from their stations. Now, have we not here a vested interest,—as clear and defined a vested intesest as it is possible to possess? How then, I ask, can such a property, with fairness, be knocked on the head? When a person enters a government office, he resolves on sacrificing the first and best years of his existence, to forego every other possible chance of rising in fortune,—for what, can it be supposed? for the puny salary which, at his onset, scarcely allows of his putting food into his mouth?—impossible. For what then, I demand? for the certainty of the employment; for the certainty of finding, in due time, an encrease of revenue; for the certainty of that encrease being to a certain extent; for the certainty, should life be spared, of being able to retire, in age or sickness, on a certain allowance; for the advantages, it is true, of the present, but more, as it is seen, for those in the womb of time. These are the inducements which prompt a man to dispose of his talents and labour to Government; and, for the due execution of the contract on the part of Government, he relies on the good faith of the country, on acts of Parliament, on that inward feling, which tells him, that the solemn, the deliberate, the prudent determinations of one set of ministers, will not be wantonly kicked down by another set, and, still less, kicked down by those very ministers themselves; that the decision of to-day will be the decision of to-morrow; that the rule of the Monday will stand good for the Saturday; that *ex post facto* laws are not of the soil of England. These have hitherto formed the Clerk's sheet anchor; and is his hold at once to be shivered to atoms, because a short-sighted policy points him out, at the present hour, for destruction? If, after having con-

ferred rights on certain offices,—rights, let it not be forgotten, which probably induced most of those persons, who are now in them, to engage themselves; if, after having legislatively conferred rights, those rights are, with impunity, to be torn in tatters; where, I beg to know, is the security which any man in the kingdom can have for the value of one obole of his property?"

He then canvasses Lord Milton's argument, "of reducing the Clerks' Salaries, on the ground of general distress and reduction of rents."—With all due deference to his Lordship's opinion, however, we cannot discover that analogy between the cases he is so clear sighted in detecting. What is the universal answer to the question of "Whence arises our distress?"—War! Which means, that during it's ravages all sorts of produce were considerably enhanced in value; rents were trebled, farmers rioted in plenty, and luxury crept in; the jug of ale made room for port and claret; and education was fettered in the silken bands of politeness and refinement:—now, when, in the natural course of things, the stream which was forced up the mountain comes tumbling down again into the valley, the waters murmur! Instead of connecting their anterior with their present state by the chain of causes and effects, they argue only from surrounding impressions, and pass judgment without reference to the origin of the evil. And here be it remembered, that while the golden current fertilized the grounds of all operative men, the scanty paddock of the lowly Clerk was nourished only by it's stagnant pool.

The notion that was broached of regulating salaries by the fluctuating value of money, is absurd upon the very face of it. In loans and contracts, no provision is made for the rise or fall of property. A stipulation is made, and the contract must be fulfilled, then why legislate solely for Clerks, and calculate the fluctuations that may arise from the enormous pittance of £100 or £200 a year.

The income tax is another ground of objection; and on this point Mr. Hume takes his stand; a single observation, however, is sufficient to despatch this argument; though we know not whether to admire most, *the sense of justice, or humanity*, which could dictate the Honourable Member's observations; thus replied to.

"The income tax has been taken off,—I own it; and ten per cent. has accordingly been added to the income of every Clerk,—true; and to whose else? to all who had an income rateable in the kingdom; consequently to that of the Honourable Member for Aberdeen, as well as of every other man of property. The Clerks then have not been the only persons to profit by the death of the income tax. We have a truth here that none can be ignorant of, but when the advantages of one set of men are blazed forth, it is not very gracious to throw the good things which another set enjoy into the shade."

The low rate of provisions, and the number of men who would be ready to engage upon lower terms, have also been severally urged; but it is ably contended, that the domestic arrangements of a Clerk very rarely admits of an establishment extensive enough to be affected by it. The way in which he generally lives, "lodging in garrets and vegetating in cook-shops," excludes him from the benefits of fluctuations in price. He moves onwards in one course, and knows no other. As for the introduction of cheap Clerks, we all know the value of cheap articles generally, and would recommend, as an infinitely preferable idea, the offer of a large premium for a machine to execute the Clerks' duties by a steam engine.

We very much dislike bullying, though sanctioned by Mr. Creevey; and his wit, which is generally of a very lowly kind, would disgrace even a Clerk. The following observations, are, therefore, almost too gentlemanly to meet *his* arguments:—

"Mr. Creevey has certainly been very facetious concerning Clerks, "les absents ont toujours tort." Did he bear in mind that he spoke in an assembly where there were no Clerks to answer him? Had he scattered his jokes out of doors, he might, in all probability, have met with some one to inform him, that there are to be found at this day many, yes, very many, amongst those whom he affects to despise, as well born, as well educated, as well, I hope I may say, mannered as he is;—men who have seen as much of life as he has done, and have kept as good company as ever it was his lot to enter; men who, putting wealth out of the question, would at no time nor in any place, save in that

where reply is forbidden them, shrink from a comparison with Mr. Creevey. I forbear mentioning names, but if Mr. Creevey will be content with the authority of the *Red Book*, and turn to the various departments of Government, I think he will find amongst them more than one junior Clerk who, in right of birth alone, would, at a levee or other state ceremony, by the constitution of his country, take precedence of Mr. Creevey, as well as of three parts of those gentlemen whom he has the honour to meet in St. Stephen's Chapel. In sober truth, Mr. Creevey has soon shot his dart, but it has been winged with a rotten feather, and fallen harmless to the ground; I have taken the liberty of returning the weapon to it's quiver, from which, when next it flies, I trust it will bear an errand more congenial to the character generally looked for in the breast of a gentleman of as unsullied reputation as Mr. Creevey, and in this wish I part in perfect good humour with the Honourable Member for Appleby."

The comparisons that are drawn up between the Soldier and the Clerk are rather too highly coloured, and though they are perhaps essentially true, yet we can never approve of the slightest approach to sarcasm against our gallant defenders.—As a whole, however, this pamphlet is written with a degree of ability not often found in a public office, though there doubtless are many men engaged within the government walls, who would put to shame some of their rulers, so far as talent is concerned. The author of this pamphlet is one whom Mr. Creevey may learn something from, for he argues like a gentleman; and we conclude with the summing up of the question in his own words:—

"I have now touched on the chief topics which appeared to me most loudly to call for some reply respecting Clerks: before finishing, however, my observations, I must be permitted a few parting words on that cant-political of the present day,—Economy,—the monster economy, who stalks abroad to the terror of all junior Clerks, and, with his hundred heads,—Hume, Creevey, Milton, *cum multis aliis*, threaten, each hour, the trembling fry with annihilation. Economy! a high-mettled word, and, according to it's worshippers, the panacea for every evil. What a host does it not contain within it's capacious self,—retrenchment, reduction, reform, and, last, though not least in certain estimations, retreat of the King's Ministers, to be be succeeded, of course, by all those, to whose activity they may owe their defeat. Well may resound the hue and cry of economy. Economy! How good a thing,—valuable at all times, but trebly precious in adverse circumstances; but it is not against real economy that I should be idiot enough to attempt arguing. Of it's abuse, however, for, like most advantages, it may be abused, I fear not to raise my voice. What is economy? Mr. Hume shall answer, 'I am unwilling to fix the reduction of any particular part of the establishment, Commander-in-chief's Office, but I should propose a diminution of £2000 on the whole vote.'

"These are the very words of the Honourable Member for Aberdeen, and if they mean aught, must mean, discharge your Clerks or artificers. Reduce them, pay them half wages, or do not pay them at all,—it is immaterial, provided less money be required; and if this precious cutting and slashing is dignified with the name of economy 'tot homines quot sententiæ,' my views of economy differ; to dismiss a few dozen Clerks, always, be it remembered, *junior* Clerks, and to fleece a score or two more, may assuredly create great personal misery, but, unlike some injustices, cannot even, in the present instance, plead grand results in excuse. The opinions of the interested may be disregarded, and mine, on more than one account, may be slighted, for I am clad not in ermine, and speak not in the garb of authority; but there have lived characters of as great, peradventure of greater, note than ever reached, or, probably, ever will attain the fulminators of Bulls against Clerks, who have thought with me, that true economy no more consists in indiscriminate retrenchment than does true policy in merciless extortion. The immortal Burke, amongst others, held this opinion, and, in terminating this humble performance, I will present my reader with the very words of that great statesman, for they bear the finger of Wisdom, and Time has but confirmed their truth.

"'I have never,' says Burke, 'on any pretence of economy, or on any other pretence, so much as in a single instance, stood between any man and his reward of service, or his encouragement in useful talent and pursuit, from the highest of those services and pursuits to the lowest; on the contrary, I have, on an hundred occasions, exerted myself, with singular zeal, to forward every man's even tolerable pretensions. I have, more than once, had good natured reprehensions from my friends for carrying the matter to some-

thing bordering on abuse. This line of conduct, whatever it's merits might be, was partly owing to natural disposition, but, I think, full as much to reason and principle. I looked on the consideration of public service or public ornament to be real and very justice, and I ever held a scanty and penurious justice to partake of the nature of a wrong. I held it to be, in it's consequences, the worst economy in the world. In saving money, I soon can count up all the good I do; but when, by a cold penury, I blast the abilities of a nation, and stunt the growth of it's active energies, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation. Whether it be too much or too little, whatever I have done, has been general and systematic. I have never entered into those trifling vexations and oppressive details that have been falsely and most ridiculously laid to my charge.

" 'Mere parsimony is not economy, it is separable in theory from it, and, in fact, it may or it may not be a part of economy, according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is, however, another and an higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment; mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection; the other economy has larger views, it demands a discriminating judgment and a firm sagacious mind; it shuts one door to impudent opportunity, only to open another and a wider to unpresuming merit. If none but meritorious service or real talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it ever will receive, and encouraging all the merit it ever will produce. No state, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion. Had the economy of selection and proportion been at all times observed, we should not now have had an over-grown * * * * to oppress the industry of humble men, and to limit, by the standard of his own conceptions, the justice, the bounty, or, if he pleases, the charity of the Crown." '

The Wits' Red Book; or, Calendar of Gaiety for the Year 1822. London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 168.

Fortunately both for our readers and ourselves, the *crimson* cover of this *Red* Book caught our attention just as we were about to close our Review for the present Number; thus enabling us to give our quantum of mirth and amusement for our friends' enjoyment of the Christmas holidays, without taxing our own personal wit and facetiousness for that desirable purpose. Books of the description of this now before us, are usually so completely common place, such a continual reprint of thread-bare jokes, fifty times reprinted, that we rarely indeed expect to find the promises of the title-page verified by the contents. The present is, however, in a great degree, an exception to this too general rule; and though we certainly recognized very many old acquaintances, most of them were redressed for the occasion, and we were introduced to very many new ones. From this medley, therefore, we beg leave to select a few specimens; in the first place to support our recommendation of the volume itself; in the next, for the gratification of our dear readers, as we have before stated; and lastly, in proof of our having really perused the work, which we now patronize: to our friends' best attention, therefore, we now present the following:—

"ANTEDILUVIANS.

"A little boy, meeting with the word antediluvians in a book, and not being able to divine it's meaning, enquired of his mamma for an explanation; upon which a lady, who was present said, 'Antediluvians, my dear child, means people who live on the wrong side of the world, and are therefore always forced to hang with their heads downwards.'"

"TO WHAT NATION DO PUNSTERS BELONG?

"A notorious punster puzzeled a whole company by proposing to them the above question, of which they could not divine the drift, nor knew how to solve it. "Why (replied he), to the Carthaginians to be sure, for are they not *Punic?*""

"POETRY AND PROSE, OR THE TWO WAYS OF DESCRIBING.

"It is wonderful how much depends upon the colouring given to any thing by the manner in which it is described; and under what different aspects the same object may be viewed by the same individual. 'Miss S——— (says A.) is a golden-tressed nymph.'—This is poetry,

'Miss S—— (says B.) is a carrotty-haired wench.'—This is plain prose."

"THE COMPLIMENT.

"A lady, who had an excellent voice and great taste in singing, on being one day entreated to oblige the company with a proof of her ability, declared that 'she could not sing; she could not, positively.' 'That we are all very well aware of (said Miss Edgeworth, who was present); for we know, my dear madam, you do not sing *positively* but *superlatively*.'"

"VANITY.

"Although vanity is generally censured as a defect, it is occasionally very amusing, and sometimes too redeemed by the *naïveté* candour, and even wit, which accompany it. An entertaining instance of it is related of John Heywood, a poet who lived in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary. The latter of these sovereigns once asked him what wind had blown him to court? 'Two, your Majesty, one of them was to see you?' 'And the other?' enquired the queen. 'The other, madam, was,—that *you might see me*.'"

"A LIGHT PUN.

"'I suppose (said a punster to a tallow-chandler), that you intend shortly to take out a patent for making *gas*-candles. It will be indeed a most excellent invention?' 'I do not know at all what you mean.' 'Why I mean that your candles burn so bad that they emit a very *ghastly light*.'"

"THE ALARMING PROPOSAL.

"Constantia Philips being once in great distress, and dunned by an apothecary, besought him to desist, as she was unable to pay him, and begged that he would be satisfied with taking her life. The son of Æsculapius, although he had no objection to sending people out of the world *professionally*, and secundum artem, was yet nevertheless quite staggered at a proposal that sounded so terrible, and recoiled from it in evident horror. Constantia, however presented to him,—'Good heavens! a dagger or some other dreadful weapon?'—no, reader, something not quite so formidable; the instrument she presented was one intended merely to kill—time; *viz.* two volumes of her own memoirs, which she tendered to the man of medicine, and thus relieved him from his amazement and apprehension.

"A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

"'How do you do, Jack?—What ails you man?' inquired a friend of Banister. 'Oh? my dear fellow, I have got a terrible bilious disorder.' 'Indeed? I did not know before that you were subject to bile.' 'Bile? oh no, but I am so to a heap of *bills* which I can't pay, and if this be not *bilious* disorder pray what is?'"

"LASTING WEAR.

"A friend was complaining to Colman, that he should be obliged to change his tailor, as he found that a suit of clothes would not last him above half the time it ought to do; and enquired if he could recommend him any where, where he could meet with apparel more durable. 'Yes (said Colman), I can recommend you to Chancery, and there you may have a *suit* that will last you your life.'"

"PERSPICUITY AND ELEGANCE OF STYLE, OR AN ADMIRABLE EXAMPLE OF THE LUCIDUS ORDO.

"A worthy alderman of Cambridge, who, it is unnecessary to say, never took a degree at the University, some years ago drew up the following advertisement: 'Whereas a multiplicity of damages are frequently occurred by damages by fire, we, whose names are underwritten, have thought proper that the necessity of an engine ought by us, for the better preventing of which by the accidents of God may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather benevolence for the better propagating such good instruments,' &c. It is unnecessary to point out the beautiful involutions and evolutions of this *mighty maze;* and well may it be called a maze, since it could not fail to amaze whoever perused it. There is also a curious epistle by the same hand, which contains a sprightly touch of facetiousness, although it appears to have emanated from the writer unconsciously. 'Sir, I have sent you a hare, who humbly hope may prove worthy of your acceptance, which is a hare who am your humble servant.'"

"CRANIOLOGY AND VANITY

"When Dr. Gall visited the Bicetre, he observed a person confined there, who, to all appearance, was perfectly sane and well. He enquired of him, therefore, how it happened that he was detained: 'I do not perceive that any thing is the matter with you; nor on examining your head do I find the organ of insanity.' 'You are quite right,' said he, 'there is nothing at all the matter with the head I now wear, the only fault that I find with it is, that it is not my own; for I was guillotined at the time of the Revolution, and they afterwards clapped upon my shoulders this that you now see.'"

"ONE OF THE RIDICULOUS MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

"'I was once (said an officer in a coffee-house) in a more tremendous situation in a defile in this city than any other defile in the whole course of service; and I have not been in a few. Being in an exceedingly great hurry, I turned down a very narrow passage, leading from the Strand to the street I was hurrying to, by a much shorter way than any other. This however proved to me one of the worst pas-

sages in the history of my life; for when arrived nearly in the middle of it, I had the misfortune to encounter a terribly fat, dirty old woman. Not wishing to come in contact with her, or, rather despairing of being able to squeeze past her, I resolved to turn back; but judge of my horror when, on so doing, I beheld another Jezebel, equally corpulent and equally filthy. Both continued to advance, in spite of my entreaties. A horrible altercation now ensued, for neither was disposed to retreat, and to pass was impossible: thus was I, who had frequently been in battles, passes, and defiles, now reduced to the utmost trepidation, alarmed lest I should be too late at the place where I was going, and struck with horror at the bare idea of being thus wedged in between these two furious creatures, who were now vociferating and swearing on either side of me. At length I was obliged to bribe her in front of me to retire, which she did, after some difficulty in turning round, and I was thus at length liberated from the most horrible of all incarcerations.'"

"THE RATTLESNAKE.

"Lucia, beauteous, gay, and young too,
Has many charms, but has a tongue too,
With which she still will prattle.
Thus, like the *fascinating* snake,
She bids us timely warning take,
By shaking of her rattle."

"THE QUEER QUIZZICAL QUERIST, AND THE PLIANT REPLIER REPLETE WITH PLEASANTRY.

"Q. What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?

R. A good one guides Miss, and the other *misguides*.

Q. What noun is that most admired by the ambitious?

R. *Renown*.

Q. Why is a doctor's prescription a good thing to feed pigs with?

R. Because they would find *grains* in it.

Q. Why is opening a letter like a very strange way of getting into a room?

R. Because it is breaking through the *sealing*.

Q. Why is a tradesman like a good student in divinity?

R. Because he studies his *profits* (prophets).

Q. Why is the middle of precocity like an isthmus?

R. Because it is placed between two c's.

Q. What net is the most certain to catch a handsome wife?

R. A coro-*net*.

Q. Why is education like a tailor?

R. Because it forms our *habits*.

Q. Why is a chronologist like a palm-tree?

R. Because he can supply you with dates.

Q. Why are the toes like ancient histories?

R. Because they are *leg-ends* (legends)."

But if we proceed farther we shall quote half the volume;—assuring our readers, however, that we have by no means done so yet, we recommend them not to rest satisfied with our specimens, but to purchase and peruse for themselves; as if this work should not be *read*, the Editor will perhaps look *blue*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Sold at the late James Asperne's, 32, *Cornhill.*

PHYSIOGNOMICAL Portraits, Part IV. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. 4to. 2*l.* 2s.

Doctrine of the Scriptures respecting the Trinity, with Remarks on the New Jerusalem. A Lecture, by Samuel Noble. 8vo. 1s.

Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Herbert. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Sardanapalus, a Tragedy; The Two Foscari, a Tragedy; Cain, a Mystery, by Lord Byron, 8vo. 15s.

May you like it, by a Country Curate, 12mo. 6s.

Memoirs of her late Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, Consort of King George IV. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

The Pirate; by the Author of Waverley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6*d.*

Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk; by the Author of Annals of the Parish, &c. 3 vols.

Guiseppino, an Occidental Story, 8vo. 4s.

Leigh's New Picture of London and it's Environs, for 1822, 18mo. price 9s. bound, or with 24 plates of Costume, 12s. bound, or with 54 plates of Costume, 15s. bound.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1822. Containing Memoirs of celebrated Men who have died in 1820-21.

A Series of Portraits of Eminent Historical Characters introduced in the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley, with Biographical Notices; No. 5, containing Prince Charles Stuart, Archbishop Sharp, the Earl of Southampton, and the Regent Murray, in 12mo. 8s. 8vo. 10s. proofs, 14s.

The Royal Exile; or Poetical Epistles of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her Captivity in England: with other original Poems; by a Young Lady, demy, 8vo. 14s.

Stockdale's Calendar for 1822, 1*l.* 6s.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IN the course of a few days will be published, The Private and Confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, principal Minister to King William, for a considerable period of his Reign, by the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe.

The second Volume of Sir R. K. Porter's Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. is nearly ready for publication; illustrated with numerous Engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c.

An interesting Volume of Travels will shortly appear, by W. J. Burchell, Esq. whose Researches in the Interior of Southern Africa, during a five years residence in that Country, comprise a variety of discoveries and observations which have never yet been laid before the public. Numerous Engravings from the Author's own Drawings, and an entirely new Map will illustrate the Work.

The Author of "the Bachelor and the Married Man," &c. will shortly publish a new Novel, entitled "The Woman of Genius."

Mr. Charles Mills, Author of "the History of the Crusades," will shortly lay before the public the first part, comprising Italy, of the Travels of Theodore Ducas, in various Countries of Europe, at the revival of Letters and Art.

The Memoirs of the Court of King James the First, by Lucy Aikin, in 2 vols. 8vo. is nearly ready.

A new Edition, being the 7th, of Conversations on Chemistry, is preparing for the Press, with considerable additions.

Preparing for publication, Two Voyages to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land; including a description of the present condition of that interesting Colony; with facts and observations relative to the state of Convicts of both sexes, under sentence of Transportation, by Thomas Reid, Esq.

Mr. A. T. Thomson, F.L.S. &c. &c. has in the Press, Lectures on the Elements of Botany, illustrated by marginal Cuts and Copper Plates.

The Rev. Samuel Burder, A.M. is preparing a new Edition of his Oriental Customs, or an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, by an explanatory application of the Customs and Manners of the Eastern Nations, and especially the Jews, therein alluded to,--this Edition will be considerably enlarged.

Miss A. M. Porter is writing a Romance, to be entitled "Roche Blanc, or the Hunter of the Pyrennees."

Dr. Watkins, Author of the General Biographical Dictionary, will shortly publish an interesting Work, consisting of Memoirs of self educated Persons, who, by their own exertions, have risen to eminence, in Literature and Science.

Miss Benger is busily employed on Memoirs of the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, which will be published in the course of the Winter.

A Work, entitled "The Present State of Europe," will shortly appear.

The Author of "Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes," is about to publish a Tale, entitled "The Lollards," founded on the Persecutions which marked the opening of the Fifteenth Century.

Early in January, will be published, A Complete Course of Arithmetic, in three Parts, containing the Theory and Practice of Numbers, by W. H. White.

Preparing for Publication, The Preacher, in 6 Vols. 12mo. or Sketches of Original Sermons, from the MSS. of two eminent Divines of the last Century. With a familiar Essay on pulpit Composition. Principally intended for Young Ministers and Lay Preachers. Vol. 1. boards, 5s.

Mr. James Townsend has a Translation of Le Sage's Novel of "The Bachelor of Salamanca," nearly ready for publication.

In the Press, a Satirical Poem, entitled, "The Carnival of Death," by Mr. Bailey.

Preparing for publication, Elements of Jurisprudence, and a Systematical View of the Laws of England, as treated of in a course of Lectures read at Oxford, by Richard Woodeson, Esq. D.C.L. Vinerian Professor, &c. &c. the second Edition, in 3 Vols. 8vo. with numerous corrections and additions by the Author; and additional Notes, by W. M. Bythewood, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

In the Press, a Tour through Belgium, by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, emembellished with Plates, after Drawings by the Duchess.

Shortly will be published, The Royal Blue Book; or Fashionable Directory, and Canvassing Guide, for the Year 1822.

Constance, a Tale, by Miss Hill, author of "The Poet's Child," will appear in January.

Shortly will be published, in 8vo. Practical Observations on Paralytic Affections, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. &c. by W. Tilleard Ward, F.L.S.

Shortly will be published, in foolscap, A Mother's Portrait, sketched soon after her Decease, for the Study of her Children, by their surviving Parent.

Preparing for Publication, the Genuine Remains in Prose and Verse of Samuel Butler, with Notes by Robert

Thyer. This edition will contain many original pieces never before published, and will be collated with the original MSS. with additional notes and illustrations, forming 2 vols. 8vo. embellished with a Portrait of Butler, from the original picture by Sir P. Lely, engraved on wood by Thompson, and a Portrait of Thyer, engraved in line from a Painting by Romney, with numerous vignettes on wood from original designs.

The Choir of Westminster Abbey during the Coronation of his Majesty George the IVth, engraved by Charles Turner, from a picture by Frederick Nash, is just published.

Shortly will be published, Laodamia to Protesilaus; and Enone to Paris; translated from Ovid into English Verse, by J. Guy, jun.; to be followed by new translations of the other Epistles.

The new volume of Horace Walpole's Remains is expected to appear in the course of January.

A Life of the celebrated Dr. Bentley will appear early in the ensuing spring.

Barry Cornwall's new poem is to be entitled "The Deluge;" and the Rev. R. C. Maturin's tragedy for Covent-garden is "Osmin."

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has announced a romance, in 3 vols. to be called "The Three Perils of Man; or, War, Woman, and Witchcraft."

A series of engraved Portraits of the Deans of Westminster has been advertised to commence in January: and is intended to accompany the Memoirs of those Prelates, written by E. W. Brayley, and graphically illustrated by J. P. Neale.

The Manuscript Memoirs of Lord Byron, by Himself, are said to have been recently purchased for publication, by Mr. Murray, for no less a sum than 2000 guineas.

An Atlas of Ancient Geography, by S. Butler, D.D.; also by the same author, An Atlas of Modern Geography, are in considerable forwardness.

Early next month will be published, Conversations on Mineralogy, with plates by Lowry.

Nearly ready, the Miscellaneous Tracts of the late William Withering, M.D. with a Portrait and memoir of the Author, 2 vols. 8vo.

Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo. Europe; or a general Survey of the present Situation of the principal Powers, with Conjectures on their future Prospects, by a Citizen of the United States.

Mrs. Opie has in the press, Madeline, a Tale, in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan are preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Miss Spence will shortly publish a new work, entitled "Old Stories," in 2 vols.

In the course of a few days will be published, in 8vo. the 2d edition of Views of America, in a series of Letters to a Friend in England, during 1818, 1819, and 1820, by Frances Wright.

In the press, Proofs and Illustrations of the Principles of Population, by Francis Place.

In the press, The Village Coquette, a Novel, by the author of "Such is the World," in 3 vols. 12mo.

In the press, A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste, by M. M'Dermot, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Blighted Ambition, or, the Rise and Fall of the Earl of Somerset; an Historical Romance by Maurice Brantome, in 3 vols. 12mo

Lieutenant Marshall is preparing for the Press a Naval Biography, to consist of Genealogical, Biographical, and Historical Memoirs of all the Flag Officers, Captains, and Commanders of his Majesty's Fleet, living at the commencement of the Year 1822.

The Publisher of the World in Miniature, has announced his intention of continuing that Work in regular Monthly Volumes. Agreeably to this arrangement, the first Volume of Hindoostan will appear on the 1st of February next. This division will be comprized in six Volumes, illustrated by upwards of one Hundred Coloured Engravings.

In the course of January will be published, in one Royal Quarto Volume, Illustrations of the History, Manners, and Customs, Arts, Sciences, and Literature of Japan; selected from Japanese Manuscripts and Printed Works, by M. Titsingh, formerly chief Agent to the Dutch East India Company at Nangasakis, &c. accompanied with many coloured Engravings, faithfully copied from original Japanese Paintings and Designs.

In the month of January will be published, three interesting coloured prints, in imitation of the original drawings by Mr. C. Wild, of the West Front, the Nave, and Choir of the Cathedral Church of Amiens; being the first of a select series of twelve plates, illustrative of the most celebrated examples of the ecclesiastical architecture of France.

Mr. J. C. Hoffland proposes to publish by subscription, early in the ensuing year, A View of Richmond, from Twickenham Park, and a View from Richmond Hill, from pictures painted by himself, and now in the possession of J. Todd, Esq. of Moulsey Park, and J. Allnutt, Esq. of Clapton Common; to be engraved by C. Heath, in the line manner. Size 21 in. by 13.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

" Veluti in Speculum."

DRURY LANE.

NOV. 27. This evening was revived Miss Joanna Baillie's celebrated Tragedy of " *De Monfort*," celebrated as being a most powerful production in the vigour of it's language, and the weakness of it's plot; and celebrated also as failing in dramatic attraction, even when supported by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

It is now a considerable number of years since Miss Baillie's first publication of her *Plays on the Passions;* the design of which was honourable to her enterprize, while it's execution exhibited ability superior to that of any tragedian of her day. After the sapless tragedies of Murphy and his contemporaries, it was an omen of a better æra to see so much power of thought combined with so much energy of language. But these Plays still had many defects, which were felt strongly after the first delight of novelty was past, for the general plan was obviously ill-conceived. To construct a drama on an exclusive passion was impossible, and of course every attempt towards it could have had no other effect than that of making the whole unnatural. To represent the fluctuating spirit of human nature by any one single domineering quality, would be to identify the billow with the wind that rouses it. The man of nature is a being susceptible of countless impulses perpetually exciting, guiding and shaping his mind, with perhaps one mighty master influence, which at particular times swallows them all,—a great tide that supersedes all the currents, but which in it's turn gives way, and leaves the inferior influences to act for themselves. A simple, stern, undeviating agency, which allows neither of change nor of resistance, is not in the range of existing things. But it was on this principle that the " Plays on the Passions" were written, and from this it resulted that they were incapable of being performed. It was yet interesting to find the meagre dialogue and feeble characters, which had so long shadowed the stage, suddenly invaded by bold diction and personages of muscular, if of unnatural proportions; for Miss Baillie's heroes, her *Ethwalds*, and *Basils*, and *De Monforts*, were giants beside the pigmy race of her predecessors. Her sentiments were striking from the copiousness of imagery, and poetic phrase in which she summoned them to stand forth; and one of her defects was this perpetual labour of impressiveness. The Tragedy of *De Monfort* is an exemplification of *Hatred*, and the story takes up the passion in it's violence, and follows it to the consummation in murder. One of the dramatic misfortunes of this passion is, that it has but little to do with action; it is slow, silent, and meditative; it is accompanied with a sense of inferiority, which makes it shrink from disclosure; it has no daring and heroic bursts, none of the grandeur of ambition, none of the fiery and haughty daring of revenge, none of the wildness and vivid rage of jealousy; but is to those bold and overwhelming assaults on the heart, and wisdom of man, what the serpent is to the lion and the tiger, cold, creeping, and even despicable, but for it's deadly venom.

The passion exemplified in *De Monfort*, has also seemed to spring almost without a cause, or from causes too slight to give probability to such an overpowering detestation; corrupting, tainting, and destroying every nobler energy with it's demoniac influence. A rivalship in love is once, and once only, slightly mentioned, but it appears to have been an effect rather than a cause; and we are given but to know, that this unmitigated and unmitigable passion, this dark and deadly hatred had it's origin almost in the cradle, growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength, until consummated in it's victim's sacrifice. All which, we conceive, is not only undramatic but unnatural. The plot as detailed on the stage is simply this; *De Monfort*, (Kean) a nobleman of rank in the Low Countries has, from boyhood, nurtured a dislike to *De Rezenvelt*, (Cooper) a

nobleman of similar station to himself. The Play commences with their unexpected meeting at the house of *Count Freberg*, (Barnard) at Amberg at an entertainment, where *De Monfort*'s hostility encreases. *De Rezenvelt*, a man of courteous spirit, is willing to accept overtures of friendship, and through the medium of *Jane De Monfort* (Mrs. Egerton), and a sullen reconciliation is effected. But *De Monfort*'s heart is rancorous, and the accidental story of a stranger who solicits his interest by exciting his habitual propensity, makes him again the slave of hatred. His sister, a high-minded woman, who has continually watched over his wanderings, is supposed by him to have been influenced by her love for his enemy, in her eagerness for their mutual conciliation. Stung with what *De Monfort* conceives a new insult, he attacks *De Rezenvelt*, and is disarmed; maddened by rage and disappointment, he then decides on murdering him; follows to a woodpath, and kills him. The monks of a neighbouring convent find the body and the murderer together; they are brought into the hall, and *De Monfort* is left alone with the corpse; when, after a struggle of horror, he becomes partially insane. The officers of justice enter in to arrest him; but before he has suffered the indignity of chains, his heart breaks, and he falls dead.

Admitting, and we do most readily admit, that this is a clever play, yet it is also a most disagreeable one; and it's conduct towards the close is a most repelling tissue of gloomy horrors; "out heroding Herod!"—The murder of *De Rezenvelt* is perpetrated under the most repulsive form, repulsive as the crime must be under any. And the seizure of the murderer, more a fiend than a man, his approaches to, and recessions from the corpse, his first horrors, and his final insanity, are among the most depressing, revolting, and hideous exhibitions of the stage. *De Monfort* lies beside the dead like a wild beast beside his prey; he fondles the legs, and lifts the arms, and presses the hands, and talks the most appalling language of familiarity to the murdered. All this goes beyond Tragedy, for it goes beyond human sufferance; and as this has been the alteration; we must regret that the original was not left as it was written.

These alterations, however, we presume, were made to suit the peculiar tact of Mr. Kean, who, in the disclosure of his aversion to *De Rezenvelt* in the second Act, his interview with the stranger, and his encounter in the fourth, was fully equal to any similar exhibition of the stage. But it was reserved for the fifth Act to horrify us completely, and it was awful. It is, however, we should think, impossible, that his judgment can be satisfied with the violent distortions and unnatural ferocity of his hero; he has, indeed, the power of producing strong effects whenever the author has not altogether failed him, and he has every right to congratulate himself on the spirit which he threw into the feeble, and the intelligence with which he illustrated the obscure. Mrs. Egerton played tolerably well, but her shrill voice was rather "out of tune and harsh;" and Cooper was gentlemanly and animated in *De Rezenvelt*. A Gala Scene in the second Act was very splendid, and a requiem in the last was well performed; the music was simple and expressive, and except for the dragging in and out of criminals, the clattering of chains, and the display of the dead, which followed, it's sweetness and solemnity would have left a pleasing impression. The house was full at half price; and after the play Kean was called for, and received with loud applause. Miss Baillie sat with a party in the dress circle.

Dec. 1. After repeating his enormities for five successive evenings, *De Monfort* to-night made his exit, not speedily, we hope, to re-appear; as acted by Mr. Kean the performance was not only repulsive, but disgusting. The entire Drama indeed is as opposed to probability, as it is, in our opinion, injurious to morality. It is impossible to see such a representation of a high-minded and educated man, yielding at once to the most debasing passion, in it's most revolting form of dark malignity, without ascribing such a phenomenon to that agency, by which the Greeks got over all their dramatic difficulties,—we mean destiny. *Orestes* and *De Monfort* are equally hurried forward to their fates, by a wild and extravagant impulse. The misery of the one might be tolerated by a heathen mythology; but the passion of the other has no place in the creed of Christianity.

Dec. 14. A fair debutante in *Jane Shore*, and Kean's and Cooper's first appearance as *Hastings* and *Gloucester*, in Rowe's tiresome Tragedy, were sufficient attractions to assemble a numerous audience this evening. Kean's *Hastings*, so far as the part was within his powers, he played with much spirit. A large portion of the character, however, is beyond those of any actor to make effective, and in this he, of course, gave way to necessity, and played as it might please the destinies which preside over Drury-Lane. Cooper's *Duke of Gloucester* was in general very effective, and we have seldom seen that Gentleman to greater advantage. The Tragedy of "*Jane Shore*" remains a stock piece, from the popular recollections of it's history; yet the feeling which elevates the heroine into an object of interest, must be careless or ignorant that *Jane's* crime and sorrow are equally remote from a generous sensibility; she sins because her lover is a King, and she repents because her repentance must be in a dungeon, and her punishment famine. Ambition and avarice make her guilty, but shame and starving cannot make her pure. Her death is the result not of remorse but of necessity; and her merit is restricted to that, of not boasting of her crime at a moment, when human pride feels all it's emptiness, and the charms of wealth are extinguished in the grave. Yet the story has some power of affecting an audience; the sight of a woman's suffering is a natural appeal to the honourable gallantry of our species, and that appeal is not enfeebled by the memory of her former distinctions, the matchless beauty that anguish has worn away, and the luxurious elevation from which she has been degraded.

Miss Edmiston, who made her first appearance, was very favourably received. But the applause of a first night is among the most dubious proofs of public estimation, and the claims of talent must be decided on a less suspicious authority. She seems young, is of the middle stature, and without any remarkable expression of countenance, or melody of voice. But her general performance was superior to those of the majority of *debutantes*. She declaimed well, her gesture was sometimes graceful, and in her death she appeared a *connoiseur* of all the agonies of famine. The display of death, at all times painful to the feeling, becomes hideous by the tortures of starving, and she spared none of them on the audience. She writhed and raved, groaned in pain, and laughed in distraction, till the exhibition became altogether revolting, and the audience might congratulate themselves on her death as a relief to all parties. Her fall was followed by much applause, and on the announcement of another play for the next evening, the tyranny of the galleries cried out for "*Jane Shore*." It was then given out for the following week. This is an unfortunate choice for the actress, as it's dulness must press heavily upon any abilities. We are, however, glad that the "*Stranger*" is not to be forced on the public as the universal introduction. The choice of "*Jane Shore*" will be, we presume, equally embarrassing to Kean, who had allowed himself to be pledged in the bills to play *Lord Hastings* "for that night only," but whose merit drew forth this, perhaps, unwelcome compliment.

Miss Edmiston has since repeated the character, with encreased applause; but though her abilities are highly respectable, they are certainly not yet first rate. Her principal faults appear to be a deficiency of that *ars celare artem*, which alone can constitute histrionic eminence; and a substitution of palpably* artificial movements for the excitements of feeling, and the inspiration of her author. To Drury-lane, however, Miss Edmiston is undoubtedly an acquisition, and when more conversant with the stage, and less fearful of trusting to her own judgment, she may, we doubt not, verify all the favourable auguries of her friends, and realize all her own anxious anticipations of future fame.

Dec. 19. This evening Miss Edmiston, with considerable success and originality, attempted *Lady Macbeth*, the most formidable trial of female powers on the stage. To have failed in such a part would have been too natural to excite much surprise, and so far Miss E.'s partial want of effect admits of palliation; but her acting required little of such apology; as the performance of a *debutante* we consider it deserving of very high eulogium, and in most parts, infinitely superior to her *Jane Shore*. Kean

performed the hero with occasional displays of vigour and acuteness, but he seemed dispirited, and suffered some of the noblest passages to escape him altogether. His dagger scene shewed a knowledge of what had been done by his predecessors, but his coming out, after the murder, was his best effort; though even here, the heart-searching words, "This is a sorry sight," were delivered with that unfortunate familiarity of tone, which undoes the effect of the best situation and the finest poetry. The *Witches* brought back pleasant recollections with their fantastic music, and our popular vocal favourites were heard to great advantage. Cooper was *Macduff*, and played with a spirit that added much to the general effect, particularly in the 4th and 5th acts.

The following Address from the pen of the Hon. G. Lamb, spoken by Mr. Cooper before the commencement of the Tragedy, proves a modesty of feeling on the part of Miss Edmiston, which does high honour to her talents.—

If, when the sun withdraws it's beams on high,
The rising star is beauteous in the sky;
And those, who most admired day's gorgeous light
Can gladly view the lesser gems of night;
So, though that lustre's lost which beam'd the rays
Of glowing health on Shakspeare's loftiest lays,
Ye yet may hail that light which now would soar
To shine where brightest beauties shone before.
Unthinking passion, and close following shame,
And famine clinging to the sinking frame,
Are nature's woeful truths of ev'ry day,
That all can feel, though all may not pourtray;
But blood-stain'd woman!-- spurning ev'ry fear,
And ev'ry feeling that makes woman dear
Is Inspiration's task, and tow'ring mind
Must form this awful monster of her kind;
Then let me calm our vent'rous suppliant's fear,
Tell her you will not blame, but kindly cheer;
And if her failing pow'r shall speak too plain,
What ye *once* saw ye *ne'er* may see again;
E'en her bold effort shall command applause,
To fall is honour,--if in honour's cause.

Tuesday, December 18th. *The Coronation* reached it's 91st representation! when it was temporarily withdrawn, to give place to the usual novelties of Christmas. The attractions of Mr. Elliston's new drama, however, demand a longer and more circumstantial detail than we can now spare them, and until our new year's number, therefore, we must postpone all notice of "*Giovanni in Ireland.*"

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Dec. 1. De Monfort—Coronation.
2. Hamlet—Giovanni in London.
4. Romeo and Juliet—Coronation.
5. Brutus—Ditto.
6. Road to Ruin—Ditto.
7. Ella Rosenburgh—Ditto—Monsieur Tonson.
8. Busy Body—Ditto—Day after the Wedding.
10. Brutus—Bee Hive.
11. Wild Oats—Spectre Bridegroom.
12. New Way to pay old Debts—Sleeping Draught.
13. Maid or Wife—Coronation—Monsieur Tonson.
14. Jane Shore—Coronation.
15. New Way to pay old Debts—Ditto.
17. Jane Shore—Giovanni in London.
18. Secrets worth Knowing—Coronation—Monsieur Tonson.
19. Macbeth—Romp.
20. Jane Shore—Highland Reel
21. Macbeth—Spectre Bridegroom.
22. Giovanni in Ireland—Monsieur Tonson.

COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 29. "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona,*" was this evening revived with an abundance of music, splendid scenery, and surpassing machinery. Whether this perversion of Shakespeare into Melo-drame have "nothing of offence in it," may be a question; but if the offence could be palliated,

it must be in the case of the present Play, one the feeblest and most incomplete of all the hasty works of it's great author; so much so indeed, as to have been doubted by many competent judges, if it were really his. The love of *Valentine*, and the inconstancy of *Proteus;* the lofty resolution of *Sylvia*, and the gentle constancy of *Julia*, were to-night embellished with illuminated palaces and triumphant galleys; catches and glees in forests, and a blazing mountain! The first three Acts were dull, with the occasional exhiliration of songs by Miss Tree and Miss Hallande; but in the fourth, the Carnival was displayed in more than it's customary glories. The opening of the scene displayed the Ducal Palace and great square of Milan illuminated, golden gondolas on the river, and all the usual appendages of a foreign gala, masquers, dancing girls, and mountebanks. The pageant then commenced, with a display of the Seasons. *Spring* came enthroned on a pile of unblown flowers, which the nymph touched with her wand, and the buds were turned into blooms. Then came *Summer* in the midst of corn, which grew into golden heads at her touch. *Autumn* followed, with a similar conversion of leaves and stems into melting grapes and blushing apples, and *Winter* closed the pomp by a view of Lapland with a shower of snow: while dancing nymphs, reapers, and shivering Laplanders, filled up the intervals. Next came the elements, *Earth* moved on in majesty, seated in a car drawn by lions over clouds; and *Air* was a portrait of *Juno*, attended by her peacocks.—*Fire* had *Vulcan* in his forge, illuminated by showers of his own sparks; and *Water* was green robed, with a pair of pigmies sounding Conch shells, and seated upon Dolphins. The stage was then suddenly invaded by water, and on it's bosom rolled *Cleopatra's* galley, covered with silks and gilding. The Queen lay classically sofa'd upon the deck, and the Nymphs and Cupids flew and fanned about her with picturesque fidelity. This was followed by a splendid scene of the Palace of Pleasure, all gaiety and glory, which was also succeeded by a view in the Duke's gardens, with a lake, a castle, a bridge, and an artificial mountain reaching to the clouds, the explosion of which discovered a gorgeous Temple of Apollo, rich in all that is bright and brilliant; and dazzling the spectators until the drop scene covered the catastrophe. The applause which had before been most lavish, rose to enthusiasm at this spectacle, which it is but justice to say, was most magnificent. It's only fault being it's too great length, which has been since remedied.

There was also rather too much music in the Play; and of this the two glees harmonized from *If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love*, and *Pray Goody*, were the most popular. *Sylvia's* songs, were, however, also clever compositions, and *Julia's* duet with Master Longhurst, displayed both to much advantage.

Jones, who bore the character which, we believe, was once played by John Kemble, threw much spirit into the true lover, and bold outlaw, *Valentine*. Abbott played *Proteus* very ably, and Farren's *Sir Thurio* was the "high fantastical," both in his acting and his dress. Liston was a good *Launce*, and his dog *Crab* was a fine quiet animal of the Newfoundland breed, which bore much pulling about the stage with much equanimity. Miss Tree performed and sang most sweetly as *Julia*, but was tasked by too many songs, and Miss Hallande both sang and acted extremely well as *Sylvia*. We have spoken of the general preparation of the play, which was most costly and striking; and though something more than either song or scenery is essential to continued popularity, "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," we think, discovers all the longevity, that the managers could reasonably anticipate, for it's lavish expense well deserves public remuneration. The whole play is very materially transposed and altered from the original, and many of the scenes display Mr. Reynolds's blank verse in company with Shakspeare's.—What will the sterner race of critics say to this?

Dec. 1. A new Afterpiece was brought out here this evening, entitled "*The Two Pages of Frederick the Great*," with but little of novelty or ingenuity either in the dialogue or the plot, the latter being founded on an anecdote sufficiently antique to be known to every body. The interest arises from the generous sacrifices made by a page of *Frederick*, in order to support his mother, the widow of

a gallant officer, and the victim of an iniquitous judicial sentence. The page is suspected of misconduct by the King, but an accident discovers his worth, and universal happiness follows. The most important of the remaining characters were another page, a wild conceited, merry youth; and a worthy innkeeper and his coquetish wife.—The *Two Pages* were represented, the grave youth by Miss Foote, and the gay one by Mrs. Chatterley; and both the parts were well played,—the one with delicacy and the other with spirit! Mrs. Faucit did the little she had to do as the Page's mother, with grace and dignity. Farren's personification of the King was clever and effective; and Fawcett and Mrs. Gibbs made the most of the jealous innkeeper and his wife.. This Drama is another adaptation from the French, by the successful pen of Mr. Pocock; and it's re-announcement was received with much applause.

DEC. 6. "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" had this evening rather a tragical denouement, from an accidental wound given to Mr. Abbott as *Sir Proteus* while fencing in the banditti scene at the close of the fith Act. From the piercing shriek of Mr. A. the injury was at first apprehended to be really dangerous, but was speedily ascertained not to have touched the eye, although the cheek was laid open by Mr. Comer's sword. The audience would not suffer the play to proceed farther, and Mr. Abbott was instantly conveyed home from the Theatre in a carriage.

DEC. 17. We are equally happy in being enabled to announce the recovery and re-appearance of Mr. Abbott; and the continued success of "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*" The injury sustained by Mr. A. having been much less than was at first apprehended, we are gratified in congratulating both himself and the public upon his resumption of his professional exertions this evening. The temporary indisposition of Miss Hallande since our last notice, introduced a Miss Boyle from Dublin for a few evenings as *Sylvia;* and also as *Zelinda* in "*The Slave;*" in both which characters she was very favourably received; though she is certainly far more *au fait* as an actress, than a singer. Her compass and power of voice, both appearing to us quite inadequate to sustain the vocal heroines of Covent Garden. The gorgeous spectacle attached to Shakspeare's Comedy, continues to attract crowded audiences, and elicit unbounded approbation. So much so, indeed, that when gazing upon Cleopatra's galley, we forget that the Cydnus can have no business at Milan; and that Venetian Carnivals are not even yet naturalized amongst the Milanese. The last scene also by Pugh, of an opening in a forest by moonlight, forms a display of quiet tranquil beauty, that we have never seen exceeded. Our record of the surpassing splendours and vivacity of the new Pantomime of "*Harlequin and Mother Bunch; or, the Yellow Dwarf,*" must be deferred until next number.

PERFORMANCES.

1821.
Dec. 1. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.
2. Ditto—Ditto
4. Ditto—Ditto.
5. Ditto—Ditto.
6. Ditto—Ditto.
7. Exile—Ditto.
8. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ditto.
10. Ditto—Blind Boy.
11. Exile—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.
12. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ditto.

1821.
13. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.
14. Exile—Ditto.
15. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ditto.
17. Ditto—Ditto.
18. Exile—Ditto.
19. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ditto.
20. Ditto—Ditto.
21. Exile—Rendezvous—Tom Thumb.
22. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.

CIVIC REGISTER.

1821.

Right Honourable CHRISTOPHER MAGNAY, LORD MAYOR.
JOHN GARRATT, ESQ. ALDERMAN ...... } SHERIFFS.
WILLIAM VENABLES, ESQ. ALDERMAN .. }

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, DEC. 6.

This day a Court of Common Council was held, for the purpose of receiving a Report relative to the disturbances at Knightsbridge barracks.

Before proceeding to the business of the day, the Lord Mayor read his Majesty's answer to the late Address.

Mr. Alderman Brown said the calamity that had lately befallen the City Marshal, Mr. Wontner, must be well known to every person present; and since that unfortunate event, a most disgraceful canvass had been commenced for his situation. He was happy, however, to have it in his power to inform the Court, that the state of that meritorious officer's health was much improved.—He had requested of him to express the gratitude he felt for the sympathy the Court of Common Council manifested towards him, and for the indulgence hitherto granted. He trusted that indulgence would be extended somewhat further, when he had no doubt of being able to discharge his duties as effectually as he ever did.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes relative to the disturbance at Knightsbridge Barracks was then read. It stated in substance, that they had taken into consideration the correspondence between Mr. Waithman and Lord Bathurst, and had examined a great number of witnesses. After the most mature deliberation the Committee were of opinion that the statement of Alderman Waithman was fully borne out by the witnesses; and that by his own endeavours, he prevented the evil consequences that might have taken place. The Report concluded by stating it as the opinion of the Committee that the personal outrage offered to Mr. Waithman, as an officer of the city, was an insult to the city itself; that the circumstances of it were such as called upon Ministers to institute some enquiry; but that so far as the Committee were able to collect from the evidence brought before them, no such enquiry ever took place.

On the question being put, that the Report be agreed to, Mr. Clarke said, he thought it would be necessary, that the Court should have before them the whole of the evidence on which it was founded. On a subject of so much importance, they could not decide merely on a Report without knowing any thing of the evidence.

Mr. Alderman Brown begged the Worthy Alderman (Waithman) would do him the justice to believe that he was incapable of personal feeling, or hostility towards him. But whatever interpretation might be put on his conduct he would not now, nor upon any other occasion, swerve from the discharge of a public duty. He fully agreed with the Committee, that an assault on their Sheriff was an outrage on the privileges of the City. From this le, however, another inference followed with equal clearness:—that if a Sheriff of the City of London disgraced himself by his conduct, the disgrace also fell on the City. The conduct of the Worthy Alderman at Honey's Inquest should have been brought under the consideration of the Committee, as well as what took place at Knightsbridge. He fully acquitted the late Sheriff of intentional misconduct; but he must say, that upon Honey's Inquest his feelings carried him much too far.

After a few words from Mr. Dixon, it was moved and seconded, that the Report and evidence should be printed and distributed to the different Members of the Court, and that the whole be referred to the consideration of the Court at a future day.

On the question being put, Mr. Alderman Brown gave notice, that he should, at a future day, move, that the conduct of Mr. Sheriff Waithman at the Inquest on Honey should be referred to a Committee of General Purposes.

The motion for printing and distributing the Report and evidence together was then agreed to.

It was ordered that the Court of Requests should, from and after the 19th inst. be held in Aldermanbury instead of Staining-lane, until further orders of this Court.

It was also ordered, that in future the election of Deputy Sea Coal-meters be in the Court, instead of the Committee of Controul over the Coal and Corn-meters.

Twenty coal market bonds of £100 from 141 to 160, both inclusive, were ordered to be paid off and discharged, and the Court adjourned.

COURT OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11.

This day a Court of Aldermen was held for the despatch of public business; when Mr. Goff resigned his office of one of the serjeant carvers, and the next Court was appointed for the move created thereby in the Lord Mayor's Household. The Court referred a petition from S. Fogg, one of the Marshalmen, in respect of his being imprisoned in Holland when he went to execute a warrant, to the consideration of a Committee. The Inquests of the Wards of Farringdon Without and Langbourn, laid before the Court presentments of non-freemen, which were referred to the Chamberlain to do therein as he should see fit; and Commissioners of the Court of Requests for the month of January next were appointed.

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

NOVEMBER 21.

THIS Gazette notifies that his Majesty has granted to Sir James Saumarez, Bart. Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, and Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet, the offices or places of Vice-admiral of the United Kingdom, and Lieutenant of the Admiralty thereof; and also of Lieutenant of the Navies and Seas of the said United Kingdom, in the room of Admiral Sir William Young, deceased.

WAR-OFFICE, NOV. 23.

His Majesty has been pleased to approve of the 61st Regiment of Foot bearing on it's colours and appointments the word "Talavera," in commemoration of the 27th and 28th of July, 1809.

WHITEHALL, NOV. 27.

His Majesty has granted unto the Right Honourable Thomas Grosvenor, Earl of Wilton, &c. &c. his Royal licence and authority, that he and his issue may take and use the name of Egerton only, and also bear the arms of Egerton only, such arms being first duly exemplified according to the laws of arms, and recorded in the Herald's Office, otherwise the said Royal licence and permission to be void and of none effect.

WHITEHALL, NOV. 30.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Bubb, of Cheltenham, Gent. to be Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

FOREIGN-OFFICE, DEC. 1.

The King has been pleased to approve of M. Argrand to be Consul at Liverpool for his Most Christian Majesty.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 3.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Joseph Batege, of Rochdale, Gent. to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

The Lord Chancellor has also appointed Richard Jenkin Jones, of Liverpool, Gent. to the same office.

WAR-OFFICE, DEC. 7.

The King has been pleased to approve of the 27th Regiment of Foot being permitted to bear on it's colours and appointments the words, "Badajoz,"—"Salamanca,"—"Vittoria,"—"Pyrennees,"—"Nivelle,"—"Orthes,"—and "Toulouse," in commemoration of those Victories.

DEC. 10.

At a Court at Brighton, Present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.—His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to declare Richard Marquess Wellesley, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Lieutenant-general and General Governor of that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland.

His Majesty also appointed his Grace Charles Duke of Dorset, Henry Marquess Connyngham, and the Right Honourable Henry Goulburn, of the Most Honourable Privy Council.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11.

A Proclamation, issued at Brighton, appeared in this Gazette, for the assembling of Parliament on Tuesday, February 5th, 1822.

BRIGHTON, DEC. 11.

The King has appointed the Duke of Montrose to be Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, in the room of the Marquess of Hertford, resigned.

The Marquess Conyngham has also been appointed Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 11.

The King has appointed his Grace Charles Duke of Dorset, to be Master of Horse to his Majesty, in the room of the Duke of Montrose.

DOWNING-STREET, DEC. 12.

The King has appointed Hans Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, to be Governor of the Island of Dominica.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 13.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Green, of Woburn, Gent. to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

The Lord Chancellor has also appointed William Haynes, of West Bromwich, Gent. to the same office.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 21.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed William Wise, of Rugby, Gent. to be a Master Extraordinary in Chancery.

WHITEHALL, DEC. 21.

The King has been pleased to order a writ for summoning the Right Hon. George Horatio Cholmondeley, Earl of Rocksavage, to the House of Peers, by the stile and title of Baron Newburgh, of Newburgh, in the county of Anglesea.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE, by a Circular has informed the Members thereof, that the Persons undernamed; viz.

WILLIAM PRIZEMAN, of Regent's Cottage, Regent's Park, has negociated a Bill drawn by himself on WILLIAM DUTCH, seedsman, Bere Regis, near Blandford, Dorsetshire, which is made payable at a Bankers, who are unacquainted with the parties; and that

——— HARDWICKE is connected with the firm of

LUKE CLARKE and Co. 13, St. Bennet's-place, Gracechurch-street, mentioned lately.

The Secretary is also desired to state, that

Francis Popplewell, late of No. 9, City Road, is reported to that Society as improper to be proposed to be ballotted for as a member thereof; and that

JAMES HUNTER GRAY and Co. of No. 51, Hermitage-street, have taken a Counting-house under the firm of

MILLER and Co. corner of Biliter-lane, in Fenchurch-street.

PARIS, Nov. 30th. The Chamber of Deputies presented an Address to the King, in which they insinuated that peace had been preserved by sacrifices incompatible with the honour and dignity of France: the words of the address being, "We congratulate you, Sire, upon your continued amicable relations with foreign powers, in the just confidence that a peace so precious has not been purchased by sacrifices incompatible with the honour of the nation, and the dignity of your crown." The King, in his answer, rebuked the Chamber for indulging such a supposition, and said, "In exile and persecution I have supported my rights, the honour of my race, and that of the French name. On the throne, surrounded by my people, I feel indignant at the bare supposition that I can ever sacrifice the honour of the nation and the dignity of my crown. It is pleasing to me to believe that the majority of those who voted this Address, have not duly considered the import of all it's expressions. If they had had time to consider them, they would not have hazarded a reflection, that as a King, I ought not to characterise,—as a father, I wish to forget." It is rather a curious occurrence, that an Address, which the King all but characterises as seditious, should pass by so overwhelming a majority, as 174 to 88. The obnoxious sentence can allude only to the manner in which the French Ministry has acted in the question respecting the Russians, Turks, and Greeks; and meant, no doubt, that the Government did not interfere with sufficient authority. The King, it appears, refused to receive the Address except from a deputation composed only of the President of the Chamber and two of the Secretaries; and to be presented sealed up. —It is generally expected that the Chamber will be dissolved forthwith, or that there will be a change of Ministry.

A Royal Ordinance has since appeared dated December 11th. appointing a new Ministry, the members of which are all Royalists.

Several changes of administration appear to have long been on the tapis, but of those which have yet been Gazetted the following only are publicly important.— The Marquess of Wellesley, and Mr. Goulbourn, as Lord Lieutenant, and Chief Secretary of Ireland; *vice* Earl Talbot, and Mr. C. Grant.—The Duke of Montrose as Lord Chamberlain *vice* the Marquess of Hertford; and the Duke of Dorset to be master of the Horse, vacated by the Duke of Montrose.

Tuesday, Dec. 4th. A meeting of Noblemen and Gentlemen connected with Ireland, was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, to take into consideration the present distracted state of that country. The Right Hon. the Earl of Darnley being called to the chair, a long discussion ensued, when it was finally resolved, that a Petition be presented to his Majesty, praying his early assemblage of Parliament for the adoption of measures rendered necessary by the present alarming outrages.

We regret to have to notice that several Counties of Ireland have, for a considerable time past, been in a state of the most fearful insubordination; fully authorising the meeting we have already described. The awful murders, and dreadful acts of violence have been such as we cannot contemplate but with horror, and must not sully our pages by recording. A want of prudence in not more effectually crushing those diabolical outrages in their first commencement, appears to have given the insurgents additional daring; as we are inclined to believe, that some lives might have been saved by a more general and earlier energy. The measures more recently adopted, however, appear to have had their desired effect, and tranquillity is now in a great measure restored in several districts. Troops have been sent from England to give efficiency to the Government's requisite exertions for preserving peace; and the efforts of the new Lord Lieutenant, will, we trust, be en-

tirely successful in very speedily removing every cause of dissatisfaction, and every object of complaint.

A letter from Lord Sidmouth to Sir William Curtis has announced his Majesty's pleasure that Ramsgate shall be henceforward denominated a Royal Harbour, with the enjoyment of all the privileges attaching thereto; in consequence of the affectionate loyalty evinced by the inhabitants of that Town upon the King's recent embarkation for, and return from, the Continent.

We understand that orders have been received at Portsmouth Dock-yard, to take the Apollo frigate into dock, and examine her, preparatory to her being fitted up as a yacht for his Majesty. The Apollo has been selected, after a survey of all the frigates in the port, as best calculated to answer the projected long voyages of his Majesty during the ensuing summer. Her height between decks is considerably more than any other ship of her class, and she is a very fine sailer. His Majesty experienced a great inconvenience in the Royal George, on his return from Dublin, as she was not capable of carrying more than two days water, and being entirely built for accommodation, had not room for a spare anchor and cables. The Apollo will therefore be considered the King's personal yacht in future; every possible attention will be paid to his Majesty's comfort, but at the same time every thing will be done to render her seaworthy. She will be but slightly ornamented.

It has already been stated that there was some dispute as to the Lord Great Chamberlain of England's claims to the Coronation property in Westminster Hall, which accounted for their non-removal; but the King having lately signed a warrant, authorising the acting Lord Great Chamberlain to take down the various temporary structures erected for the purposes of the Coronotion, Lord Gwydir, and Dorset Fellows, Esq. his Lordship's Secretary, immediately returned from Paris to superintend the removal and disposal of the various property, and to give directions regarding the arrangements for his Majesty to open the Parliament in person.

On Wednesday December 5th the whole of the Coronation property in and about Westminster Hall, was sold for Lord Gwydir, to Mr. Page, in one lot; and Mr. P. immediately set an immense number of men to work, aided by numerous caravans, to take down and remove the property so purchased.

The Royal table, with it's splendid coverings in Westminster Hall; and the throne, seat, and canopy, were immediately taken down. The splendid drapery, with the Royal arms, is retained by Lord Gwydir; and will be fixed at the end of his dinning-room, in Hamilton-place, Piccadilly; where it will constitute a national, as well as a splendid, decoration, of the Lord Great Chamberlain's town mansion. Fronting this Coronation-drapery will be placed his Lordship's sideboard, decorated with the various portions of plate received as Coronation services by his Lordship's family for several hundred years; the most prominent parts of this rich and singular display, will be the 300 ounces of plate, beside a gold ewer, his Lordship's reward for his arduous services at the late Coronation.

The beautiful gilt cornice which surrounded the canopy of the throne-seat, decorated with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, has fallen to the share of D. Fellows, Esq. who has presented it to his brother. Other relics of the Coronation have been eagerly sought after by various Noblemen; and they have consequently been presented with the settees, or double chairs, used at the dinner tables in the Hall.

The claims of fees, for Coronation services, will be adjusted at a Court of Claims that will shortly be convened. It may not be uninteresting to add, that the Hall will not again have it's proportions affected by any temporary buildings for Courts or other purposes; as the plan of the late Mr. Wyatt, the late King's architect, will be partially adopted, by building Courts for the King's Bench and Chancery behind the stone buildings, and in line with the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer; with entrances into them from the Hall similar to that into the Common Pleas.

The following is a statement of the number of persons brought before the Courts of Justice of the kingdom of France, during five years:—

1816.—Persons tried, 9890; of whom 414 were condemned to death; to hard labour or confinement, 6807; and 3083 were acquitted.

1817. Persons tried, 11,116; of whom 558 were condemned to death; to hard labour or confinement, 9131; and 1715 were acquitted.

1818.—Persons tried, 9722; of whom 324 were sentenced to death; to hard labour or confinement, 6712; and 3010 were acquitted.

1819.—Persons tried, 8202; of whom 311 were condemned to death; to hard labour or confinement, 5476; and 2726 were acquitted.

1820.—Persons tried, 8911; of whom

304 were condemned to death; to hard labour or confinement, 5202; and 2809 were acquitted.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER.

From the heavy rains in the latter part of the month, a considerable extent of fallows and bean-eddishes, that were in course for Wheat, remain unsown in the low lands of most districts. The operators in husbandry have, therefore, been necessarily limited to winter farrowing and carrying dung out of the farm-yards. The forward-sown Wheats, from the mildness of the season, have planted, and grow luxuriantly. The returns from Mark-lane continue the same statements of the low average value of bread corn. Barleys prove, in general, so much speered or discoloured, that bright malting samples, from their scarcity, are eagerly sought for at an advance. Red Clover Seed does not rise so well, but White is expected to yield a full crop. So abundant a produce of Green Food, now seen in most parts, has seldom been known; but the early Turnips except the Swedes, begin to run. The pasture lands are still full of growing grass. Potatoes are an average crop. The price of Lean Cattle is not reduced, so that but few sales have been made to any extent at the late fairs. Smithfield is amply supplied with all kinds, and at prices which the ticketed joints of meat, in every street in London, sufficiently point out. The Wool Trade remains nearly stationary at the last month's prices.

BIRTHS.

LATELY, at Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, of a daughter.

Nov. 27. The lady of John Grove, Esq. M.D. of a son.

30. At Upper Mall, Hammersmith, the lady of John Stevenson Fyfe, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, of a daughter.

Dec. 1. The lady of the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke, of Cambridge, of a daughter.

2. At Bedford Hill, Surrey, the lady of J. Fasset Burnet, Esq. of a son.

3. In Bedford square, the lady of Robert Bill, Esq. barrister-at-law, of a daughter.

4. At Tunbridge Wells, the lady of A. P. Cumberbatch, of a son.

—. The lady of Sir Francis Ford, of a son.

6. At Hollywell House, Droxford, the lady of Walter Murry, Esq. of a son.

9. In Grosvenor-place, the Countess of Uxbridge, of a son and heir.

10. In Cardigan Terrace, the lady of H. R. Pearson, Esq. of a son.

11. At Brighton, the lady of Captain Lempriere, of a daughter.

—. In Bedford-street, Bedford-square, the lady of W. Ogle Hunt, Esq, of a son.

12. In Finsbury-square, the lady of A. A. Goldsmid, Esq. of a daughter.

13. At Hanworth, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. W. L. Addington, of a daughter.

15. In Duke-street, Portland place, the lady of Sir R. P. Jodrell, Bart. of a daughter

16. At Woburn Abbey, the Duchess of Bedford, of a son.

—. The wife of Mr. William Sams, St. James's-street, of a daughter.

17. The lady of Major Mackenzie, Scots Greys, in Somerset-street, of a son.

20. In Broad-street, the lady of James Casenove, jun. Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

LATELY, at Lord Stewart's, at Wynyard, Sir Henry Hardinge, M.P. to Lady Emily James, sister of the Marquess of Londonderry.

Lately, at Mellerstain, Lord Viscount Glenorchy, M.P. only son of the Earl of Breadalbane, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Baillie, Esq of Jerviswood.

Lately, the Earl of Wilton, to Lady Mary Stanley.

Dec 2. Lieut. George Bague, R.N. to Miss Yarrow, of Jermyn-street.

3. At Petworth, Sussex, Mr. William Henry Witherby, of Birchin-lane, to Jane Frances, eldest daughter of William Hale, Esq. solicitor.

13. At Shrewsbury, Captain, J. A. Murray, R.N. to Harriet Coupland, of Shrewsbury.

DEATHS.

LATELY, Sir Martin B. Foulkes, of Hillington Hall, Norfolk, M.P.

Lately, at Ramsgate, the Rev. Samuel Vince, Archdeacon of Bedford.

Dec. 1 At Ossington, in Nottinghamshire, in his 80th year, the Rev. John Charlesworth, M A. and late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

2. At Cholmondeley House, Piccadilly, Colonel Seymour, son in-law of the Marquess of C. from a disease contracted at Walcheren.

4. At Stratford, the Right Hon Lord Henniker, aged 70.

5. At Brighton, James Perry, Esq. for many years Proprietor and Editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, and *first* Editor of this Magazine. From a long personal acquaintance with that Gentleman, we readily bear our testimony to those merits which so deservedly gained for him the esteem and attachment of a most numerous and distinguished circle of friends. He was liberal towards all who had any connexion with him, and steady alike in his public and private attachments. Those, who like ourselves, differed from him in political opinions, never hesitated to acknowledge the sincerity with which he had adopted, or the candour and simplicity with which he maintained, them And the most decided opponents of *The Morning Chronicle* must ever admit, that the press owed much to Mr. Perry for the spirit and liberality with which he so long upheld his rank and respectability in society as a Public Journalist. It may afford a melancholy consolation to his family to reflect, that it is the fate of few men to die lamented by so many friends, eminent in worth, in talents, and in station; and to leave the world so deeply regretted by those, whose regret is fame. Mr. Perry was in his 65th year, and a Portrait and Memoir of him was given in our 74th Volume, page 187, Sept 1818.

6. At Islington, the Rev. Caleb Evans, third son of the Rev. Dr. Evans,

11. In Mansfield-street, Sir M. B. Folkes, Bart.

—. At her house in Queen Anne-street, aged 82, the Hon Mrs. Ai. on.

11. At Brompton, D. Lockhurst, Esq. aged 89.

23. Lydia Margaret, eldest daughter of John Lomas Johnson, Esq. of the City-road, aged 29.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

From TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, to SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1821.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES,

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at Guildhall, unless otherwise expressed. The Country and London Attornies' Names are between Brackets.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

CLERK, RICH. BINGHAM, Gosport, banker.
DRIVER, NATH. Stonbridge, Gloucester, clothier.
HGES, THOS. Romsey, Southampton, common brewer.
SEATON, ROB. Wentbridge, York, cotton-spinner
WROOTS, ROB. Sleaford, Lincoln, linen-draper.

BANKRUPTS.

ATTWOOD, ABR. Lymington, Southampton, surgeon, Jan. 12, Angel, Lymington. [Capes, Gray's Inn; and Guy, Lymington] *Dec.* 1.

ARMISTEAD, JOHN Clapham, York, cotton-spinner, Jan. 12, White Horse, Preston. [Buck and Co. Preston; and Norris, John-st. Bedford-row.] *Dec.* 1.

AYDON, SAM. and CO. Halifax, York, iron-masters, Jan 22, Elephant and Castle, York. [Walker, Lincoln's-Inn-fields; and Messrs. Alexander, Halifax.] *Dec.* 11.

ADCOCK, HENRY WRAY, Birmingham, Jan. 8, 9, and Feb 2, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Clarke and Co. Chancery la.; and Tyndall and Co. Birmingham.] *Dec* 22.

BAYLISS, THOS. Curdworth, Warwick, dealer, Jan. 6, Royal Hotel, Birmingham. [Clarke and Co. Chancery la.; and Wills, Birmingham.] *Nov.* 27.

BOULTBEE, JOHN, and COLE, JOHN WEBB, Peterborough, bankers, Jan. 8, Angel, Peterborough. [Anderson, Quality-co. Chancery-la.] *Nov.* 27

BRAY, DAN. Plymouth Dock, victualler, Jan 12, Rummer, Bristol. [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-st. Cheapside; and Bevan and Co. Bristol.] *Dec.* 1

BARKER, WM. Welch Whittle, Lancaster, victualler, Jan. 15, Fleece, Preston. [Stock, Chorley, Lancaster; and Chippendall and Co. Great Queen-st.] *Dec.* 4.

BOX, THOS. Buckingham, banker, Jan. 15, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Evans, Hatton-garden] *Dec.* 4.

BURKITT, WM. Beverley, York, miller, Jan. 15, King's Coffee house, Kingston upon-Hull. [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn, and Richardson, Hull.] *Dec.* 4.

BELLOTT, HENRY, Manchester, cotton manufacturer, Jan 10, George, Manchester. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-Inn; and Woodburne, Manchester.] *Dec.* 8.

BAKER, WM. and NATH. Portsea, grocers, Jan. 2, 7, and 22, George, Portsmouth [Shelton, Sessions house; and Poulden, Portsea. *Dec* 11.

BEALE, WM. Newbury, Berkshire, timber dealer, Jan. 26, White Hart, Newbury [Ashfield and Co. Tokenhouse-yard; and Hedges, Newbury.] *Dec.* 15.

BROWNE, JOHN, Canterbury, linen draper, Jan. 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Reardon and Co. Corbet co. Gracechurch-st.] *Dec* 15.

BELL, JOHN, and CO. Berwick-upon-Tweed, coopers, Jan. 5, and 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Bennett, Lambeth-hill, Doctors' Commons.] *Dec.* 15

BRANDER, JOHN, and CO. Size la. merchants, Jan. 5, and 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Brackenbury, Manchester; and Hurd and Co. King's-Bench-Walk, Temple.] *Dec.* 15

BARRATT, ABRAHAM, Newport Pagnell, Buckingham, farmer, Jan. 29, Swan, Newport Pagnell. [Gooch, Newport Pagnell; and Spence and Co. Furnival's Inn] *Dec.* 18.

BAMFORD, ROBERT, Pontefract, York, malster, Jan. 1, and 29, Old Elephant, Pontefract. [Lake, Cateaton-st.; and Clough and Co. Pontefract.] *Dec.* 18.

BINGHAM, RICH Gosport, banker, Jan. 5, 12, and 29, Star, Gosport. [Montagu, Lincoln's Inn-fields; and Callaway, Portsmouth.] *Dec.* 18.

COOPER, CHAS. Upper North-place, Gray's-Inn-ro. grocer, Jan. 6. [Amory and Co. Throgmorton-st.] *Nov.* 27.

CELLA, PHILLIPP, George st. Minories, wine-merchant, Jan. 12. [Annesley and Co. Finsbury-sq.] Dec. 1.

CROPPER, JAS. Great Peter st Westminster, brewer, Jan. 12. [Mangnall, Aldermanbury.] Dec. 1.

CAMPART, WM. HENRY, Croydon, hatter, Jan. 12. [Saunders and Co. Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-sq.] Dec 1.

CLARKSON, JOS. Gracechurch-st hatter, Jan. 12. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-st. Fenchurch-st] Dec. 1.

COURT, HENRY, Fish street-hill, straw-hat manufacturer, Jan. 15. [Reynolds, John-st. Clerkenwell.] Dec. 4.

CALVERT, JAMES, Tavistock Hotel, Covent-garden, merchant, Jan 22, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Lavie and Oliverson, Frederick's pl. Old Jewry.] Dec. 11

CLEAVER, WM. Church-la Chelsea, grocer, Jan. 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Dawson and Co. Saville-pl. New Burlington-st.] Dec. 15.

CHAMBERLIN, JOHN, Bristol, merchant, Jan. 26, Rummer, Bristol [Poole and Co. Gray's-Inn-sq ; and Pallin, Corn st Bristol] Dec. 15.

CALLANAN, DENIS, and CO King st. Wapping, soap-makers, Jan. 29, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Thompson, Walbrook.] Dec. 18.

CAVEY, JOHN, Beckley, Sussex, dealer, Jan. 29, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Dawes and Co. Rye, Sussex ; and Egan and Co. Essex-st. Strand.] Dec. 18.

CHURCHILL, SAM. Hadlow-st. Brunswick-sq. wine-merchant, Jan. 5, and Feb. 2, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts [Howard, Cook's-co. Carey-st. Lincoln's Inn.] Dec. 22.

CHRISTIE, CHAS. Clement's la. insurance broker, Jan. 5, 12, and Feb 2, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Alliston and Co. Freeman's-co. Cornhill.] Dec. 22.

CROAKER, CHAS. Upper Farm, Crayford, Kent, farmer, Jan. 12 and Feb. 2, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Stevens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle.] Dec. 22.

DENZILVE, MATTHEW KNIGHT, Bridport, Dorset, Bookseller, Jan. 8, Greyhound, Bridport. [Murly, Bridport ; and Hopkinson, Lincoln's Inn, London.] Nov. 27.

DURRANT, WM. late of Castle-st. Finsbury, tailor, Jan. 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Clarke, Bishopsgate Church-ya] Dec. 15.

EASTWOOD, ROB. Leeds, draper, Jan. 8, Bridgewater Arms, Manchester. [Atkinson, Manchester ; and Makinson, Temple.] Nov. 27.

EPPS, JOHN, Holborn, ham-merchant, Jan. 19, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Harvey and Wilson, Lincoln's Inn-fields.] Dec 8.

EDWARDS, WM. Chatham, Kent, linen-draper, dealer, Jan. 22, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Rippon, Great Surrey-st.] Dec. 11.

EVANS, THOS. Macknylletth, Montgomery, innkeeper, Jan. 1, 2, and 22, Fox, Shrewsbury. [Philpot and Co. Southampton-st. Bloomsbury-sq ; and Maddock and Co. Shrewsbury.] Dec. 11.

EASTWOOD, HENRY, of Eastwood, Yorkshire, fustian-manufacturer, Jan. 5, and 26, Star Inn, Manchester. [Hampson, Marsden st. Manchester; and Ellis, Chancery la.] Dec 15.

ELSE, STEPHEN, Tredagar Iron-works, Monmouth, shopkeeper, Jan. 22, Castle, Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan. [Perkins, Merthyr Tydfil ; and Gregory, Clement's Inn.] Dec. 18.

FOWLER, JOHN, Mark-la. tea-dealer, Jan. 8. [Hodgson, John-st. Adelphi] Nov. 27.

FISHER, FRED. jun. Leicester-sq. surgeon, Jan. 12. [Budd and Co. Bedford-row.] Dec. 1.

FULLER, JOHN MARKWICK, Worthing, Sussex, linen-draper, Jan. 22, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Jones, Size-la.] Dec. 11.

FORBES, GEO. MOORE, Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 16, 17, and Feb. 2, at the Office of Mr. Avison, Liverpool. [Avison, Liverpool , and Wheeler, Castle-st. Holborn.] Dec. 22.

GAYFER, THOS. Brusyard, Suffolk, merchant, Jan. 15, Bell, Saxmundham, Suffolk. [Rabett and Co. Saxmundham ; and Alexander, Carey-st. Lincoln's-Inn-fields.] Dec. 4.

GREAVES, JOHN, Sheffield, York, merchant, Jan. 15, Tontine, Sheffield. [Knowles, New Inn , and J. and J. Wheat, Sheffield.] Dec. 4.

GALE, QUINTEN, Newgate market, butcher. Jan. 19, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Wilmot, Essex st. Strand.] Dec. 8.

GARRICK, JOHN LEWIS, Mitcham, Surrey, merchant, Jan. 22, . . . Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Grimal . . . Co. Copthall co.] Dec. 11.

GLEAVE, SAM. Warrington, Lancaster, shopkeeper, Jan. 29, Nag's Head, Warrington [Dodd, Warrington ; and Hurd and Co. London] Dec 18.

GRIFFIS, THOS High row, Knightsbridge, plumber, Jan 1, and Feb. 2, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Palmer and Co. Bedford row.] Dec. 22.

GRAYSON, ROBERT, Wigan, cotton spinner, Jan. 9, 10, and Feb 2, Eagle and Child, Wigan. [Norris, John-st Bedford row ; and Battersby and Co. Wigan.] Dec. 22.

HOWARD, JOHN, St. Martin's-co. St Martin's-la. cordwainer, Jan. 12. [Jones and Co. Mincing-la] Dec. 1.

HOUNSFIELD, JAS. Cononley, York, calico-manufacturers, Jan. 12, Red Lion, Hestor Norris, Lancaster. [Lowe and Co. Southampton bu. Chancery-la. ; and Newtons and Co Stockport.] Dec. 1.

HUTCHINGS, JAS Home Park-bu. Devon, builder, Jan. 15, Weakley's Hotel, Plymouth Dock. [Raine and Co. Temple ; and Elworthy, Plymouth Dock.] Dec. 4

HARRISON, JOHN, Beckfoot, Westmorland, joiner, Jan 15, Rose and Crown, Kirkby Lonsdale. [Holme and Co. New Inn ; and Pearson, Kirkby-Lonsdale.] Dec. 4.

HOLLAND, BEN. LENEVE, Coventry, builder, Jan. 2, and 22, Albion, Birmingham. [Corrie, Birmingham ; and Alexander, Carey-st. Chancery-la] Dec. 11.

HAVILAND, ROB. Cirencester, rectifier, Jan. 1, 2, and 22, Falcon Inn, Painswick, Gloucester. [Becke, Devonshire st. Queen-sq ; and Gardner, Gloucester.] Dec. 11.

HATFIELD, HENRY, late of Abingdon row, Goswell st road, merchant, Jan. 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Jones and Co. Mincing la] Dec. 15.

JACKSON, ROBERT, Cannon st. merchant, Jan. 8. [Borradaile, jun. Cateaton-st] Nov. 27.

JAMES, RICHARD, Conderton, Worcestershire, dealer in horses, Jan 11, 12, and 26, at the house of William Ricketts, Tewkesbury. [Olive, Tewkesbury ; and Jenkins and Co. New Inn] Dec. 15.

JARVIS, EDW. Norwich, carpenter, Jan. 2, 3, and 29, Norfolk Hotel, Norwich [Parkinson, Norwich ; and Poole and Co. Gray's Inn sq.] Dec. 18.

KIRKMAN, GEORGE Lancaster, merchant, Jan 8, King's Arms, Lancaster. [Chippendall and Co. Great Queen-st. Lincoln's-Inn-fields ; and Robinson, Lancaster.] Nov 27.

KAY, THOS. London, auctioneer, Jan. 12. [Noel, Great Ormond-st.] Dec. 1.

KERWOOD, CHAS. GEO John-st. West, Mary-le-Bone, printer, Jan. 22, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Jones and Co. Mincing-la.] Dec. 11.

KAY, EDW. Sheffield, Yorkshire, merchant, Jan. 26, Tontine, Sheffield. [Thompson, Sheffield ; and Battye, Chancery-la. London] Dec 15.

LEVI, HENRY, Nelson-sq. Blackfriars-ro. merchant, Jan. 8. [Green and Co. Angel co. Throgmorton-st.] Nov. 27.

LONGSTER, GEO Highbury-terrace, merchant, Jan. 12. [Smith and Co. Bedford ro.] Dec. 1.

LONGRIGG, ISAAC, Liverpool, linen-draper, Jan. 12, Star and Garter, Liverpool. [Mawdsley, Liverpool ; and Wheeler, Castle-st. Holborn.] Dec. 1.

LANDCASTLE, JOHN, and CO. Bristol, carpenters, Jan. 19, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. [Ambury, Bristol ; and Sherwood and son, Canterbury-sq Southwark] Dec. 8

LITCHFIELD, JOHN, Cambridge, gardener. Jan. 19, Hoop Tavern, Cambridge. [Chevell, Cambridge ; and Farlow Gray's Inn.] Dec 8.

LAPAGE, SAM. Clement's la. drysalter, Jan. 5, and 19, at the Court of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Griffith, High-st. Mary-le-bone] Dec. 8.

MORTON, PETER, Salford, Lancaster, merchant, Jan. 8, Star, Manchester. [Higson, Manchester ; and Ellis, Chancery-la.] Nov. 27.

MONKHOUSE, RICH. New Shoreham, Sussex, timber-merchant, Jan. 12, Sea House Hotel, Worthing. [Rogers, Worthing ; and Hicks, Gray's Inn square.] Dec. 1

MABSON, WM Kelsale, Suffolk, farmer, Jan. 15, Bell, Saxmundham, Suffolk. [Southwell, Saxmundham , and Elkins, Temple-chambers.] Dec. 4.

MOYSE, WM. Saxmundham, Suffolk, baker, Jan. 15, Bell, Saxmundham. [Southwell, Saxmundham; and Ellms, Temple-chambers.] *Dec.* 4.

MARSDEN, PETER, Sheffield, grocer, Jan. 19. Commercial Inn, Sheffield [Blakelock, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet st.; and Branson, Sheffield. *Dec* 8.

MARGETTS, THOS. Old Woodstock, Oxford, wheelwright. Jan. 19, Bear, New Woodstock. [North and Harrison, New Woodstock: and Lowden and Helder, Clement's Inn.] *Dec* 8.

MOORE, JAMES, Sowerby, Yorkshire, woollen-cloth manufacturer, Jan. 26, White Lion, Halifax. [Wiglesworth, Gray's Inn-sq.; and Thompson and Co Halifax.] *Dec* 15.

MARSHALL, WM HENRY, Bristol, ship-broker, Jan. 29, Rummer, Bristol. [Vizard and Co. Lincoln's Inn; and Gregory, Bristol.] *Dec.* 18.

MUNRO, GEO. Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing-la. wine merchant. Jan. 1, 8, and Feb. 2, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Wright, Fenchurch st.] *Dec.* 22.

NICOLSON, JOHN, Commersdale, near Carlisle, Cumberland, iron founder, Jan 8, Lion and Lamb, Carlisle [Clennell, Staples Inn; and Messrs. Seal, Carlisle.] *Nov.* 27.

NIBLOCK, JAS. and LATHAM, RICH. STANLEY, Bath, woollen-drapers, Jan 12, Rummer, Bristol. [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-st. Cheapside; and Bevan and Co Bristol.] *Dec.* 1.

PARKER, ROBERT, Whitchurch, Salop, stationer, Jan. 8, White Lion, Whitchurch. [Stocker, Dawson, and Beringham, New Boswell co. Carey st. and Brookes and Co Whitchurch.] *Nov* 27.

PAINE, EDW. Little Chart, Kent, paper-maker, Jan. 12, Guildhall, Canterbury. [Elwyn, Hythe; and Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies Inn.] *Dec.* 1.

PAGE, WM. Lime st. spirit merchant. Jan. 10, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Farlow, Holborn co. Gray's-Inn.] *Dec* 8.

POTTER, THOS. Manchester, publican, Jan. 1, 4, and 26, Garrick's Head, Manchester. [Shaw, Ely-pl. Holborn; and Smith, Spring-gardens, Manchester.] *Dec.* 15.

PATTISON, COANN, St. Neot's, Huntingdon, ironmonger, Jan. 5, George, Huntingdon, 9, and 29, Falcon, St. Neot's. [Day, St. Neot's.] *Dec* 18.

PARR, JOHN, Stand-la. Lancaster, check-manufacturer, Jan. 4, 5, and 29, Coach and Horses, Manchester. [Perkins and Co. Holborn-co. Gray's Inn; and Thompson, Manchester.] *Dec.* 18.

RITCHIE, JOHN, RICHARDSON, FRED. and RICHIE, JAMES, Watling-st. warehousemen, Jan. 8 [Smith and Co. Hatton-co. Threadneedle-st.] *Nov.* 27.

RENDALL, JOS. Bridport, Dorset, painter, Jan. 22, Greyhound, Bridport. [Nicholetts, Bridport; and Allen, Clifford's Inn.] *Dec* 11.

STAFF, CHARLES, and WILLIAM WINSON, Norwich, and King-st Cheapside, bombazine manufacturers, Jan. 6, Norfolk Hotel, Norwich. [Goodwin, Norwich; and Abbot, Roll's-yard, Chancery-la.] *Nov.* 27.

STAFF, EDW. and WM. WINSON, Norwich, brick-makers, Jan. 15, Norfolk Hotel, Norwich. [Bignold and Co. Norwich; and Holme and Co. New Inn.] *Dec.* 4.

STAFF, HENRY AUGUSTIN, Norwich, soap-manufacturer, Jan. 19, Angel, Norwich. [Unthank and Co. Norwich; and Lythgoe, Essex-st. Strand.] *Dec.* 8.

SMITH, HENRY, St. Martin's-la. woollen draper, Jan. 8, and 26, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Pownall and Co. Old Jewry.] *Dec.* 15.

STAPLES, GEO. CLARKE, Halifax, York, wool-stapler, Jan. 29, Bayne's Hotel, York. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-Inn sq.; and Thompson and Co. Halifax.] *Dec.* 18

TOWNSEND, JAMES, Honiton, Devon; and BROOKE, G. Whimple Devon, bankers, Jan. 22, Golden Lion, Honiton. [Luxmore, Red Lion-sq. Holborn, and Flood and Co Honiton, Devon.] *Dec.* 11.

TIPPETS, EDWIN, and CO. Basinghall-st. factors, Jan. 22, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Pullen and Co. Fore-st. Cripplegate; and Brutton, Old Broad st.] *Dec.* 11.

TODD, SAM. Southampton, mercer, Jan. 4, and 22, Mitre, Portsea. [Browne, Furnival's Inn; and Caught, Portsea.] *Dec.* 11.

TURNER, GEO. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 15, 16, and 29, George, Liverpool. [Taylor and Co. King's Bench-walk, Temple,; and Lace and Co. Liverpool.] *Dec.* 18.

WARNER, JOHN, Garforth, York, maltster, Jan. 15, Star, Pontefract, York. [Battye, Chancery la.; and Pearson, Selby, York.] *Dec.* 4.

WARNER, RICHARD, Peckfield House, York, Jan. 19, White Horse, York. [Parker, Selby; and Wiglesworth, Gray's Inn-square.] *Dec.* 8.

WILLIAMS, SAM. Bristol, apothecary, Jan. 19, Bush, Bristol. [Davis, Bristol; and Poole and Co. Gray's-Inn-square.] *Dec.* 8.

WILLS, ROB. Broad-st. Bloomsbury, tobacconist, Jan 22, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Cobb, Clement's-Inn.] *Dec.* 11.

WILDMAN, JAS. Fen co. Fenchurch-st. merchant, Jan. 8, and 29, at the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts. [Le Blanc, New Bridge-st. Blackfriars.] *Dec.* 18.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1821.

AUSTIN, T. and Co. Bath. Dec. 8.
Aubrey, G. E. Manchester, Dec. 26.
Alder, St. J. and J. Liverpool. Jan. 1.
Armstrong, J. Bristol, Jan. 18.
Bewler, W. and Co. Castle-st. Borough, Dec. 22.
Burgess, H. and Co. Miles-la. Cannon-st. Dec. 29.
Buckland, J. Newcastle-st. Strand, Dec. 22.
Bull, J. and Co. King st. Cheapside, Dec. 15.
Boydell, J. Bethnal green, Dec. 22.
Brumfit, T. Bradford, York, Dec. 31.
Browne, J. P. New-road, St. Pancras, Dec. 11.
Barn, J. Lothbury, Jan. 1.
Bennett, J. Bristol, Dec. 31.
Barnett, J. jun West-st. West Smithfield, Jan. 12.
Belcher, I. B. Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex, Dec. 22.
Beason, J. R. Artillery-pl. Finsbury-sq. Jan. 5.
Betty, W. S. Sculcoates, York, Jan. 5.
Brennard. T. Bread-st. Cheapside, Jan. 19.
Burleigh, J. Bristol, Dec. 26
Blackburn, P. and I. Turnchapel-dock, Plymouth, Jan 12.
Bourdillon, B. Walthamstow, Jan. 12.
Clements, R. Coventry, Dec. 19.
Canby, W. Leeds, Jan 2.
Cohen, E. London, Jan 22.
Cuy, J. Raquet-co. Fleet-st. Dec 15.
Creser, W. Baldwyn-st. City-road, Jan. 5.
Clay, J. formerly of Kingston upon-Hull, and late of Gottenburg, Norblad, A. and Middleton, H. Jan. 22.
Carter, J. S. and Co. Liverpool, Jan. 24.
Cohen, E. City, Feb. 5.
Campbell, D. and Co. Old Jewry, Jan. 12.
Clarke, H. Buckden, Huntingdonshire, Jan. 20.
Cornwell, J. Kirton Fen, Lincoln, Dec. 29.
Dingle, J. Charlestown, Cornwall, Dec. 28.
Durham, W. Oxnead, Norfolk, Dec. 27.
Duthil, J. Bromsgrove, Worcester, Jan. 12.
Dubois, J. F. and J. Alderman's-walk, Dec. 18.
Deakin, F. and Co. Deritend Mills, Deritend, Aston, near Birmingham, Jan. 22.
Davie, D. G. and Co. Plymouth-dock, Jan. 12.
Dwyer, G. Exchange-alley, Jan. 19.
Dufour, W. F. A. Berner's st. Oxford-st. Jan. 26.
Dove T. Maldon, Feb 9.
Fraser, A. Norfolk-st. St. Mary-le-Bone, Dec. 22.
Fenton, F. Sheffield, Dec. 26.
Fry, J. Dorset-st. Salisbury-sq. Jan. 5.
Fry, G. Newbury, Dec. 29.
Fenner, B. Fenchurch-street-chambers, Jan. 12.
Garton, S. Wood st. Cheapside, Dec. 22.
Griffiths, G. Cursitor-st. Dec. 18.
Gilbert, W. R. Leicester, Jan. 2.
Gordon, J. Copthall-co. and Pentonville, Jan. 26.
Grove, P. Cardiff, Glamorgan, Jan. 14.
Grose, P. Commercial road, Middlesex, Dec. 22.
Gowland, T. Great Winchester-st. Jan. 19.
Hollis, J. Goswell street road. Dec. 18.
Hattersley, M. Bilton with Harrogate, York, Dec. 21.
Harris, J. Redbridge, Southampton, Dec. 21.
Hannam, E. Threadneedle-st. Dec. 22.

Henshaw, J. Gloucester-pl. Portman-sq. Dec. 22.
Holmes, J. and J. Carlisle, Cumberland, Jan. 5.
Hunt, C. Mark la. Jan. 5.
Handley, S. Hilderstone, Stone, Stafford, Jan. 10.
Hayter, J. Bristol, Jan. 21.
Hughes, J. and Co. Liverpool, Lancaster, Jan. 19.
Jent, T. Piccadilly, Dec. 22.
Jarman, W. jun. Knightsbridge, Dec. 29.
James, B. and Co. Lawrence-la. Jan. 22.
Jones, R. A Tottenham court road, Jan. 12.
Kirkman, C. F. Deal, Kent, Dec. 22.
Knott, J. Barfrestone, Kent, Dec. 27.
King, W. Worcester, Jan. 3.
Kruse, A. Union-co. Broad st. Dec. 15.
Little, T. Bodinam, Sussex, Dec. 22.
Leeson, E Wood-st. Dec. 22.
Lauder, G. Birmingham, Jan. 5.
Landon, T. Hartford, Chester, Dec. 28.
Luscombe, N. Kingsbridge, Devon, Jan. 4.
Longridge, R. and Co. Painsher, Durham, Jan. 5.
Lent, W. Bridlington, York, Jan. 8.
Lewis E. Llanbister, Radnor, Dec. 31.
Ladkin, W. Leir, Leicester, Jan. 22.
Lucy, H. Tupsley, Herefordshire, Jan. 8.
Mair, R. C. Rathbone-pl. Dec. 22.
Merrick, T. Frith-st. Soho, Dec. 18.
Martin, J. Liverpool, Dec. 27.
Matson, R. Bartristone, Kent, Jan. 8.
Meadows, J. M. Bromsgrove, Worcester, Jan. 5.
Nash, I. Bath, Dec. 21.
Nedby, W Lamb's-conduit-st. Dec. 15.
Neville, R. Colchester. Dec. 18.
Nicholl, E. Hemel Hempstead, Hertford, Jan. 19.
Parkinson, A. Manchester, Dec. 22.
Percy, R. Blandford Forum, Dorset, and Force, J. Wimborne Minster, Dorset, Dec. 22.
Parks, T. and Co. Birmingham, Jan. 1.
Philipps, P. R. Carmarthen, Dec. 22.
Peake, W. Sloane-sq Jan. 12.
Parkinson, T. and R Preston, Lancaster, Jan. 11.
Pinkerton, T. Nuneaton, Warwick, and Birchin-la. Jan. 5.
Pardow, G. Coughton, Warwick, Jan. 14.
Philpots, R. Banbury, Oxford, Jan. 5.
Palmer, R. late of Worthing, but now of Brighthelmstone, Sussex, Jan. 19.
Peak, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, Feb. 14.
Perfect, G. jun. West Malling, Kent, Jan. 8.
Pulleyn, W. Leadenhall-st. Jan. 26.
Ratcliff, R. Southwick, Durham, Dec. 18.
Robinson, J. Birmingham, Dec. 26.
Robson, E. Morpeth, Northumberland, Jan. 4.
Robinson, T. and Co. Manchester, Jan. 7.
Ritson, J. Carlisle, Cumberland, Jan. 5.
Roy, J. Wolverhampton, Stafford, Jan. 5.
Rogers, S Gutter-la. Cheapside, Jan. 12.
Ross, A. Le[illegible]nhall-bu. Gracechurch-st. Jan. 5.
Ritson, J. Carlisle, Jan. 5
Richardson, A. York-st. Marylebone, and Welch, T. Cleveland-st. Marylebone, Jan. 8.
Smith, E. and Co. Howden, York, Dec. 27.
Sheppard, R W. Aldermanbury, Dec. 29.
Shaw, J. Wem, Salop, Jan. 10.
Sutton, G. Lamb's conduit-st. Jan. 5.
Shakespear, J. Fillongley, Warwick, Jan. 22.
Sellers, H. Burnley, Lancaster, Jan. 10.
Stodart, R. and M. Strand, Jan 5.
Smith, A. Lime street-sq Jan. 5.
Simpson, R. Crown-co. Threadneedle-st. Jan. 22.
Symonds, C. and Co. Watling-st. Jan. 12.
Snuggs, J. W. A. and Co Lime-st. Feb. 5.
Timmins, J. Birmingham, Jan. 5.
Taylor, A. Kent-road, Jan. 8.
Thurkle, G. M. New-street-sq. Fetter la. Dec. 29.
Vice, J. Valentine-row, Blackfriar's-road, Jan. 1.
Vaughan, M. and Co. Liverpool, Dec. 27.
Wheatley, H. Coventry, Dec. 19.
Wood, S. Bolton, Lancaster, Dec. 19.
Watts, G. Chichester, Sussex, Dec. 18.
Williams, L. W. Fleet-st. Dec. 18.
Wildash, T. R Aylesford, Kent, Jan. 8.
Warburton, T. Northwich, Chester, and Parsons, G. Liverpool, Jan. 10.
Wilson, W. R. Crown-co. Broad-st. Jan. 22.
Whitby, W. and Co. Clement's la. Jan. 12.
Wilson, W Fenchurch-st Jan. 22.
Worsley, W Liverpool, Jan. 10.
Watts, G. Chichester, Jan. 10.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CERTIFICATES,

FROM TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1821

BOUKE, J. Albemarle-st Piccadilly, Dec. 18.
Billinge, J. Bristol, Dec. 18.
Burbery, J. Coventry, Dec. 21.
Bursey, J. jun. Goodge-st. Dec. 29.
Bavestock, R. Brompton, Middlesex, Jan. 1.
Butt, T. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Jan. 12.
Collett, J. Bath, Dec. 29.
Carr, J. York, Jan. 5
Callow, J. Prince's-st. Soho, Jan. 8.
De la Pryme, A. and Co. Chorley, Lancaster, Jan. 1.
Davies, J. Michaeldean, Gloucestershire, Jan. 8.
Deebie, E. B Welbeck-st. Cavendish-sq. Jan. 12.
Elphick, W. West Ham, Sussex, Dec. 29.
Evans, T. B Strand, Jan 1.
Etches, J. Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, Jan. 5.
Forster, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 8.
Gilbert, R. T Stockbridge, Hants, Dec. 22.
Gundry, T. Goldsithney, Cornwall, Dec. 29.
Gilbert, J. Maidstone, Jan. 1.
Germaine, G. Commercial road, Jan. 5.
Gyles, J. E. Shoreditch, Jan .
Hayward, T. Cheltenham, Gloucester, Dec. 18.
Horton, W. Yardley, Worcester, Dec. 22.
Hall, H. and J. Sun Wharf, Upper Thames-st. Jan. 1.
Huggett, T. Bermondsey-st. Jan 5.
Hart, T. Bridport, Dorsetshire, Jan. 8.
Heague, J. Chalford, Gloucester, Jan. 12.
Heppenstall, J. Doncaster, York, Jan. 12.
Higgs, W. Bristol, Jan. 12.
Jones, T. St. John's st West Smithfield, Dec. 18.
Jackson, W. Cudham, Kent, Dec. 25.
Jolly, N. Charing-cross, Jan. 5.
Kenworthy, J. Saddleworth, York, Jan. 1.
Lindley, J. and J. Berwick upon-Tweed, Dec. 29.
Lee, G. Bath, Somerset, Jan. 12.
Moffat, R. Manchester, Jan. 1.
Marsh, J. Rotherham, Yorkshire, Jan. 8.
Morris, W. Wellclose-sq Jan. 12.
Newton, M. Newcastle upon-Tyne, Dec. 25.
Parker, T. H. Kingston, Surrey, Dec. 18.
Pethurst, J. Cranbrook, Kent, Dec. 18.
Parkinson, A. and Co. Manchester, Dec. 22.
Povant, W. Manchester, Dec. 22.
Playfair, T. New Bond st. Dec. 25.
Phillips, J. B. Bartlett's-bu. Dec. 29.
Parsons, T. Castle st. Holborn, Jan. 12.
Roy, J. Wolverhampton, Stafford, Dec. 18.
Rolfe, W Teignmouth, Devon, Dec. 29.
Shoobridge, G. Cheapside, Dec. 18.
Sedgwick, M. Friday st. Jan. 5.
Stafford, T. Bath, Jan. 5.
Spear, J. Sheffield, Jan. 8.
Tate, R. Market Weightons, York, Dec. 29.
Thompson, W. Sculcoates, York, Jan. 12.
Tovey, F. R late of Calcutta, in the East Indies, but now of East st. Lamb's-conduit-st. Jan. 12.
Vernon, T. Towcester, Northampton, Dec. 18.
Vice, J. Valentine-row, Blackfriar's-road, Jan. 5.
Wright, C. Ludgate hill, Dec. 22.
Wright, D. St. Catherine-st. near the Tower, Dec. 22.
Wilson, W. C. London st. Dec. 29.
Webster, W. Bishop Wearmouth, Dec. 29.
Wilcox, J. S. and Co. Theobald's-road, Jan. 1.
Young, J. Ware, Dec. 29.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATIONS,

FROM TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1821.

BELL, A. and Co. Leith, rope-makers.
Chalmers, J. Glasgow, merchant.
Gillespie, C. Glasgow, merchant.
Hutchinson, J. D Glasgow, spirit-dealer.
Jeffrey, G. Glasgow, spirit-dealer.
Milroy, A. Edinburgh, china, glass, and earthenware merchant.
Mylne, W. Leith, merchant.
Provand, J. Glasgow, merchant.
Sinclair, G. Stromness, merchant.
Swayne, W Dysart, manufacturer.
Simson, A Portsoy, merchant.
Watson, R. and Co. Edinburgh, stationers.

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP.

FROM TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1821.

ARCHER, G. Archer, E and Corr. J.
Alderson, J. and Musgrave, A. Bank, York, grocers.
Ames, J. Castle, T. Castle, M. H. Williams, J. S. Latcham, C. and Stone, S. New Lodge Colliery, Rudgway, Gloucester.
Allen, J. and Ireland, T. Manchester, dyers.
Andrew, J. and Trower, J. Upper Thames-st plumbers.
Baker, J. C. and Dalton, T. Oxford-st. cheesemongers.
Burrow, J. Holme, J. Atkinson, T. Turner, J. and Turner, W Westmoreland, paper makers
Box, T and Chaplin, W. P. Buckingham, drapers.
Bunyon, E. and Cutforth, T. Newcastle upon-Tyne, ship and insurance brokers.
Best, G. and Martyr, J. Craven-st. Strand, wine-merchants.
Bleukhorn, E. and Heppenstall, G. Wadworth, York, farmers.
Barfoot, S. and Wakeham, W. Millbay, Plymouth, manufacturers of Roman cement.
Bourne, W. J. and J. Denby, Derby, bottle-manufacturers,
Brathwaite, J. and Brathwaite, W. Cateaton-st. general commission agents.
Bryant, J. Bryant, L. and Harris, S. Grove Colliery, Gloucester, coal- rs
Bolton, R. and Masters, T. Great Eastcheap, spice-merchants.
Booker, C. and Naylor, L M Cannon st grocers.
Barlow, W. and Mason, J. B. Watling st. wholesale-ironmongers
Cogan, T. and Nicholson, G. J. Old London st. Fenchurch-st. insurance brokers.
Crowder W. H. Lavie, G. and Oliverson, T. Frederick's-pl. attornies
Court, S. and Greenhalgh, J. Hammersmith, braziers.
Cullingworth, G. and Dodgson, M. Dewsbury, York, grocers.
Caffyn, J. and Graimes, J. Poynings, Sussex, millers.
Clare, A. and Clare, G. Swallow-st. Oxford-st. paper-hangers.
Cooper, H and Pite, M. R. High Holborn, mercers.
Da Costa, S. G. and Rietti, A.
Dewhurst, J. I. and E. Millholme, York, cotton-manufacturers.
Duckworth, E. and Andrew, R Manchester, wine-merchants.
Dangerfield, G. and Reeks, W. F. Tewkesbury, surgeons.
Dance, S. and Smith, G. Bishopsgate st. Without, butchers.
Day, T. and Hutton, W. Tottenhham court-road, linen-drapers.
Edwards, H. and Copner, C.S. Gloucester, builders.
Emerson, J. and Howell, I jun. Bristol, braziers.
Forbes, T. Reed, W. and Jobson, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wine-merchants.
Golding, G. and Rhoades, W. Swan-yard, Knightsbridge, livery-stable keepers.
Glassford, J. Riddell, J. Mackenzie, J. Mitchell, W. and Riddell, H. Edinburgh. brewers.
Gregory, T. and Newball, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturers.
Green, R. and Green, W. Manchester, iron manufacturers.
Gifford, J. and Gifford, S. Netherbury, Dorsetshire, flax spinners.
Gairdner, T. and Galloway, W. Maiden-la. Covent-garden, working-silversmiths.
Hooman, J. Hooman, J. jun. Howarth, J. and Pardoe, T. Kidderminster, worsted-manufacturers.
Hobday, B. and Johnson, F. Birmingham, pawnbrokers.
Holland, M. and Isherwood, E. Lancaster, straw-bonnet-makers.
Hyde, R. E. and Hyde, J. Manchester, cotton-merchants.
Harrison, J and Ray, G. Great Chapel-st. Westminster, oilm
Howard, M. and Howard, T. Sheffield, wine-merchants.
Hetherington, I. and Barnes, A. Lynn, Norfolk, dress-makers.
Harvey, H. and Harper, W. H. Norwich, wine-merchants.
Hurly, C. and Brooks, W. Carey-st. Lincoln's-inn-fields, law-stationers.
Humphries, W. and Mayor, R. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, woolstaplers.
Hoyle, T. Lord, J. and Chatburn, J. Itwell Springs, Lancashire, calico-printers.
Harvey, R. and M'Kerrell, H. Liverpool.
Jones, T. Iles, W. H. and Jones, S. St. John's st. West Smithfield, wholesale grocers.
Jowitt, D. Jowitt, J. Milnes, J. Jowitt, C. and North, W Huddersfield, York, plasterers.
Kirke, G. R. and Jarman, A Battersea fields, tanners.
Lomas, W. Lomas, G. Rose, A. and Bradbury, J. Strangeways, Manchester, calico-printers
Lloyd, J P. and Lloyd, R. H. jun. Southampton, tallow-chandlers.
Lyon, W. and Lyon, G. Wigan, Lancaster, printers.
Latham, J. Latham, R. Taylor, M. Latham, A. Kerr, J. and Kerr, M. Broughton in Furness, Lancaster, iron masters
Lucas, C. and Christie, R. St. Swithin's-la. wine and spirit merchants.
Lund, C. and Warnsoll, A. Brewer's-st. Somers-town, grocers.
Miles, B. and Read, R. Little Britain, cloth-workers.
Mason, S and Smart, G. Birmingham, factors.
Mulen, G and Taylor, H. St Dunstan's-hill, Lower Thames st Custom-house-agent
Miller, M. and Truss, M. Prince's-st Cavendish-sq. milliners.
Milliken, E. and Groom, R. Walworth, Surrey, florists.
Marsh, J. and Wincott, T. Wood-st. Cheapside, wholesale glovers
Myers, W. Denison, T. and Lister, J. Leeds, tea-dealers.
Millner, G. and Millner, J. Salford, grocers.
Okell, W. and Lowe, J. Warrington, Lancastere curriers.
Oxberry, W. and Chapple, C. White-hart-yard, Drury lane, printers.
Powell, E. and Russell, W. Ludlow, Salop, maltsters.
Pons, A. and Bourdon, F. Gun-st. Spital-fields, dyers.
Patmore, P. sen Routledge, J. Patmore, P. G. and Routledge, J. London, silversmiths.
Plummer, E. and Magnus, F. Boston, Lincolnshire, milliners.
Pride, S. and Ninnis, J. Liverpool, boot and shoe makers.
Rushton, W. and Hardie, D. Liverpool, merchants
Robinson, D. and Sons, G. E. Clithero, Lancaster, attornies.
Reed, T. and Morgan, J. late of White-hart-yard, Drury-la. victuallers.
Russell, T. and Stares, J. Chichester, Sussex, bakers.
Slade, A. and Slade, J. Tottenham-court-road, butchers.
Shores, G. H. and Selby, S. Bradford, York, worsted-spinners.
Sancell, W. and Newell, E. A. Newport, Isle of Wight, Brewers.
Steward, J. and Fennell, T. Talbot-co. Gracechurch-st. cyder-merchants.
Snowden, R. and Fiveash, J. Northfleet, Kent, millers.
Smith, J. P. Kempthorne, R. and Holgate, J. Salters'-hall co. Cannon-st. wine merchants.
Solomon, S. Lewis, K. and Solomon, S. K. New-st. Covent-garden, silversmiths.
Solomon, S. Lewis, K. and Solomon, S. K. Charing-cross, army-tailors
Townsend, J. and Lyddon, R jun. Honiton, Devon, attornies.
Tinney, F. and Watkin, J. Liverpool.
Turner, G. Hyslop, R. and Garrett, R. Pernambucco, commission-merchants.
Vacher, B. and Linthorne, S. Poole, coal-merchants.
Wood, G. Wood, M. and Johnston, E. Doncaster, milliners.
Westmoreland, W. and Wrigglesworth, W. Leeds, timber merchants.
Watt, J. and Watt, G. Beaufort's-wharf, Strachan-terrace, Islington, and Lloyd's Coffee-house, coal-merchants.
Wood, W. Ellis, R. and Pratt, T. Oxford-st. hosiers and haberdash
Williams, W. B. and Magg, J. Duke st. Grosvenor-sq. tailors.
Wadham, J. G. Brook, B. and King, J. Upper Thames-st. printers.

NEW PATENTS.

THOMAS MARTIN and CHARLES GRAFTON, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Printing Ink Manufacturers; for a method of making fine light black, of very superior colour, which, for distinction from other blacks, they call spirit black; and a new apparatus for producing the same. Dated October 24, 1821.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, of Ayton Cottage, in the county of Durham, Gent.; for a method of facilitating the conveyance of carriages along iron and wood rail-ways, tram-ways, and other roads. Dated October 24, 1821.

CHARLES TUELY the elder, of Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, Middlesex, Cabinet-maker; for certain improvements applicable to window-sashes, either single or double hung, fixed or sliding sashes, casements, window-shutters, and window-blinds. Dated November 1, 1821.

SAMUEL HOBDAY, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Patent Snuffer Maker; for a method or principle of manufacturing the furniture for umbrellas and parasols, and of uniting the same together. Dated November 1, 1821.

JOHN FREDERICK ARCHBOLD, of Serjeants'-inn, Fleet street, London, Esq.; for a mode of ventilating close carriages. Dated November 1, 1821.

RICHARD WRIGHT, of Mount-row, Kent road, Surrey, Engineer; for certain improvements in the process of distillation. Dated November 9, 1821.

DAVID REDMUND, of Agnes circus, Old street-road, Middlesex, Engineer; for an improvement in the construction or manufacture of hinges for doors. Dated November 9, 1821.

FRANZ ARETON EGELLS, of Britannia terrace, City-road, Middlesex, Engineer; for certain improvements on steam-engines. Dated November 9, 1821.

JAMES GARDNER, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, Ironmonger; for a machine preparatory to melting in the manufacture of tallow, soap, and candles; and which machine may be used for other similar purposes. Dated November 9, 1821.

JOHN BATES, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Machine-maker; for certain machinery for the purpose of feeding furnaces of every description, steam-engines, and other boilers, with coal, coke, and fuel of every kind. Dated November 9, 1821.

WILLIAM WESTLEY RICHARDS, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gun-maker; for an improvement in the construction of gun and pistol locks. Dated November 10, 1821.

WILLIAM PENROSE, of Stummorgangs, Yorkshire, Miller; for various improvements in the machinery for propelling vessels, and in vessels so propelled. Dated November 10, 1821.

BOWLES SYMES, of Lincoln's inn, Middlesex, Esq.; for an expanding hydrostatic piston, to resist the pressure of certain fluids, and slide easily in an imperfect cylinder. Dated November 10, 1821.

JOSEPH GROUT, of Gutter-lane, Cheapside, London, Crape Manufacturer; for a new manufacture of crape. Dated November 13, 1821.

NEIL ARNOTT, of Bedford square, Middlesex, M.D.; for improvements connected with the production and agency of heat in furnaces, steam and air engines, distilling, evaporating, and brewing apparatus. Dated November 14, 1821.

RICHARD MACNAMARA, of Canterbury-buildings, Lambeth, Surrey, Esq.; for an improvement in paving, pitching, and covering streets, roads, and other places. Dated November 20, 1821.

JOHN COLLINGE, of Lambeth, Surrey, Engineer, for an improvement on hinges. Dated November 22, 1821.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER, of Hackney, Middlesex, Civil Engineer; for improvements in the construction of rail ways and tram roads, and of the carriage or carriages to be used thereon. Dated November 22, 1821.

LONDON MARKETS. Dec. 21st, 1821.

COTTON.—There is no alteration in the price of Cotton: the sales since our last are considerable, they consist of—300 Bengal, 5¼d. a 6¼d in bond—200 Surat, 6d. a 7¼d. in bond—39 Pernams, 12½d. in bond, 100 Demerara and Berbice, 10d. a 10¾d. duty paid—28 Bourbon, 12d. duty paid—50 Smyrna, 8d. a 8½. duty paid.—The letters from Liverpool this morning state that market heavy.

SUGAR.—The Sugar market has been in a depressed state all the week; no further reduction in the price has however been submitted to: some low St. Lucias have been sold at 51s.—The quantity of Refined Goods on sale is inconsiderable, yet the market is very heavy; the only description in demand this week is brown lumps, for which there appears to be a few buyers.—In Foreign Sugars there has been no business done.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee yesterday went off rather heavily; the Demerara and Berbice descriptions sold 2s. a 4s. lower; St. Domingo at the decline of 1s. a 2s.; the latter, ordinary in bags, sold at 98s. fair quality at 100s. and very good 101s. 6d.; Dominica supported the previous prices; the few lots Jamaica sold considerably higher than any previous sale; good to fine ordinary shrivelled 110s. and 110s. 6d. There were two considerable public sales this forenoon, chiefly Demerara and Berbice descriptions; the small proportion sold went at the reduction we have stated; 381 bags St. Domingo met with no buyers, all taken in at 100s. and 102s.; 72 casks ordinary Havannah were taken in at 91s. 6d. Dutch Coffee may be stated 2s. a 4s. lower this week, St. Domingo 1s. a 2s.; all other descriptions at the previous prices, the holders generally refusing to sell at any reduction.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—There has been little business done lately in Rums by private contract; the former prices have however been maintained. By public sale this forenoon, 92 puncheons Jamaica Rum were brought forward. The whole went off freely, and better than could be anticipated: generally the Rum market may be stated very firm. Brandies are entirely nominal; there are no buyers; the best marks offered at 4s. 4d.; no purchasers.—Geneva is without alteration.

TALLOW.—There are great fluctuations in the prices of Tallow, and great interest excited as to the probable prices for the next two months. The public sale of Yellow Candle Tallow went about 47s. It was yesterday reported that one of the great holders had commenced selling, and the price was stated at 46s. and heavy; the rumour has however been contradicted this morning, and the nearest quotation at four o'clock to-day is 46s. The wind still continues westerly, with stormy weather, which prevents arrivals.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE LONDON MARKETS,

FROM THE 26TH OF NOVEMBER, TO THE 24TH OF DECEMBER, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

	Nov. 26 to Dec. 3	*Dec 3 to 10*	*Dec. 10 to 13.*	*Dec. 17 to 24.*
BREAD, per quartern	1 0	0 10½	0 10½	0 10½
Flour, Fine, per sack	50 0 a 55 0	50 0 a 55 0	50 0 a 55 0	50 0 a 55 0
——, Seconds	40 0 a 45 0	40 0 a 45 0	40 0 a 45 0	40 0 a 45 9
——, Scotch	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0	40 0 a 42 0
Malt	48 0 a 56 0	48 0 a 56 0	48 0 a 56 0	48 0 a 56 0
Pollard	16 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0	15 0 a 17 0
Bran	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0	6 0 a 7 0
Mustard, Brown, per bushel	10 0 a 16 0	10 0 a 16 0	10 0 a 16 0	10 0 a 16 0
——, White	6 0 a 10 0	6 0 a 10 0	6 0 a 10 0	6 0 a 10 0
Tares	3 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 4 0
Turnips, Round	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0	36 0 a 38 0
Hemp, per quarter	36 0 a 44 0	36 0 a 44 0	36 0 a 44 0	36 0 a 44 0
Cinque Foil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Clover, English, Red, per cwt.	35 0 a 70 0	35 0 a 70 0	35 0 a 70 0	35 0 a 70 0
——, White	40 0 a 88 0	40 0 a 88 0	40 0 a 88 0	40 0 a 88 0
Trefoil	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Rape Seed, per last	28 0 a 30 0	28 0 a 30 0	28 0 a 30 0	28 0 a 30 0
Linseed Cakes, per 1000	9 0 a 0 0	9 0 a 0 0	9 0 a 0 0	9 0 a 0 0
Onions, per bushel	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Potatoes, Kidneys, per ton	3 0 a 4 10	3 0 a 4 10	3 0 a 4 10	3 0 a 4 10
——, Champions	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0	2 10 a 4 0
Beef } Newgate & Leadenhall, per st. of 8 lbs.	1 8 a 2 8	1 8 a 2 8	1 8 a 2 8	2 4 a 3 4
Mutton	1 10 a 2 10	1 8 a 2 8	1 8 a 2 8	1 8 a 2 8
Lamb	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 3	0 0 a 0 0
Veal	3 0 a 5 0	3 0 a 5 0	2 8 a 4 8	3 8 a 5 8
Pork	2 4 a 4 4	2 0 a 4 0	2 0 a 4 0	3 0 a 5 0
Butter, Dublin, per cwt.	87 0 a 0 0	87 0 a 0 0	87 0 a 0 0	87 0 a 0 0
——, Carlow	90 0 a 92 0	90 0 a 92 0	90 0 a 92 0	90 0 a 92 0
——, Dutch	102 0 a 0 0	102 0 a 0 0	102 0 a 0 0	102 0 a 0 0
——, York, per firkin	41 0 a 46 0	41 0 a 46 0	41 0 a 46 0	41 0 a 46 0
——, Cambridge	44 0 a 46 0	44 0 a 46 0	44 0 a 46 0	44 0 a 46 0
——, Dorset	46 0 a 48 0	46 0 a 48 0	46 0 a 48 0	46 0 a 48 0
Cheese, Cheshire, Old	70 0 a 80 0	70 0 a 80 0	70 0 a 80 0	70 0 a 80 0
——, Ditto, New	56 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0	56 0 a 66 0
——, Gloucester, doubled	64 0 a 70 0	64 0 a 70 0	64 0 a 70 0	64 0 a 70 0
——, Ditto, single	46 0 a 56 0	46 0 a 56 0	46 0 a 56 0	46 0 a 56 0
——, Dutch	40 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 0 0	40 0 a 0 0
Hams, Westphalia	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
——, York	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Bacon, Wiltshire, per stone	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0
——, Irish	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0	3 0 a 0 0
——, York, per cwt.	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0	0 0 a 0 0
Lard	48 0 a 54 0	46 0 a 54 0	48 0 a 54 0	48 0 a 54 0
Tallow, per cwt.	2 6 0	2 6 0	2 6 0	2 6 0
Candles, Store, per doz.	10 6	10 6	10 6	10 6
Ditto, Mould-	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0
Soap, Yellow, per cwt.	3 12	3 12	3 12	3 12
Ditto, Mottled	4 2	4 2	4 2	4 2
Ditto, Curded	4 6	4 6	4 6	4 6
Starch	4 10 a 4 12	4 10 a 4 12	4 10 a 4 12	4 10 a 4 12
Coals, Newcastle	35 9 a 45 0	35 9 a 45 0	36 0 a 44 9	36 0 a 41 0
Ditto, Sunderland	34 0 a 46 6	31 0 a 46 6	33 6 a 46 0	33 6 a 46 0
Hops, in bags { Kent	2 0 a 4 6	2 0 a 4 6	2 0 a 4 6	2 0 a 4 6
Hops, in bags { Sussex	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0	2 0 a 3 0
Hay } St James's averaged	3 10 0	3 10 0	3 10 0	3 10 0
Clover	4 2 6	4 2 6	4 2 6	4 2 6
Straw	1 11 6	1 11 6	1 11 6	1 11 6
Hay } Smithfield averaged	3 10 0	3 10 0	3 10 0	3 10 0
Clover	4 2 6	4 2 6	4 2 6	4 2 6
Straw	1 8 6	1 8 6	1 8 6	1 8 6
Hay } Whitechapel averaged	3 11 6	3 11 6	3 11 6	3 11 6
Clover	4 5 0	4 5 0	4 5 0	4 5 0
Straw	1 11 0	1 11 0	1 11 0	1 11 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN OR MUSCOVADO SUGAR,

Exclusive of the Duties of Customs paid or payable thereon on the Importation thereof into Great Britain
Computed from the Returns made in the Week ending

Nov. 29, is 30*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. | Dec. 5, is 31*s.* 0*d.* per cwt. | Dec. 12, is 32*s.* 7¼*d.* per cwt. | Dec. 19, is 33*s.* 9¼*d* per cwt.

A GENERAL BILL OF ALL THE CHRISTENINGS AND BURIALS

From December 12, 1820, to December 11, 1821.

THE DISEASES AND CASUALTIES THIS YEAR.

DISEASES.

ABSCESS	88
Apoplexy	251
Asthma	694
Cancer	79
Childbed	203
Consumption	3639
Convulsions	2921
Cow-pox	1
Croup	101
Diarrhœa	5
Dropsy	769
Dropsy in the Brain	290
Dropsy in the Chest	75
Epilepsy	2
Eruptive Diseases	17
Erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire	23
Fever	1101
Fever (Typhus)	48
Fistula	1
Flux	5
Gout	24
Hæmorrhage	86
Hooping Cough	614
Hydrophobia	2
Inflammation	1309
Inflammation of the Liver	57
Insanity	222
Jaundice	100
Jaw locked	1
Measles	547
Miscarriage	6
Mortification	145
Old Age and Debility	2535
Palsy and Pleurisy	184
Rheumatism	18
Rupture	36
Scrophula	6
Small Pox	508
Sore Throat or Quinsey	7
Spasm	42
Stillborn	688
Stone	15
Stoppage in the Stomach	12
Suddenly	222
Teething	428
Thrush	78
Venereal	6
Worms	1
Total of Diseases	18161

CASUALTIES.

Bruised	1
Burnt	38
Drowned	83
Excessive Drinking	
Executed*	18
Found Dead	
Frightened	
Killed by Falls, and several other Accidents	92
Murdered	7
Poisoned	3
Scalded	3
Suffocated	6
Suicides	
Total of Casualties	290

Christened in the 97 Parishes within the Walls, 1105—Buried, 1090.

Christened in the 17 Parishes without the Walls, 5445—Buried, 3606.

Christened in the 23 Out-Parishes in Middlesex and Surry, 14553—Buried, 9605.

Christened in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4129—Buried, 4150.

Christened.		*Buried.*	
Males....13072	In all, 25232.	Males....9379	In all, 18451.
Females..12160		Females..9072	

Whereof have died,

Under Two Years of age	4276
Between Two and Five	1793
Five and Ten	904
Ten and Twenty	628
Twenty and Thirty	1358
Thirty and Forty	1817
Forty and Fifty	1957
Fifty and Sixty	1872
Sixty and Seventy	1612
Seventy and Eighty	1312
Eighty and Ninety	771
Ninety and a Hundred	150
A Hundred	0
A Hundred and One	0
A Hundred and Two	0
A Hundred and Eight	1

Decreased in the Burials this Year, 897.

* There have been Executed in London and the County of Surry, 34; of which Number 18 only have been reported to be buried within the Bills of Mortality.

SEASON, 1821—22.

EAST INDIA SHIPS,

With their Managing Owners, Commanders, Principal Officers, Surgeons, Pursers, Time of coming afloat, Sailing, &c.

Voyages	Ships' Names.	Consignments	Tonnage	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.
4	Earl of Balcarras	Beng. & China	1417	Company's Ship	Pet. Cameron	Tim. Smith	W. Longcroft	Alex. Bell	F. G. Moore	Henry Arnot	John D. Smith	1821.	1821.
1	Sir David Scott		1300	Joseph Hare	Wm. Hunter	John A. Tween	P. Lindesay	John Manley	John Moore	Nath . Gra	Joseph Hodson		
3	Thomas Coutts	Mad. & China.	1334	S. Marjoribanks	Alex. Chrystie	Thos. Addison	Elmer Philips	Wth. Vincent	Alex. Hay	Jero. Simoens	Wm. Maltman	1 Oct.	1 Dec.
1	William Fairlie		1300	Joseph Hare	Kennard Smith	Wm. Pascoe	Wm. Hewett	Thos. Blair	George Dewdney	Wal. Lorimer	Christ. Fearon		
3	Dunira	Bomb. & China	1325	George Palmer	Mont. Hamilton	Jas. Barber	J C. Whiteman	Shir. Newdick	Thos. John Dyer	And. Kedslie	Step. H. Ayers		
3	Duke of York		1327	S. Marjoribanks	Arch. H. Campbell	Wm. Pitman	H. Le Thomas	T. Shepherd	Henry Burn	Wm. Lang	Wm. Dallas	9 Nov	31 Dec.
1	Berwickshire		1302	S. Marjoribanks	John Shepherd	Sam. Holbrow	Fred. Madan	John D. Orr	James Potter	T. Davidson	Joseph Wm. Rose		
1	Duchess of Athol	Beng. & China	1300	Wm. E. Ferrars	Edw. M. Daniell	Rob. Dudman	Chas. Steward	John Gisborne	Henry Rivaz	John Austin	Edward King		
3	Orwell	St. Hel. Bomb. & China	1335	Matthew Isacke	Thos. Sanders	G. A. Bond	W. E. Farrer	Patrick Burt	James Wilson	W. Bremner	W. M. De Charme	24 Nov	1822. 14 Jan.
1	Macqueen		1300	John Campbell	James Walker		H. B. Bax	Alex. Read	And. Pitcairn	Alex. Macrae			
2	Thames	Beng. & China	1330	Hen. Blanshard	Wm. Haviside	H. H. Sumner				Thos. Gudwin	Henry Barry	9 Dec	31 Jan.
5	Buckinghamshire	Bomb. & China	1369	Company's Ship	Fred. Adams	James Read	Wm. Pulham	Amb. Rivers	Thos. Allcain	Wm. Hayland	J. Wm. Graham		
5	Castle Huntly		1200	J. H. Gledstanes	H. A. Drummond	Thos. Dunkin	S. V. Wood	W. Treehurst	G. C. Kennedy	J. Campbell	Henry Wright	1822. 7 Jan	27 Feb.
6	Marquis of Huntly		1200	J. Mac Taggart	Don. Mac Leod	J. S. H. Fraser		John Leach		John Simpson			
5	Lady Melville	China	1200	Sir Rob. Wigram	Rich. Clifford	Rob. Clifford	H. Sterndale	E. M. Boultbee					
3	London		1332	Company's Ship	John B. Sotheby	B. Broughton	Philip Bevis	T. B. Penfold	W. K. Packman	D. Mackenzie		7 Mar.	27 April
3	Canning		1326	Company's Ship	Wm. Patterson	R. Glasspoole	Robert Lewis	K. MacDonald	John Griffiths	Rob. Simmons			
3	Regent		916	James Haig									

11th November, 1821.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M.
By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*	1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*	1821	*Bar.*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Nov. 25	29.41	40	SW	Rain	Dec. 6	30.10	43	NE	Fair	Dec. 17	29.00	47	SW	Rain
26	29.24	42	SW	Ditto	7	29.82	41	S	Ditto	18	29.10	46	SW	Ditto
27	29.52	45	W	Fair	8	29.91	40	W	Ditto	19	29.14	41	SW	Ditto
28	29.53	41	W	Rain	9	29.98	44	NW	Rain	20	29.22	43	S	Ditto
29	29.53	44	W	Ditto	10	30.21	45	W	Fair	21	28.91	40	W	Ditto
30	29.80	45	SW	Fair	11	30.19	42	W	Ditto	22	29.34	41	S	Fair
Dec. 1	29.55	46	SW	Ditto	12	30.13	41	SE	Ditto	23	29.00	39	SW	Rain
2	29.50	41	SW	Ditto	13	29.94	44	SW	Ditto	24	28.79	40	SW	Ditto
3	29.48	40	SW	Rain	14	29.62	46	SW	Ditto	25	28.21	39	E	Ditto
4	29.71	40	SW	Fair	15	29.88	46	SW	Ditto	26	28.44	44	SE	Ditto
5	29.73	42	W	Rain	16	29.74	44	S	Rain					

PRICE of SHARES in CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, ROADS, WATER-WORKS, FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c. Dec. 17th, 1821.

	Shares of £.	Present Price per Sha. £.	s.	Div. received per Ann. £.	s.
Barnesley Canal	100	170		9	
Chesterfield	100	120		8	
Coventry	100	1000		44	
Derby	100	135		6	
Erewash	100	1000		58	
Grand Junction	100	242		9	
Grand Surrey	100	59		3	
Grand Union	100	20		—	
Do. Loan	—	95		5	
Grantham	150	142		8	
Huddersfield	100	13		—	
Kennet and Avon	100	17	5		10
Leeds and Liverpool	100	350		12	
Leicester	—	290		14	
Loughborough	—	3000		170	
Monmouthshire	100	170		10	
Nutbrook	100	105		6	2
Oxford	100	640		32	
Shrewsbury	125	165		9	
Shropshire	125	125		7	10
Somerset Coal	50	107	10	7	
Ditto Lock Fund	—	74		4	
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	100	700		40	
Stourbridge	145	210		9	
Thames and Severn, New	—	22	10	—	
Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk	200	1810		75	
Warwick and Birmingham	100	220		10	
Warwick and Napton	100	210		9	
Bristol Dock	146	15		—	
Commercial Dock	100	73		3	
East India	100	164		10	

	Shares of £.	Present Price per Sha. £.	s.	Div. received per Ann. £.	s.
London	100	104	10	4	
West India	100	180		10	
Southwark Bridge	100	13		—	
Vauxhall	100	15		—	
Waterloo	100	5	5	—	
Commercial Road	100	106	10	5	
Ditto East India Branch	100	100		5	
East London Water-Work.	100	93		—	
Grand Junction	50	55		2	10
Kent	100	31	10	—	
Liverpool Bootle	220	75		—	
London Bridge	—	50		2	10
West Middlesex	—	50		2	
Albion Insurance	500	50		2	10
Atlas	50	4	15		6
Bath	—	575		40	
Birmingham Fire	1000	300		25	
County	100	10		2	10
Eagle	5	2	12 6	—	
Globe	100	131		6	
Imperial	500	90		4	10
London Fire	25	24		1	4
London Ship	25	20		1	
Royal Exchange	—	250		10	
Union	200	40		1	8
Gas Light and Coke (Chart. Comp.)	50	62		4	
City Gas Light Company	100	105		8	
London Institution	75 gs.	28		—	
Surry	30 gs.	5		—	
Auction Mart	50	22		1	,
British Copper Company	100	52		2	10

Rate of Government Life Annuities, payable at the Bank of England.

When 3 per cent. Stock is 77 and under 78.

		£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
single life of 35	receives for 100*l.* stock	5	4	0	average rate 100*l.* money	6	14	2
40		5	11	0		7	3	3
45		5	19	0		7	13	6
50		6	10	0		8	7	9
55		7	3	0		9	4	6
60		8	1	0		10	7	9
65		9	6	0		12	0	0
70		11	4	0		14	9	0
75 and upwards		14	4	0		18	6	5

All the intermediate ages will receive in proportion.

Reduction National Debt and Government Life Annuity Office, Bank-street, Cornhill.

COURSE *of the* EXCHANGE, *from Nov. 23, to Dec. 26, 1821, both inclusive.*

Amsterdam, c. f.	12—15 a 12—13
Ditto at sight	12—12 a 12—10
Rotterdam	12—16 a 12—14
Antwerp	12—8 a 12—7
Hamburgh	38—0 a 37—6
Altona	38—1 a 37—7
Paris, 3 day's sight	25—70 a 25—60
Ditto	26—0 a 25—90
Bourdeaux	26—0 a 25—90
Frankfort on the Main, ex money	157 a 156
Petersburg, 3 Us. per rble	8¾ a 9
Vienna, Ef. 2 m. flo.	10—22 a 10—18
Trieste ditto	10—22 a 10—18
Madrid	36
Cadiz	36
Bilboa	35¾
Barcelona	35¼
Seville	35¼
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	43¼
Venice Italian Liv.	27—60
Malta	45
Naples	39½
Palermo per oz.	118d. a 119d.
Lisbon	50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	47 a 44
Bahia	52 a 50
Dublin	8½
Cork	9

PRICES *of* BULLION, *at per Ounce.*

Portugal Gold, in coin	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Foreign Gold in Bars	3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Doubloons	0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a 3*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*
New Dollars	0*l.* 4*s.* 9½*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
Silver in Bars, Standard	4*s.* 11*d.* a 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
New Louis, each	———

The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices.

JAMES WETENHALL, SWORN BROKER.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS FROM NOVEMBER 25, TO DECEMBER 25, 1821, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1821. Days.	Bank Stock.	3perCt Reduc	3perCt Consol	4perCt Consol	3½pCt. Consol	5perCt. Navy.	Long Ann.	Irish 5perCt	Imp. 3 per Ct.	Omnium.	India Stock.	So.Sea Stock.	OldSo. Sea An	NwSo. Sea An	4 per cent. Ind. Bon.	2 per Day Ex. Bills.	Cons. for Acct.
Nov. 26	239	77¼	78 ⅛	96⅞ ¾		110¾ ⅞	19 9/16 ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	69s 67pr.	3spr. par.	78 ⅛
27	239½	77⅜	78⅛ 7¾	96¾ ⅞	87¾ ½	110⅞ ⅝	19 ½	—	—	—	242	—	—	—	66s 67pr.	2pr. par.	78⅛ 7¾
28	239	77 6⅞	77⅞ ⅝	96½ ⅝	87⅛	110½ ¾	19 7/16 ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	63s 65pr.	par 2dis.	78⅝ ⅜
29	239	76¾ ⅞	77¼ ½	96⅜ ⅜	87⅛	110¼ ½	19 7/16	—	—	—	241 240	—	—	—	66s 65pr.	par 3pr.	78½ ⅜
30	—	77 6⅞	77¼ ⅜	96½ ⅜	—	110⅜ ¾	19 7/16 ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1s 2pr.	78½ ¼
Dec. 1	238½	76⅞ ⅝	77⅝ ⅜	99½ ⅜	87⅜ ½	110⅜ ¾	19 7/16 ⅜	—	—	—	240	—	—	—	66s 67pr.	3s 1pr.	78⅛ ⅛
3	238½	76⅞ ¾	77¾ ½	96⅝ ¼	87⅜	110⅛ ⅝	19 7/16 ⅛	—	—	—	240½	—	—	—	65spr	3spr. 2dis.	78⅜ 7⅞
4	236½	76¼ ⅝	76⅞ 7⅜	96½ 5⅞	86⅞	—	19¼ 5/16	—	—	—	239	—	—	—	63spr	2s dis. par.	77⅞ ⅝
5	237	76⅜ ⅝	—	96 5⅞	87 6⅞	—	19¼ 5/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	66s 64pr.	par 1 pr.	77¾ 8
6	237½	76⅝ ⅞	—	96⅛ ⅜	87 ¾	—	19[illegible]	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	64s 65pr.	1pr. 2dis.	77⅞ 8¼
7	—	76¼ ½	—	96⅛ ¼	87¼	—	19 5/16 ⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	65s 64pr.	2dis. 1pr.	78⅛ 7⅞
8	—	76½ ⅜	—	96⅛ ¼	—	—	19 3/16 ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	65spr.	1pr. 1dis.	77¾ 8
10	—	76½ ½	—	96⅛ 96	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	64spr.	1dis par.	77⅞ ⅝
11	235½	76⅜ ⅛	—	96 ⅛	87 ½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	67s 68pr.	par 1dis.	77¼
12	236½	76⅝ ½	—	96⅛ ⅜	87¼	—	19⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	67s 68pr.	1dis par	77¼ 8
13	237	76⅝ ¾	—	96¼ ⅛	87⅜	—	19½ 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	69pr.	1dis 1pr.	78 ⅛
14	236½	76⅝ ⅞	—	96¼ ½	87½	—	19⅜ 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70spr	par 2pr.	78⅛ ¼
15	237	76¼ ⅞	—	96½ ⅜	87½	—	19⅜ 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70s 71pr.	2pr. par	78¼ ⅛
17	236½	76½ ¾	—	95¼		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70s 71pr	par 2pr.	78 7⅞
18	237	76⅝ ¼	—	96⅜ ⅜	87¼ ⅜	—	19⅜ 5/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	71s 69pr.	2pr. par	78⅛ 7⅞
19	236½	76¾ ⅞	—	96⅜ ½	87⅛ ½	—	19⅜ 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70s 71pr.	par 2pr.	78 ¼
20	236¾	76¾ ⅛	—	96⅛ ⅛	87¾ ¼	—	19⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70spr	par 2pr.	78 ⅛
21																	
22	236	76¾ ½	—	96¼ ⅛	87⅜ ¼	—	19⅜ 5/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70s 71pr.	2pr. par	78⅛ 7¾
24	235½	6 76¼ ⅜	—	96 5⅞	—	—	19¼ 5/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	69s 70pr.	1s 2pr.	77½ ¾

All Exchequer Bills dated in the month of December 1820, and prior thereto, have been advertised to be paid off.

N. B. *The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices*, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1718, and now published, *every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by*

JAMES WETENHALL, Stock-Broker, No. 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, London;

On application to whom, the original documents for near a century past may be referred to.

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